

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 549.—VOL. XI.

SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1894.

PRICE 1½d.

THE LAWYER'S SECRET.*

By JOHN K. LEYS, AUTHOR OF 'THE LINDSAYS,' &c.

CHAPTER I.—PARTED.

BACKWARDS and forwards Hugh Thesiger tramped for the best part of an hour, as if he had been on sentry; and always, as he passed the stile, he threw a wistful glance up the field-path which lay beyond. Yet no one came; and the red winter sun was already touching the horizon. A tall, strong fellow he was, with bright, dark eyes, a short, black beard, and a resolute step—such a man as any woman might be proud to have for a lover.

After pacing to and fro for a long time, he stopped, pulled out a silver hunting-watch, looked at it hastily, and closed the lid with an exclamation of despair. It was more than an hour after the appointed time. But small as the remaining chance was, Hugh would not forego it. He sat down on the stile and gazed over the snow-clad landscape—white fields and fallows, black woods, and a few clustering cottages—without seeing them. The level sunbeams glanced full on the battlements of a fine old house called Roby Chase, the residence of Sir Richard Boldon, which stood among its sheltering trees about two miles away. As the young man's eyes fell there, a frown gathered on his face; then the frown passed away, and he sank into a reverie. The sun's last rays trembled on the topmost branches of the wood, and vanished, leaving them brown, bare, and cold; but Thesiger did not move.

It was almost twilight when he started and looked round. His ears had not deceived him. Light as the girl's tread had been on the soft new-fallen snow, he heard, and as he turned, he blushed like a girl. Yes, it was she, her dainty figure, strong and supple, drawing swiftly

nearer. In a second, Hugh had crossed the stile and was running to meet her.

'Thank you so much for coming, Adelaide!' he cried. 'I was beginning to fear that something had detained you, and that I should have to go back to London without seeing you.'

'I am sorry to be so late; but really it was impossible for me to get away sooner. And now it is nearly dark! I shall not be able to go to the Moat with you, after all.' Her words and tone were cold; but a keen observer would have noticed a flush on her cheek, which, slight as it was, betrayed her real feeling. Hugh Thesiger, however, had his eyes on the ground at his feet, and when he looked up, the blush had vanished.

'Never mind the Moat; that was only an excuse,' he answered almost roughly. 'I felt as if I *must* see you alone—as if I could not endure silence any longer. I have wanted to speak to you, for years, Adelaide, and you know why I have waited. I have longed to tell you'—

'Hush, Hugh; don't tell me! I know what you are going to say; but I cannot listen to you.'

'Cannot listen to me! Why?'

'I mean, it would only give needless pain to us both. Why spoil the pleasant friendship that has—united us so long, ever since we can remember? Why risk putting an end to it for ever? Why not go on as we have always done?'

'You do not love me, then,' said Hugh sadly. 'You cannot feel for me one spark of what I

feel for you, or you could not'— He caught sight of a look in her face, though it was turned partly away from him, a look which contradicted her words. 'Oh Adelaide!' he cried, 'have I mistaken you? Do you really care for me? Is it only that you think we ought to wait?'

'No, no, no!' she exclaimed, turning and facing him. 'Why do you pretend to misunderstand me? I said that I cannot listen to you, and I beg you to say no more.'

They walked on a little way in silence.

'Shall we go back to the Rectory now? It is getting almost dark,' said the young man quietly.

They turned and walked back to the stile that they had quitted.

'Adelaide, I cannot understand you,' he continued. 'I have never concealed from you that I love you, and have loved you for years; and I thought—perhaps I was altogether wrong—but I thought you had a little of the same feeling for me. You know why I have been so long silent; but now that work is beginning to come in, now that there is a fair prospect of my being able to make a home for you, I *must* speak. I must say, "Adelaide, will you marry me?"' He stopped, and held out his hand.

She brushed it lightly aside and went on. 'Now, Hugh, do be reasonable,' she said. 'Why harrow your feelings and mine by saying all that over again? I have told you that *it can't be*. You must go back to town and busy yourself over your law-books, and forget this little scene.'

'Adelaide, do you mean that?'

'Of course I do.'

'Then you cannot really love me?'

The girl was silent.

'And yet I cannot believe that you are indifferent to my love. It is not that you are afraid of poverty, or of a few years of waiting, surely? You are not a coward, Adelaide?'

'Since you choose to call it cowardice, I am a coward!' The words flashed out in a burst of temper, which the girl wilfully indulged herself in. It was at least a relief from the deeper and keener feelings which were torturing her. 'I am a coward,' she repeated; 'and why? Because I am not willing to spend the best years of my life in waiting for the good fortune that may knock at your door—or may not. You must forgive my plain speaking, Hugh. You are poor, almost as poor as we are at the Rectory. I shall not tell you how badly off we are—never mind. If I were to marry a poor man, I should be miserable, and I should make my husband miserable. If I were to marry otherwise, I should lighten the load that is crushing my father into his grave, bring a little brightness into my mother's eyes, and probably change the whole future for my brothers.'

'And you mean that?'

'Stop! Hear me out. It is the popular

notion—an idea sprung from reading many novels—that the first and noblest duty a girl has is to marry as it pleases her fancy—marry the man she thinks herself in love with. If she does not do this, more especially if she marries any one else, she is "false to her womanhood." That is the modern cant. It is cant, and nothing else. It is a low and false conception of a woman's duty; certainly it is not my conception of it.'

'So you would marry me, then, Adelaide, if I were a wealthy man?' asked Hugh Thesiger slowly, searching the girl's handsome features with his eyes as he spoke.

'I do not see how that affects the question,' she answered, as the rich blush rose to her cheek.

'But would you?'

'It is possible.'

'Whether you loved me or not?'

The girl was silent. 'Your question is a wanton insult,' she said at last.

'I wanted to test you, Adelaide—to see whether you would admit that you would act up to your theory of a woman's duty. I don't believe you would. But forgive me if I have pained you. Don't let us quarrel when we must part at least for some months. I wanted to say this, Adelaide—If you like, or rather, if you would consent to wait for one year, I will give up my profession, and take to some quicker method of earning a living. I have friends. I will get work in an office, or on the press. Or, we could emigrate. Even if we were poor, we would be happy. Oh Adelaide, you have no idea how I love you!'

'You think so now—you think we could be happy in poverty; but it is not so. Love in a cottage might be tolerable; but what poor married folks have nowadays is not a cottage, half hidden, as a cottage should be, in honey-suckle and roses, but a small, ugly, workman's dwelling, one of a row. Married life for us would mean food that we couldn't eat, clothes that we should be ashamed to wear, a thousand petty meannesses. It would mean that we could not have even fresh air, or clean things to put on, or books, or the society of our friends. You would like it, Hugh, just as little as I should.'

'I will risk it, Adie, gladly.'

'But I won't.'

'You don't think much of the Milly Barton type of womanhood, it appears,' said Thesiger, rather bitterly.

'You are quite mistaken,' answered the girl, with some emphasis. 'I think Milly Barton is one of the most lovely characters in fiction, certainly the sweetest George Eliot ever conceived. She was a hundred thousand times too good for poor Amos, of course.—But I never pretended to be a Milly Barton, Hugh. Did I?'

'No,' he replied.

That, at least, was true. Adelaide Bruce had never laid claim to the more saintly of the feminine virtues, but she was at least no hypocrite. If she gave up anything for a friend, as she sometimes did, it was always with a struggle. She never pretended that she did not care for the good things of this life;

and, as a rule, she took care that she had her fair share of them—not more than her fair share, but the full portion of goods that fell to her. Just then, Hugh Thesiger remembered a little scene of which, some years before, he had been an involuntary spectator—a scene that illustrated Adelaide's character pretty well. He had gone up to the Rectory to escort the girls, Adelaide and her younger sister Marjory, to a boating party. As it happened, Marjory had a headache.

'If you were an unselfish girl,' said Mrs Bruce in a complaining tone, 'and really cared for your sister, you would give up the party, and read to Marjory.'

'Spend this lovely afternoon in a dark room?' cried Adelaide. 'Indeed, mamma, I couldn't do such a thing. If I loved Marjory ever so much more than myself, I might do it; but I don't; and I don't know why I should. And if she were a horribly selfish girl, she might allow me to do it, but not otherwise.'

'I have known girls who would have done it,' said her mother.

'I daresay; but my goodness doesn't go so far,' coolly returned Adelaide. 'If it were possible to change places with her, I might do that for half an hour; or even, perhaps, for an hour, if I wasn't enjoying myself *very* much; and I wouldn't mind taking the headache for that time; but I really *couldn't* give up the whole afternoon, you know.'

And Hugh remembered very well, that although he had been somewhat shocked by Adelaide's frank renouncing of the higher path, he had thought, even at the time, that there was something to be said for her view of the matter.

But the two young people had now got close to the church. Only one field, and that a narrow one, lay between them and the Rectory gate.

'Now we will forget this conversation, won't we?' asked the girl brightly.

'I can never do that.'

'Well, we can agree not to think of it, and never to speak of it. We will simply go on being friends, as we have always been.'

'It is very good of you to say that we may,' murmured Hugh. He was thinking that perhaps, many years after this, when the golden days of youth had all run out, and passion had grown cold, they might be able to marry. Suddenly he turned, and there was a look on his face such as the girl had never seen there before. 'Adelaide,' he said, 'I heard a rumour yesterday, a very absurd rumour, and one I should not have dreamt of mentioning to you, but that'—He had meant to say that some things she had said within the last half-hour had seemed to confirm the report; but fearing to displease her, he substituted: 'I should go back to London with an easier mind, if I heard you deny that it was true. The rumour was, that you were going to marry Sir Richard Boldon.'

It had come at last—the accusation Adelaide had been dreading all through the interview; and though her heart beat fast and her limbs trembled, she schooled her face and her voice, that she might be able to answer her lover calmly.

'Of course, I know it's absurd to couple your name with that of a man almost old enough to be your grandfather, an uneducated, purse-proud boor into the bargain, but— It's not true, is it, Adelaide?'

'Sir Richard has never asked me to marry him,' she said.

'But if he did, what answer would you give him?'

'Oh, really, Hugh, this is too much! You are abusing your privileges. How can I tell what I should do under imaginary circumstances? Let us talk of something practical. When are we to see you down at Woodhurst again?'

'So you intend to marry that old man, that mean, common man, with his years, and his temper—and his money.'

'You say so, not I.—Good-bye, Hugh.'

'Don't, Adie! Don't! I love you; and in your heart I believe you love me. Marry me. Wait a year or two, till I can earn enough to live upon, and marry me. After all, "the life is more than meat, and the body than raiment." Don't sell yourself to a man you can't respect.'

A second time Adelaide was glad of an excuse for being angry. 'You seem not to care how grossly insulting your words are, so long as you can give me pain,' she said; 'but as we shall not meet again for some time, it would be a pity to quarrel; so I shall not resent them. It will be time enough to consider Sir Richard's proposals if he makes any. In any case, you have no right— But I didn't mean to say anything to wound you. Think of me at the best, Hugh.—Good-bye. Give me your hand—I will have it— Oh!'

She got more than she bargained for; for Hugh, carried away by his passionate love of her, seized her in his arms, strained her to his breast, and covered her face with mad, passionate kisses.

'How dare you! For shame, Hugh! Let me go, or I shall scream.'

He let her go at last. 'There; I couldn't help it, Adie. I hope you will forgive me one day—when we are married.'

'That day will be never!' cried the girl defiantly.

'Oh yes, it will. You have given me fresh hope, somehow. I can hardly tell how. I think we shall be married yet—one day.'

'You'—The tears would no longer be kept back; and Adelaide would not for the world let her lover know that she was on the verge of crying. She slipped inside the little wicket-gate, near which they had been standing, and ran up to the house, waving a farewell with her handkerchief.

Hardly had she reached the shelter of her bedroom, when the storm of sobs and tears broke forth. She had borne up well, and had said what she meant to say; but that mad embrace, so sweet to remember, so unexpected, had upset all her calculations. She could not, if it had been to save her life, simulate the indignation which, if she had not loved Hugh, she would have naturally felt. There could be no doubt that he knew now that in her heart she loved him; and that being so, it meant,

she feared, that he would soon cease to respect her. For Adelaide knew very well that Sir Richard Boldon meant to propose to her; and she had made up her mind to marry him.

A FRIEND OF LIVINGSTONE.

By H. A. BRYDEN.

THERE died recently, at the great age of nearly ninety years, at his principal town of Molepolole, in the Bechuanaland Protectorate, Sechele, chief of the Bakwena tribe, one of the earliest and best friends that David Livingstone ever found in Africa. In 1842, Livingstone, on first penetrating the African interior, founded a Mission station among the Bakwena. Sechele became his first and most important convert, and it was mainly due to this chief that the great missionary explorer was able to settle for some years in a comfortable home at Kolobeng, where he acquired his wonderful knowledge of the surrounding tribes and of their dialects and customs. From the Mission station of Kolobeng, Livingstone made some of his earliest and not least remarkable journeys: the crossing of the Kalahari Desert, the discovery of Lake Ngami, and the Botletli and Chobe Rivers; and the first expedition to the Zambesi, were all made from the base of Sechele's country. And from Sechele's knowledge of the interior and its tribes, Livingstone undoubtedly derived the greatest possible assistance in these earlier days.

Like most other South African chiefs of the earlier part of this century, Sechele had seen many vicissitudes of fortune. When a child, his father, Mochosale, was murdered in a tribal struggle; and Sechele himself was only reinstated by the interference of Sebituane, the great chief of the Makololo, then on his conquering journey towards the Zambesi. Sechele never forgot his deliverer; and it was mainly through his good offices with Sebituane that Livingstone was long afterwards to be so warmly received on the Zambesi by that great chief, and to be able to establish his wonderful influence with the Makololo tribe. And it was by the aid of volunteers from among the Makololo that Livingstone made his striking journey up the Zambesi to St Paul de Loanda on the west coast, and thence back again, right across the Continent, tracing the Zambesi to its mouth, and discovering the marvellous Victoria Falls *en route*.

Livingstone lived for some years at Kolobeng with the Bakwena tribe. Sechele became a very apt scholar and quickly learned to read. Formerly, he had been a great hunter and warrior. Now, so closely did he apply himself, that he became rapidly corpulent from want of exercise, a habit of body he was never afterwards able to rid himself of. He put away his numerous wives, confined himself to one, and in every possible way laboured hard with Livingstone to introduce Christianity among his tribe. So eager was he, that he often amused Livingstone by suggesting the aid of corporal punishment. 'Do you imagine,' said he, 'that these people will ever believe by your merely talking to them? I can make them do nothing except by thrashing them;

and if you like, I shall call my head-men, and with our rhinoceros-hide whips we will soon make them all believe together.'

But, as Livingstone and many another devoted missionary has found, the African native is extremely difficult of conversion—that is, of real and not of simulated conversion. In spite of all Sechele's influence and hopes, and of Livingstone's labours, not much progress was made among the Bakwena. And years after, when Livingstone had passed away out of South Africa to the unknown regions in which he met his death, Sechele, probably in despair at his great teacher's ill success, himself abandoned the struggle, and returned to the old tribal ways and habits. It may be doubted whether even a stronger man than Sechele—and Sechele was a chief of far more than average strength of character—could have resisted the solid and unassailable resistance of heathenism offered by almost his entire tribe. Even in his principal wife he had a stubborn unbeliever. This lady, named Masebele, was, in Livingstone's words, 'an out-and-out greasy disciple of the old school. . . . Again and again have I seen Sechele send her out of church to put her gown on; and away she would go with her lips shot out, the very picture of unutterable disgust at his newfangled notions.'

During Livingstone's early years with Sechele, an abnormal drought of three years prevailed. The Bakwena of course attributed this to the Doctor's coming, and their hearts became yet more hardened against Christianity. They believed that Livingstone had cast some magical spell upon the chief, and the head-men would often come to him begging for the blessing of only a few showers. 'Only make rain once,' they said, 'and we shall all, men, women, and children, come to the school and sing and pray as long as you please.' But the rain never came, and Sechele's position became more difficult than ever. Considering the many troubles and trials of these early years, it is greatly to the credit of the chief that he fought the fight he did, on Livingstone's behalf, so stoutly and so long.

During the years of Livingstone's life at Kolobeng, the Transvaal Boers, who had recently crossed the Vaal River and driven the marauding Matabele to the north, viewed his settlement with the greatest jealousy. Those were the days in which these rude frontier-men claimed the whole African interior beyond the Orange River as '*ons veldt*' (our country), and disputed the right of any Englishmen to enter it. In those days, Livingstone strenuously contested this claim, and said prophetically: 'The Boers resolved to shut up the interior, and I determined to open the country; and we shall see who have been most successful in resolution—they or I.' Pretorius and Potgieter, the Boer leaders, set about an absurd story that Livingstone had presented Sechele with a cannon for the defence of his town—the present had really consisted of an iron cooking-pot—and were always threatening the Bakwena tribe. Finally, during the missionary's expedition to Lake Ngami, they attacked Kolobeng, raided a quantity of cattle, slew a number of Sechele's people, and wantonly destroyed Liv-

ingstone's station. They looted all the available effects, destroyed the missionary's treasured library and medicines, and plundered also a quantity of stores and cattle left by two English gentlemen then hunting to the north. For this wanton outrage Livingstone never obtained one farthing compensation. In those miserable times Great Britain severely disclaimed any interests north of the Orange River! Even the Orange River sovereignty—now the thriving Orange Free State Republic—was abandoned to the Dutch; and English hunters, travellers, traders, and missionaries who dared to penetrate the interior did so at their own risk, and even with the coldest discouragement. Matters have changed indeed since those days—thanks, however, not to the British Government entirely.

In this attack on Kolobeng, Sechele defended himself stoutly, and slew twenty-eight Boers. After the battle, he at once set off for Cape Town, with the intention of proceeding to England to seek the Queen's protection. At Cape Town, however, finding his means at an end, and his projects little encouraged, he changed his mind, and returned sadly home. Shortly after this affair, a Boer *commando* was entrapped in ambush among the Bakwena hills. The Boers only purchased their liberty by restoring Sechele's children, who had been carried into captivity; and, after this lesson, the Bakwena seem to have been left severely alone by their Transvaal neighbours, although often threatened. Sechele always remained the firm friend of the English, and was one of the first among the northern chiefs to welcome the expedition of Sir Charles Warren to Bechuanaland in 1884-85. Besides his long intimacy with Livingstone, his friendship for the English, and his stout resistance to Boer encroachments, Sechele acquired great renown among the Bechuana tribes as a king-maker—a sort of African Earl of Warwick. The Bakwena tribe formerly ranked first and highest among its neighbours, and its chief took precedence. Sechele was not slow to avail himself of this advantage. His northern neighbours, the Bamangwato, were at the middle of this century in the constant throes of intertribal feud. Sechele tendered his offices and aid time after time, and frequently assisted in the restoration of deposed or fugitive chiefs.

Sekhome, chief of the Bamangwato—father of the present chief Khama—and his brother Macneng, were constantly at variance. During the long period between 1840 and 1870, there were many tribal intrigues and revolutions, in which first one, then the other, of these worthies was successful. The deposed chief always seems to have taken refuge with Sechele, and when his turn came round, was assisted by that chief into power again. In these transactions, Sechele's strength and authority became greatly augmented.

For many years past the old chief has been settled at Molepolole, where Livingstone first found him—it was often called Litubaruba in those early days. Here, in a strong place among rocky hills, a great native town, mustering some eight thousand inhabitants, finds shelter. It is a most picturesque place, manifestly chosen from its unassailable position for the

defence of the tribe in time of war. The grass-thatched huts of the Bakwena are seen dotted closely about the hill-sides, and, from a distance, look not unlike a vast collection of monstrous beehives.

Of late years Sechele had become too old for business, and his son Sebele—no great lover of the English—has acted as chief-regent. The old chief—'Black Sechele' as he was called of old, from the extreme darkness of his skin, even among dark-skinned Africans—will be long remembered among the Bechuana as a strong, sagacious, and most capable tribal leader.

And among Englishmen, the man who first offered Livingstone a foothold in Africa, who successfully preserved middle Bechuanaland from the assaults of the frontier Boers, and who ever heartily welcomed the great English hunters and explorers—such as Oswell, Vardon, Gordon Cumming, and others—to the then unknown hunting-grounds of the far interior, is surely deserving of a modest niche in the fabric of South African history.

AT MARKET VALUE.*

By GRANT ALLEN,

Author of *This Mortal Coil*, *Blood Royal*, *The Scallywag*, &c.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—MORTIMER STRIKES HOME.

WHEN Arnold arrived at Stanley & Lockhart's, it almost seemed to him as if the sun had gone back upon the dial of his lifetime to the days when he was still an Earl and a somebody. True, the shop-boy of whom he inquired, in a timid voice, if he could see one of the partners, scarcely deigned to look up from his ledger at first, as he murmured, in the surly accent of the underling, 'Name, please?' But the moment the answer came, 'Mr Arnold Willoughby,' the boy left off writing, awe-struck, and scrambling down from his high perch, opened the low wooden door with a deferential, 'This way, sir. I'll ask if the head of the firm is engaged.—Mr Jones, can Mr Stanley see Mr Arnold Willoughby?'

That name was like magic. Mr Jones led him on with attentive politeness. Arnold followed up-stairs, as in the good old days when he was an unchallenged Earl, attended and heralded by an ushering clerk in a most respectful attitude. Even the American millionaire himself, whom the functionaries at once recognised, scarcely met with so much honour in that mart of books as the reputed author of the book of the season. For Willoughby spelt money for the firm just that moment. And the worst of it all was, as Arnold reflected to himself with shame and regret, all this deference was being paid him no more on his own personal merits than ever, but simply and solely because the publishing world persisted in believing he had written the story, which as a matter of fact he had only deciphered, transcribed, and Englished.

In the counting-house, Mr Stanley met him with outstretched arms, metaphorically speaking. He rubbed his hands with delight. He was all bland expectancy. The new and rising

* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

author had come round, no doubt, to thank him in person for the cheque the firm had sent him by the last post of yesterday. 'Charmed to see you, I'm sure, Mr Willoughby,' the senior partner exclaimed, motioning him with one hand to the chair of honour; 'and you too, Mr Mortimer. Lovely weather, isn't it?—Well, the reception your book has had both from press and public is flattering; most flattering. We are selling it fast still; in fact, this very day I've given orders to pull off another thousand of the library edition. I'm sure it must be most gratifying to you. It's seldom a first book comes in for such an ovation.'

Arnold hardly knew what to answer; this cordiality flurried him; but after a short preamble, he drew forth the cheque and explained in very few words that he couldn't accept it.

Mr Stanley stared at him, and rang his little bell. 'Ask Mr Lockhart to step this way,' he said, with a puzzled look. 'This is a matter to be considered by all four of us in council.'

Mr Lockhart stepped that way with cheerful alacrity; and to him, too, Arnold explained in the briefest detail why he had refused the cheque. The two partners glanced at one another. They hummed and hawed nervously. Then Mr Lockhart said in slow tones: 'Well, this is a disappointment to us, I confess, Mr Willoughby. To tell you the truth, though we desired to divide the profits more justly than they were being divided by our original agreement, as is our habit in such cases, still, I won't deny we had also looked forward to the pleasure of publishing other books from your pen on subsequent occasions.' (Mr Lockhart was a pompous and correct old gentleman, who knew how to talk in private life the set language of the business letter.) 'We hoped, in point of fact, you would have promised us a second book for the coming season.'

Arnold's face flushed fiery red. This persistent disbelief made him positively angry. In a few forcible words, he explained once more to the astonished publisher that he had not written 'An Elizabethan Seadog,' and that he doubted his ability to write anything like it. In any case, he must beg them to take back their cheque, and not to expect work of any sort from him in future.

The partners stared at him in blank astonishment. They glanced at one another curiously. Then Mr Lockhart rose, nodded, and left the room. Mr Stanley, left alone, engaged them in conversation as best he could for a minute or two. At the end of that time a message came to the senior partner: 'Mr Lockhart says, sir, could you speak to him for one moment?'

'Certainly,' Mr Stanley answered.—'Will you excuse me a minute, if you please, Mr Willoughby? There's the last review of your book; perhaps you'd like to glance at it.' And with another queer look he disappeared mysteriously.

'Well,' he said to his partner, as soon as they were alone in Mr Lockhart's sanctum, 'what on earth does this mean? Do you suppose somebody else has offered him higher terms than he thinks he'll get from us? Jones

& Burton may have bribed him. He's a thundering liar, any way, and one doesn't know what the dickens to believe about him.'

'No,' Mr Lockhart replied confidently; 'that's not it, I'm sure, Stanley. If he were a rogue, he'd have pocketed our cheque without a word, and taken his next book all the same to the other people. It isn't that, I'm certain, as sure as my name's Lockhart. Don't you see what it is? The fellow's mad; he really thinks now he didn't write the "Seadog." Success has turned his head. It's an awful pity. He began with the story as an innocent deception; he went on with it afterwards as an excellent advertisement; now he's gone off his head with unexpected triumph, and really believes he didn't write it, but discovered it. However, it's all the same to us. I tell you what we must do: ask him if ever he discovers any more interesting manuscripts, to give us the first refusal of his translation or decipherment.'

But when they returned a few minutes later with this notable proposition, Arnold could only burst out laughing. 'No, no,' he said, really amused at last. 'I see what you think. Mr Mortimer will tell you I'm as sane as you are. You fancy I'm mad; but you're quite mistaken. However, I can honestly promise you what you ask—that if I have ever again any publishing business to transact, I will bring my work first to you for refusal.'

So the interview ended. Comic as it was from one point of view, it yet saddened Arnold somewhat. He couldn't help being struck by this persistent fate which made him all through life be praised or admired, not for what he really was or really had done, but for some purely adventitious or even unreal circumstance. He went away and resumed once more his vain search for work. But as day after day went by, and he found nobody ready to employ a practically one-armed man, with no recommendation save that of having served his time as a common sailor, his heart sank within him. The weather grew colder too, and his weak lung began to feel the chilly fogs of London. Worst of all, he was keeping Kathleen also in England; for she wouldn't go south and leave him, though her work demanded that she should winter as usual in Venice, where she could paint the range of subjects for which alone, after the hateful fashion of the present day, she could find a ready market. All this made Arnold not a little anxious, the more so as his fifty pounds, no matter how well husbanded, were beginning to run out and leave his exchequer empty.

In this strait, it was once more Rufus Mortimer, their unflinching friend, who came to Arnold's and Kathleen's assistance. He went round to Arnold's rooms one afternoon full of serious warning. 'Look here, my dear Willoughby,' he said; 'there is such a thing as carrying conscientious scruples to an impracticable excess. I don't pretend to act up to my principles myself; if I did, I should be compelled to sell all I have, like you, and give it to the poor, or their modern equivalent, whatever that may be, in the dominant political economy of the moment. But somehow, I don't

feel inclined to go such lengths for my principles. I lock them up in a cabinet as interesting curiosities. Still, you, you know, rush into the opposite extreme. The past is past, and can't of course be undone; though I don't exactly see that you were bound in the first instance quite so utterly to disinherit yourself—to cut yourself off with the proverbial shilling. But as things now stand, I think it's not right of you, merely for the sake of pampering your individual conscience—which, after all, may be just as much mistaken as anybody else's conscience—to let Miss Hesslegrave live in such perpetual anxiety on your behalf. For her sake, I feel sure, you ought to make up your mind to sacrifice to some extent your personal scruples, and at least have a try at writing something or other of your own for Stanley & Lockhart. You could publish it simply under your present name as Arnold Willoughby, without reference in any way to the "Elizabethan Seadog;" and if, in spite of all your repeated disclaimers, people still persist in describing you as the author of the book you only translated, why, that's their fault, not yours, and I don't see why you need trouble yourself one penny about it.

'I've thought of that, these last few days,' Arnold answered, yielding slightly; 'and I've even begun to plan out a skeleton plot for a projected story; but then, it's, oh, so different from "An Elizabethan Seadog;" a drama of the soul; a very serious performance. I couldn't really imagine anything myself in the least like Master John Collingham's narrative. I've no taste for romance. What I think I might do is a story of the sad lives of the seafaring folk I have lived and worked among—a realistic tale of hard toil and incessant privation and heroic suffering. But all that's so different from the Elizabethan buccaneer, that I don't suppose any publisher would care to touch it.'

'Don't you believe it,' Mortimer answered with decision. 'They'd jump at it like grizzlies. Your name would be enough now to make any book go. I don't say more than one; if your next should be a failure, you'll come down like a stick, as you went up like a rocket. I've seen more than one of these straw fires flare to heaven in my time, both in literature and art; and I know how they burn out after the first flare-up—a mere flash in the pan, a red blaze of the moment. But at any rate, you could try: if you succeeded, well and good; if not, you'd at least be not a penny worse off than you are at present.'

'Well, I've worked up my subject a bit in my own head,' Arnold answered more cheerfully, 'and I almost think I see my way to something that might possibly stand a chance of taking the public; but there's the difficulty of writing it. What can I do with this maimed hand? It won't hold a pen. And though I've tried with my left, I find it such slow work as far as I've yet got on with it.'

'Why not have a type-writer?' Mortimer exclaimed with the quick practical sense of his countrymen. 'You could work it with one hand—not quite so quick as with two, of course, but still, pretty easily.'

'I thought of that too,' Arnold answered, looking down. 'But—they cost twenty pounds. And I haven't twenty pounds in the world to bless myself with.'

'If you'd let me make you a present of one'—Mortimer began; but Arnold checked him with a hasty wave of that imperious hand.

'Not for *her* sake?' the American murmured in a very low voice.

And Arnold answered gently: 'No, dear Mortimer, you kind, good friend—not even for her sake. There are still a few prejudices I retain even now from the days when I was a gentleman—and that is one of them.'

Mortimer rose from his seat. 'Well, leave it to me,' he said briskly. 'I think I see a way out of it.' And he left the room in haste, much to Arnold's mute wonder.

A few hours later he returned, bringing with him in triumph a mysterious paper of most legal dimensions. It was folded in three, and engrossed outside with big black letters, which seemed to imply that 'This Indenture' witnessed something really important. 'Now, all I want,' he said in a most business-like voice, laying the document before Arnold, 'is just your signature.'

'My signature!' Arnold answered, with a glance at the red wafers that adorned the instrument. 'Why, that's just the very thing I'm most particular about giving.'

'Oh, but this is quite simple, I assure you,' Mortimer replied with a persuasive smile. 'This is just a small agreement with Stanley & Lockhart. They covenant to pay you one hundred pounds down—look here, I've got the cheque in my pocket already—the merest formality—by way of advance on the royalties of a book you engage to write for them; a work of fiction, of whatever sort you choose, length, size, and style to be left to your discretion. And they're to publish it when complete, in the form that may seem to them most suitable for the purpose, giving you fifteen per cent. on the net price of all copies sold in perpetuity. And if I were you, Willoughby, I'd accept it offhand. And I'll tell you what I'd do: I'd start off at once post-haste to Venice, where you'd be near Miss Hesslegrave, and where she and you could talk the book over together while in progress.' He dropped his voice a little. 'Seriously, my dear fellow,' he said, 'you both of you look ill, and the sooner you can get away from this squalid village, I think, the better.'

Arnold read over the agreement with a critical eye. 'I see,' he said, 'they expressly state that they do not hold me to have written "An Elizabethan Seadog," but merely to have discovered, deciphered, and edited it.'

'Yes,' Mortimer replied with a cheerful smile. 'I'm rather proud of that clause. I foresaw that that interminably obtrusive old conscience of yours would step in with one of its puritanical objections, if I didn't distinctly stipulate for that exact proviso; so I made them put it in; and now I'm sure I don't know what you can possibly stick at; for it merely provides that they will pay you fifteen per cent. on any precious book you may care to write; and they're so perfectly sure of seeing their money

again, that they'll give you a hundred pounds down on the nail for the mere promise to write it.'

'But suppose I were to die meanwhile,' Arnold objected, still staring at it, 'what insurance could they give themselves?'

Rufus Mortimer seized his friend by the waist perforce; pushed him bodily into a chair; placed a pen in his left hand, and laid the document before him. 'Upon my soul,' he said, half humorously, half angrily, 'that irrepressible conscience of yours is enough to drive any sane man out of his wits. There! Not another word. Take the pen and sign.—Thank Heaven, that's done. I didn't ever think I could get you to do it. Now, before you've time to change what you're pleased to call your mind, I shall rush off in a cab and carry this straight to Stanley & Lockhart. Sign the receipt for the hundred pounds at once.—That's right! One must treat you like a child, I see, or there's no doing anything with you. Now, I'm off. Don't you move from your chair till I come back again. Can't you see, you donkey, that if they want to be insured against the chance of your death, that's their affair, not yours? and that they have insured themselves already a dozen times over with the "Elizabethan Seadog?"'

'Stop, stop a moment,' Arnold cried, some new scruple suggesting itself; but Mortimer rushed headlong down the stairs without heeding him. He had a hansom in waiting below. 'To Stanley & Lockhart's,' he cried eagerly, 'near Hyde Park Corner.' And Arnold was left alone to reflect with himself upon the consequences of his now fairly irrevocable action.

In half an hour, once more Mortimer was back, quite radiant. 'Now, that's a bargain,' he said cheerily. 'We've sent it off to be duly stamped at Somerset House; and then you can't go back upon it without gross breach of contract. You're booked for it now, thank Heaven. Whether you can or you can't, you've got to write a novel. You're under agreement to supply one, good, bad, or indifferent. Next, you must come out with me and choose a type-writer. We'll see for ourselves which is the best adapted to a man with one hand. And after that, we'll go straight and call on Miss Hesslegrave; for I shan't be satisfied now till I've packed you both off by quick train to Venice.'

'I wonder,' Arnold said, 'if ever fiction before was so forcibly extorted by brute violence from any man?'

'I don't know,' Mortimer answered. 'And I'm sure I don't care. But I do know this—if you try to get out of it now on the plea of compulsion, why, to prove you clearly wrong, and show you're in every way a free agent, I'm hanged if I don't brain you.'

As they went away from the shop where they had finally selected the most suitable type-writer, Arnold turned towards Cornhill. 'Well, what are you up to now?' Mortimer inquired suspiciously.

'I was thinking,' Arnold said with some little hesitation, 'whether I oughtn't in justice to Stanley & Lockhart to insure my life for a hundred pounds, in case I should die, don't you know, before I finished my novel.'

Next instant, several people in Cheapside were immensely surprised by the singular spectacle of a mild-faced gentleman in frock coat and chimney-pot hat shaking his companion vigorously, as a terrier shakes a rat. 'Now, look here, you know, Willoughby,' the mild-faced gentleman remarked in a low but very decided voice; 'I've got the whip-hand of you, and I'm compelled to use it. You listen to what I say. If you spend one penny of that hundred pounds—which I regard as to all practical intents and purposes Miss Hesslegrave's, in any other way except to go to Venice and write this novel, which must be a really first-rate one—I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll publicly reveal the disgraceful fact that you're a British peer, and all the other equally disgraceful facts of your early life, your origin, and ancestry.'

The practical consequence of which awful threat was that by the next day but one Kathleen and Arnold were on their way south together, bound for their respective lodgings as of old in Venice.

THE INDIAN-RIVER COUNTRY, FLORIDA.

TEN years ago, when the boom in Florida was at its height, the Indian River was almost unknown, except to some enthusiastic sportsmen and tourists who left the beaten routes of travel in search of novel scenes and experiences; and the few settlers along its banks were contented, cultivating their orange groves with the hope that in the future, when a railway tapped this section, the Indian-River oranges would become famous. The foresight of the old settlers has been amply justified, as Indian-River oranges now command the highest market price of any grown in Florida. Oranges, however, do not constitute the only product of this section, as the pine-apple industry, although not a dozen years old, has now a more valuable crop than even the orange; and there seems little doubt that this industry will continue as a profitable investment for a good number of years to come. Among others from different States in the Union, quite a number of young Englishmen are now successfully engaged in this lucrative business, and each year sees their numbers increase.

Taking a look at the map of Florida, you will notice that the east coast is lined by a series of inland water-ways or lagoons, improperly termed rivers, which at present are being connected by means of dredges, operated by the East Coast Canal and Transportation Company, so as to give water-communication the whole length of the coast. Nor is this all. 'The East Coast Line' of railway in April last ran their first through train from Jacksonville to Lake North, a distance of some two hundred and fifty miles, in almost a straight line, following the west bank of Indian River and Lake North.

Mr Flagler made St Augustine what it is—a city of the finest hotels in America; the famous 'Ponce de Leon' and 'Cordova' hotels being known by every tourist in the land. For some years his railway stopped, there. Last

year he extended it to Rockledge, on Indian River; and becoming interested in Lake North, he built one of the finest hotels in the country at Palm Beach this year, opened it, and at the same time made that the terminus of his road. Although the terminus of railway travel, next year tourists will get along comfortably far south of that, as there are two powerful dredges working day and night cutting a canal between Lake North and Biscayne Bay; and it is confidently expected to be open for steamer traffic ere next year.

It is not to be supposed that Mr Flagler is spending millions in railways and hotels for tourist travel only, as this source of revenue lasts but three months of each year. The natural resources of the east coast determined him to open it up and develop the country; and a short article on this section of Florida may prove interesting to some of our readers.

Indian River is a sheet of water about one hundred and fifty miles in length, varying from one to seven miles in width, and separated from the Atlantic Ocean by a narrow strip of land with an average width of half a mile. As the Gulf Stream flows northwards quite close to the Florida coast, the shores of the river have a more equable and milder climate than the interior of the State; and owing to its near proximity to the ocean, with its south-east summer breezes, it is cooler in summer than anywhere in the Northern States, while malarial complaints are almost unknown. The river teems with fish; and a large trade is done shipping mullet and the toothsome pompano to Northern markets. There are two ice factories on the river; and a canning factory is being built to dispose of pine-apples and other fruits that, from over-ripeness or blemishes, would not stand shipment. Truck-farming is engaging the attention of many; and owing to comparative immunity from frost, this must always be a favoured section in this particular. Merritt's Island, situated opposite Cape Canaveral, is famed throughout the State for its early beans, tomatoes, egg-plants, and pine-apples. In the centre of the island, sugar-cane grows luxuriantly in the rich hummocks; while on the prairies, dotted over with clumps of palmetto trees and small cedar hummocks giving splendid shade, cattle keep in good condition all the year round; and though there is not a sheep on the island, a farmer with colonial experience could do well sheep-raising for mutton alone, as the grazing is excellent.

Titusville, the county seat of Brevard, at the north end of the river, has a population of about sixteen hundred, its streets 'shelled,' lit by electricity, with good stores in brick buildings, a bank, half-a-dozen churches, and a jail—is a go-ahead, lively little town, doing a business with all parts of the river and back-country; and while the East Coast Line passes right through, it is the terminus of the Jacksonville, Tampa, & Key West Railway, here connecting with the Indian-River Steamboat Company, which acts as a feeder, and carries freight to and from all parts of the river.

Taking the steamer *St Lucie*, we leave the wharf with a somewhat vague feeling as to what is before us. The steamer is built of iron,

about one hundred and sixty feet long by twenty-five feet beam, with a stern wheel. She was built specially for the river, which is shoal in many places, and draws only about three feet of water. Comfortably fitted up with good staterooms, and well officered, a few days spent on board an Indian-River steamer leaves pleasant recollections to all who have ever done so. True, we make only about eight miles an hour. If we want to go on business in a hurry, we can take the railway; but for comfort and freedom from dust, a good passenger steamer is not to be compared with railway travel, however luxurious—going quietly along, watching the pompano and caralle leap with an easy grace in the air, then fall sideways into the clear cool water again. We are amazed at the breadth of the river—seven miles. It almost looks, from the low shore on the east side, as if we were going out to sea. The west side for ten miles is lined with lovely building sites; but it is an old Spanish grant, and no title could be got to the land till recently.

Passing the Bay, the river narrows at Pine Island to about three miles; and the growth on either side changes to hummock—a mixture of oak, other hardwoods, and palmetto trees, from among which we catch glimpses of houses with an occasional gleam of light; and an orange grove, but partly seen, on account of the margin of virgin hummock left standing to act as a wind-break.

Making a stop at City Point for a few minutes, we notice a good-sized store, more houses than we anticipated; and we learn that there are some forty thousand boxes of oranges shipped from this neighbourhood alone.

A couple of miles farther down, on the Merritt's Island side of the river, we call at Indianola, one of the most attractive and go-ahead little settlements on the island—oranges, pine-apples, mangoes, and truck being grown by the settlers, who have a public hall, and evidently enjoy a fair measure of prosperity. Getting some passengers and baggage ashore takes a minute or two only, and we are again off. A mile or so farther on we come to famous Rockledge. Landing, we make our way to the hotel. It is now dark; but the scene is one never to be forgotten. A crowd of hotel guests, porters, and boatmen are on the wharf, scanning the passengers for known faces; and while there is none of that bustle and din about the place associated with hotel landings generally, your baggage is promptly looked after; and turning away from the blinding glare cast on the wharf by the steamer's head-light, our eyes rest with pleasure on the big hotel, only a couple of hundred feet away, every window lit up, and electric lights shining among the palmettos in front so softly, that no picture of the imagination can conjure up anything so perfectly in harmony with the feeling of rest after travel, except it be that which the traveller feels on coming to his own home; and the orchestra on the veranda softly playing some old familiar air helps out the comparison.

The 'Hotel Indian River' is a plainly-built house of three hundred rooms in keeping with surroundings; and after engaging our room, we sit on the veranda and look out on the scene

in quiet enjoyment. Under tall palmettos and huge oaks, or on the pavilion over the bank of the river, guests are quietly chatting; and the bits of colour in the dress of the ladies add the one touch of life required to make the picture complete.

Rising early next morning, we take a stroll along the footpath that follows the shore, and at once divine the reason why the place got its name, as there is no beach, but instead, a rocky shore-line extending north and south for several miles. Walking north, we passed numbers of unpretentious villas among the orange groves, till we came to a bright sandy point of land running some distance out in the river, almost a counterpart of the 'Silver Strand' on Loch Katrine. Retracing our steps, we pass another handsome hotel, 'The Alcazar,' even larger than ours; and the railway station of the East Coast Line lies right between the two. Were it not for the track, however, one would never guess the neat-looking, bright, lemon-painted station was anything more than an office connected with one of the hotels. In the season, January, February, and March, Rockledge has a population of about two thousand; and during the balance of the year about two hundred. About the same number of boxes of oranges is shipped from this place as at City Point.

After breakfast, we board the steamer *St Augustine*, a day boat without staterooms, calling at all the landings on Merritt's Island, among them Georgiana, Lotus, and Tropic. Passing Eau Gallie, we come to Melbourne, so named by the first settler, an Englishman, who had lived years in Australia. This is a nice little settlement, with several stores, a couple of small hotels, and some pretty villas owned by Northern people of means, who spend their winters here, on the opposite side, at East Melbourne. On the beach-strip there are some large pine-apple patches. There is nothing particularly inviting about this beach-strip in its natural state, as it is covered with only saw-palmetto; but it certainly does grow pine-apples to perfection. One settler the other day sold his place for ten thousand dollars. He bought it six years ago for fifty dollars an acre. At the end of three years he had spent nine hundred dollars on it, and taken thirteen hundred and fifty dollars out of it, besides getting the crops of the past two years. Whether he retained this year's crop or sold it with the place, I did not learn. Of course, he did all the work himself.

Staying at 'Hector's Hotel' at Melbourne till evening, we got on board the through-steamer for Jupiter—this time, *St Sebastian*. Waking at daylight, we were just in time, passing St Lucie Inlet, to get a glimpse of the ocean. Calling at Fort Pierce, a small fishing village, for wood, we proceeded on our way, the shores gradually becoming higher again, and covered with a luxuriant tropical growth till we came to Eden, famous for its pine-apples. The rolling hills, or rather knolls, are cleared of every tree and stump, and in the distance the patches look something like corn-fields. All the settlers round Eden and Jensen are comfortably 'fixed,' as they say here; and at the latter place—which

was started by a Dane of that name—there is a very comfortable hotel of about fifty rooms, as well as a canning factory.

Rounding Sewell's Point, the finest building site on the river, we turn up the St Lucie, which joins Indian River at this point. This is a genuine freshwater river, coming from the Everglades. At first, it is narrow and deep; but gradually it opens into an egg-shaped basin, with high banks on the east side. This river is the home of the manatee, an almost extinct mammal; and the State legislature have just passed a Bill prohibiting its destruction.

Landing some freight at Potsdam, we put about, and get back to Indian River, where, after crossing St Lucie Inlet, we enter Jupiter Narrows, a tortuous passage among high mangroves of eight miles. On a bright day the scene is pleasant, although one can never see more than three or four hundred feet ahead; but on a dull day the Narrows have a weird, melancholy look, which only a desolate uninhabitable place can give. Suddenly emerging from the Narrows, we enter Hobe Sound, about a quarter of a mile wide, with high banks and rolling spruce pine-woods. Here quite a number of pine-apple growers are settled and doing well. At this point the principal growers are English. Nearing Jupiter, we see the light-house and signal-station; and getting out of Hobe Sound, cross the Loxohatchee River, and tie up at Jupiter wharf—this being the end of navigation on Indian River.

There is an inlet here also, and a fine view of the ocean can be had. An old steamer lies alongside the shore, and is converted into an hotel, where fish of all varieties is made a specialty, and quite a business is done during the winter and spring catering for tourists by steamers, sail-boats, and launches. At Jupiter there is a railway some eight miles in length, connecting Indian River and Lake Worth, called the 'Celestial Line' from the names of the stations on the route. Till Flagler's Road was built, it was the farthest south in the United States.

Taking the train in the afternoon, we rapidly pass Venus and Mars—about two houses at each place—and arrive at Juno, on Lake Worth, where a small steamer awaits our arrival, and carries us down the lake to Palm Beach. Lake Worth has an inlet from the ocean of its own; and at present, boats coming here go outside at Jupiter or St Lucie, run down the coast, and come in at Lake North Inlet. But in a month or two this somewhat hazardous experiment will be avoided, as the canal between Indian River and the lake will be completed. Lake Worth, rather more tropical than Indian River, is about twenty-five miles long and half a mile wide. A number of Chicago millionaires during the past few years built fine winter residences here, and spent enormous sums in beautifying their places; then Mr Flagler came along and built the 'Royal Poinciana Hotel' with six hundred rooms. This, coupled with the railway coming in, has made the lake a sort of millionaire winter home. A stage-line connects Lantana at the south end of the lake with Biscayne Bay, the most southern inhabited part of the mainland of Florida.

Returning from Palm Beach, we cross over the ferry on the lake in the morning, take our seats in the train via the East Coast Line, arriving in the afternoon at Titusville, after enjoying a novel tour through entirely new scenery over a route just opened, but with all the conveniences of an old settled country. Nine years ago, there were no steamboats here, and it is only eight years since the Jacksonville, Tampa, and Key West Railway tapped the head of Indian River, on which there has been no fictitious boom, but a steady growth; so, who shall say what possibilities lie in the future for this favoured section? The people are peaceful, law-abiding, and cosmopolitan to a degree, gathered together as they are from every quarter of the globe, building up what eventually will be the garden-spots of America.

Of millionaires and non-residents we have a full hand, but want more men with small capital, workers, who can live here comfortably the year round, and make a living with more ease than anywhere known to the writer. There is a good living to be made raising pine-apples on Indian River. The crop this year will be from fifty to sixty thousand barrel-crates, which net about three hundred dollars per crate, or, say, three hundred dollars per acre. Plants bear the second year after setting-out; and a carefully tended patch will pay for itself, ordinary land included, in two years. Failures will take place in this as in every other industry; but they have been so far rare, and good reasons could be given for each one of them; and any young fellow with a few hundred pounds wishing a pleasant occupation abroad, could not do better than cast in his lot with the pine-apple growers of Indian River.

BURGLAR JIM.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

MR BERTROD LEYTON was steadily migrating eastward. From Chelsea he had gone to Hampstead, from Hampstead to Hackney, from Hackney to Hoxton, and now he was not far from the purlieus of Whitechapel. At every successive migration, his heart, and what was infinitely more to him, his wife's heart, had been wounded more deeply by the iron heel of Misery.

Till he was twenty, Bertrod had lived near Stockport, in Cheshire. His father was one of the cotton lords of that dingy, dirty town, and had risen from Councillor to Alderman, from Alderman to Magistrate, from Magistrate to Mayor. His cotton mill was the largest in that town of cotton mills, his wealth surpassed that of his brother-spinners. 'An obstinate man,' his friends and fellow-citizens called him; but his enemies used a harsher word. Once, the mill-workers went out on strike, and he had been the leader of the masters, the bitterest and most unyielding of all. The work-people triumphed in the end, because the other masters were not so firm as he. He was reported to have said that his work-people should 'eat dirt' before he would have yielded, if he had been fighting for himself.

His words were passed from lip to lip, and the hunger-bitten operatives for a time hissed him in the streets. But having won, they were magnanimous; and as he—seeing he had gone too far—judiciously spent a few hundreds in charities that brought him prominently before the workers, the matter dropped. When next he stood for the Town-Council, his opponents sought to make capital out of his words; but the attempt failed, and he was elected by a large majority.

He had three children—Bertrod and two girls. On Bertrod his ambition was centred, and he told him, when but a boy of fifteen, that it would be his own fault if he did not wear a coronet, and then sent him to Eton and Oxford.

It was during the summer vacation that the festivities on his coming of age took place. He developed a great liking for the mill that summer, and it was whispered that he was fond of visiting the porter's lodge, where a pretty girl, Rhoda Brighton, worked at roller-covering. Rhoda was only a factory girl, but a superior factory girl. Of middle height, shapely and graceful, with a face that would have challenged admiration at a Drawing-room, was what she was to the outward eye. Bertrod soon found that she was refined as well. She had had but a National School education; but she had made good use of her opportunities. The best commentary on her was that of the ruder and vulgar factory girls, who stigmatised her 'stuck up'; the worst possible sin in their eyes.

Her father had been a mechanic, who by intelligence had risen to be foreman of an engineering firm. He had saved a few hundreds, and invested them in a Building Society. The Society was defrauded, and became bankrupt, and his heart broke with it. The week after the first and final dividend of sixpence, he was dead. His wife had nothing; and Rhoda, who was looking forward to a High-school education, at fifteen was sent to earn her bread. By great good fortune, she got engaged as roller-coverer, one of the most genteel of cotton factory employments.

Bertrod was often in the lodge on various pretexts, but in reality to talk to pretty Rhoda. His father was not a Puritan, and Bertrod had some transient dreams at first of making Rhoda a shame. But a few days' conversation with her made him hate himself for his half-conceived thought; and gradually there grew in his heart a hope that she might be his jewel, not his plaything. He gave no heed to the fact that he was a master's son and rich, and she only a factory girl, and that the world would look upon such a union as debasing to him. He knew his grandfather had been but an operative himself, and his immature intellect could not perceive any difference in rank. True, Rhoda was not so educated as he would wish his wife to be, but that could soon be remedied.

If he looked forward with delight to his daily visit to the mill, Rhoda's heart had also begun to beat and her cheek to flush when she heard him coming. One morning he went down to the mill and said straightforwardly: 'Rhoda, I love you.'

Rhoda blanched to the lips. 'Oh, Mr Bertrod, shame!'

'Shame, Rhoda?'

'Yes; shame to make sport of me so.'

'Rhoda,' he cried in a tone there was no mistaking, 'by my life and honour, I swear at you mistake me. I love you—love you with my whole heart. If you will be my wife, I shall be happy; if not—cursed. You will not curse me, Rhoda?'

She flushed, then paled again. 'Oh, Mr Bertrod, it cannot be. How can I, a poor?'—
'Rhoda, do you love me? Tell me the truth.'

'Oh, please, do not ask me. It cannot.'—

'I don't want to know what can or cannot be,' he said angrily. 'I want to know if you love me. Speak out honestly, in Heaven's name.'

Rhoda was in dire straits. Visions of delight flashed across her brain, mingled with visions of the reverse of joy.

'Rhoda, as you are a true girl, answer me Yes or No.'

'Yes, I do,' she said, summoning up courage to articulate the words and to look him fully in the face. 'But it cannot be; it is impossible.'—

He clasped her in his arms and kissed her trembling lips. 'There are no impossibilities in love, my darling, as you see. You love me, and you are mine, possible or impossible.'

Rhoda's eyes were alight with love-fires, but there was doubt in them too. 'How can I, a poor factory girl? What will your father, what will the world, say?'

'Let them say what they will. What can they say when you are honouring me above all men, giving me what I most crave for?' He kissed her again.

The manager was coming straight to the lodge, so he whispered: 'Meet me in Didsbury Fields this evening at nine. Promise.'

When the manager came in, he found his young master arguing with Rhoda as to the best way of covering a roller, and was appealed to by Bertrod. He pronounced against Bertrod, who appeared to be much chagrined thereat.

Didsbury Fields were a little bit of Paradise that evening. Bertrod spoke frankly and to the point. He wanted Rhoda educated, because that was all that was necessary to make her an ideal wife. 'You have the instinct of refinement and culture now, my darling; all you want is the polish. If you love me, darling, you will consent to what I now propose. No one must know of our engagement yet. You must give notice at the mill to-morrow evening. Then I shall find a place where you may get all the knowledge and accomplishments of a lady. I think I know a lady in Windsor who would be glad to take charge of you—a lady who is a lady. Your mother can live in Windsor, if you wish it. By the time you are ready, I shall be in a position to marry you. I shall then announce our engagement; and if all the world says "No," I shall marry you just the same. Have you any objection, darling? Speak frankly, as you love and trust me.'

Rhoda had many objections to make, many

fears to express, many doubts to explain. But her lover brushed them aside lightly, and they gave themselves up to the happiness that lovers only know.

'Tell your mother,' he said as they parted, 'I shall call and see her to-morrow morning.'

Mrs Brighton likewise had many misgivings, but they vanished before the genuine frankness of the handsome young fellow. 'Rhoda is my all—my pride,' she said. 'God bless you as you do by her.' He answered that no words of his should have any weight—only his actions. She consented to his plans; and a fortnight later, mother and daughter left for Windsor.

The meetings of the master's son and Rhoda had not been unnoticed by the neighbours; and the departure of the Brightons gave food to much malicious gossip. 'A proud, saucy baggage,' was the verdict: 'them stuck-up uns as looks down on the like of us are sure to come to that. A good honest woman as works for her livin' is worth a hundred o' their sort.' Happily, Rhoda and her mother were not there to blush.

Two years have passed, years big with happiness to the lovers. Bertrod has just left college to get a little insight in the working of the mill. Old Leyton is about to give up the mill, and has proposed that Bertrod should try it for six months. If, then, he should choose to follow the business, he may; if not, it will be sold to a company, and Bertrod can play the gentleman.

But a week after his home-coming, the bomb-shell explodes in the Leyton breakfast-room, and blows father and son apart for ever.

'Never! never!' shouts the father. 'Give her up at once, or I've done with you for ever.'

'No, sir; as an honourable man, I cannot—will not.'

His sisters, from whom he has expected sympathy, murmur, 'A factory girl,' and show unmistakably that they are on their father's side.

'Hark you, my ungrateful son,' said the father after a pause. 'You know me. I give you a night to sleep on it. If you do not obey me, you leave here in the afternoon, and never a penny of mine or a word of mine shall you have again.'

Bertrod had inherited something of his father's stubbornness, and there was love also, to keep him unyielding. At breakfast next morning he said to his father: 'Are you still determined to disinherit me because I choose to marry a girl who once honoured your mill with her presence?'

'Are you going to give her up?'

'Certainly not, father. I should not be your son if I yielded in a matter of life and honour.'

'Then I give you till three this afternoon to clear out. And you only take your personal belongings, please; don't be a thief.'

'I shall take nothing that does not belong to me,' said Bertrod calmly, in spite of the taunt, 'you may rest assured. I shall not take all that does belong to me, for it seems your love and my sisters' will be wanting.'

Old Leyton kept out of the way till Bertrod had gone; and the tips of his sisters' fingers, grudgingly given, were his only farewell.

Rhoda and her mother were in terrible distress when they heard; but Bertrod, with cheerful optimism, chased the shadows away; and a fortnight later, he made Rhoda a wife. They had a quiet honeymoon at Bournemouth, which ended tragically and abruptly, for they were summoned back by telegram to close Mrs Brighton's eyes and receive her blessing. Under such cheerful auspices, their married life began in a Chelsea flat.

Bertrod, soon finding that an Oxford graduate was not a unique article in the market, got engaged as traveller for a firm of wholesale chemists at one hundred and fifty pounds a year. The worst of it was it took him a good deal from home. But they were all the happier at the week-end, when they were able to spend a few hours together in peace.

Bertrod took to literary work as he rushed about country in the train, and, to his unspeakable satisfaction, several articles and sketches were accepted by an evening paper. He was as delirious with joy as Rhoda herself. He was destined to be a famous author, the idol of the reading public! He got eight pounds for seven articles, and the money was put by to feast their eyes upon. They were not eight paltry gold coins, but riches; and when either of the twain was depressed, they would go to the precious box and toy with the coins, and under their potent influence care and depression took wings.

Bertrod was so elated and so proud of the sympathy and help of his wife that he worked early and late, and after a day's travelling, would often sit up the whole night working hard on the novel that was to bring him fame and fortune. He delighted in work, for it was for her sake, and he often quoted Carlyle and others who had written on the dignity of labour. Rhoda copied for him, and talked over the characters with him till he declared that the story was as much hers as his, and ought to be issued in their joint names. What was better, the literary atmosphere they had created had its effect on Rhoda, who wrote two or three short tales, full of a gentle, unobtrusive pathos, which were accepted and paid for.

At last the novel was finished, written out in Rhoda's clear-cut hand. What a labour of love it had been! How she had toiled till her eyes ached, destroying every sheet that was the least blotted, or on which she had made a mistake or correction, till it was copy clear enough to merit the encomium of the most fastidious compositor!

The story, amid many flutterings of heart, and many a little ripple of laughter at nothing in particular, was daintily packed, and, without any due sense of fitness, was sent to one of the great London publishers. They pretended not to be castle-building; but all the same they counted on what was to come in the next twelve months; not a shop did they see but Bertrod pointed out what he would buy her when—when they were 'better off.'

A fortnight of buoyant hope, and the manuscript came back with a very polite 'Declined.'

It was a shock, and Bertrod laughed, little laugh. 'Of course it was accepted at first. If it had been given up in despair; genius, I have never succeeded at the first at my words, Rhoda—that same publisher will in a few months be asking me—anything from my pen. I'll be and forgive them.'

Time after time the manuscript. It was getting shabby and frayed. It had been everywhere, likely, and the best they had received, story were twice as long, we might

Nothing but hope had kept him sinking under the great strain he gone. Now he sank, and sank deeper, paleness, great circles round the eyes, nights, irritable temper, had long. At last he fell, and Rhoda's nights were spent in nursing him.

It was six months before he was street again. Brain fever had left of himself. The firm had been they had paid his salary for two then reluctantly had filled his pocket had no pleasant prospect. Here he and helpless, but a few pounds in his occupation gone, and with a wife soon give him another name.

Active labour was out of the question; it was only by exhausting effort that he was able to write, with Rhoda's help, a that brought in about a guinea a average. There was no help for tears such as they had never dreamed would shed, they began to march. They took rooms in a northern town, there managed to exist. Bertrod sunk down in despair if Rhoda had the part woman is ever called upon. He sought for work of all kinds, but regular literary work was too precarious. One week they might not receive another week three pounds might spring came, he managed to get a at thirty shillings a week. 'I can work in the evenings, dearie,' he said. But she could give him no help after he got his clerkship, a baby. For a moment it was a bright dark clouds. But fresh sorrow was weeks and months of ceaseless caring had drained Rhoda's vital force. It was her turn to be helpless and weeks together. Then Bertrod became and only by a great effort could work.

The story of that spring-tide is to dwell upon. Now faster, now went east, which is to say, down agony of despair, when Bertrod again, Rhoda wrote to his father, that his boy was in want—'three alone,' she added proudly. Rhoda told him that she was writing—if he could aid his son in his strait, she would appear spontaneous. The only answer letter returned, through Mr Leyton who was 'authorised to say that declined to hold any communication

son or his wife.' She showed Bertrod the letter. He set his teeth firmly, but wept bitter tears as he went to the office.

At last they were in Hoxton, menaced by the Union. Bertrod was now a pawnbroker's assistant at twelve shillings a week. Their lodgings were such as they would have shrunk with horror from a year ago; now they were thankful they had such a home. Both were still weak, and subject to spells of illness. Their life could be summed up, when both were not ill, comparative happiness; one alone, tolerable; both, despair.

And yet they had managed to keep their souls and minds intact. It was western feeling in the heart of the east. Sometimes it worked for happiness; at others, it made life exquisite torture. The rough people among whom they lived recognised the difference, and christened them the Lady and Gentleman. At first, it was sarcastic and malicious; but by-and-by it became a good-natured appellation, and, by some, even of affection. If the husband did not fraternise with his neighbours at the 'Victoria Arms'—the chief house-of-call of the street—he was cheery, and spoke kindly to them, some of whom addressed him as 'Sir.' If Rhoda was a lady to them, they soon began to find that she was a lady after the order of the vicar's wife and the Sister of Mercy, and ever ready to help in sympathy if she could not in purse. 'A rare lady, but comed down; as weak as a babbly, and her man consumptive,' was the general description of her by her rough neighbours. Their fellow-lodgers were anything but refined; and it was like an open wound in Bertrod's heart to think that, instead of giving the girl who had worked in his father's mill a life immeasurably better, it was immeasurably worse. Drink, fighting, bad language—such was the atmosphere in which the gentle girl had to live. And what of their child, the darling girl who was to be such a jewel as never child was before or since? What would she be in the atmosphere of Darkman Street? Not that their fellow-lodgers had no respect for their feelings; but, of course, it was an impossibility that they could, even if they would, alter their mode of life and change their nature just because a superior couple happened to be lodging in the same house. They did tone down their picturesque language a little, when they thought of the pale-faced, gentle trio in the room above; but when softened, it was still torture to Rhoda.

THE GIGANTIC WHEEL.

THE 'Ferris Wheel,' which formed one of the leading attractions of the Chicago Exhibition, will shortly be eclipsed by the huge structure now being erected at the Earl's Court Exhibition in London; for, whereas the American wheel had a diameter of two hundred and fifty feet, that which is being carried to completion in this country has a diameter of three hundred feet—a dimension, it may be noted, not far short of the total height of the Forth Bridge, a comparison which will enable our

readers to realise at once the proportions of the Gigantic Wheel.

The Ferris Wheel, we may briefly remind our readers, was carried on a horizontal axis one hundred and thirty-five feet above ground-level, and took its name from Mr Ferris, the civil engineer who designed and built it. The wheel carried on its circumference thirty-six cars, each of which was twenty-four feet long by thirteen feet wide and ten feet deep, and accommodated thirty-eight persons; so that the total seating capacity was no less than thirteen hundred and sixty-eight persons, which, at fifty cents a head, gives an income of six hundred and eighty-four dollars, or one hundred and thirty-seven pounds, per trip. Each revolution occupied about twenty minutes; and as two rounds were permitted to each visitor, the above sum was earned in forty minutes with full cars; which is equivalent to an income of over two hundred pounds per hour, from which, of course, working expenses, &c., fall to be deducted. Under such circumstances, it is not surprising to learn that the Chicago Wheel earned seven hundred thousand dollars, or one hundred and sixty per cent. on its cost, in twenty weeks.

But to return to the engineering features of the construction of the Ferris Wheel. The total width is twenty-eight feet; and the rim-crowns are formed as hollow 'box' girders, bound together by diagonal bracing; whilst on the outside is bolted the huge circular cast-iron spur-rack by which the whole is driven. The wheel is strengthened by an inner circumference having a diameter of one hundred and eighty feet, and similar in design, though smaller in sections than the outer circumference already described; whilst one hundred and forty-four round-iron spokes connect the circumference with the main shaft, which is a steel forging forty-five feet long and thirty-two inches in diameter. The whole is turned by means of a large chain, a steam-engine supplying the motive-power.

Having now dealt in brief outline with the American gigantic wheel, we pass to some account of its British prototype, which is designed to seat sixteen hundred persons in forty cars, each of which will be twenty-five feet long by fifteen feet wide and ten feet high, and will be carried on two towers, each one hundred and seventy-five feet high. These towers, on whose summit the main axle will revolve, are fitted at the top with large saloons, surrounded by balconies, communication being given by means of elevators and stairs; whilst below, three tiers of floors will be devoted to restaurants, buffets, promenade concert-rooms, and other purposes of recreation.

A feature of the British wheel will be a hollow central axle no less than seven feet in diameter, permitting passage from one tower to another; such arrangement being in marked contrast to the American main axle, which was only thirty-two inches in diameter, and solid.

The London wheel will be driven by a steel wire hawser one and seven-eighths inches in

diameter. Two such hawsers will be provided, one on either side, passing round grooves on the wheel-sides; but it is the intention only to use one at a time; the other being ready in case of emergencies or repairs.

Electricity will furnish the motive-power, two fifty-horse-power dynamos being provided; but here, again, provision has been made for casualties, as one dynamo will be sufficient to drive the wheel, the other being in reserve. In this connection, it may be mentioned that the towers and saloons will be furnished throughout with the electric light, and that several interesting novelties will be introduced, such as the illumination by electricity of the huge wheel. The towers are carried on concrete blocks under each leg, the dimensions being fifteen feet square at the top by eighteen feet by nineteen feet at the bottom, the depth of each block being fifteen feet. Eight steel bolts, two and a quarter inches diameter and twelve feet in length, secure the tower-legs to each block of concrete on which they rest.

Into the minutiae of the construction of the towers carrying the main axle of the wheel we do not propose to enter; suffice it to point out that steel plates and angles are liberally used throughout, and that the stiff form of construction known as 'box' girders has been adopted with much diagonal and cross bracing, to ensure absolute rigidity and reliability at every point.

The wheel itself is built with two circumferences, of similar type, but differing in strength, the outer rim being considerably the heaviest. A distance of about forty feet separates the two circumferences, the cars being suspended from the outer one. The circumferences are well braced together by cross diagonal tie-rods three and a quarter inches in diameter; whilst the spokes are of steel rods having a diameter of two and a half inches. Owing to the great length of the rods, they are stiffened about the centre by 'channel' bracing, to prevent undue 'sag' when in the horizontal position. Both circumferences, it should be noted, are made in straight lengths, to facilitate construction, the formation of a straight girder being considerably easier and cheaper than that of one built to a true curve, however slight. Coupling screws are liberally supplied on all rods, enabling any slack or tendency to droop to be at once taken up.

Eight stages will be provided near the ground-level, from which the cars can be entered or left, so that the wheel will stop five times during each revolution, which will occupy about twenty minutes.

The total weight of steel in the undertaking will be about fifteen hundred tons; and it is of interest to learn that not only is Scotch steel being employed, but that a Scotch contractor is executing the girder and structural work of the gigantic wheel.

The views to be obtained from the huge structure on clear days will be unrivalled; and though no special utility can be claimed for this latest engineering wonder, yet as a means of amusement and recreation in these days of high pressure and keen competition, it is something to find new fields of enjoyment opened up and fresh modes invented of shaking off the cares

of work, and enabling the toiler to return to his task with renewed energies and reawakened vigour, after the novel sensation of spending twenty minutes on the Gigantic Wheel.

NOVEL NOTICES.

ANY observant person in large towns may find frequent entertainment in marking amusing announcements to be seen in shops, on buildings, placards, bill-heads, among advertisements, and so forth. In London, the writer often notices laundry legends certifying that 'collars are washed.'—'Try our coker nuts' and 'Korg drops' are common invitations among the smaller shops, and are evidently well understood of the people. 'Gents sox' may be seen in many hosiers; but we were rather startled by the phonetic simplicity of 'lickrice, one penny a stick,' in a Liverpool toffee-shop.

Last summer, in the window of a walking-stick shop in Plymouth, some canes were marked 'Gents swagger sticks as used by the officers of the garrison.' This we thought rather funny; but were afterwards to find more amusement in a stationer's shop in Bristol, in the window of which was a card bearing the encouraging information: 'School Girls and Boys' Pencils—Excellent make. Warranted to spell correctly and write easily.' Most of us will wish we had only had such an offer in our school-days.

A curious placard posted on the door of a little shop lately attracted the attention of a visitor to Naples. It informed the public that 'the title of Duke is offered for sale—inquire within.'

A bookseller's catalogue is said to have contained this information, 'Memoirs of Charles I.—with a head capitally executed.' This was run pretty close by an advertisement in another catalogue which called attention to a 'new work on Pedestrianism, with copious foot-notes.'

Still in use at some stores near Derby is the following bill-head: 'Boot and Shoe Merchant, Stationer and Haberdasher; dealer in mangles, sewing-machines, trunks, bedsteads, cartridges, gunpowder, and shot. Wools, shovels, furniture, agricultural implements, iron and tinware.—N.B. Agents for Pullar's Dye Works; also for the White Star Line, Liverpool and New York. Prompt attention given to bookbinding. Registry office for servants. Houses completely furnished.'

The cycling mania spread rapidly in Paris. One of the theatre managers there actually announces that 'Ladies and Gentlemen arriving at his house "en bicyclette," can have their machines warehoused free of charge during the performance, in a room specially set apart for the purpose.'

A writer from Sydney gives a curious instance of British enterprise in Australia. In an up-country town, a young Scotchman has

just opened a small hotel, and in order to compete successfully with his longer-established rivals, placed a notice on his door to the effect that 'Persons drinking more than four glasses of his "Burton XXXX." would be sent carefully home free of charge in a wheelbarrow—if desired.' This offer would probably be keenly appreciated by some of the rough customers of the neighbourhood.

Once on a time a placard was to be seen at Kretscham announcing the fact that a dance was to be given. The notice concluded with the following *Nota Bene*—'Ladies without shoes will not be allowed to participate in the dance.'

A churchyard is not usually considered a very cheerful place for courtship; yet there seemed to be a good deal of it in the Northwood Cemetery at Germantown, Pennsylvania. The Directors have found it necessary to erect at the entrance a sign bearing these words: 'Flirting is Prohibited.' The country church is localised to this day in which a very curious notice was once given by the clerk to the congregation. It was to this effect: 'There'll be no service in this church for m'appen a matter of fower weeks, as t' parson's hen is sitting in th' pulpit.'

When an emigrant vessel is expected to arrive at Fremantle, the port of West Australia, notices something like the following are issued on all sides: 'There will arrive by the "Devonshire," shortly—Seventy-two single women—Thirty married couples—and Forty-five single men. The Single Women can be seen, on arrival of vessel, at the Home. There are amongst them experienced Cooks, Housemaids, and General Servants. People requiring domestic servants must state their requirements in writing to Mrs G——.' Such announcements cause great excitement among the colonists, some of whom are seeking wives, and others good servants (much harder to get).

Now that we are on a nautical part of our subject, it may be mentioned that humour can sometimes be gleaned from a tariff bill. For instance, the rate schedule of one of the transatlantic steamship companies sets forth that the price of passage for dogs, cats, and monkeys is ten dollars each; and that those animals 'must be caged before being brought on the steamer, and will then be placed in charge of the butcher.'

For combination of business and sentiment this notice is hard to beat: 'Mr Bronson has the honour and regret to inform his patrons and friends that he has just published a new waltz, "The Breeze of Ontario," and lost his daughter, Susan Deborah, aged fifteen years. The waltz is on sale at all music-sellers', and the funeral will take place to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock.'

From notifications to that effect it now appears that Englishmen are expected not only to be ready to risk their lives, but to pay money down for the luxury of danger, or to what are we to attribute the following announcement? 'War in South Africa.—Expedition now organising to proceed to the front.—Gentlemen of position, who ride and shoot, may join. Cost £200. Guides provided.—

African, G 915, Address and Inquiry Office, &c.' Two hundred pounds will secure to gentlemen of position the pains and pleasures of an ocean voyage, followed by weeks of early rising, bad food and weather, probable sickness, and certain fatigue, which may at last offer the opportunity of a personal experience of the prowess of the warriors who figure in the pages of 'King Solomon's Mines,' with the power of the mounted white and his rifle when pitted against the impi and the assegai.

As we have remarked, amusement can be derived from noticing the slips in grammar and orthography in odd announcements. Still, one may at times discover a mare's nest, as in this instance. A showman had a bill outside his tent which read, 'Come and see the great sawed fish.' A learned gentleman noticed it, and informed the showman that it ought to be 'sword' fish. 'Yer'd better come in and see for yerself; the hadmission is only tuppence,' was the showman's reply. So the learned man paid his tuppence, went in, and was shown a large cod sawed in half. 'Yer ain't the fust gent wat's tried to teach me 'ow to spell; but I've had a good eddication, and I'm running this show to prove it,' grinned the man. The learned gentleman stayed to listen to no more.

O. H.

BRAVE IN DEATH.

'Once between the attacks, when the Matabele had fallen back, they all stood up and took off their hats and sang. The Matabele say they will never attack the white men again, for when men can fight and die like Wilson's party, Kaffirs can do nothing against them.'—From *Westminster Gazette*, on the death of Major Wilson and his party.

'They sang—the white men sang—
Sang in the face of death,
And the forest echoes rang
With their triumphant breath.

What know they that we do not know,
These white men, who can perish so?

'They had looked their last on life;
They knew their hour had come;
Yet, for mercy after strife,
Those haughty lips were dumb;
But they sang before their Victor, Death,
And the forest rang with their parting breath!

'Brothers, in vain we rage;
We cannot conquer such;
We have torn wide the cage,
But the bird escapes our touch;
On our spirit falleth a mighty dread;
We feared them most when we left them dead!'

Oh men, who perished thus!
You have not died in vain;
Your memory lives with us,
A triumph through the pain;
And our children's children the tale shall tell
Of how you conquered as you fell!

MARY GORGES.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 550.—VOL. XI.

SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1894.

PRICE 1½d.

DUNKERY BEACON.

BY A WANDERER IN EXMOOR.

To stand upon the cairn of stones that marks the summit of Dunkery Hill, and drink in the cool, exhilarating wind, filtered and freshened by the Bristol Channel, is an experience not easily forgotten. The wild upland district of Exmoor, of which the Beacon is the crowning point, rolls away to the westward in a series of low, undulating hills. In the far south, the rugged outline of the highest Tors of Dartmoor can just be seen severing the misty skyline; while northward, beyond the beautiful little Bay of Porlock, stretch the foam-flecked waters of the Channel, mottled here and there with dark patches of shadow, having the appearance of submerged reefs, but in reality caused by shifting cloud-effects on the waves. The slopes of this solitary hill sweep downwards in magnificent curves of purple heather and yellow broom, ultimately widening out into the peaceful valley beneath. One does not regret the toilful climb up, the scramble through the deep ravines and over the terribly rocky ground, for every minute spent in the clear, sonorous wind that sweeps the barren summit is a fragment of existence singularly pure and elevated. One feels distinctly elevated, perched at this great height of over seventeen hundred feet, and dreamily watching the sheep wandering in the sunlit bracken, and a venturesome adder taking a siesta on a block of glistening granite.

It is a foretaste of the fascinating solitude that is one of the charms of Exmoor, although it is far from that feeling of complete and lonely isolation which overtakes the wanderer in the untrodden recesses of that grassy wilderness. Here can be seen, far down in the valley, prim, cultivated plots and slate-roofed farmhouses, the red soil of the Somersetshire lanes and byways, and many other signs of life and civilisation. The cattle—not unlike red ants at this distance—stray over the moorland, and

collect in the vicinity of a slender thread of silver that winds about the bright patches of green. The influence of the wind becomes, after a while, decidedly soporific; and if one faces the cool, rushing breeze, humming melodiously through the cairn of stones, to scan the broad, shimmering expanse of the Bristol Channel, a drowsy intoxication is pleurably felt. The eye lazily watches the struggles of a brig, slowly beating up Channel, or endeavours to make out the dimly outlined Welsh coast that rises like a gray cloud beyond the waste of waters. Still farther can be seen indications of the Malvern Hills, a mere shadowy impression against the blue sky. The red-tanned sails of a lugger catch a glint of sunlight, and thereby signals its tiny presence in the vast panorama unfolded beneath; or the white wings of a yacht, not unlike the movements of a seagull at this altitude, are boldly silhouetted against the shadow of a cloud poised on a level with the Beacon.

Then one's attention is drawn to the pulsing flight of a moor buzzard, sweeping out of the abyss, and slowly circling over the purple heather, and mounting the slope of the hill. A striking and somewhat uncanny impression of atmosphere and distance is conveyed to the eye when gazing down on the gyrations of the bird's flight, as it at last drifts out of sight with motionless wing in the direction of Exmoor Forest. One cannot help following the bird in fancy to the wild, dreary upland, with a traveller's longing to foot the treeless wilderness of rolling hills, and lose one's self awhile in such perfection of solitude. Haunt of the red deer that once roamed in numbers through the deep coombs, and dipped their antlers for a morning drink in the river Barle, startled in the gray dawn by the cry of the bittern or the neigh of a wild pony.

The keen, salt air begets a wholesome appetite at last, and a rough clamber is necessary down the sweet heather and black burnt patches which clothe the southern slope. The pictur-

esque valley of the little stream called the Avill is soon reached, and promise of refreshment of a frugal kind is observed in the curl of smoke that lingers over a clump of beech. The marshy character of the soil is somewhat unpleasantly discovered, for the tempting-looking field of new-mown hay, traversed by a lazy, dun-coloured bull, conceals an overflowing spring fully ankle deep. At the end of this damp, odorous, and unconventional hay-field is the muddy yard of an isolated farm, apparently built in the watershed of the Avill. It is pleasant to sit in the cool, stone-paved kitchen and listen to the rough dialect of the typical west-countrywoman; to watch her cleanly figure bustling here and there, and then depositing a white jug of cool, real cider on the coarse homespun cloth; to mentally take note of the square, open fireplace; the bare simplicity of the rough benches where the farm-hands take their meals, and the goodly view of salt, white bacon hanging from the rafters.

The huge loaf is attacked with the smiling approval of the broad, open face, ruddy and clear as an old apple, while the kindly farmer's wife delivers a fusillade of questions. She cannot gauge, perhaps, the pleasure to be obtained at the summit of her lifelong neighbour, the Beacon, and does not hesitate to confess complete ignorance of the famed and highest point in the county. Once, the good soul mentions how the whole country-side flocked to the base to see the Beacon fired in honour of the Queen's Jubilee. The remark kindles the recollection of forgotten history, and calls to mind the important part played by Dunkery Beacon in the middle ages, when the only means of rapid communication was the crude method of flashing fire-signals from hill to hill. In the quiet atmosphere of this quaint homestead one can picture the lurid glare of the Beacon fire shedding its warning light across the wilds of Exmoor, startling the denizens of the dark coombs, and fringing the distant hills with the dull, red glow. What a contrasting picture now surrounds one: outside can be heard the bubble of the tiny Avill as it threads its way by the pollard willows through the luxuriant grass; the hum of insect life; the distant bellow of a cow too full of milk, and the general drowsy murmur of farm-life.

The sour, cool cider is drained, and a cordial hand-shake with the cheery little woman exchanged before parting. Regretfully one takes leave of the bare, spotless kitchen, pleasantly redolent with the aroma of bruised apples, for the folk are busy cider-making.

The brown cows thrust their wondering heads through the leafy hedges of these peaceful Somersetshire lanes, as if demanding a reason for the unwonted intrusion; and the droning beetle whirs in and out of the shadows that

now begin to lengthen a little. The air in these narrow lanes, overlung with trailing branches, feels damp and moist, and so one is not sorry to have done with the confined path, and tread the breezy Codsand Moor.

The solitude is presently disturbed by a couple of ten-year-old natives trudging along the uncertain track on the moor, their shoulders dwarfed under the weight of huge wooden rakes, and a miniature barrel-shaped water-bottle in their brick-coloured fists. The spontaneous greeting of 'Gude-dey, zur,' is quaint and courteous, and deepens the kindly feeling already existing in one for this peaceful upland, so out of the world, and yet so pregnant with the traditional hospitality of its inhabitants. Every passer-by has a smile of greeting for the stranger, and the applicant for shelter at the most primitive farmhouse is given a broad-tongued welcome by the genial west-countryman.

Looking backwards, the heather-clad hill of Dunkery is still in view, rearing its sentinel crest above the gorsy plains, and reminding one of the wild tales that shed the glamour of romance upon this still wilder district of rolling hills and breezy moorland.

THE LAWYER'S SECRET.*

CHAPTER II.—ADELAIDE CARRIES OUT HER RESOLVE.

HUGH THESIGER went back to London with a heart full of hope. He knew Adelaide well; he had hardly expected that she would accept his love at the first offer. When he had been so far carried away by his passion as to embrace her without any right to do so, he had expected an outburst of anger. It came indeed; but something told him that she was not so angry as he had feared she would be. Surely, he thought, her heart must be his, in spite of what she said. All the greater, therefore, was the shock to him when he heard, as a fact, about a month after his return to town, that the girl he loved was about to become the wife of Sir Richard Boldon. In his grief and indignation, he set off at once for Hampshire. Thesiger, it may be mentioned here, was an orphan, and he had been brought up by his uncle, a retired naval officer of small means, who lived in a cottage near Chalfont village, about two miles from Woodhurst. Lieutenant Thesiger was married; but he had only had one child, who had died in infancy, and his wife had acted as a true mother to her husband's nephew.

Hugh arrived at his uncle's cottage late that night; and before he went to rest, he ascertained from his aunt that the rumour he had heard about Adelaide Bruce's engagement was founded on fact.

'Oh yes,' said the old lady, 'it's true enough. They are to be married in six weeks. I forced

* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

myself to go to the Rectory and congratulate Adelaide. Poor girl, she is to be pitied rather than congratulated.'

'It's her own doing, I suppose?' said Hugh coldly.

'Of course it is. Nobody forced her to it. But I believe she is sacrificing herself for the sake of her family. Poor Mrs Bruce has a hard struggle at the best of times; and naturally Adelaide will be able to do something for them now.'

Hugh could have blessed his kind-hearted aunt for her charitable view of the girl's conduct; for already pity was taking the place of anger in his heart. He changed his mind, and went off to London again next day without making any attempt to see Adelaide. He told himself over and over again that she had done him no wrong, that she was herself the mistress of her destinies, and that perhaps it was more for her family's sake than for her own that she was about to do this thing. But it was all cold comfort, cold as the sleety shower that battered against the carriage windows as the train sped on its way. He would go on living as usual, treading the tiresome round of a briefless barrister's existence; but the future held for him no promise of happiness. The one woman he desired was not to be his; and for all the other good things in the world he cared nothing.

Mrs Thesiger had said no more than the truth when she told her nephew that no one had forced this marriage upon Adelaide Bruce. The Rector, indeed, had even advised her against the match. But it was too evident that what he had spoken had been said purely from a desire to pacify his conscience. There was a look in his pale, watery eyes, a weary, wistful look, and a tremor in his voice, which belied his words. The girl knew very well that he would bless her in his heart for the comfort, and, above all, the freedom from anxiety, which she was about to bring him in his old age.

The man whom Adelaide was about to marry was not, in the ordinary acceptation of the phrase, a self-made man. His father, Joseph Boldon, had been in his youth a day-labourer; but while still a young man, he had entered a soap-boiling establishment, where he had risen to be foreman, manager, and finally a partner in the firm. His son, afterwards Sir Richard Boldon, had thus started in life a rich man; and by dint of extending his business and advertising his soap in every newspaper and at every railway station in the three kingdoms, he had become a very wealthy man. His knighthood was the reward which a grateful Premier had bestowed on him for money freely spent in advancing the interests of his party.

Sir Richard had married rather late in life, and he had not been blessed with children. The first Lady Boldon had now been dead more than a year; and it was not to be wondered at that Sir Richard should think of

marrying a second time. He had looked about him for a suitable person to fill the vacant place; and his choice had fallen on the Rector's handsome daughter.

The preparations for the wedding were on a very modest scale, partly because Mr Bruce could ill spare the money even for the plainest of trousseaus and the simplest of wedding-feasts, partly because Adelaide could not bear the idea of any unnecessary display. She was, in fact, very far from happy. She well knew that while some would envy her, and some, even, might be found to commend her, none would, in their hearts, respect her the more for what she was doing. Of her inward repugnance to the match she said not a word to any one. She bore her burden without flinching. But her mother and sister could not help noticing a certain hardness in the girl's manner, and even in the expression of her face—a hardness which augured ill for her future happiness. She turned from the diamonds and the exotics which her septuagenarian lover sent to her, with unceasing aversion. She could hardly bring herself to treat the dull, common-looking old man with a decent show of affection. But none the less was she determined to marry him.

A marriage settlement was to be prepared as a matter of course; and Sir Richard wrote to his London solicitor, a Mr Felix, asking him to come down to Roby Chase one evening, stay overnight, and go to the Rectory with him next morning. There the terms of the settlement would be arranged; and Sir Richard added that he would at the same time dictate to him the terms of a fresh will, which could be prepared along with the settlement, and which he proposed to execute shortly after the marriage ceremony.

This arrangement was duly carried out; and one evening in March, Mr Felix arrived at the Chase. He was an elderly man, with a smooth-shaven face, hair apparently just turning gray, and an extremely quiet and agreeable manner. So well preserved was he, that it would have been difficult to guess correctly at his age; in reality he was considerably older than he looked. He had never married.

On the morning after his arrival, Mr Felix accompanied his host for a promenade on the terrace under the drawing-room windows.

'This is really a magnificent place, Sir Richard,' said Mr Felix, glancing from the stately pile beside him to the avenues of noble trees which seemed to stretch from the further side of the lawn for an infinite distance beyond.

The owner was pleased with the compliment; he was never tired of hearing what a splendid house and estate he owned; and if a man may without absurdity feel proud of his possessions, Sir Richard was justified in feeling proud of Roby Chase. True, he had neither planned nor built it—the Robys had disappeared half a century before—he had only bought it. Yet a man who buys anything worthy of admiration, whether it be a house, or a picture, or a yacht, or a wife, generally feels as proud of it as if he had created it, and Sir Richard Boldon was no exception to the rule.

'Yes, it's a fine house,' he rejoined; 'and

the estate is a large one. Of course, I hope that I shall have a son to inherit the place after me. That will be the first point in the settlement you have to draw up. Roby goes to my eldest son; and his eldest son; failing him, my second son—and so on, you know, in tail.

'Just so. And failing sons? It's as well to make provision, you know.'

'Failing sons, for my daughters,' said Sir Richard, a little stiffly.

'And—hem!—in case of your surviving—in short, if that limitation should fail?'

'I don't see that the settlement need go any further,' said the knight, after a short pause. 'There might be a small annuity, say three hundred a year, for my widow. But I mean to leave Roby to her for her life, by my will.'

'Leave Roby to her!' echoed the lawyer, standing still for a moment in his surprise. 'The estate, do you mean?'

'Certainly, the estate; that is, if there are no children to come after me. Why shouldn't I leave it to her? It's my own, I suppose, as I've bought and paid for it?'

'To be sure it is.'

'Well, I choose to leave it to my wife for her life (failing an heir). But I shan't settle it, and so put it beyond my own power.'

The solicitor murmured something which implied approval of this policy, adding: 'You have told Mr Frederick Boldon of your intention, I presume?'

'My intention to marry?'

'I mean—about the estate.'

'No; I haven't,' answered the old man angrily. 'What business has my nephew to count on my estate coming to him, if I leave no children of my own? Eh?'

'None, of course. Only, he may have been looking forward to it, perhaps; that's all.'

'If he has, he's a fool, in addition to being a stuck-up, good-for-nothing, dandified prig. He's my half-brother's son, to be sure. His mother called him after me, to— Well, it's an old story. They tell me the young man has brains, and of course I shall leave him something. But that has nothing to do with Roby. I shall do as I please about that; and if my wife behaves to me as well as I expect she will, and if we have no children, it may as well go to her. She is worthy of that, or of anything, as you'll say when you see her.—Here's the dogcart. It's only a two-mile drive, so you'll soon be able to judge for yourself what the future Lady Boldon is like.'

The visitors were received at the Rectory with some degree of ceremony. The lawyer bowed low before the mistress-elect of Roby Chasé; and as he raised his eyes to her lovely, blushing face, he confessed to himself that she was worthy of the richest gifts a husband could lay at her feet. He drew back a little, allowed Sir Richard to talk—as he was always ready to do—and watched her. And as he watched her, the first seeds of a passion that was soon to master his whole being took root in his heart. Even then, before his old friend Sir Richard had led his espoused wife to the altar, he thought within himself: 'He is an old man, at least ten years older than I am. He cannot

live very long. Perhaps, if I play my cards well, that radiant girl may one day be my own bride.'

Not a look or a tone, however, escaped the old lawyer, from which any one could have guessed his thoughts. He was respectful, pleasant, unobtrusive, as he always was; but it was with difficulty that he could fix his attention on what his client was saying.

'Write it down, Mr Felix—you have paper and pens at your elbow. Five hundred a year—no, six hundred for pin-money during my life; and an annuity of some trifling sum, say three hundred a year, to be secured to her in any event.—This is only *pro forma*, you understand,' he added in a whisper to Mr Bruce. 'I intend to do much more for my wife than this.'

Adelaide, seeing that her presence was not desired at the moment, slipped out of the room; and her future husband went on: 'I intend to leave your daughter, if she should survive me—but these things, you know, are very uncertain—a thousand a year for her life; and if she has no child, I intend to make her the mistress of Roby for as long as she lives.' He paused, to make room for expressions of gratitude, and the Rector forced himself to say something civil; but the fact was that he would have much preferred a larger annuity for his daughter in the settlement, and a smaller interest under a will which might at any moment be revoked.

'Take these instructions down for the will, Mr Felix; and prepare the two instruments while you are about it. I will execute the settlement as soon as it can be prepared, and sign the will the day after the marriage.'

When the two visitors had gone, Adelaide questioned her father as to the benefit which it was proposed she should take under her husband's will; and when she was informed of Sir Richard's intentions, a look of satisfaction came into her face, but she made no remark.

In due time the marriage settlement prepared by Mr Felix was signed and sealed, and shortly afterwards the wedding took place.

'There, there, mamma,' said the bride, as she kissed her weeping mother in her bedroom, before setting out on her bridal tour, 'you won't miss me. Marjorie is ten times a better daughter than I am; and then I shall be so near you.'

'Yes, but—if it were any one else, Adelaide!'

'Mamma! you forget that it's over and done now, and we must make the best of it.'

'Do your duty by your husband, Adie!' said the old lady anxiously.

'I will,' said the girl; and there was a ring in her voice which showed that she meant what she said. 'He has done what he could to make things pleasant and easy for me: he is not to blame.—O God, I wish I were dead!' But the last words were spoken so that her mother could not hear them.

Adelaide Bruce, now Lady Boldon, kissed her father, her brothers, and Marjorie, shook hands with the servants, smiled upon everybody, without even the suspicion of a tear, and drove away, apparently in the best of spirits.

Sir Richard and his bride came back from Italy in July, when the Chase was looking its best; and the county people began calling at once. The Bruces, poor as they were, were recognised as county people, since they came of a good stock; and the local magnates were disposed to be no less civil to the new Lady Boldon than they had been to the poor woman in whose place Adelaide now reigned.

The benefit of the marriage was chiefly felt at the Rectory, for Adelaide gave a large share of her pin-money to her father. Marjorie had new dresses, new books, new gloves. The boys went to school; and—most important point of all—the Rector engaged a curate, the Rev. Stephen Lynd.

The new curate of Woodhurst was a young man, of very grave manners, and with a thin, ascetic face. His straight black hair, worn rather long, made his pale features seem even paler than they really were; and there was at times a strange, incomprehensible look in his fine black eyes. He was a man of High-Church principles, but he kept these for the most part to himself. The country folks did not like him: they liked people they could understand. Sir Richard Boldon, however, was an exception to this. He had a great respect for the curate, chiefly, people said, because he was the only man in the neighbourhood who stood up to him.

A year went by; and when Lady Boldon reached the second summer of her married life, she perceived that a change was coming over her lord and master. The old man was growing rapidly aged. As time went on, his hopes of having a son to succeed him at Roby Chase grew fainter and fainter; and the disappointment preyed upon his mind. He became peevish, ill-tempered, and miserable; and his bodily strength rapidly declined. The innate coarseness of the man's nature now came out; Adelaide had a hard and bitter life with him. But she never complained—never hinted, even to her mother, that her days and nights were inexpressibly dreary, and that her patience was often tried to its utmost limits. Everybody said that she behaved like an angel.

The summer, as it happened, was cold and wet; and one rainy day Sir Richard persisted in going out against his wife's advice, the consequence being that he caught a chill. If he had been a younger or a stronger man, it would have been nothing; but, feeble as he was, it was not surprising that pleurisy supervened. On the third day of his illness, Sir Richard, who seemed to have been brooding over something in his mind, telegraphed for Mr Felix. Lady Boldon was not in the room when the order was given. The nurse had written the message at his dictation; and the first intimation Adelaide had that the lawyer had been sent for was a request from her husband that a room might be prepared for him. She answered that she would see about it at once, and tranquilly left the sick-room as if to carry out Sir Richard's orders. But as soon as she reached her boudoir, she threw off the restraint under which she habitually talked and acted.

'It must be that he wants to make a new will and disinherit me!' she cried aloud, walk-

ing up and down the room with clenched hands and flashing eyes. 'I know that he has hated me—hated me for months past. But he shall not do me this injustice! I will not suffer it. After all I have gone through!'

Then she threw herself on a couch and tried to think. Who could help her? Who could influence her husband? Mr Felix—he was an old friend as well as a lawyer. And there was Mr Lynd; Sir Richard had always paid heed to his words. Perhaps he could show her husband the injustice of altering his will to his wife's detriment.

She rose, went to her writing-table, and wrote a hurried note to the curate, begging him to call next day. As for Mr Felix, she determined that she would see him and speak to him that night.

It was past nine o'clock before the solicitor arrived, and he was taken to Sir Richard's room at once. Lady Boldon had given orders that as soon as he left the sick-chamber he was to be brought to the library, where she had supper ready for him.

Patiently she waited, sitting alone before the fire, for she had caused a fire to be lighted, to render the room more cheerful for her guest.

It was half-past ten before the door opened, and Mr Felix entered, followed by one of the footmen. Lady Boldon had hardly time to greet the visitor, before the servant said: 'Sir Richard's compliments, and he would like to see you at once, my lady.'

The thought darted through Adelaide's mind: 'He means to prevent my speaking to Mr Felix; but that he shall not do.'

'Very good, Thomas. Tell your master that I will be with him in a moment,' she replied.

The instant the man had closed the door behind him, she turned to her guest. 'I must see you to-night, Mr Felix—I must. It is of the utmost importance; and you see I am prevented from speaking to you now. Will you wait here until I rejoin you, however late it may be?'

The lawyer hesitated. He knew well what Lady Boldon wanted to speak to him about; and he knew that his professional honour demanded that he should say nothing to her of that matter. But Adelaide's beautiful eyes, gleaming with the excitement of her purpose, shone down upon him, and he felt unable to resist her.

'Perhaps to-morrow morning?' she suggested, a blush rising to her face as she spoke. The blush made her look more lovely than before.

'No,' said Mr Felix in an agitated voice. 'I must leave by the six-thirty train. There would be no time then. But I will wait here with pleasure.'

'Thank you,' answered the lady quietly. 'I won't keep you a moment longer than I can help.'

Mr Felix sat deep in thought for some moments after she left the room; then he started up, sat down at the table, and ate a hurried meal.

When it was over, he purposely did not ring for the servant, knowing that if he delayed long enough, the man would very likely go off

to bed without troubling himself to come to the library again.

Another hour passed; and then the door opened, and Lady Boldon glided into the room.

THE FLANDERS GALLEYS.

In the middle ages, Venice—the prototype of modern commercial England—among all the cities of the world stood first for enterprise, wealth, and culture. While Tuscany, though constantly disturbed by civil wars, shone with literary and artistic glory, the Queen of the Adriatic on her part had reached a degree of civilisation quite unknown to other nations. By following the history of Venice at this period of her greatness, the whole mercantile transactions of the world may be traced; and in the Calendars and State Papers, preserved in the Monastery of the Frari and other archives of the city, are found many interesting details of her relations with England, kept up for upwards of two centuries, by that famous fleet known as the Flanders Galleys, which exercised so important an influence in the development of trade in these islands, by introducing luxuries hitherto unknown, that quickly became necessities.

Venetian trade, managed by merchants proverbial for astuteness, and controlled by a Government that encouraged venture and fostered industries, for years held the monopoly of buying, selling, and distributing to other countries not only home products, but also the wealth of the Indies and the treasures of the East. In 1202 the Republic entered into an alliance with Baldwin, Count of Flanders, for improving the slow and laborious land transit of that heterogeneous collection from all lands, of which the city was then the vast emporium. Later, again, the Flanders Galleys, by arrangement, became the State mercantile fleet, with the Doge for its head, but with this strange inconsistency, that the Venetian patricians were forbidden to take part in any branch of commerce, 'that they might be free from anxiety, and have leisure to attend to State affairs.' The realisation of large fortunes in those days by private individuals was an impossibility, for every enterprise was largely subsidised by the Council of Ten, was under direct political control, and strict regulations of the civic authorities.

Somewhere about 1317, the first fleet of the Galleys, freighted with a rich argosy, left the peaceful Lagoons, bound for the British shores. The hardy races of the neighbouring isles, and the Slavonians from the Venetian province of Dalmatia, contributed men for the Galleys, each of which had a hundred and eighty rowers, and a sufficient staff to uphold the dignity and impress on others the power and strength of the famous Republic. On board was a physician for the cure of bodies, and a priest for the cure of souls; a *magnifico* or supercargo, who ranked high; a public notary, to adjust difficulties at the several ports and settle legal questions with consignees; and a scribe, to indite documents or sign papers. Two trumpeters and two pipers helped to keep things lively on *festas* and State

occasions; and pilots ensured safety from dangers of intricate channels and treacherous currents incidental to a coasting voyage.

The political economy of the Signory included the idea of a liberal education of a rough-and-ready kind for patrician youths of Venice, who were compelled to serve an apprenticeship on board the Galleys. By removing them for a time from the temptations offered by the increasing wealth and rare luxuries of the rich city, the State hoped not only to counteract the danger of degeneracy into an effeminate race, but, as the Calendar has it, 'they were to have an opportunity to see the world, become hardened by toil, accustomed to peril, and be willing to expose their lives for their native land.' If poor, their outfits were provided, and they were given posts of honour as commanders of the bodies of archers accompanying each Galley to protect the valuable cargoes from pirates, who infested the seas and rendered the very harbours unsafe.

The Commodore or Admiral of the Fleet had a most responsible, but not altogether enviable, position. It required a man of great ability and immense discretion, who, with a thorough knowledge of seamanship, must also be a merchant, a diplomatist, and a courtier. Orders received from headquarters were peremptory; and the arbitrary, uncompromising sort of way they were carried out was characteristic of the State that issued them. All pledges given were to be redeemed, yet no sacrifice of profits made on the merchandise committed to his and the *Magnifico's* charge. In cases of dispute in England, the Admiral had the Venetian ambassador to appeal to, who in those days acted as, and discharged the duties of, consuls. The Galley Admirals not unfrequently entertained kings on board; and in an account of a banquet offered to Henry VIII. at Hampton, written by the ambassador Sebastiano Giustiani, an Admiral is shown in yet another character—that of a learned man. 'On the day of his arrival, the *Magnifico*, the Admiral, and myself went out of the town to meet His Majesty; and on coming up with him, the most noble Captain delivered a Latin oration on horseback, so well suited to the time and place, that more could not be desired, surpassing the expectation of his entire auditory, which had no idea a professor of navigation and commerce could prove himself so noble a rhetorician.' In the same account mention is made of Venetian glass, even then much prized: 'The rest of the company of the middling class was placed at the tables, which were not merely cleared of the confections, but we even distributed amongst them the glass vessels which had been full of wine'—such vessels, doubtless as appear in pictures by Veronese, Titian, and other painters of the Venetian school.

A little glimpse is also given of the English court at that time, in a record of a visit of another Admiral, Capello, to Richmond Palace, where the king, 'taking him into an apartment, showed him Catherine of Aragon practising on a spinet with Lady Mary, at that time nine years old.' This same Capello, declining the honour of knighthood offered him by the king, consented to quarter the English lion on his

heraldic shield; and on his tomb in the church of St Marie Formosa in Venice is inscribed, 'The man whom King Henry of Britain delighted to honour.'

The fleet of the Flanders Galleys, thus well manned, strongly armed, and excellently commanded, set out on its leisurely voyage to England, which voyage lasted a little over a year. The boats seldom left the coast, calling at all the chief ports, exchanging, delivering, or receiving merchandise. They first went across to the Istrian peninsula, then down the Dalmatian shores to the Levant, where, at Smyrna, dried currants were shipped. That this was as important an article for the English market then as now, is seen by an answer given by the Venetian ambassador, Contarini, who, when fears were expressed that, from some political complications, the currant trade between the two countries would be prohibited, replied, 'That cannot take place without discontenting the entire population of England, which consumes a greater quantity of fruit than all the rest of the world; so accustomed are they to the luxury, and loving it so dearly, that individuals have been found who, from lack of money to purchase it on certain high-days and holy-days, when it is the customary fare, are said to have hanged themselves.' The Levantine merchants also supplied Europe with sugar until 1450, when the Portuguese discovering Madeira—where the cane was indigenous—interfered considerably with the eastern supply.

After leaving the Epirus, the Galleys crossed over to Otranto for oil and wine, then down to Messina for Sicilian products—dried fruits, confectionery, coral, silk, wine, sulphur, &c. England, if records are to be trusted, unfortunately failed to act with strict honour when dealing with the wine-merchants, who, it is asserted, met with duplicity for their own unexampled honesty, and were victims of fraud in return for their generosity. The arrangement was one of barter, the foreigners taking cloth for their wine, of which they said they gave 'overflowing measure,' but in return received 'deceitful cloth.' These cloths, made in Somerset, Dorset, Bristol, and Gloucester, they complained 'were taken and folded together, the outside of fair show, but the inside not agreeing in colour.' Eventually, the merchants refused any longer to give them 'overflowing measure' for 'deceitful cloth,' which, spite of constant edicts and prohibitory laws, remained of the same bad quality, till at last English cloth ceased to be an article of export.

From Sicily the fleet followed the coasts of Morocco and Spain, thence touching at the first English harbour, which was either Camber, or that now sleepy old inland town, two miles from the sea, Rye, both on the coast of Sussex. Here the boats parted company, one portion proceeding to Antwerp; the other, with the flag Galley and the Commodore, remaining sometimes at Sandwich, but more often at Hampton, now Southampton. Within this city of arcaded walls, fortified gates, and solemn churches, the muster of the fleet always took place, previous to returning to the bright city on the Lagoons. On the day of embarkation the sailors would pass to their boats from under the now built

up old sea-gate which, years before, those warriors passed through who went to fight at Crécy and Poitiers. A relic of the strong-armed Dalmatian race who rowed the Galleys still remains at North Stoneham Church, where is an inscription on the pavement in the north aisle, 'Sepvlvire de la Schola de Slavoni Ano Dni McccLxxxxi.' This was the burial-place set apart for the Slavs who owned their own 'Consortieria,' where religious rites were performed after their own manner.

Commencing on a comparatively small scale, the growth of the Flanders Galleys was steadily progressive. They were, in fact, the true pioneers of the great mercantile navies of the present day. All that reached England from India was brought to her shores by these vessels, together with the 'fashions of proud Italy,' then the centre of taste and luxury. At home, the amenities of life were still almost unknown. The dress of the people was as simple as their manners were primitive; and even as late as 1602, Coryate, in his 'Crudities,' records how much he was impressed when he first saw forks in common use whilst travelling in Italy, 'each sticking his fork into the piece of meat in the dish, as the people objected to those at table touching the viands they were going to eat, with their fingers, because they were not always clean.'

In addition to European produce, the boats were laden with Eastern stuffs, dyes, indigo, spices, aloes, myrrh, gums, ginger, pepper, camphor, gold, jewels, large pearls, diamonds, rubies, emeralds, turquoises, and other precious stones, all gathered by the Venetian fleets trading to India, Syria, the Red and Black Seas, the Sea of Azov, and the Caspian, at the ports of which the caravans and merchants deposited their stores for the Venice market. In the description of medieval court ceremonies, frequent mention is made of cloth of gold, and gold embroideries of Florentine manufacture, together with Venetian brocades and Genoa velvets, all presumably brought to the West by these Flanders Galleys.

In these days of express trains, and of swift boats traversing oceans, seas, lakes, and rivers with unvarying punctuality, it is a little difficult fully to realise how trade then flourished or fortunes were made. Overland transit was almost an impossibility either for security, time, or locomotion. The ambassador Giustiani—previously mentioned—gives an account, in his 'Four Years at the Court of Henry VIII.,' of his hurried journey from the seat of the Doges to the metropolis in 1515, lasting from January to April, the physical discomforts of which were only equalled by potential dangers from violence and robbery. Carriages were almost unknown, nor any roads adapted for them yet made. Giustiani therefore followed the general custom when he set out on horseback to cross the Apennines in mid-winter, where snow lay deep on the passes and effaced the rough tracks. On reaching Savona, the roads were reported both unsafe and bad, which compelled him to make a detour to Nice; and thence, by way of Lyons, Avignon, and Paris, he got to London.

Meantime, Andrea Badoer, his predecessor at the English court, anxiously awaited the coming

of Giustiani, hoping he would be the bearer of his letters of recall, and bring with him the ducats so much needed to pay off certain debts before leaving for Italy. But the Signory were more generous in their promises than prompt in their payments, and the new ambassador had money neither for Badoer nor for himself, for he states that money had to be borrowed for his own needs before he could set up his court in London.

If the ambassadors had been permitted to retain the rich gifts received from the foreign courts to which they were accredited, wealth, instead of poverty, would have rewarded their labours for their country's interests. But, by a strangely mean decree, all these valuable presents were passed on to the Procurators at Venice. Sanuto more than once mentions the use made of them. One entry reads of a resolution passed in Council to the effect 'to sell the chain given by the king of England to the ambassador Sebastiano, with five hundred ducats; also two cups given by the king of Hungary to the ambassador Aloise Bon, with about two hundred ducats—proceeds to be expended for the purchase of sixty Damascene carpets, to be sent as a gift to Cardinal Wolsey, as it would be well to make a present to this individual, who might be styled the king of England.' The purchase was made, the carpets duly sent; yet this insatiable princely priest remained unsatisfied, for another entry later says, 'Cardinal Wolsey adroitly urged the Signory to have him supplied with sixty Cairo carpets.' This request, made in March, was increased in April to one hundred. The Council evidently divided upon the justness of this request, put it to a ballot, when a heavy majority decided 'that sixty beautiful and choice carpets be purchased in this city, and sent direct to London, to be presented by our ambassador to the Cardinal in the name of the Signory.' The carpets were long on the journey, not reaching Wolsey till the end of the same year; and, on their arrival, 'he anxiously asked how many there were, inspected them one by one, and humbly said they pleased him much, but were worthy of a greater personage than himself.'

During the two centuries when the Flanders Galleys were the sole sea-carriers of the then known world, many dynasties of kings and emperors reigned and passed away, and not a few kingdoms and states rose to celebrity and fell into decay. There are records of the crews frequenting the old 'Boar's Head' and other taverns at Eastcheape; and in the streets of Southampton and in quiet Rye the coming of the picturesque foreigners would be the event of the year, when ducats would circulate, and tempting goods be exchanged with the simple townsfolk, who, possibly, seldom or never saw any other strangers. But history repeats itself, and when the flood-tide is at its height, the ebb is inevitable. Portuguese enterprise had already begun to supersede the failing vigour of Venetian venture, when the discovery by Vasco da Gama of the Cape passage gave the final blow to the power of the Republic, and took away from her merchants the monopoly of the seas they had so long

and honourably held. The world had progressed, trade had developed, and the science of navigation was better understood when, on a certain May day in 1532, the last of the famous fleet left Southampton Water in ships that had gained in speed what they had lost in singularity of form. They were no longer propelled by stalwart men straining at one hundred and eighty oars, but wafted away, never to return, by sails catching the favouring breeze which would take them 'to the haven where they would be.'

AT MARKET VALUE.*

CHAPTER XXIX.—ARNOLD'S MASTERPIECE.

IN spite of hard fare and occasional short commons, that winter at Venice was a happy one for Arnold. For Kathleen, it was simply the seventh heaven. Every day of it was pure gold. For women are not like men in their loves. If a man's engaged, he pines and frets to get married; he sees a goal ever beckoning him forward; whereas if a woman's engaged, she is amply satisfied to sit down in peace with her lover by her side, to see him and to talk with him. That feminine joy Kathleen drank to the full through one delicious winter. What matter to her that perhaps at the end of it Arnold's projected book might prove a dismal failure?—in which case, of course, they would be plunged once more into almost as profound difficulties and doubts as ever. Meanwhile, she had Arnold. She lived in the present, as is the wont of women; and she enjoyed the present a great deal too much to be seriously alarmed for that phantom, the future.

Besides, she had such absolute confidence in Arnold! She knew he could write something ten thousand times better than the 'Elizabethan Seadog.' That, after all, was a mere tale of adventure, well suited to the grown-up childish taste of the passing moment. Arnold's novel, she felt certain, would be ever so much more noble and elevated in kind. Must not a man like Arnold, who had seen and passed through so many phases—who had known all the varied turns and twists of life, from the highest to the lowest—who had lived and thought and felt and acted—be able to produce some work of art far finer and truer and more filling to the brain than Master John Collingham, the ignorant bully of an obscure village in Elizabethan Norfolk? To be sure, Arnold, more justly conscious of his own powers and his own failings, warned her not to place her ardent hopes too high; not to credit him with literary gifts he didn't possess; and above all, not to suppose that knowledge, or power, or thought, or experience, would ever sell a book as well as novelty, adventure, and mere flashy qualities. In spite of all he could say, Kathleen persisted in believing in Arnold's story till she fairly frightened him. He couldn't bear to fix his mind on the rude awakening that no doubt awaited her.

For, after all, he hadn't the slightest reason

* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

to suppose he possessed literary ability. His momentary yogue was altogether due to his lucky translation of a work of adventure whose one real merit lay in the go and verve of its Elizabethan narrator. He had been driven against his will into the sea of authorship, for navigating which he felt he had no talent, by Rufus Mortimer, in dire conspiracy with Stanley & Lockhart. Nothing but disastrous failure could possibly result from such an undertaking; he dreaded to wake up and find himself branded by the entire critical press of England as a rank impostor.

However, being by nature a born worker—a quality which he had inherited from Mad Axminster—once he had undertaken to supply Stanley & Lockhart with a novel unspecified, he worked at it with a will, determined to give them in return for their money the very best failure of which his soul was capable. With this intent, he plied his type-writer, one-handed, morning, noon, and night; while Kathleen often dropped in at odd moments to write for him from dictation, and to assist him with her advice, her suggestions, and her criticism.

A good woman can admire anything the man of her choice may happen to do. To Kathleen, therefore, that first callow novel of Arnold Willoughby's—'A Romance of Great Grimsby'—was from its very inception one of the most beautiful, most divinely inspired, most noble works of art ever dreamt or produced by the human intellect. She thought it simply lovely. Nothing had yet been drawn more exquisite in its tender and touching delineation of the seafarer's wife than Maggie Holdsworth's character; nothing more stern or sombre or powerful than the figure of the gaunt and lean-limbed Skipper. It was tragedy to her—real high-class tragedy; when Arnold hinted gently how the *Hebdomadal Scarifier* would laugh his pathos to scorn, and how the *Antiquated Grouler* would find it 'dull and uninteresting, not to say positively vulgar,' she thought it impossible to believe him. Nobody could read that grim story, she felt sure, without being touched by its earnestness, its reality, and its beauty.

All that winter through, Arnold and his occasional amanuensis worked hard at the novel that was the man's last bid for a bare subsistence. He felt it so himself; if that failed, he knew no hope was left him; he must give up all thoughts of Kathleen or of life; he must creep into his hole, like a wounded dog, to die there quietly. Not that Arnold was at all of a despondent nature; on the contrary, few men were so light and buoyant; but the difficulties he had encountered since he left off being an Earl made him naturally distrustful of what the future might have in store for him. Nevertheless, being one of the sort who never say die, he went on with his story with a valorous heart; for was it not for Kathleen? And if he failed, he thought to himself more than once, with just pride, he would have the consolation of knowing he had failed in spite of his best endeavour. The fault, then, would lie not with himself, but with nature. The best of us can never transcend his own faculties.

Rufus Mortimer spent that winter partly in Paris, partly in Rome. He avoided Venice.

Though his palazzo on the Grand Canal lay empty all that year, he thought it best not to disturb Arnold's and Kathleen's felicity by interfering with their plans or obtruding his presence. But as spring came round, he paid a hasty visit of a few short days to the city that floats in the glassy Adriatic. It seemed like old times both to Arnold and Kathleen when Rufus Mortimer's gondola, equipped as ever by the two handsome Venetians in maize-coloured sashes, called at the doors of their lodgings to take them out together for their day's excursion. In the evening, Rufus Mortimer dropped round to Kathleen's rooms. Arnold was there by appointment; he read aloud a chapter or two for Mortimer's critical opinion. He chose the episode of the Skipper's marriage; the pathetic passage where Ralph Woodward makes his last appeal to Maggie Holdsworth; and the touching scene where Maggie at last goes forth, with her baby in her arms, in search of Enoch. 'Isn't it lovely?' Kathleen exclaimed with her innocent faith, as soon as Arnold had finished. 'I tell Arnold he needn't be afraid of its reception. This is ten times as fine as the "Elizabethan Seadog."'

'I don't quite feel certain,' Mortimer answered, nursing his chin, and conscious of his responsibility; he feared to raise their hopes by too favourable an opinion. 'I don't seem to recognise it's just the sort of thing the public wants. Doesn't it lack dramatic interest? You and I may admire certain parts very much; and I confess there were passages that brought tears into my eyes; but the real question is, will the world at large like it—will it suit the great public at Smith's and Mudie's? We must remember that Willoughby's a quite new author; the very fact that the world expects from him something like the "Elizabethan Seadog" may tell against this simple domestic story. My experience is, that when once a man has stood on his head to amuse the public, the public will never allow him to stand on his feet again. And that's what I fear in this case; the people who read Master John Collingham greedily may vote Arnold Willoughby slow and uninteresting.'

'Oh, Mr Mortimer, how can you?' Kathleen exclaimed, quite horrified.

'He's right, Kitty,' Arnold answered (it was Arnold and Kitty nowadays between them). 'I've felt that myself all along as I was writing it. The story's so sombre. It's better suited, I'm afraid, to the tastes of the generation that read "Adam Bede" than to the tastes of the generation that reads Rider Haggard and Conan Doyle and Rudyard Kipling. However, in patience must we possess our souls; there's no telling beforehand, in art or literature, how the British public may happen to look upon any new departure.' And he went to bed that night in distinctly low spirits.

A week later, the manuscript was duly conveyed to London by Arnold in person. Kathleen followed a few days after, out of deference to Mrs Grundy. Arnold was too shy or too proud to take the manuscript himself round to Stanley & Lockhart; but Mortimer bore it thither for him in fear and trembling. Scarcely had Mr Stanley glanced

at the book, when his countenance fell. He turned over a page or two. His mouth went down ominously. 'Well, this is *not* the sort of thing I should have expected from Mr Willoughby,' he said with frankness. 'It's the exact antipodes, in style, in matter, in treatment, and in purpose, of the "Elizabethan Seadog." I doubt whether it's at all the sort of book to catch the public nowadays. Seems a decade or two behind the times. We've got past that type of novel. It's domestic, purely. We're all on adventure nowadays.'

'So I was afraid,' Mortimer answered; 'but, at any rate, I hope you'll do the best you can for it, now you've got it.'

'Oh, certainly,' Mr Stanley answered, in no very reassuring voice. 'Of course, we'll do our level best for it. We've bought it and paid for it—in part, at least—and we're not likely, under those circumstances, not to do our level best for it.'

'Willoughby retains an interest in it, you remember,' Rufus Mortimer went on. 'You recollect, I suppose, that he retains a fifteen per cent. interest in it?'

'Oh, certainly,' Mr Stanley answered. 'I recollect perfectly. Only, I'm afraid, to judge by the look of the manuscript—which is dull at first sight, undeniably dull—he hasn't much chance of getting more out of it than the hundred pounds we've paid him in advance on account of royalties.'

This was disappointing news to Mortimer; for he knew Arnold had spent a fair part of that hundred on his living expenses in Venice; and where he was to turn in the future for support, let alone for the means to marry Kathleen, Mortimer could form no sort of conception. He could only go on hoping against hope that the book might 'pan out' better than Stanley & Lockhart supposed—that the public might see things in a different light from the two trade experts.

Three days later, Mr Stanley came down to the office, much perturbed in spirit. 'I say, Lockhart,' he cried, 'I've been reading over this new thing of Willoughby's—this "Romance of Great Grimsby," as he chooses to call it—what an odious title!—and I must say I'm afraid we've just chucked away our money. He wrote the "Seadog" by a pure fluke, that's where it is. Must have been mad or drunk or in love when he did it. I believe he's really mad, and still sticks to it he discovered and transcribed that manuscript. He's written this thing now in order to prove to us how absolutely different his own natural style is. And he's proved it with a vengeance. It's as dull as ditch-water. I don't believe we shall ever sell out the first edition.'

'We can get it all subscribed beforehand, I think,' his partner answered, 'on the strength of the "Seadog." The libraries will want a thousand copies between them. And after all, it's only the same thing as if he had taken the hundred pounds we offered him in the first instance. We shall be no more out of pocket, if this venture fails, than we should have been if he'd accepted our cheque last summer.'

'Well, we'd better pull off only as many as we think the demand will run to,' Mr Stanley

continued with caution. 'It'll be asked for at first, of course, on the merits of the "Seadog;" but as soon as people begin to find out for themselves what feeble trash it really is, they won't want any more of it! Poor pap, I call it!'

So the great novel, which had cost Arnold and Kathleen so many pangs of production, came out in the end in its regulation three volumes just like any other. There was an initial demand for it, of course, at Mudie's; that Arnold had counted upon; anything which bore the name of the 'editor' of 'An Elizabethan Seadog' on the title-page could hardly have fared otherwise. But he waited in profound anxiety for what the reviews would say of it. This was his own first book, for the "Seadog" was but a transcript; and it would make or mar him as an original author.

Oddly enough, they had longer to wait for reviews than in the case of Arnold Willoughby's first venture. It was the height of the publishing season; editors' tables were groaning with books of travel, and biographies, and three-volume novels, and epochs of history, boiled down for the consumption of the laziest intellects. A week or two passed, and still no notice of the 'Romance of Great Grimsby.' At last, one afternoon, Arnold passed down the Strand, and stopped to buy an influential evening paper on the bare chance of a criticism. His heart gave a bound. Yes, there it was on the third page—'Mr Arnold Willoughby's New Departure.'

He took it home with him, not daring to sit and read it on the Embankment. The very first sentence chilled him. 'When a man begins by doing good work, the public has a right to expect good work in future from him. Mr Arnold Willoughby, or whatever gentleman chooses to veil his unknown personality under that obvious pseudonym, struck fresh ground, and struck it well, in his stirring romance of "An Elizabethan Seadog." He would have done better to remember the advice which a Scotchman in the Gallery once gave to Boswell on a famous occasion: "Stick to the coo, mon!" Mr Willoughby, unfortunately, has not stuck to his coo. He has a distinct talent of his own for wild tales of adventure, in which he can well simulate a certain air of truth, and can reproduce the style of a bygone age with extraordinary fidelity and historical accuracy. But the higher pathos and the higher constructive faculty are altogether beyond the range of his not inconsiderable powers. To put it frankly, his three-volume novel, in spite of obvious straining after the most exalted qualities, almost induces one to accept Mr Willoughby's own improbable story of the finding of his manuscript in a Venetian cook-shop, and to believe that he was really nothing more, after all, than the translator and editor of that excellent tale of buccaneering life in the Sixteenth Century.'

Arnold's head reeled round. Still, he read on and on. It was all in the same strain. Not one word of cold praise for his poor little bantling! The reviewer demolished him as though he were not a vertebrate animal. His plot was crude, ill-considered, and ridiculous. His episodes were sometimes improbable, but

oftener still impossible. His conversations were unreal; his personages shadowy; his picture of fisher-life melodramatic and unconvincing. It was plain he knew nothing at first hand of the sea. Everything in the book from beginning to end was bad. Bad, bad, bad; as bad as it could be. The reviewer could only hope that in his next venture, Mr Willoughby would return from this puerile attempt to put himself outside his own natural limitations to the proper sphere he had temporarily deserted.

Arnold laid down the paper, crimson. Very new authors are affected by reviews. He knew it, he knew it! He had been betrayed into attempting a task beyond his powers by the kindly solicitations of that good fellow Mortimer. For Mortimer's sake, even more than his own, he felt it acutely. One thing he prayed—that Kathleen might not happen to see that review, and be made utterly miserable by it. He must try, if possible, to break his failure gently to her.

He went out again, to call on her, and hint his despondency. After that, he thought he would go and see Stanley & Lockhart, to ask them how much they were losing by his novel.

He walked along with burning cheeks. And as he passed Rufus Mortimer's club, that clever young Vernon, who writes such stinging reviews for the evening papers, turned with a smile to the American. 'There goes your friend Willoughby,' he said with a wave of his cigarette. 'Have you seen what a dressing I've given that silly book of his in this evening's *Piccadilly*? "A Romance of Great Grimsby," indeed! "A Drivel of Idiocy" he ought to have called it.'

RABBIT-LAND.

No one who has not travelled over the Rabbit-infested districts of Australia can form anything like an adequate idea of the destructiveness of the furry little rodent whose presence lends so much charm to rural life in many parts of the Old World. Less than half a century ago there was not one rabbit in the whole of Australasia. A few were introduced into New Zealand in 1860; and into New South Wales and Victoria some eight or ten years previously; and now the multitude of them is so great that no one would attempt even to approximate their number. The hostility of man they practically defy. They march westward or northward, multiplying as they go, and devouring as they go; and sheep and cattle and men leave plains and ridges to them. The central Governments have contended against them with every weapon which promised success; and provincial bodies and energetic private individuals either supplemented these central Governments, or carried on the war on lines of their own; but the rabbits are victorious today in a more effective manner than they were ten years ago.

The soil and climate of Australia are largely responsible for this. Under general conditions, rabbits will breed five or six times a year;

on the plains of the great interior of Australia they will breed eight times a year regularly, and instances where this record was exceeded are chronicled. Bearing in mind that the litter seldom numbers fewer than eight, one can see what multitudes must arise if checks be not applied. The common estimate of offsprings from one mother in four years is given at over a million and a quarter; but if that estimate had been formed on the exceptionally favourable conditions which Australia affords, the figures would be much more startling.

None of the methods adopted so far to exterminate or restrict the pest can be called even moderately successful. Two contiguous colonies spend respectively twenty and forty thousand pounds per year in direct State effort; while hundreds of thousands are expended indirectly; but the answer comes as a still increasing plague. One of the most perplexing difficulties the Governments encounter in applying some of their remedies is what may be called an alliance, offensive and defensive, which becomes formed between the persecuted rabbits and speculative members of the general community. For instance, one plan of extermination permitted the squatters to fix the amount of the scalp-bonus, while the State undertook to pay back fourpence-halfpenny of every sixpence thus paid by the squatter. It was thought that under this system the squatter would see that the men he employed to trap, poison, or shoot did their work efficiently, the State and he standing together as partners, and proportionately bearing the expense. This theory, however, produced very human results, and results, too, which, were they not pernicious, might be considered amusing. After an expenditure of about a quarter of a million of money, the rabbits had mostly increased in number; and then it was discovered that on the terms set down it was more to the interest of many selectors and squatters to grow rabbits than to grow sheep. The rent paid per acre for a run was so small that the lessee who made good terms with his men derived, from cultivating and scalping rabbits under this bonus system, a larger income than was attainable in his proper occupation. Thus, one lessee of 95,000 acres paid in rent to the State £119, and drew as rabbit bonus £740. Another, for 117,000 acres paid £96, and drew £1330. Another, for 416,000 acres paid £1307, and drew £4005. One for 411,000 acres paid £665, and received £12,292. One for 450,000 acres paid £1997, and drew £12,781. Another for 511,000 acres paid £341, and received £13,325; and yet another for 270,000 acres paid £348, and received £10,490. It is to be noted in such lists that rent per acre is not uniform over the lands of any of the colonies, various classifications of land existing in each of them.

But this bonus system had another bad feature, for where the lessee fulfilled his bargain with the State, the rabbitier almost invariably bred rabbits on his own account. It was opposed to his interest to cut away the root of his occupation, and he accordingly so worked a piece of country that when he reached the boundary on one side, a new generation awaited him on the other.

For these reasons, the bonus system is now generally regarded as a delusion and a snare; and though it still has admirers, it is unlikely to be again approved on any large scheme.

Fencing the rabbits out with wire-netting is an expedient whose promise has been greater than results yet fulfil. Victoria has stretched hundreds of miles of wire along the South Australian border; and Queensland is daily adding lines of similar defence to arrest incursions from New South Wales. Some of these fences are four hundred and five hundred miles long without a break; and if they prove able to realise the purpose in view, lines of fence thousands of miles long will come into existence in a short time. But confidence in these wire fences is far from being universal. Rabbits are often accidentally shut in instead of out when the fence is being raised, and even those shut out have in many cases managed a way in. Besides, it is a fact that Australian rabbits are developing powers totally unknown to their kin across the seas. There are authenticated cases of their getting through, over and under the netting, and of their climbing both fences and trees; and in presence of such developments, faith in fences is subject to waver.

The tank trap is growing greatly in favour. This, however, is successful on a large scale only during the dry months of the year. A run dotted with these traps should be able to report well at certain seasons. A couple of stations using seven of them captured 23,000 rabbits lately in one week, and calculate that they can destroy 80,000 a month regularly. Poisoning the water is often suggested, and has been occasionally tried; but, when tried, the results were not commensurable with the risks run. Settlers generally dislike the expedient. Birds get to the poisoned water, and even stock find it out. A like objection lies to the employment of poisoned grain or other food.

The air is constantly charged with scientific and quasi-scientific methods of extermination. Chief among the former is M. Pasteur's plan. A couple of the great chemist's colleagues are still in Australia experimenting on the subject. Pasteur's proposal is to inoculate the rabbits with microbes which will drive them mad. But to the settlers this sounds even more unpleasantly than the killing of them with poisoned water or food. The Governments were and are willing to make all reasonable concessions, and liberally reward the scientist who can exterminate the pest; but the prospect of having the land overrun with millions of mad rabbits made them pause. Might not the dogs eat the mad rabbits? Might they not next, mad themselves, bite sheep and cattle and other animals? Might they not bite human beings? Might not the birds of the air go similarly mad? The outlook was tragically terrible; and though the New South Wales Government still permits M. Pasteur's representatives to experiment on a little island in Sydney Harbour, it declines to allow him a free hand. A Royal Commission considered the subject, and supported the view of the Government; and the community in the bulk support the Commission. The quasi-scientific plans are almost as numerous as the rabbits themselves. From every part of the

world the post carries specifics, or accounts of specifics, warranted to terminate the plague. Up until a year ago, the authorities kept standing an offer of £25,000 for an effective specific; but so much time was wasted in considering schemes which turned out impracticable, that the reward was withdrawn.

The flesh of rabbits is very little used in Australia; that is partly because the animals abound to such an extent that they are classed with vermin. Doubt as to how they come by their death also causes the public to pass them by. Of late years, the exportation of skins has received attention, something like £100,000 being now the annual profit on that account. But very much more might be done, and should be done, to turn both flesh and fur to profitable use.

Is there a means of exterminating the Australian rabbit? Is it possible to cultivate a microbe in a chemist's laboratory which shall deal death to this national pest, while being innocuous to bird and beast? Nearly two thousand years ago, the Balearic Islands were devastated by this voracious rodent. Is science more a match for it now than it was then?

BURGLAR JIM.

CHAPTER II.—CONCLUSION.

Two of the lodgers puzzled the Leytons very much. Jim Beadel and his wife rented the rooms under theirs. Jim was a burly, frank-looking fellow of about thirty; his wife was not more than twenty-five, rather pretty, and of a cheerful, good-humoured disposition, which found vent in singing all the comic and popular ditties of the day. In the daytime she managed to go through some half-hundred songs in a style that was very excruciating to Rhoda's ear. The Leytons could not make out what Beadel's occupation was. He seemed to have nothing particular to do, and spent the greater part of the day at home. 'Liza seemed very fond of him, and he of her, except when he got tipsy on a Saturday, and then he was quarrelsome. She did not make any fuss, but simply said: 'He's not nice when he gets boozy.'

One day the Leytons remarked that Beadel had not been at home for two or three days, and 'Liza seemed very downcast. 'They've quarrelled, and he's left her for a time,' said Bertrod, who felt a relief in turning from his own troubles to discuss those of others.

The following day Mrs Beadel got caught in the rain, and very soon became ill, so ill that the doctor had to be called in.

'E sys it's inflammation o' the lungs,' said the landlady to Rhoda. 'She is mortal bad, and no mistike.'

'Do you think she would object to me going to see her?'

'Bless yer 'art, no! She'd be precious glad, I bet.'

And so Rhoda went to see her. She needed careful nursing, and, weak as she was, Rhoda determined to undertake the task, for no one else seemed capable or willing. Bertrod demurred a little; but Rhoda silenced all objec-

tions by a few quiet words that appealed to his finer feelings.

When it was gossiped about from door-step to door-step, Rhoda rose in Darkman Street estimation. If not willing to do it themselves, they could appreciate its being done. The other inmates of the house in a rough fashion tried to help her as much as possible—nursing Rhoda's little Gertrude and tidying her room—acts which Rhoda hardly appreciated at their proper value.

'Would not your husband come to see you?' Rhoda ventured to inquire of her patient when confidence had been established between them.

Mrs Beadel looked at her inquiringly, and then said: 'He can't.'

'I'm sorry to hear that. I thought perhaps you had—had quarrelled a little.'

'Not we,' she answered with energy. 'Jim 'ud be here if he could.'

'Would he not come if he knew how ill you were?'

'Jim's in quod,' Mrs Beadel answered, half shyly, half proudly.

'In quod,' echoed Rhoda. 'Where is that?'

'Why, in prison, of course.'

'In prison!'

'Yes; doin' three months.'

'I am sorry to hear that,' said Rhoda. 'Was he innocent?'

'He was deuced unlucky.—Jim's never been copped before. He's clever, is Jim; and if he'd been sober, he'd have been all right.'

'I am sorry, for your sake, he cannot be with you. I hope he won't get—too much drink again.'

'I men to that. If Jim'll keep sober, there's not a cleverer burglar in London.'

'Burglar!' Rhoda exclaimed in horror. 'Surely he's not that?'

'That's just what he is,' said Mrs Beadel, excitedly and exultantly.

Rhoda told her husband, and he was as much amazed as she was. 'This is what we are come to,' he cried bitterly—'herding with robbers.'

Rhoda was afraid that he might forbid her nursing 'Liza any longer, but, to her relief, he did not mention it.

Robber's wife as she was, Mrs Beadel was grateful; and, little by little, as she got better, Rhoda found herself telling her patient her history.

'Ah! I knew you were a lidy, and 'ad 'ad trouble. A nice father-in-law. Why, my Jim is worth a cartload o' sich.'

Jim came out of prison just as his wife was able to do a little for herself. He certainly did not look in any worse health for his enforced holiday. He tried to express his gratitude to Mrs Leyton; but it was a very awkward attempt. But he and his wife talked over matters together, and at last he determined to give his gratitude a tangible shape. He asked for an interview with Bertrod, which was accorded.

'Your missis been like a mother to my missis, and I'm mighty grateful for it. I shouldn't 'ave 'ad the little ooman now, if it 'adn't been for your missis. Now, I've 'eared, sir, as you've come down in the world—

no offence meant. Everybody about 'ere can see you're a gentleman. You know what I am. Now, why shouldn't you join me and make a decent livin'? I wouldn't 'ave taken my own father in partnership, for I can work better on my own 'ook. But I'm mighty grateful; and I'll go 'alf profits, and put you up to the business.'

Bertrod did not know whether to laugh or be angry. Yet he could not but appreciate the man's earnest effort to aid him, and so he said: 'Mr Beadel, I am very grateful to you. You have a generous heart. But I could not join you. You see, Mr Beadel, I have been brought up to think that robbing is wrong in itself; and even if we were totally without food, starving to death, neither of us would touch a penny we had not come by honestly. Your ideas and mine are different, Mr Beadel. I do not wish to offend you; but I must give you my honest opinion.'

'I'm sorry, sir. It strikes me, sir, you're a bit soft-headed. That is—I mean—'ang it, what do gentlemen call it?'

Bertrod smiled. 'Eccentric, perhaps.'

'That's it, I s'pose.—But there's no more to be said, I guess.'

'Nothing—only, that my wife does not want any reward for what she did. She felt it her duty to help her neighbour.'

'Ah! that's out o' the Bible, I reckon. That Book's right about some things, I've 'eared. I s'pose that's why you can't see your way to joinin' me?'

'Yes; I cannot, because I believe it is wrong.'

'Well, I'm mighty sorry. I wish I could have your respected parent in the back-yard for five minutes, though; I might knock sense in 'im. Does 'e believe the Bible, mister?'

'He does not follow it,' said Bertrod with a sad smile.

The next day was the beginning of a darker and more bitter time for the Leytons. Rhoda, worn out, by the nursing most probably, sickened again, and it seemed as if the shadow of Death was resting upon her. It was no positive illness, only the wasting of all health and strength, brought on by anxiety and care and insufficient nourishment. Bertrod, not knowing where the money was to come from, called in a doctor. He gave his opinion with brutal frankness: 'She must get to a warmer climate at once—the south of France, I should recommend. It is her only chance.'

'I earn twelve shillings a week, doctor; I cannot well send her on that.'

'I am sorry,' said the doctor, less curtly; 'but she will die here, directly the cold weather sets in.'

It was now the beginning of November. Bertrod stamped his feet in agony. His father, he had learnt, for more than a year had had a house in town, and another at Henley, for he was nursing the river-side constituency. Once he made up his mind to take a pistol and confront his father. 'Money for my darling's life, or your life.' He gave up the idea in a saner moment, and also the idea that he would accept Beadel's offer; and in their place arose the idea that grew stronger and stronger, 'My darling will die, and it will be better for

her. I will keep sixpence for laudanum, and we will be happy together where fathers are unknown.'

But the cup of bitterness was not quite drained. His mind was so unbalanced, that he failed at his work, and one day, making a big error, he was given three days' pay and told to be gone. He went with a curse in his heart, a bitter smile on his lips. He pawned his watch and best suit, and then went home to sit by his wife, who did not know the new horror that had been added.

Mrs Beadel did all she could for the woman who had been so kind to her. But she was not marked out for a nurse, willing though she was. She and Jim talked earnestly over their neighbours' affairs, and many a dainty did they get for the sick woman, giving it to her with the fiction that they were just having a bit o' dinner, and thought she might like a bit.

Four days did Bertrod wander through the streets seeking work and finding none. He had three shillings and twopence left, not enough to buy a bottle of port wine for his darling.

The Beadels never asked, but they guessed pretty shrewdly the state of affairs, and their conversation generally resolved itself into a committee of ways and means for their neighbours. And that night, while Bertrod was casting longing eyes on the Thames, Jim sprang up crying: 'I've it—I've it.'

'What?' said 'Liza.

'I've it. Wait till I come back, 'Liza—wait.'

It was the following morning about nine o'clock, and Bertrod had just sunk into an uneasy slumber, when he was roused by Beadel knocking loudly at the door. He roused himself at once. 'Quick, dress yourself,' whispered Jim excitedly, 'and come into my room. Quick's the word now.'

In five minutes he had joined them. Husband and wife were standing, 'Liza with her arms thrown round her husband's neck.

'Oh, I beg pardon'— Bertrod began.

'Come in, come in; good news, mister.'

Good news! Then it was not for him.

'I've been to your father's, sir,' Jim began nervously, looking steadily away from his face. ('I ope you'll excuse 'im for the liberty,' 'Liza put in); I said: "Look 'ere; your son wants some tin tremendous bad; 'is wife's dyin', unless she goes abroad, doctor says. If you're a man, give 'em somethin'."

Bertrod's head seemed almost bursting as Jim paused. 'Go on,' he whispered.

'Well, sir, 'e looked at me, and I reckon 'e saw I meant business. Then 'e took out a pocket-book. "'Ere's four hundred and fifty in notes," ses 'e—"take it to 'em.—They've got nice friends," ses 'e. "But never let me 'ear from 'em again; not another penny from me will they get. I curse 'em with this."

'Curse 'em again, and double the money,' ses I; 'but 'e looked so black, I picked up the flimsy and come away.'

'My father sent!' said Bertrod, his breath coming in gasps.

'Didn't I say so?' asked Jim, half petulantly. 'You must take her off to France this very

day. Take her, for you need it almost as bad.'

When Bertrod realised the truth, nature asserted herself, and he fell back in a faint. Jim always kept brandy at hand; and, restored by a draught, Bertrod rushed off into his room. Husband and wife sobbed together such tears as they had not wept for many a day.

But there was work to be done; and Bertrod was rushing about all day making purchases and preparing for their journey. Hope is a powerful stimulant, and even Rhoda laughed merrily.

They left by the evening mail, intending to rest a day in Paris. Bertrod vainly endeavoured to give a little of his unexpected wealth to Jim, but the housebreaker and his wife steadily refused the proffered gift. 'No, sir,' said Jim stoutly; 'it's a shame to insult me so. When I wants tin, I works for it.'

'Forgive me,' said Bertrod. 'I did not mean to insult you. But my wife and I will never forget your kindness—never.'

Rhoda kissed 'Liza as she went, which, she afterwards said, was the one thing she was the proudest of, of any in her life.

Bertrod laughingly said that his fellow-passengers would think, if it were not for the baby, that they were a couple just off on their honeymoon; and one or two seemed greatly scandalised at their gaiety. But they did not know that the pair had passed from death to life.

Bertrod thought more kindly of his father and his sisters than he had done since he left home. 'He is relenting, Rhoda, and he tried to hide it by roughness.'

Their days on the Riviera were days that seemed Elysium after Darkman Street. Bertrod was feeling much better, and, what was best of all, Rhoda was fast regaining her health and cheerfulness. Again could they talk of the rosy future, of what they would do, and what they would become, when they were back in England again.

About a fortnight after their arrival, Bertrod was reading at breakfast-time—Rhoda was not yet down—the *English Standard* of the day but one before. Suddenly a paragraph in the *Police Court News* met his eye, and his cheek blanched as he read: 'James Beadel was brought up again on remand on a charge of stealing several hundred pounds, the property of Mr S. Leyton of River House, Henley-on-Thames. It will be remembered that the River House was broken into on the night of the 22d ult., and an escritoire was forcibly opened and the money stolen. The accused, who is a man well known to the police, was seen in Henley that day, and the police arrested him at his lodgings in Hoxton. When charged, he said: "I'm only sorry it wasn't more; but it was all I could find." The accused was committed for trial at the assizes, which begin on Thursday week.'

Bertrod put on his hat and went out. He must have time to think! He saw it all now. Jim, rough, uneducated burglar as he was, had risked his liberty to save him and his wife. His heart glowed within him as he thought of the unassuming heroism of the man. Come

what would, he would go back to England and endeavour to save him.

Should he tell Rhoda? No; it would only distress her. He went back, calmer, now that his mind was made up. 'Darling,' he said, 'I must go to England at the end of this week. You will not mind my leaving you for a few days?'

'What is it?' she asked, apprehension leaping in her eyes.

'I do not wish to tell you now, dearest. It is something that concerns our future happiness—nothing evil.'

She had always trusted him implicitly. 'Very well, my dear. But I shall be glad when you come back.'

He did not form his course of action till he reached London; then he made up his mind that he would tender himself as an informal witness, for he shrewdly guessed, from the way in which he had acted throughout, that the burglar would strongly object to his appearance in court.

For two days Bertrod sat quietly through the proceedings in court, waiting. On the third day his father came, and he knew that the case would soon be called. In fact, it was the first, and the prisoner was put in the dock. He did not seem at all abashed, but glanced nonchalantly round the court, though he did not notice Bertrod. Counsel opened the case; and after his father, the police, and several others had been called as witnesses, the judge asked if there were any witnesses for the defence.

'No, my lord,' was the answer; when Bertrod, pale and determined, stood up.

'My lord, I wish to give evidence for the defence.' He saw his father start, and a look of surprise come upon the face of the burglar.

'My lord, pardon me, but it was only through accidentally seeing the report of this case before the magistrate, when I was in France, that I am here, and I did not know with whom to communicate so as to be heard in the regular way.'

'Let the witness be sworn,' said the judge abruptly.

Bertrod told briefly but clearly, though with a nervous voice, the story of his life, relating how his father had cast him off, and how, through misfortune, he had sunk deeper and deeper. Then he told of his Darkman Street days, and how, in the last extremity, the money had been brought, which he really believed his father had sent. Then he went on: 'My lord, it was not till I happened to see a report of the case in the *Standard* that I really knew how the money had been obtained.'

There was a strong attempt at applause; but it was sternly checked, and the prosecuting counsel rose to speak. 'My lord, Mr Leyton desires me to say that he had not the slightest suspicion that the prisoner came on any such errand. If he had'—

'That will do, Mr Fardell,' said the judge curtly. 'I hold a strong opinion as to your client's conduct.'

And when he came to sum up, he gave voice to his opinion. 'We have to-day been witnesses

of the contrariety of human nature. Here is a man, holding a high position, who allows his son to sink into the lowest depths, not caring whether he lives or dies, because he obeys the dictates of his heart; and on the other hand, a man who is a confessed thief, saving that son from utter despair by—I can call it by no other name—an act of generous self-sacrifice.' Then he went on to warn the jury that they must be guided, not by their sentiments, but by facts.

They were not absent more than five minutes. In answer to the usual question, the foreman said: 'Guilty, but with the strongest recommendation to mercy.'

'James Beadel,' said the judge, 'you are a man possessed of sentiments that are incompatible with the course of life you have chosen. If you persist in that course, justice will infallibly mark you down. Try some honest course of life. I sentence you to one day's imprisonment, to count from the time of your apprehension.'

It was in vain to try to stop applause then. There was wild cheering in the street as the burglar and Bertrod came out together, and many pressed forward to shake hands with the robber.

Mr Leyton, senior, for some time felt what it was to bear the storm of outraged opinion. He was told by the constituency who had chosen him as candidate that his services were not required, and Society for once was on the popular side. Sullenly he tried to propitiate public opinion, and offered his son five hundred a year; but Bertrod refused it. There was no love in the gift, and he was not in need of money, for several lucrative appointments had been offered to him.

Two years afterwards, his father died from apoplexy, and Bertrod stepped into his rights.

Burglar Jim is now a misnomer. He is Bertrod's general factotum at Henley, and his and 'Liza's chief delight is to gaze at the window through which he entered when he saved Bertrod and Rhoda.

BASS BROOMS.

BASS BROOMS are a production of the nineteenth century. Many of the generation that is just now passing away can recall the days when they had to content themselves with the common birch or besom, that had held an undisputed sway for so many years. Like many other useful appliances, its introduction was to a certain extent accidental; and it may be said to owe its parentage to that insatiable desire, which is even more apparent in the present day, of utilising every product that is looked upon as waste, or that can be had for the mere cost of collection and freight.

About fifty years ago a ship arrived at Liverpool from Brazil, bringing over sugar; and, as was usual in those days, the necessary dunnage or packing used when stowing the sugar-cases between the decks consisted of Piassava fibre—or, as it is now more conventionally known, Bass—which the stevedores in Brazil always utilised for the purpose. To prevent the ship

from being damaged by striking against the sides of the dock, the captain had a round fender made out of the Piassava; and this, after it had served its purpose, was thrown away upon the quay, and picked up by a working brushmaker. He at a glance divined a future use for the fibre, and taking it home, set to work steaming and otherwise preparing it, and made some street brooms with it. He was at first only laughed at for his pains; but he continued his operations, and managed to eke out a living. Little by little, the common-broom makers of Birmingham, London, and other large towns were induced to take up the material, and they were very much helped in this by a Mr Richard Dean of Birmingham, who, in addition to dressing the Piassava, retailed it out to the working brush-makers, and supplied them also with the wood-stocks and pitch, so that they could purchase a few shillings' worth of materials and work them up. The larger brush-manufacturers were slow to take up the industry; they considered it derogatory to their trade, and did not like the idea of interfering with the birch-broom makers. They could not, however, shut their eyes to the developments which were constantly brought under their immediate notice, and so at length paid some attention to the product, at first mixing it with other substances, and ultimately using it alone.

Bass-broom making may now be regarded as quite an important branch of the brush-trade. Elaborate machinery has been specially invented for the manufacture of the brooms. After the backs have been partially pierced through and centred for the reception of the bunches, they are brought into contact with a most ingenious piece of mechanism in the shape of a fixing-machine. The bass is placed in a hopper, so arranged that it is kept uncompressed; sufficient to form a bunch is deftly abstracted by a curious piece of machinery sometimes called the 'thief,' and at others the 'extractor;' and the fibres are by this seized, held, and deposited just at the proper time, whilst a punch following immediately, doubles the bunch, carries it down into one of the holes in the brush-stock, and there securely fastens it.

Piassava is received both from Brazil and Africa. The Brazilian variety is derived from two sources: that which is usually black and of a fine description is obtained from Para from the palm 'Leopoldina Piassaba;' a coarser variety, of a brown colour, is brought from Bahia, and is the product of the 'Attalea funifera.' The 'Leopoldina' grows in great abundance on the extensive plains between the Rio Negro and Orinoco rivers, forming entire forests. The usual height to which the palm grows is fifteen or twenty feet; but occasionally it is found much larger, trees as high as forty feet being met with at times. The fibre (Piassava)—or beard, as it is usually called—is the envelope of the young leaves, and hangs down all round, and completely covers the trunk quite to the ground at least, except in the case of very tall trees.

The Piassava from 'Attalea funifera' is derived from the decaying of the cellular matter at the base of the leaf-stalk and the

consequent liberation of the fibrous portions. In Brazil the fibre is used for rope-making; and it may be of interest to remark in passing that the seeds of 'Attalea funifera'—which are known in commerce as Coquilla Nuts, and are extremely hard—are largely used by turners for making the handles of doors, umbrellas, &c. There would seem to be a vast difference between the sight of a single tree and that of a forest of them. Some travellers tell us that a sunset viewed through plantations of this palm presents to the eye one of nature's most striking pictures of interest and beauty; but, taking the trees individually, other authorities describe them as of very unsightly appearance.

The fibre is collected by the natives, who climb the trees nimbly during the wet season, and speedily strip the fibrous foliage, casting it down to the ground. It is then roughly heckled or combed through stakes or sticks driven firmly into the ground, and the long and stronger fibres drawn out. These are doubled in at each end to about a foot, and made up into rude bundles of fourteen pounds weight, which are placed on rafts and floated down the rivers to the nearest seaport town. Here the natives barter it away for food—in most instances for 'Manioca,' a root much resembling that of a dahlia, which when ground becomes a kind of coarse flour.

The success attending the use of Piassava naturally induced many competitors. From time to time numerous substances have been introduced with a view of replacing it; but none, up to the present, have been found as satisfactory. In 1856 a patent was taken out for the use of material obtained from various species of the Palm tribe, in reality the midribs of different members of the family; in the following year, the fibre of certain South African plants was proposed. Only comparatively recently, a fibre much resembling Piassava in appearance was introduced to the trade from Java as a material superior in many respects. It was thoroughly elastic, and however much it was bent, it did not break or snap, as many grades of Piassava are liable to do. It was very well received, and at first had a quick sale; but we believe has now fallen out of the ranks, and given place again to old-fashioned Bass.

KESWICK.

WHEN I am dead and gone, oh! lay me not
Within some city churchyard's darksome mould,
Where all around foul smoke its reign doth hold;
But lay me rather in some country spot,
Where the free air of heaven no smoke doth blot;
Even in thy Vale, O Keswick, where my heart
Feels in each sound and sight it has a part—
Here I could rest me happy, though forgot.
Then, when the wind of heaven on winter nights
Blew from the hills of God o'er dale and moor,
Bringing to me fresh memories of delights,
Which I had felt upon these mountains hoar,
My soul would haunt the hills it loved of yore,
And happy be upon the mountain heights.

S. R. C.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 551.—VOL. XI.

SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1894.

PRICE 1½d.

MORWENSTOW AND HAWKER.

HIDDEN away in an out-of-the-world district of North Cornwall lies the tiny village of Morwenstow. The parish is large and straggling. Beautifully wooded combes, barren uplands, and rough pasture-land, make up a varied scene. Many a throb of pleasure pulses through the mind as you wander up and down the steepes of this wild and romantic country. The chief delight, however, of this 'out-of-the-world' parish is to be found in that part where land and ocean meet. Wild and rugged are the cliffs. Remorseless is the sea. No boats are to be met with on the shore for many a mile; and as the visitor watches the rollers, in the distance beneath him, breaking on the jagged rocks, once cliffs, now worn into fantastic angry shapes, he learns the reason of their absence. The shore cannot even be approached. A difficult path, which once allowed access to the beach, is now half fallen away, and you are compelled to contemplate the grandeur of the scenery from above. In the words of Kingsley, it is 'a waste and howling wilderness of rock and roller, barren to the fisherman, and hopeless to the shipwrecked mariner.' The innumerable sea-birds, whose screeching tones accompany the roaring of the waves, are the fit occupants of such a scene. To them, and to them alone, man is compelled to resign his claim. The highest cliff on this part of the north Cornish coast is in the parish of Morwenstow—a mass of contorted schist, named Henna-cliff, after the eagles that once tenanted it.

Half-way down one of these precipices is a holy well. In the ninth century, St Morwenna, a Welsh saint, left her native country, and, at King Ethelwolf's command, arrived at his court to instruct the Princess Edith in the learning of the time. Long and patiently she did her duty; and when the time arrived for her to depart, she asked largess of the king. In answer to her entreaty, he gave her a messenger and a priest, and together they set up

a little church, 'a living temple, built by faith to stand,' upon the mighty cliffs of Morwenstow—the cliffs, on which, in her early days, her eyes had so often rested. Thus, then, was the 'Statio' or 'Stow' of Morwenna founded. This is why the little village of to-day that stands upon that site is called Morwenstow.

St Morwenna's well is still to be seen. It was restored in the middle of the present century by the celebrated poet, the Rev. Robert Stephen Hawker. Alas! it is now overgrown with thickly clinging plants; and, owing to the crumbling nature of the schist that composes the cliff, it is very difficult of access. Here St Morwenna received the pilgrims to her shrine, and bathed their bodies with the clear spring water. But although the chapel of this saintly woman has disappeared, the beautiful church of the village is still standing to remind us of her work—an old gray sanctuary, between two steep hills, with its tower towards the sea.

The graveyard is divided into three parts, and each portion has its story to tell. In the centre are the multicoloured slabs of slate and stone recording the virtues of departed villagers. The southern part is unmarked by any slab. Nature alone has worked here, and covered the many mounds with a thick covering of green plush, with one exception—an old figure-head from a vessel. It was thrown up on the shore from the brig *Caledonia*. The vessel was wrecked on the vicarage cliffs and all hands drowned. The bodies of the mariners were collected one by one and coffined on the shore. When everything was ready, the sad procession, headed by the vicar, slowly wound its way up the dangerous, crumbling path to the sanctuary above. The coffins were placed in the chancel of the church. The burial service was read over the remains of the poor seamen, and they were laid to rest in the southern portion of the little cemetery, side by side with many another brother who had met his death in the infinite Atlantic. At the head of the captain's grave was placed

the figure-head of his vessel; and there she stands to-day looking out over the sea—fit token of those that lie around—the old ocean thundering at her feet. A few years before, these bodies would have been thrown back into the sea as worse than useless. The change is due to the late Rev. Robert Stephen Hawker, for over forty years vicar of Morwenstow. During his life here, he witnessed many a painful scene. Wrecks, before the introduction of the steam-tug, were very frequent on this coast. One of the late inhabitants of Morwenstow saw over eighty in his own parish.

We have looked at the central and southern portions of this little burial-ground. Let us now turn to the part that overlooks the north. It strikes us with a chill. The desolation of the bare, bleak north seems to impregnate this little corner, for here no one is interred. Only a few trees exist, stunted by their battle with the blast. The absence of graves is easily accounted for. Traditionally, the north is always here dedicated to the demons; and naturally man would shun the idea of making his last resting-place in their midst.

In the centre of this 'Garden of Sleep' stands the weather-beaten church. The interior is approached through a beautiful Norman doorway. The chevron mouldings are surmounted by grotesque figures of the creatures of the deep. The tympanum of the arch is decorated with an eloquent allegory in stone. Two dragons, bound with chains, are covering in the presence of a lamb. The descent into the church is made by three steps, as all ancient churches dedicated to St John the Baptist were built, to signify the 'going down' into the Valley of Jordan. The interior of this edifice is singularly in harmony with this storm-swept country. The door is always open. Look inside! Study that rude font that stands before you. It was hewn by the Saxons from a block of stone taken from the shore. When fresh from the mason's workshop it stood in the Saxon church. Then that twisted cable which binds its middle was sharp and angular; now it is smooth—rubbed by the passage of a thousand years. In the vicarage garden there is a holy well of sparkling water dedicated to St John. With this water the children of the village have always been christened.

Opposite the font in the north arcade there are two excellent Norman arches with beautiful zigzag moulding, surmounted by grotesque figures. The south arcade is sixteenth century.

The carving of the oak bench-ends is one of the chief features of this story in stone. The date of these exquisite pieces of workmanship is 1564. They are in excellent preservation. The carving has for its subjects the symbols of the Passion, the initials of donors, and uncouth sea-monsters on shields. Each bench-end is unlike all the others, and all are

surrounded with Tudor border-work of elegant design.

When Dr Phillpotts offered Mr Hawker the living of Morwenstow, there was a beautiful rood-screen in the church. Imagine the good man's dismay when, on arriving at his cure, the clerk informed him that he had burned the greater part of the 'rubbishing old screen.' Perhaps the poor clerk was likewise astonished when the vicar replied 'that he had better of burned himself instead.' Mr Hawker, however, managed to rescue part of the screen; and fitting in the missing pieces with devices of his own, he restored it in this condition to its original position.

But the lover of such beauties can see it no longer. Since the restoration of the church in 1884, it has found a resting-place—probably its last—in the lich-house adjoining the quaint old lichgate.

Many an old tomb paves the aisles, the most modern being connected with the church's poet-vicar. It marks the grave of his first wife, who died in 1863. In 1886 a fresco was discovered in the north wall of the chancel—a Female Saint clasping a scroll and blessing a monk.

This, then, is the beautiful church of which the poet Hawker was so fond, where he learnt and taught so many lessons. Here he loved to wander, seeking the hidden meanings of that book of centuries. Not a stone but what had its story to tell. Once, suddenly stopping and pointing to the carved oaken roof, he exclaimed to his companion:

'A sign! beneath the ship we stand,
Th' inverted vessel's arching side,
Forsaken when the fisher band
Went forth to meet a mightier tide.'

A vine runs along the whole length, and on either side of the chancel and nave—

'Its root is where the eastern sunbeams fall,
First in the chancel, then along the wall,
Slowly it travels on a leafy line,
With here and there a cluster; and anon
More and more grapes, until the growth hath
gone
Through arch and aisle. Harken! and heed the
sign;

See at the altar-side the steadfast root,
Mark well the branches, count the summer fruit.
So let a meek and faithful heart be thine,
And gather from that tree a parable divine!'

Morwenstow with its angry sea, its forbidding cliffs, its lovely church, and its wild moorland, was for over forty years the home of the poet. In his church his face was to be seen every Sunday. From far distances, people would come to listen to his eloquence; and the little patch of green outside the primitive lichgate would on Sabbath mornings be thronged with vehicles of all descriptions. From this tiny centre his ideas spread in ever-widening circles throughout the whole of England. Here, on the 1st Sunday in October 1843, he first insti-

tuted, with suitable decorations, the harvest thanksgiving service of the Church of England. In Morwenstow church the first weekly offering for 'the expenses of the church and parish' was held under his directions.

Hawker had decided to build himself a vicarage. One day, in the combe (or sloping hollow) just below the church, he noticed some lambs taking shelter from the storm. There he built his house, and there he lived to protect his 'lambs' from the tempests of the world. Very pretty do the quaint chimneys look amongst the trees of the valley. There is a history connected with them all. With one exception, they are copies, in miniature, of the towers of the churches in which Mr Hawker served as curate. The exception stands in the centre—it is a likeness of his mother's tomb.

The net value of the living of Morwenstow is exactly three hundred and sixty-five pounds a year. Over the front door of the vicarage there is the following verse:

A house, a glebe, a pound a day;
A pleasant place to watch and pray.
Be true to church, be kind to 'poor,
O Minister, for evermore!

On the highest and steepest cliff of the glebe, Hawker built a hut out of the wood thrown up on the coast from wrecked vessels. Over the door he placed a figure-head. Here, sometimes in sunshine, sometimes in storm, the poet would sit with his muse. The chief of his works, 'The Quest of the Sangreal,' was written here.

Hawker's poems thoroughly enter into the spirit of his old country. A ballad of his on the subject of the trial of the 'Seven Bishops,' into which he had woven an old refrain—'And let Trelawney die,' &c.—that was sung in Cornwall during the agitation that prevailed at the time, was so characteristic of that period that it deceived Lord Macaulay and Sir Walter Scott, from whom he received letters, some years after, when the author's name had become public, acknowledging the talent of the spirited composition.

Many celebrated *littérateurs* of the century visited Hawker at his 'out-of-the-world parish,' as he loved to designate it. Prominent amongst them are the names of Tennyson and Kingsley. One morning his servant took him up a card on which was written the name of Alfred Tennyson. He was delighted to receive his guest, as his admiration of our late Laureate was very great. He was not quite sure, however, that the stranger was the poet. They had not met long before they found themselves wandering along the edge of the 'token stream of Tidna Combe' as it rushed along in tiny cascades to give its tribute to the ocean. Hawker remarked to his companion, it was 'falling like a broken purpose.' 'You are quoting my verse,' replied the Laureate; and Hawker's mind was set at rest. It was during this visit that the vicar of Morwenstow pointed out to Tennyson the cliffs of Tintagel in the blue distance, and remarked what a grand subject was there for his genius. The 'Idylls of the King,' one of the finest poems in the English language, was the fruit of this suggestion.

Kingsley visited Morwenstow many times. A large part of the plot of 'Westward Ho!' is laid in the parish. Here he met Hawker, who pointed out to our great novelist the site of the old house of the Grenvilles at Stowe. Chapel House, of 'Westward Ho!' fame, is in this parish also. It is a fine old country manor-house, in beautiful preservation—altogether, as Mr Baring-Gould remarks, 'a perfect specimen.' The proper name of this interesting house is Tonacombe, and here Kingsley wrote a large portion of his famous novel. The arms of the Leighs are to be seen with those of others above in this 'great, rambling, dark house on the Atlantic cliffs.'

In the early part of this century, Morwenstow was a parish largely occupied by wreckers. Before Mr Hawker took the living, there had not been a resident vicar for over a hundred years. There was no vicarage—the place was a ruin. For the most part the villagers lived for the wrecks, and did their best to lure the struggling ships on to the 'jagged shark-tooth rocks,' one rasp of which would 'grind abroad the timbers of the stoutest ship.' The prey of the sea was their prey. The excisemen, if, indeed, they had courage to show themselves, were paid to wink at their proceedings. The following rhyme was strictly adhered to, and Heaven help the man that was thrown up amongst them. The doggerel runs as follows:

Save a stranger from the sea,
And he'll turn your enemy.

Such were the inhabitants of this Cornish village when Mr Hawker arrived. With them he battled night and day. He formed a body of volunteers to find and save those who were washed up on the shore, doubling the Government bounty on those found drowned, from his own purse. His kind-heartedness and unbounded generosity won these semi-barbarians one by one over to his side, and they at length recognised their brothers in the storm-beaten men that lay at their feet upon the shore. It is, however, extremely difficult to eradicate a feeling that has been inherited by man from his ancestors, and even to-day the villagers of Morwenstow will assure you that there is 'nothing like a good wreck for getting a little together.' 'I do not see why it is,' said a Cornish clerk one day, 'there be prayers in the Buke o' Common Prayer for rain, and for fine weather, and thanksgiving for them, and for peace; and there's no prayer for wrecks, and thanksgiving for a really gude one when it is come.'

Nothing has changed at Morwenstow since Hawker was last there, eighteen years ago. His memory is deeply cherished by the villagers who remember him. The little village is still as much out of the world. No railway runs within fifteen miles, and the coach-route is five miles distant. Morwenstow lives the life of years ago. To the lover of romantic scenery it offers such that few places can equal, and none excel. To the admirer of its poet it teems with reminiscences. The hut and vicarage remain to tell us of their designer. 'The daily round, the common task,' is as it was in the days of the poet. The same bells

ring out the villagers at the close of divine worship.

Still points the tower, and pleads the bell;
The solemn arches breathe in stone;
Window and wall have lips to tell
The mighty faith of days unknown.
Yea, flood, and breeze, and battle-shock
Shall beat upon this church in vain:
She stands, a daughter of the rock,
The changeless God's eternal fane.

THE LAWYER'S SECRET.*

CHAPTER III.—LADY BOLDON SPEAKS HER MIND.

LADY BOLDON came to the point at once. Sitting down before Mr Felix, she said in a soft low tone—'You must be tired with your long journey, and I am infinitely obliged to you for sitting up for me. I shan't keep you long; but it was necessary that I should see you. What I wished to ask you is—Did my husband telegraph for you to come?'—She stopped abruptly. In spite of her outward calmness, her agitation was so great that she could not go on. In a moment, however, she mastered herself, and proceeded—'Is Sir Richard going to make a new will?'

Mr Felix said nothing. He had already determined that he would tell Lady Boldon all he knew; but something in the way of a price he was determined to have. At least she must acknowledge the extent of her obligation to him. And yet he knew very well he must not allow her to feel such obligation to be insupportably heavy.

'You must surely know, Lady Boldon,' he began in his low, quiet tones, 'that a lawyer holds his client's secrets inviolable.'

'Oh, I know,' said the lady impatiently. 'But I have always been used to having my own way—and I am going to have it now.' This was said with a smile which dazzled the lawyer's eyes. He shaded them with his hand and remained silent.

'You surely don't wish me to feel that you are my enemy, Mr Felix?' she said with another smile.

'No; I would do much to win your friendship,' was the reply. He trembled, fearing that he had said too much; but Lady Boldon had not noticed any special significance in the words.

'Well, if you wish to be my friend, here is a way to serve me. What harm can possibly come of your telling me what my husband's intentions are? And after all, I have a right to know.'

'Yes, Lady Boldon, I think that morally you have a right to know.—Sir Richard does mean to make a new will, revoking the one which, as you know, he signed the day you were married.'

'And I?—Mr Felix, if you are a man, do not torture me in this way!' She was deadly pale, and looked as if she must faint.

'Dear Lady Boldon!' cried the solicitor, springing from his seat in genuine alarm, 'do try to be calm. I will tell you—yes, come

what may, I will tell you all. I would do anything to spare you this agitation and alarm.—Drink this first, I beg of you.' He poured her out a glass of wine, and made her drink it.—'Yes; it is true,' he continued. 'Your husband has asked me to prepare a new will, by which you are to have only a trifling legacy; and Roby is to go to his heir-at-law, Mr Frederick Boldon.'

Lady Boldon gave a cry. 'No!' she said, in a loud, resolute voice. 'This injustice must not be permitted. My life interest in the estate must not be touched.'

'Do be calm, Lady Boldon! The—the servants may hear you.—It is grossly unjust to you, I admit.'

'You remember the conversation at the Rectory before I was married to this—to Sir Richard Boldon. It was agreed that only a nominal sum should be settled upon me, in consideration of the bequest in the will, which was to be signed immediately after the marriage?'

'Yes, I remember it all very well. And I may tell you that I urged Sir Richard, as strongly as I dared, not to make this new will, or at least to leave you a large sum under it.'

'Thank you, Mr Felix!' cried the lady, holding out her hand to the lawyer with an impulse of gratitude. 'Now I know that you are my friend. But he would not take your advice?'

'No. He would not listen to me.—The truth is, Lady Boldon, I fear that your husband has had his mind set against you for some reason. He seems to think that you'—

'I entreat you to speak plainly.'

'That you married him from purely mercenary motives, and that you are looking forward to be freed from the incubus of his presence in the house.'

A contemptuous curl of the lip was Lady Boldon's only answer.

'The question is, how we are to bring Sir Richard to a more equitable frame of mind?' he said, after a pause.

'That will take time,' said Lady Boldon quickly; 'and I look to you to procure me some respite. When is the new will to be signed?'

'The day after to-morrow.'

'No, no, Mr Felix—not so soon as that. That leaves my husband no time for reflection. I thought lawyers always were so slow!'

'I might perhaps venture to delay one day longer,' said the solicitor after a pause; 'but I must bring it for signature on Friday at the latest.'

'Well, I must hope that Sir Richard will have changed his mind by that time,' said Lady Boldon, as, with a forced smile on her lips, she took Mr Felix's proffered hand and wished him good-night.

For another hour, however, she continued to pace up and down the room, deep in thought. She was almost angry with herself for not having made a better use of her opportunity. She had meant to induce the lawyer to throw obstacles in the way of her husband carrying out his wishes; she had even thought that she

* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

might make him promise to refuse to prepare the new will, and thus procure at least a considerable delay. She had intended, too, to sound him, and see how far she could bend him to her desires. But when it came to the point, she had not been sufficiently mistress of herself—in fact, she had not had the courage to attempt so much. She had gained a delay of twenty-four hours. That was all.

Next morning she saw Mr Lynd, told him frankly how matters stood, and begged for his assistance. The curate frowned heavily, and studied the pattern of the carpet carefully for a minute or two before replying. 'You can understand, Lady Boldon,' he said at last, 'that this is one of those cases in which a clergyman can hardly act. If he does anything—offers so much as a word of advice—one side or the other are sure to resent what they call "priestly interference," and talk of undue influence. Personally, you understand, I have a great reluctance to do anything in the matter. Yet I acknowledge the justice of your complaint. If Sir Richard's intentions are what you imagine them to be, I should admit that you are being hardly treated. I will feel my way; and offer a little advice, if I perceive that I can do so with good effect. I'm afraid that is all that it is in my power to do.'

'Oh, thank you, Mr Lynd, so much!' cried Lady Boldon. 'It is so good of you!'

'Don't thank me, please!' This was said in a tone of genuine shrinking; and the lady remembered that it was one of the curate's peculiarities that he positively seemed to detest praise, or even thanks. She said no more; and Mr Lynd added, 'If I may advise you, I would say—Don't utter a word to your husband on this subject, either now or at any future time. I feel sure that in a man of his disposition, remonstrances from you would only settle his mind more firmly on—in short, increase his misconceptions, and work injury to your interests.'

This advice exactly coincided with Lady Boldon's own opinion. If she were to complain to her husband that he was not keeping to his bargain, he would retort that she had been actuated solely by a mercenary spirit all through; and that it was her own fault that she had not protected her own interests more securely. Bickerings of that kind would certainly not further the end she had in view.

Lady Boldon waited near the hall, while the curate was up-stairs, so that she might see him before he left the house without the formality of sending a message through a servant. She was all anxiety to know whether any success had attended his efforts. So, when Mr Lynd at length came down from her husband's room, she met him as if by accident as he came through the hall, and said in a half-careless tone—'Any success, Mr Lynd?'

The clergyman shook his head. 'I am afraid my intervention is not of the slightest use,' he answered in an undertone; 'but I will see Sir Richard again in a day or two.'

Lady Boldon let him go, turned into the nearest room, and closed the door behind her. 'A day or two!' she repeated. 'In a day or two it may be too late!'

Some minutes passed, and Lady Boldon became more calm. She composed her features, and went up-stairs; and as she entered the sick-chamber, she noticed that when Mrs Fenwick, the sick-nurse whom the doctor had sent, left the room, she carried away with her a telegraph form which had been lying on a side-table.

'You are better, dear, I think?' said Lady Boldon in a calm, gentle tone, as she bent over her husband.

The old man threw her a keen, searching glance—a glance that spoke of suspicion and dislike. 'Yes; I feel much better,' he answered. 'You are glad of that, aren't you?' he added, with a sneer.

'Of course I am, Richard. We shall have you going about as usual by the middle of next week, I hope.—But here is Dr Jackson. I will call nurse.'

Lady Boldon said a word or two of greeting to the doctor, and slipped out of the room. She wanted to see Mrs Fenwick, and say a few words to her at once; and she was just in time to do so. The nurse had been told that the doctor had called, and she was already in the corridor.

'Sir Richard has been telegraphing to Mr Felix again, I see,' said the lady, a slight frown resting on her handsome face.

Mrs Fenwick stood still in astonishment, not quite sure what to make of this speech; and the quick-witted Lady Boldon learned from the woman's hesitation two facts—first, that the telegram had actually been to Mr Felix—which had been only a guess on her part—and secondly, that her husband had desired the nurse to keep the sending of the message a secret.

'You know that Dr Jackson forbade my husband to trouble himself about business matters; and yet you make yourself the medium for his disobeying the doctor's orders,' said the lady, with a touch of haughty displeasure. 'I must mention this to Dr Jackson.'

Mrs Fenwick was thoroughly alarmed by this threat. On the good-will and confidence of the local doctors her livelihood depended. 'Oh my lady!' she cried, 'I didn't think it was so particular as that; and Sir Richard being so decidedly better this morning, I thought there could be no harm in sending off at his wish a simple telegram.'

'I daresay not. No actual harm, Mrs Fenwick. But it is the principle of disregarding the doctor's injunctions that I object to. However, as, I daresay, it will not happen again, I will not mention this to Dr Jackson. If, in future, Sir Richard wants anything of that kind done, you had better let me know at once. If he seems strong enough to attend to the business, and it is a small matter, we can allow him to have his own way. But, you know, Mrs Fenwick, patients are not always to have their own way.'

'Certainly not, my lady.'

Mrs Fenwick, thinking that she had had a lucky escape, passed on to the sick-room, while Lady Boldon turned into an adjoining bedroom and waited. She would have dearly liked to make the nurse tell her what was in the tele-

gram her husband had sent to Mr Felix; but she was too proud to question the woman. And besides, she reflected that if Mrs Fenwick had been bribed by Sir Richard to do his bidding and hold her tongue, as she probably had been, there was no certainty that she would tell the truth about it.

After waiting a few minutes, Lady Boldon went back to her husband's room.

The doctor had concluded his examination, and he pronounced his patient better—decidedly better. 'The great thing we have to guard against is a relapse,' he added. 'No disturbance, no excitement; above all, no chill. With these favourable conditions we shall be all right in the course of a few days.'

'As my husband is so much better,' said Lady Boldon with a smile, 'do you think, Dr Jackson, there would be any harm in my spending to-morrow at the Rectory? I find that the confinement is very trying; and'—

'No harm at all, Lady Boldon; on the contrary, I think it would be an excellent plan. Sir Richard would in any case be safe in Mrs Fenwick's hands; and, fortunately, he is just now in a state when you can leave him without any anxiety.'

'I may go to mamma's, then, for the day?' said Lady Boldon to her husband, not with any exaggerated humility, but with just a proper suggestion of wifely obedience in her tone.

Sir Richard was obliged to answer, 'Of course you may;' and the thing was settled. His wife knew very well that if she had made the request, otherwise than in the doctor's presence, and under the lee, as it were, of his opinion, it would have been instantly rejected.

Later in the afternoon, Mrs Fenwick said to her, as they met on the stairs: 'Sir Richard called for a pencil and a sheet of paper just after lunch, my lady; and I let him write the note, as he said it would be a very short one.'

'If it did not excite him, I suppose it doesn't matter,' said Lady Boldon graciously.

As soon as the nurse had gone up-stairs, she went to the letter-bag which hung in the hall. As she had expected, it contained a letter addressed in Mrs Fenwick's handwriting to Mr Felix. Lady Boldon's face, as she stood with the letter in her hand, would have been a study for a painter. She grasped it tightly between her finger and thumb, as if she would have forced it to yield its secret to her. This sending of messages in which she was vitally interested, without a word of them being known to her, was maddening. She felt as if she were being treated like a child, who can be deprived of its treasures without being left so much as the right to complain. It was intolerable. Before she had dropped the letter back into the bag, Lady Boldon had made up her mind to do something which would effectually prevent the threatened injustice. What that something was to be, she could not yet tell; but she was resolved that she would find a way of accomplishing her purpose.

Suddenly the thought darted through her brain—'I have to-morrow at my own disposal. Why not go up to London, see Mr Felix, and

find out how far he is disposed to help me?' The next moment, she had adopted the suggestion. 'I will do more than that,' she said to herself, as she finally put the letter back into the postbag; 'I will *make* him help me.'

The first step was to warn the solicitor of her coming. It would not do to go to London for nothing. Lady Boldon snatched up a pen and wrote with feverish haste: 'Another letter to you from my husband; and yet I am told nothing, kept in the dark like a child, while I am being robbed of my rights. I appeal to you as a gentleman and a man of honour to say whether you hold that Sir Richard has any moral right to alter his will to my detriment. I will not allow it. I tell you frankly that I will prevent it, if necessary by force. I will stick at nothing—please, understand me—at *nothing*, to prevent this gross injustice from being committed. I hope I shall have you for my friend in this matter. God knows, I have few enough friends. I am going to London to-morrow, and will call on you about twelve o'clock, to ask your advice and assistance. You may refuse me this; but I will not believe it until you tell me so with your own lips. I will not believe that you would voluntarily make yourself the enemy of an unfortunate, defrauded, and cruelly ill-used woman.'

This letter went to London in the same mail-bag that carried the note Sir Richard had written to his lawyer.

DWELLERS IN THE REEDS.

OUR river winds placidly through a varied country—for the most part meadow-land, green and sloping, daisy-dappled and cowslip-flecked, with alders and willows and thorn-bushes at intervals overhanging the banks. Sometimes it runs through wilder country—heath, with furze-bushes and hollies at irregular intervals. But wherever it goes—and its windings are many—by bends and turns, a thick fringe of reeds is luxuriant on either side. And herein are the Dwellers of which we would speak, depicting them as they are in the happy spring-time. Though not engaging the attention of antiquaries, as do other dwellers among the Reeds, prehistoric centuries ago, whose dim remains are here and there existent by lake and stream, the subjects of our theme are not familiar, any more than are those far-away sojourners, to the great majority of readers. Only a small minority, and that consisting of those who live in well-watered districts, and who use their eyes—a far rarer accomplishment than is generally supposed—are acquainted with the dwellers in the reeds of whom we intend to speak.

They are the birds of the stream and mere—the freshwater birds whose nesting aspect and habits are little known in comparison with those of their race who live in the woods and fields. Nay, some there are who have long lived near their haunts, yet know nothing of them, though, as regards birds in general, they may be fairly well informed.

Walking by the margin of our stream, the unskilled observer sees a growth of reeds, tall,

thick, and luxuriant. Their tops sway musically in the breeze; and now and again there is a sound sometimes of bird-notes, sometimes, but more rarely, of splashing and rustling within them. Except for this, they might, and, to the inexperienced, do, seem uninhabited. Yet within this green miniature jungle there are many feathered inhabitants, which are most interesting in the spring-time, though at all times full of attraction to the lover of bird-life. For one person, however, who is acquainted with the habits of freshwater birds, you may count a hundred to whom land-birds are familiar. Rivers are usually lonely places; reed-beds are by no means easily explored; but hedges, copses, and fields are within the ken of everybody.

Here is a nest that is perhaps one of the most wonderful and beautiful things which the study of nature in her simplest guise can afford. By pushing aside the reeds close to the margin of the stream, you get a clear view of it among those farther out. Long and deep, so as entirely to conceal the sitting bird, the nest swings with each breeze that sways the three or four reeds to which it is attached. It is fastened to their slender stalks by strips of grass, woven exquisitely into the nest itself. Composed of grass, seed-tops, and the like, this admirable abode swings hither and thither, sometimes even to the water's edge, when the breeze is so high as to bend the reeds downwards; yet neither bird nor eggs are ousted. Backwards again come the quivering reeds to their upright position, and the placid bird still sits on. She is the reed-warbler, a summer visitor, whose varied melody is heard mostly in the morning and twilight hours by those who are near the stream. The eggs within are of a greenish white olive flecked.

But you must not mistake—which many do—this bird of the reeds for another equally fond of them, but very different in its song—though living and nesting in the same localities. This is the sedge-warbler, which has often made young anglers and others imagine that a whole orchestra of different song-birds were among the reeds, as they heard the notes of the chaffinch, redstart, lark, linnet, willow-wren, and various other birds, hurriedly succeed each other—all being the utterance only of the little sedge-warbler, a bird which loves equally a hawthorn hedge, a reed-bed, and a sedge-fringe. It builds amid the water-plants, and sings as a rule among the reeds. It is an obliging little bird, for, when it pauses in its imitations, you have but to fling something among the reeds to induce it to recommence. It well deserves the title which it has in the north of England of the 'English mocking-bird.' The nest is of moss—hair and grass forming its interior.

A little bird of the most amusing kind as an aquatic performer lives also among the reeds. Science calls it the little grebe. Homely English calls it the dabchick; and the latter epithet is, as usual with the local names, the most expressive, for the tiny bird 'dabs' or dives with a readiness and precision which many an aquatic performer before an audience would be glad to equal. The nest of the dabchick is one which can hardly fail to attract

the attention of the most careless wayfarer. Well out among the reeds is a great heap (as you imagine) of brown and withered vegetation. It grows bigger day by day, which seems curious. But this is really the dabchick's nest, the base of which is really in the water. Within are some half-dozen eggs, originally white, but water-stained till they are of a nondescript greenish and dirty hue. As the tiny mother leaves her nest each day, she protects it by pulling up freshwater weed and piling it over the eggs, which are always wet, yet warm and productive. Then one day, as you walk by the accustomed spot, the nest is empty; and in the water near it are some half-dozen little black mites of birds following their tiny mother; yet, though almost fresh from the egg, swimming, diving, and disporting themselves in the water as though they were of her own age. This is one of the commonest sights of the stream; and though one of the commonest, one of the most wonderful.

Of coot and moor-hen as reed-dwellers it is almost unnecessary to speak, for any one, however unobservant, who has walked by pond or river, sedge or rush fringed, cannot but have observed them. The nest of the former is among the reeds, and very big. The clanking cry of the coot is always resonant among the rush-beds and in mid-stream. The lower note of the moor-hen is equally familiar; and the bird is more valued, for there are many people who, despite its flavour, like it as an edible when properly cooked. Happily for themselves, this remark does not apply to any other of the birds which dwell in the rush-forest that is thick on each side of the main current of the stream.

How many of those who read these lines know anything about the water-ousel? Only a few, though they will comprise all who are anglers. For the contemplative man's recreation is one which offers the best chances of seeing the merry little white-breasted aquatic bird. Merry it is; for amid hardest frosts, when the poor kingfisher sits in gorgeous array, a mute, melancholy spectacle, the water-ousel flirts its tail, uses its wings, and circling round in the keen air, utters its song.

The nest of the water-ousel is indeed a remarkable construction, often overhanging the stream. It is a domed one, and beautifully built; yet, by the exquisite adaptability of nature to surroundings, which acts as such a protection to animals and birds, is, when looked at by the observer who knows little, a heap of *débris*. Within, however, the skill of the little feathered builder is perceptible, and it matches the transparently white eggs which it contains. In many instances, the nest, large and well constructed as it is, could only be discovered by watching the old birds flying backwards and forwards, or listening to the soft chirruping of the youngsters inside. Those youngsters, while yet unable to fly, plunge into the water with as much ease and address as do their parents. The old birds dive frequently, and run under water. The water-ousel's song is rare, indeed, in the ears of even the student of bird-music. It is very charming, as all will agree who have heard it by the side of some lonely stream,

when its melody seems to accord to everything—with the wild solitariness of the surroundings—and not seldom evokes 'thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.'

The reed-beds, too, are favourite haunts of the murmurous starlings. They form in autumn a favourite roosting-place for these interesting birds, which, on being disturbed by the intrusive dog as the shooter, in quest of nobler game, wanders by the banks of the river, rise in a vast cloud of wings, whose hues gleam in the setting sun; and, with vociferous cries, turn and wheel, a sheet, as it were, of birds, to return again when quiet is restored to the friendly reeds.

AT MARKET VALUE.*

CHAPTER XXX.—WHAT ALWAYS HAPPENS.

WHEN Arnold reached Kathleen's rooms, he found Mrs Irving quietly seated there before him, while Kathleen herself was immensely excited about something unknown that had happened in the interval.

'Have you seen the evening papers?' she cried, almost as soon as he entered, rushing up and seizing his hand with sympathetic fervour. 'That dear Mrs Irving, she's just brought them round to me!'

'What papers?' Arnold answered, trembling inwardly for her disappointment. Such friendliness was cruel. '*Not to-night's Piccadilly*'?

'Oh, dear no,' Kathleen answered, unable any longer to restrain her delight. 'Who cares for the *Piccadilly*? The *Hyde Park Gazette*, and to-morrow's *Athenæum*. Do look at them at once! There are such lovely reviews in them!'

'Reviews?' Arnold exclaimed, drawing a deep long breath. 'Oh Kitty, of our book?' For it had been 'ours' with both of them in every-day talk from its very beginning.

'Yes, ours,' Kathleen answered, overjoyed. 'And, oh Arnold, I'm so proud. To think it's your very, very own this time! I shall always be so glad to remember I helped you to write it!'

'Let me see them,' Arnold cried, half mazed; and Kathleen, with a glowing face, handed him over the papers.

The poor fellow began, still tremulous, with the *Hyde Park Gazette*. How his heart beat fast, and then stood still within him! The heading alone was enough: 'Mr Willoughby's New Triumph.'

Once more, the ground reeled under him, though in the opposite sense from the way it had reeled an hour or so before. He clutched a chair for support, and sank into it, all dazzled. This was too, too splendid! 'Mr Willoughby,' the notice began, with journalistic stiffness, 'has scored a second success, far greater in its way than the success he scored over "*An Elizabethan Seadog*." His new novel, though utterly unlike its popular predecessor, is as admirable in execution; but it is infinitely

superior in design and purpose. The change is fundamental. Mr Willoughby's new book strikes a far higher note, and strikes it firmly, clearly, definitely, with a hand of perfect mastery. His maiden effort had the merit of an exciting romance of action and adventure; it belonged to the type now so unduly popular with the vast body of readers; and our author showed us there that he could hold his own against any man living in the department of lurid historical fiction. He has done wisely now in revealing those profounder qualities of thought and of artistic workmanship which can only be adequately displayed in a more serious piece of psychological analysis. The result is most satisfactory. We must congratulate Mr Willoughby on having escaped from thralldom to the foolish fancy of a passing day, on having abjured the fearful joys of gore that flows like water, and on having ventured to use his own great powers to the best and highest purpose in the production of a sterling and pathetic romance, far worthier of his gifts than his in many ways admirable "*Elizabethan Seadog*."

Arnold read on and on in a fervour of reaction. This was glorious! magnificent! Line by line, the review revived in him all his belief in himself, all his belief in the reality of his own creations. And it flattered him profoundly. For it saw in his work those very qualities he himself had striven hardest with all his might to put into it. That is the only kind of praise a sensible man ever cares for; he wants to be given credit for the merits he possesses, not for the merits he lacks: he wants to be approved of for producing the effects he actually aimed at. Arnold's face glowed with pleasure by the time he had reached the end. And as soon as he had finished that first flattering notice, Kathleen, smiling still more deeply, handed him the *Athenæum*.

Arnold turned to the critical organ again with a vague sense of terror. The first few sentences completely reassured him. The leading literary journal was more judicial, to be sure, and more sparing of its approbation, than the penny paper, as becomes a gazette which retails itself to this day for an aristocratic threepence; but the review, as he read on, gave Arnold no less pleasure and gratification than the other one. For he perceived in it before long a certain tone and style which form as it were the hall-mark of a very distinguished critic, to have gained whose suffrages was indeed no small joy to him. For the first time in his life, Arnold felt he was being appreciated for himself alone—for the work he had really and actually performed, not for his artificial position or for extraneous merit falsely attributed to him.

As for Kathleen, glowing pink with delight, she stood glancing over his shoulder as he read, and watching with a thrill the evident pleasure in his face at each fresh word of approval. Her cup was very full. At last he was appreciated! As soon as he had finished, she turned, with a face all crimson, to her silver-haired friend. 'I must, Mrs Irving!' she cried, with a womanly gesture—'I really must!' And in a transport of joy and triumph, she flung her arms round him and kissed him fervently.

* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

'I think,' Mrs Irving said, rising with a quiet smile, and setting the bonnet straight over those silver locks, 'I'd better be going to look after some errands.—No, dear; I can't possibly stop any longer; and I daresay you and Mr Willoughby will have lots of things now to talk over quietly with one another.'

And so they did. Arnold felt, of course, that if one bad review didn't make a chilling frost, neither did two good ones make an established reputation. Still, it did seem to him now as though the sky were clearing a bit; as though it might be possible for him at last to marry Kathleen some time in the measurable future. They must wait and see, to be sure, how the book went off; but if it really succeeded, as a commercial venture, Arnold thought his path in life would henceforth lie tolerably smooth before him.

So he waited a week or two, not daring meanwhile to go near Stanley & Lockhart's, for fear of a disappointment. During the interval, however, Kathleen couldn't help seeing for herself at the bookstalls and libraries abundant evidence that the 'Romance of Great Grimsby' was making its way rapidly in public favour. Wherever she went, people spoke to her of 'Your friend Mr Willoughby's book—oh, charming, quite charming! What a delightful man he must be to know—so clever; and so versatile! I wish you could bring him here.' And when Kathleen answered briefly, with a deep red spot on her burning cheek, that he didn't care to go out, people murmured to themselves, half aside: 'Ah, a little affectation! He'll get over that, of course, as soon as he ceases to be the lion of the moment. But it's always so with lions. They're invariably affected.' For it was Arnold's fate in life to be persistently credited with the virtues and vices alike that were most alien to his shy and retiring disposition.

At the end of three weeks more, with a very nervous step, he went round by himself to Stanley & Lockhart's. The moment he got inside the publisher's door, however, he was no longer in doubt whether or not his book was really selling. The office boy recognised him at once, and descended deferentially from his high bare stool, flinging the wooden barrier open wide with a respectful sweep for the man who had written the book of the season. Arnold went up in a maze to the senior partner's room. Mr Stanley, humming and bowing, received the new lion with much rubbing of hands and a very glowing countenance. 'Selling, my dear sir?' he said in answer to Arnold's modest inquiry. 'Why, it's selling like wild-fire. Biggest success of its kind since "Robert Elsmere." I confess I certainly had my doubts at first; I had my doubts: I won't deny it. I thought, having once fixed your public with the first book you—edited'—Mr Stanley, catching his breath, just saved himself with an effort from the peccant verb—'you would do better to stick in future to the same kind of thing you'd made your original hit with. It was an experiment: an experiment. But you judged your own real talent more justly than I did. There can be no sort of doubt now that your book has hit the mark. It's being read all

round. We're going to press to-day with a third edition.'

Arnold's face grew pale. 'A third edition!' he murmured. This sudden success at last was almost too much for him. 'Well, I'm glad of it,' he answered again, after a moment's pause: 'very glad indeed; for I've found life hard at times, and once or twice lately, since my hand got crushed, to tell you the plain truth, I've almost despaired of it.'

'Well, you won't find it hard in future,' the publisher said kindly, with a benignant smile. 'No despairing henceforward! Whatever you write after this will command its own market. We're pleased to think, Mr Willoughby, we were the first to encourage you. It's a feather in our cap, as I said to Lockhart.—Would you like a small cheque on account, say for a couple of hundreds?'

'A couple of hundred pounds?' Arnold cried, taken aback. To have earned such a sum for himself as two hundred pounds seemed to him well-nigh incredible.

'Why, yes,' the man of business answered, with a good-humoured laugh. 'A great deal more than that must be due to you already. Let me see: three thousand at eighteen-and-six—h'm, h'm: exactly so. Judging by what we made on the last book we published (the sale of which, after the same length of time had elapsed, was barely two-thirds of yours), I should fancy, before you've done, your book ought to bring you in somewhere about two thousand five hundred.'

Arnold gasped for breath. Two thousand five hundred pounds. And all of his own making! With that one maimed hand too! For the first time in his life, he was positively proud of himself.

'There's only one thing, Kitty,' he said an hour or two later, as he sat holding her hand in her own pretty room in Kensington—'only one thing that mars my complete happiness, and that is the fact that I don't feel quite sure whether such work as mine is of any use to humanity. I don't feel quite sure whether a man can hold himself justified to the rest of his kind in living on the produce of labour like that, as he might if he were a sailor, now, or a shoemaker, or a miner!'

'I do,' Kathleen answered, with a woman's simpler faith. 'I feel quite certain of it. What would life be worth, after all, without these higher tastes and these higher products—art, literature, poetry? It is they, and they alone, that give it its value. I thought to myself, as you were writing it and dictating it to me at Venice: "How wrong it would be for this man, who can think things like those, and put his thoughts so beautifully, to throw away his gifts by doing common sailor's work, that any ordinary workman with half his brains and a quarter of his sensitiveness could do a hundred times better, most probably, than he could!"'

'Not better,' Arnold exclaimed, correcting her hastily, and put on his mettle at once by this stray suggestion of inferiority in his chosen craft. 'I'm a tip-top mariner! I don't know whether I can paint; and I don't know whether I can write a novel worth the paper it's

printed on: but I *do* know I was always a first-rate hand at reefing a sail in dirty weather; and the bo'sun used to say, "Send Willoughby aloft, cap'n; he's the surest of the lot of 'em." Till my hand got crushed, I could haul a sheet with the best man in England. My one consolation now is, that I lost it in the performance of my duty to the world; and that so, having served my time, as it were, till accident maimed me, I'm at liberty to live on, like a sort of literary Chelsea pensioner, on whatever light work I can best turn the relics of my shattered hand to!"

'And I'm sure it's *good* work, too,' Kathleen persisted, unabashed, with a woman's persistency. 'Work that does good in the world quite as much as seal-oil, or shoes, or coal, not only by giving pleasure to whoever reads it, but also by making people understand one another's difficulties and troubles better—breaking down barriers of class or rank, and so unconsciously leading us all to be more sympathetic and human to one another.'

'Perhaps so,' Arnold answered. 'I hope it is so, Kitty!'

There was a long pause next, during which Kathleen stared hard at the empty fireplace. Then Arnold spoke again. 'After what Stanley & Lockhart told me,' he said, soothing her hand with his own—'can you see any just cause or impediment, darling, why we two shouldn't make it Wednesday fortnight?'

Kathleen leaned forward to him with happy tears in her brimming eyes. 'None at all, dear Arnold,' she answered, too happy for words, almost. 'The sooner now, I think, the better.'

They sat there long, hand in hand, saying all they said mutely—which is, after all, the best way to say many things that lie deepest in the heart of humanity. Then Kathleen spoke again. 'Only for one thing, dearest Arnold, do I wish you could have married me under your own real name.—No; don't start and misunderstand me. I don't want to be a Countess; I have no mean ambitions: I'd rather be Arnold Willoughby's wife, who wrote that beautiful book, than ten thousand times over an English Countess. But I do wish the world could only have known how brave and how strong you are, and how much you have gone through for the sake of principle. I want it to know how you might at any time have put out your hand and reclaimed your true rank; and how, for conscience' sake, you refused to do it. Many a time at Venice, this last long winter, when I saw you so poor and ill and troubled, I thought to myself: "Oh, I wish he could only break through his resolve, and go back with a rush to his own great world again." And then I thought, once more: "Oh no; for if he could do that, he wouldn't be the Arnold I love and admire, and believe in so firmly: he is himself just in virtue of that; and it's for being himself that I love him so utterly." And—it's irrational, of course; illogical; absurd; self-contradictory; but I somehow do wish you could proclaim yourself to the world, so that the world might admire you as it ought and would—for never so proclaiming yourself!'

Arnold stooped down and kissed her. 'My

darling,' he answered, smoothing her cheek, 'if I have gained your love, that's more than enough for me. What we are, not what we are taken for, is the thing that really matters. Most men, I suppose, are never truly known—not to the very heart and core of them—except by the one woman on earth that loves them. I often wonder whether I did right in the first place; whether I ought ever to have shifted all that responsibility and all that wealth to dispose of, on to the shoulders of my cousin Algernon, who is certainly not the wisest or best man to make use of them. But would I have used it better? And once having done it, my way then was clear. There was no going back again. I shall be happy now in the feeling that, left entirely to myself, and by my own work alone, I have so far justified my existence to mankind that my countrymen are willing to keep me alive in comfort, for the sake of the things I can do and make for them. As the world goes, that's the one test we can have of our usefulness. And, Kitty, if I hadn't done as I have done, I should never have met *you*; and then, I should never have known the one woman on earth who is willing to take one, not for the guinea stamp, but for the metal beneath it—who knows and believes that the man's the gold for a' that!'

THE END.

THE SALEMLEK.

THE more one moves about the world, the more astonished one is at the curious customs in other countries. You imagine that each nation has been described so often, that you must know all the habits and ideas of its inhabitants, yet it is only when you go to the country itself that you find out how much you have yet to learn. One drawback that we as a nation suffer from is our inability to speak many foreign languages; we think if we can converse in two others besides our own, that we are quite linguists; whereas, on the Continent, go where you will, you generally find it is the usual thing for a person to speak three or four foreign languages. In the Levant, to be able to speak six or seven different ones is a common accomplishment with both ladies and gentlemen. Last year, while staying in Turkey, I felt very stupid not being able to speak either Turkish or Greek; and as both are too difficult to learn in a short time, I was dependent on friends or interpreters for getting about. My ignorance of these languages did not, however, prevent my seeing many curious sights, or hearing a few strange stories concerning the lives of the subjects of His Majesty the Sultan. Perhaps a few words about one of the principal events in the life of Hamid II. himself may interest some of my countrywomen.

That the life of the Sultan is monotonous to the last degree, is known to most people; and when you think that he leaves his palace once a week for but three-quarters of an hour, and

always with the same object—namely, a state ceremony, even that ceases after a while to be any change for him. It is considered the orthodox thing for each Sultan when he comes to the throne to build a palace for himself. The present sovereign, Hamid II., has built a nice but unpretentious one on a hill behind Béchiktache, about a mile and a half from Pera. All the roads over which His Majesty is ever likely to pass are kept in fairly decent repair; the others must be seen and felt; description fails to picture the ruts, holes, boulders, stones, and crevices that you encounter in going along the roads and streets of Constantinople. If it rains heavily for twenty minutes, you have seas and lakes of mud, to pass over which is almost an impossibility. The road leading up to Yeldiz, however, is delightful to ride on; everything here is 'fair to see.' Before you arrive at the palace, you come to the Mosque of Yeldiz, where the Sultan goes to service every Friday. The mosque is a very fine building of white marble, richly gilt, though it has but one minaret. Compared with the older mosques in Stamboul, it is quite small. Lately, a very handsome clock tower has been built just within the gates, the clocks showing both Turkish and Frankish time. Exactly opposite the mosque is the Pavilion, a house which belongs to His Majesty, where visitors go to witness the 'Salemlek, or Sultan going to mosque.' If you have no friends who can take you there, you must apply to your own Embassy for an invitation—each ambassador has so many invitations to give away every week.

To get a good view of all that takes place, you must be at the Pavilion two hours before the time the Sultan appears, for the windows get very quickly appropriated. I was lucky in having a friend to take me who lives in Constantinople; her relations are connected with the Imperial court, and as she knew all the officers of State, she told me who they were as they passed in the procession. Every Friday there are from eight to ten thousand soldiers stationed round the mosque, guarding all the approaches. Among such a number of men, you can imagine the variety of uniforms. In one regiment the soldiers wore blue uniforms, with, of course, the universal red fez; they carried small red and white pennants; and all the horses were white. Another regiment had the same uniform and pennant, only the horses were black. The sailors wear a pretty dress in summer, consisting of white cotton suits, with blue cuffs and collars, a bright red sash round their waists, and the red fez. They look nice and cool. In winter, blue clothes are substituted for the white ones. There are always eight or ten bands present, generally two or three playing at a time. Some of them are very good; but, as a nation, you cannot say the Turks are

musical; and after our military music a Turkish band is not a treat.

During the time you have to wait, you see men passing to and fro in all kinds of dress. Priests of every order and kind, some of whom have on a green turban; some, better still, a light green coat, which shows that the wearer has at some time made a pilgrimage to Mecca. You can imagine how dazzling is the picture of this great number of soldiers with their glittering uniforms, and the rich oriental dresses of so large a crowd. Add to this the exquisite surroundings of marble buildings, blue sea and sky, lovely gardens, and cloudless sunshine, and you have a *coup-d'œil* an equal to which you cannot get anywhere else in Europe.

The palace of Yeldiz is about three minutes' drive from the mosque; and just before the Sultan comes, fresh gravel is thrown down, to let him think that all roads are in a good condition. There is an enclosure round the mosque, into which one or two carriages are allowed to enter. They generally contain some members of the Sultan's harem, guarded by eunuchs. There were two or three small Princesses there the day I was present; and as girls do not wear the 'yashmak' till they are fourteen years old, I had a good view of the children. The ladies were veiled, so I could not well see their faces.

The procession of the Sultan consists, firstly, of the ministers and high officers of State walking slowly two and two; then comes His Majesty, driving in a gorgeous carriage, dark red in colour, but with a great deal of gold about it, drawn by a pair of magnificent Arab horses. The coachman also was richly apparelled. Seated in the carriage opposite to the Sultan was the (then) Grand Vizier, Osman Pasha. After the carriage came more officers and soldiers. At the gate of the mosque, the ministers form two lines, when the Sultan drives between them up to the door of the mosque, bowing right and left to every one. As he approaches the mosque, a priest on the minaret calls the Faithful to prayer; and, among other things, he cries to the Sultan: 'Oh, you think yourself a great man; but know that there is one greater than you, one Allah.' As the bands are playing and the troops shouting a Turkish 'hurrah'—which is done according to command, not spontaneously or heartily—very little of this reproof is heard. I had a good look at His Majesty. He had an anxious, sad expression, and looked quite twelve years older than his age. After remaining about twenty or thirty minutes in the mosque, he reappears; and sometimes he holds a review, when the ten thousand soldiers pass before him.

He never returns to the palace in the same carriage as he came; his riding-horse and an elegant park phaeton are waiting, and he chooses whether he rides or drives himself home. If he drives, the Pashas ride round his carriage. If he rides, every one else walks; nobody does the same as the Sultan. When I saw him he was not in uniform. He looked like any ordinary gentleman, only he wore the fez. Sometimes—perhaps once in six or seven weeks—he sends out at the last moment to say

he is going to another mosque—one situated on the Béchiktache Road—then soldiers, visitors, &c., have to scamper down hill as fast as they can, to be ready to receive His Majesty. Here the ceremony loses much of its grandeur and importance, owing to the locality and want of space round that mosque. For over thirteen years, the present Sultan has never missed to appear one single Friday to his subjects. If he did not show himself, they would think something was wrong.

The same state and ceremony take place year after year, till I should say that both men and horses can go through their duties blindfold. I was often very sorry for the troops. They have to stand for two or three hours under a blazing sun without any shade to protect them, for the fez is anything but a protection against the heat. They looked hot and tired after their morning's work.

To get so many troops massed and into position takes some time. Generally, they begin to assemble about ten o'clock, and as the Sultan only appears at one, it is two before they leave Yeldiz. One day, and one only during the summer, it began to rain, and came down whole waters on these unlucky men. I met them returning from the Salemlék, drenched to the skin; and I wondered whether for once they liked a wetting as a change to their usual weekly bake.

The lives of Turkish women are dull and monotonous in the extreme; but Friday being the day they go to mosque or to visit their cemeteries, they often take that opportunity to look at the soldiers passing by. On the Béchiktache Road you see numbers of them squatted on the kerbstone, where they remain for hours chatting and looking about them. They make a pretty picture *en masse* with their bright dresses of every hue—harmony of colour is unknown in Turkey—and they carry parasols, which are also always of the gayest colours. They must be much attached to their parasols, for you never see them—even as late as eight or nine at night—but they have their parasols open, getting shade from something. It cannot be the sun. No flatterer could call Turkish women either pretty or elegant, for they are simply a mass of clothing without any shape. They have very large feet, clad in white cotton stockings, and they walk badly; so that their charms—no doubt they have many—only become known on acquaintance. The 'yashmak' is a very becoming addition to their attire; it makes the plainest woman look nice. You sometimes get rather a shock when it is taken off, so many women bear the traces of smallpox. Their bills for cosmetics must often be a little startling; hands, feet, hair, eyes, and complexion are generally 'improved,' according to their ideas. To see the soles of their feet, the nails and palms of their hands, dyed brown with henna, is the reverse of pretty; and the 'beauty' of orange-coloured hair I fail to perceive. They always tell Franks that only in Turkey do you see beautiful women.

When we consider that the Salemlék is about the only pleasure these poor women have, we must admit it is an innocent one—one that may, perhaps, after a time become a little monoton-

ous. Until the life of Turkish women is more rational, and fanaticism is a thing of the past, we will agree with the old proverb that 'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.'

THE MAN FROM GRIMSBY.

By GEORGE G. FARQUHAR.

OF the old folk of the bleak little seaport, Andrew Copley dwells most vividly in my memory. As prosperity is gauged at Port St Bede, Andrew—the owner of some half-dozen fully equipped fishing-smacks—was accounted a prosperous man. I recall him now—his kindly face, tanned and netted in wrinkles; his long hair, grizzled this many a day; his stubbly gray beard; his light-blue eyes, bespectacled for reading—yes, there he sits. Many is the 'crack' I have had with him; yet there was one story he chose to leave buried in silence—and that, his own. I never dared broach the topic, albeit I inwardly burned with impatient curiosity. One day, however, the history became mine unsolicited. Some remark I chanced to let slip about his lifelong bachelorhood caused an infrequent far-away look to settle upon his eyes. We were walking up the steep, cobble-paved 'street' at the time, past the lime-washed front of the 'Trawlers' Inn,' to the higher ground, from which the old Norman church tower kept ward over the slumberous village.

'Why ha'e I never married, say ye?' the old man exclaimed, after a long spell of silence. 'Like enow, ye'll hear afore long; an' I don't see what should stop me fro' tellin' ye mysen, if so be'—Hurriedly stepping into the roadway, Andrew whipped off his broad-brimmed hat and stood motionless. Turning into the sanded lane that zigzagged past the church, we had well-nigh jostled two slow-paced women, the younger of them about fifty years of age; the elder, twenty years or so older. It was the latter that attracted my marked regard, for it was towards her that Andrew held his down-bent head. A wan, frail-looking creature she was, dressed in black, with a close-fitting, old-fashioned bonnet tied under her chin in a bow of broad black ribbon. Her hair, smoothed evenly upon her forehead, shimmered silvery as the new-churned foam in the bay. She moved haltingly, even with the aid of an oaken staff and the helping arm of her companion.

Withdrawing her arm, she paused in the pathway and pointed her stick towards the bare-headed old fisherman. In thin, quavering tones, as if the words were said by rote, there being no vehemence in her utterance, she cried: 'Ah, I know ye—I know ye. Ban ye, for no speakin' me fair.' With no more passion than if she were repeating some soulless formula, she added: 'Curse ye, Andrew Copley! It was a lie! Curse ye for't!'

'Come awa', the other woman put in coaxingly; 'come thee awa' home, then.'

Unresisting, the old lady allowed herself to be led away. Through it all, Andrew did not stir a limb, but stood there with doffed hat, his head bowed and his mane of gray hair

ruffling in the breeze. We had left the church behind, the deep-rutted lane, the narrow stone stile that gave upon the fields; we had traversed half the length of the meadows themselves before he spoke. 'Ye asked me how 'twas I never married,' said he slowly. 'That is the reason.'

So he began upon his life-story. But as his narrative would be hard to follow if I adhered to his exact words, with his numerous digressions and irrelevancies, uttered with quaint burr of tongue; and, moreover, as his modesty saw fit to gloss over certain facts, which I heard of later in other quarters, I venture to set it forth after my own fashion.

We hark back a full half-century. Port St Bede—no vast size at this present—was then a mere nest of sandstone, shale-roofed cottages, planted at the foot of the hill, and straggling disjointedly up it to form the 'street.' Later improvements have displaced or rebuilt most of these one-storeyed dwellings, and filled in the gaps; but the old 'Trawlers' Inn' looks just as it looked fifty years ago. It lies back some ten paces from the roadway, the shingled space thus obtained being highly favoured of loungers and gossips. The spot served an identical purpose so far back as the oldest memory goes.

A little knot of fisher-folk, men and women, forgathered there one Wednesday morning to await the arrival of the Morperland letter-carrier. Twice a week, on Wednesdays and Saturdays, he trudged the ten miles to deliver his meagre package of letters. He always made his way first to the 'Trawlers,' where it had become customary for the populace—those who did not expect letters alike with those who did—to assemble and waylay him. In that manner the cannie souls got news from the outside world without being put to the expense of a postal fee, while the official on his part was quit of his letters all the sooner. On this particular morning, however, the gaiety of the group was under eclipse. They talked together in hushed tones, full of concern, every now and then preferring a question to the bronzed, middle-aged seaman in their midst.

'An' ye're sure ye've got the reights o't, Jake?' queried a big-faced woman, whose skimpy petticoat showed her ample brogues and shapeless ankles. 'It'll kill t'lass if she hears o't.'

'Oh, I'm noan mista'en—not me,' answered the seaman positively. 'I seed him mysen i' Grimsby not three days back, an' I 'eard it read out i' church—the second time o' axin' it were—last Sunday.'

'Poor maid—poor maid! An' her waitin' for him here as patient an' lovin' as onybody could wish. Ah, them men—them men!'

While the frowsy old crone was shaking her gray locks over the perfidy of mankind, she stole a sidelong look towards the window-bench, against which Andrew Copley—then a well-set-up young fellow of four-and-twenty—was moodily leaning.

'Ay, but he takes on badly wi't,' she said, jerking her head in Andrew's direction. 'I'm main sorry for him, too. He alays were sweet on her, ye knaw; an' I do believe she'd'a had

him if that Man fro' Grimsby hadn' come this way wi' his pert, weel-favoured face.'

Further tattle was nipped short by the appearance of the letter-bag. In all there must have been close on a dozen letters—a goodly batch for Port St Bede. It was one of the last which the postman held aslant to catch the light. 'Miss Kellett!' he called out wheezily.

'Why, that mun be Hilda,' exclaimed one of the bystanders. 'She isn't here. Ye'll ha'e to take it up to the hoose.'

'I'll save ye the walk,' said Andrew, stepping forward. 'I'm boun' that way, an' I'll see she gets it.'

'Don't tell her o' the goings-on o' that Grimsby chap,' cried the fishwife before mentioned. 'It'll drive her clean daft. Conscience-sake, Andrey, don't tell her that.'

During the period we are dealing with, education at Port St Bede was at a wofully low ebb. Not twenty people in the whole thorp could write their names, or recognise them when penned; few could read anything but 'print;' fewer still were able to puzzle out written characters. Among this community, Andrew Copley was reckoned a 'fine scholar,' and by virtue of that reputation his services were in frequent demand by those who, having passing need of the 'larning,' chanced to be in the bad books of the Rector or the Wesleyan minister.

With the 'gammer's' injunctions echoing in his ears, Andrew strode quickly towards the cottage occupied by Hilda Kellett and her widowed mother. "'Miss Kellett, Port St Bede,'" said he, furtively scanning the superscription. 'It's fro' that scamp, as I live. An' now, belike, she'll ha'e me to read it to her.' Slackening his pace, he added grimly: 'Shall I tell't to her—shall I? It'll kill her, say they, an' they're reight—it will.'

He stuffed the letter into his jacket pocket long before he came abreast of the cottage. Rapping a tattoo on the door, he lifted the latch, and—as was the custom—walked straight in. A slim, fair-haired girl peeped into the room from a side-door. 'Oh, it's you, Andrew,' she said, coming forward.

'Ay, it's me. I cam' just to ask how your mother is to-day.'

'She's a piece better this morn; but she rested ill last night. Nellie an' me sat up wi' her most all night; but she's dropped off asleep now.—Tak' a chair, Andrew.'

Andrew perched himself on the edge of the nearest rush-bottomed chair and fumbled hesitatingly with his cap between his knees. 'I was doon by the "Trawlers" when the letters came,' he said, after a strained interval. 'There was one for ye, Hilda, an' I made free to say I'd bring it. Here 'tis.'

'For me!' and Hilda's eyes brightened as she stretched out her hand. 'Then it's fro' Ben, isn't it, Andrew?'

'It's the Grimsby mark,' replied Andrew shortly.

'Then it must be fro' Ben. He said he'd let me know as soon as the brig got back to Grimsby. An' how I trembled for him all through that storm o' Monday. But he's safe—this shows he's safe, Andrew.' A plaintive

look of alarm crept into her blue eyes as Andrew, never answering, kept his gaze clamped to the floor. 'This shows he's safe!' she repeated quaveringly.

'I'll tell ye straight out, Hilda, what they were sayin' over at Morperland yesterday. P'raps that letter may contradict it all, but there was a deal o' nasty talk about the *Vampire*—as how she'd gone doon i' the'—

'Read it to me,' cried Hilda, thrusting the missive into his hand. 'Ye knaw I can't mysen. Read it, Andrew!'

Taking firm grip of his lips, Andrew opened the letter and glanced at the signature. 'It's noan fro' him,' he said. 'It's wrote by Peter Worsley, the skipper o' the *Vampire*.'

'Not fro' Ben!' exclaimed Hilda tremulously. 'He isn't, he isn't—dead?'

Andrew nodded. 'Drownded!' he murmured huskily.

Clutching at her throat, Hilda sank into a chair and hid her face in her palms. Presently she looked up, her lips pallid, her eyelids scarlet. 'I can bear it now, Andrew,' she said. 'Read it all to me.'

The caligraphy of the *Vampire's* master must have been all but illegible, judging from the difficulty Andrew had in deciphering it. He read slowly, humming and hawing through the whole epistle. Here is the gist of it. In the recent heavy gales, the *Vampire*—a crazy, undermanned timber-ship—had sprung a leak, her crew being eventually compelled to abandon the foundering vessel and take to the longboat. Their parlous case was little bettered thereby, for twice the boat had been capsized; when she was righted the second time, only four of the sailors succeeded in scrambling into her. Of the two men missing, the mate, Ben Webb, was one. The survivors were picked up on the following day and landed at Grimsby. It was in fulfilment of a pledge made at the outset of their peril, and in fateful anticipation of its outcome, that Captain Worsley now broke the sad news to the dead man's sweetheart.

Even in the intensity of her grief, Hilda had thought of her mother's much-needed slumber, and not a cry escaped her lips. Andrew, the big, clumsy, soft-hearted gomer, saw that no sympathy of his could soothe her distress; she must just 'fret her dole.' And so he left her with her sorrow.

'I had to do't,' he muttered, striding beachward. 'An' it's better that nor t'other—it's better.' Fervently he added: 'God send she doesn't let anybody else read it!'

He might have been at peace on that score. To Hilda, the skipper's letter was as the last words of her drowned lover—a sacred thing, not lightly to be fingered or spoken of; she packed it away with the sundry ribbons, gloves, and cheap gewgaws Ben had given her, to be treasured with them throughout this side of time.

They who best know the Port St Bede folk will least accuse them of want of heart. Out of sheer mercy for the girl, they avoided all allusion to Ben Webb; and on her side, Hilda kept her woe to herself. The blow was for her shoulders alone, and she bore it smart bravely. Besides, she and her mother had to

live; the net making and mending must be attended to, even though the heart may ache and the eyes blister with unshed tears.

So two years went by. Then, her mother having been laid to her last long rest under the gnarled elms in the churchyard, Hilda went to live with her sister, Abel Moxon the cooper's wife. At this juncture, hoping that Time had salved her wound, Andrew Copley made bold to offer her all an honest man can offer the woman he loves—his name, his home, his big steadfast heart. His insight was at fault, for she would have none of them. In all simplicity, she told him that her love lay dead with him who slept in the deep seas; she chose to share the lot of no man to whom she could not give herself heartily, wholly.

'I knaw ye like me, Andrew,' she said frankly; 'I've al'ays knawn it, an' I thank you. If ever I come to think i' that other way, an' if I see ye're i' the same mind still, I'll speak first. Don't ask me any more, Andrew; I'll speak first.'

Henceforth, as before, they were friends—close, firm friends—but no further. Season after season Andrew sailed off in his yawl for the white fishing on the Dogger, returning each time with brain aflame for the sight of her. And she met him with mere smile and hand-shake, in her eyes no token of change, no glimmer of awakening affection.

Eight years thus lumbered away—eight weary, joyless years—and neither Hilda nor Andrew had sought to break through their pact of silence. About this time, Hilda was sore stricken with typhoid, then rife in the village, and for an anxious space she dwelt on the very border-line of Here and Hereafter. On Andrew's persuasion—he staking his word that the great man's fees should be forthcoming—Abel called in Dr Ratcliffe, of Morperland, under whose care Hilda slowly began to mend. It was while Andrew was away at the Banks—the Doctor's comforting assurances for company—that the truth stripped itself before Hilda, to torture and afflict her with its mocking ghastliness.

As yet she was not able to leave her bed, but lay there with pinched face, her hair tangled on the pillow, her thin blue fingers twitching idly at the garish patchwork quilt, her eyes wandering to the half-open lattice through which was borne the distant sough of the waves, and whence she could see their sun-flecked crests far out beyond the Fork Rocks. Then she would turn to answer some question put to her by her little niece, Mary—Abel's eldest daughter, 'rising ten'—who had crept into the sick-room. Presently, the little maid fell to babbling, childlike, of the doings and sayings of her school friends.

'Ay, but ye'll be gettin' a fine scholar, Mary,' said Hilda. 'It was a guid thing for the weans when t' parson opened a school. I wish it had been done long sin'.'

'It was our 'xam'nation to-day,' replied Mary, eager with fresh news. 'Mr Harvey heard me read an' patted me o' the head. Out of a newspaper—hard words they was, too.'

'An' maybe ye can read writin', Mary?'

'Oh yes,' returned she, nowise disposed to

belittle her attainments. 'When you get any letters, Aunt Hilda, I'll read them all through to you—every word. I'm sure I could.'

'Well, I'm goin' to try ye,' said Hilda smilingly. 'Now, open that drawer—no; the second one—an' bring the little black box to me.—Yes, that is it.'

Tenderly picking out the finery with which the box was filled, Hilda placed the various articles by her side on the bed. Underneath, untouched since that day, lay the very letter which had told her its sad tale through Andrew's mouth.

'Now, what name's that?' said she, pointing to the signature.

Mary screwed her eyes into beads, hung her head sapiently on one side and spelled the words under her breath.

'B-e-n, Ben; W-e-b-b, Webb,' she announced at last with a ring of triumph. 'It's main bad writin', but'

'No, no!' cried Hilda, rising excitedly upon her elbow. 'Not Ben—not Ben Webb. Are you sure, Mary?'

'B-e-n, Ben; W-e-b-b, Webb,' repeated her niece.

Hilda sent up a choking cry. 'He said it came fro' Captain Worsley,' she ejaculated gaspingly. 'He lied to me. It's fro' Ben—fro' Ben. Ben isn't dead!' Her whole frame atremble, she turned to Mary with: 'Begin at the first. Read it all to me. Can ye, can ye?'

Mary at all events was willing to try, and although she blundered often and painfully under the task, between them they managed to piece the words into sense.

'Dear Hilda,' it ran, 'I didn't mean to say a word, but I can't do it without telling you first. Don't hate me, for I did love you, and do, more nor her. Anyways, you can't say I didn't tell you all about Polly Barclay—how we was to be married, and how it was broke off. Well, me and her have made it up again. Her uncle's dead, and left her everything—his three houses and four hundred pounds in the bank. You see, I didn't have a free hand, so you can't blame me. Besides, there's Andy Copley only too glad to have you; and the banns has been read twice in Grimsby church. I think things are best left alone, and no fuss made, especial as I don't ask the presents back, nor'

Mary had plodded through the letter so far, when Hilda, with a loud shriek, dropped back upon her pillow. Abel and his wife hastened up-stairs to find her again sitting up in bed, round-eyed, and gesticulating with clenched fists. 'I might ha' won him back—I would ha', she cried shrilly. 'A lie, Andrew Copley! It was a lie!'

In this fashion she raved all through the night and long into the next day. Dr Ratcliffe said it was brain-fever; and although he eventually brought her back to bodily health, her mind never recovered its sanity.

Poor Hilda! She knows not that for the bread she eats, for the shelter above her head, for the very clothes upon her back, she is beholden to the man whom she, for forty years past, has daily execrated.

'She never sees me but she throws them awful words i' my face,' said Andrew to me. 'I thowt I were actin' for t' best when I did as I did—I thowt so truly.'

'I suppose you have never met this Ben Webb since?'

'Oh, but I ha'e. I went to Grimsby o' purpose to spoil his beauty. If he's livin' now, he's livin' wi' the nose o' him all askew. That prank cost me a week o' jail; but I'd stand a hundred years o' lock-up for the comfort that job gave me.'

ELECTRIC LIGHTING.

It very rarely happens that such rapid strides are made in the general adoption of innovations and improvements as has been the case with Electric Lighting. We were certainly somewhat slow in making a start in this country, but having made that start, we are now progressing at a pace worthy of our American cousins. The electric lighting installation has been a familiar institution across the Atlantic for years, even in small towns; but the Americans are a go-ahead race, whilst a beneficent Parliament watches over us to temper our advancement with caution.

One of the earliest instances of public lighting by electricity in England was in 1863, when, on the occasion of the marriage of the Prince of Wales, London Bridge was the scene of a 'grand illumination.' About the year 1880 the new light was tried on Holborn Viaduct and the Thames Embankment; but the luxury was found to be too expensive, and, after a few months, gas again reigned supreme. Installations subsequently established at Brighton and Eastbourne met with a greater measure of success; but other attempts were at this period few and far between, and electric lighting was still sufficiently rare as to be one of the 'wonders' of the various Exhibitions held at South Kensington during the years 1883 to 1886.

It at one time seemed as if the Electric Lighting Act (passed in 1882) was about to give the necessary impetus for which the new industry appeared to have been waiting. From a Report presented to Parliament by the Board of Trade in June last, it appears that no fewer than sixty-nine provisional orders were granted under the Act in 1883, fifty-five being granted to companies, and fourteen to local authorities—that is, municipal corporations, local boards, &c. The Report has rather a dismal aspect, however, as it shows that the only additional orders granted prior to 1889 were four in 1884, and one in 1886. It has a still more dismal aspect in that it shows that of the seventy-four orders granted before 1889, only one of the company orders and seven of the local authority orders now exist, the remainder having been revoked or repealed.

In 1888 a further Electric Lighting Act was passed, to amend the Act of 1882, and this appears to have had an awakening influence, as from that date the Board of Trade Report above referred to bears a much more cheerful appearance, the orders granted being as follows:

in 1889, eleven to companies and one to a local authority; in 1890, thirty-one and forty-three respectively; in 1891, twenty-five and thirty-four; in 1892, eight and seventeen; and in 1893, four and eleven—making a total of orders granted since 1888 of one hundred and eighty-five, seventy-nine having been granted to companies, and one hundred and six to local authorities. Of these, twenty-three company orders appear to have been revoked or repealed. Consequently, the number of orders now existing appears to be one hundred and seventy, fifty-seven being in the hands of companies, and one hundred and thirteen in those of local authorities. In addition to these, there are seven licenses, five granted to companies, and two to local authorities; the total number of existing powers under the Electric Lighting Acts is therefore one hundred and seventy-seven—companies and local authorities possessing sixty-two and one hundred and fifteen respectively. No fewer than thirty-one of these powers—twenty-two belonging to companies, and nine to local authorities—apply to London.

From these figures it will be seen that there has been a considerable movement since 1888, at least in obtaining parliamentary powers; and a tabulated statement recently published by the 'Electrician' shows that the movement has not ended there, but that the powers are rapidly being put into execution. From this statement it appears that there are sixty-nine central lighting stations actually in operation in the United Kingdom, fifty-two being under the control of companies, and seventeen under that of local authorities. In addition to these, there are twenty-five stations in course of erection, and thirteen schemes under consideration. We have therefore reasonable hope of shortly having at work in the United Kingdom no fewer than one hundred and seven central stations for electric lighting, companies being responsible for fifty-five and local authorities for the remaining fifty-two.

A recent number of 'Lightning' gives some interesting statistics showing the amount of capital which has been expended on the various undertakings. The total amount is nearly five and a half million pounds, having been increased by nearly a million during 1893. The sums expended by companies and local authorities respectively appear somewhat disproportionate, the former being responsible for about four and a half millions. About three and a half millions have been spent in London alone.

The works in course of erection, or shortly to be commenced, are expected to cost about a million and a half; so that by the end of the present year the total amount expended on electric lighting undertakings will probably be nearly seven millions. Almost the whole of the million and a half just referred to is what may be termed 'municipal money;' and as local authorities are always averse to embarking on any undertaking of a speculative nature, this, together with the fact that the stock and share market quotations show that several of the electric lighting companies are in a decidedly thriving condition, tends to prove that electric lighting as an industry is no longer the 'scare'

that it was ten or twelve years ago, but that it is founded on a firm basis, and may be counted among our recognised institutions.

Although, therefore, we may have been slow in adopting the electric light, we are now, at all events, doing much to amend our ways; and even so doughty a champion of the rival light, gas, as the 'Journal of Gas Lighting,' admits that 'in recounting the history of electric lighting for the past year, it is better to begin by acknowledging that this industry has made a certain amount of progress.'

MEETING.

So take my hand, and let all lingering cloud
Be chased away.
I would have loved you, dear, had you allowed,
Nor said me nay;
I would have cherished you through all the years—
Have stood beside
To kiss your eyelids when they welled with tears;
But you denied.
I would have given my life to save a pain,
To ease a woe—
Have brought a love which time should test in vain;
But you said no.

Enough of idle words and useless blame!
All *that* is past.
To our brief dream of summer-tide there came
A biting blast;
And one bowed to the eastward, one the west.
So torn apart,
We lost the chance to bless and to be blest,
Heart driven from heart.
You thought me faithless, and I thought you cold—
Alas, the pain!
All is forgotten, darling, now I hold
Your hand again.

We know that both were foolish, one was wrong,
And both were true;
We know that both have suffered much and long.
O love, we knew
That all must yet be righted, soon or late,
Ere we should die;
And so we were content to pray and wait,
Both you and I—
Content if but one pressure of the hand,
Before the night,
Should tell us all that we could understand,
And give us light;
Content if doubt and pain should pass away
Into the glow
Of sunset's perfect peace. O darling, say
It has been so!

And we can rest untroubled now, and see
The sun descend:
No more of cloud to sever you and me
Until the end;
No more of selfish doubt or mad distrust
And troth undone;
But we shall pass beyond the 'dust to dust'
Two souls in one.

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 552.—VOL. XI.

SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1894.

PRICE 1½d.

IN PRAISE OF FRIENDSHIP.

Few things are more common in this world, happily, than friendliness; but Friendship in its highest sense is a rarity. It is even more rare than what we call love. Love, as commonly understood, occurs at least once in the majority of lifetimes; but a true friendship hardly comes to one in a hundred persons. It includes the best part of love, without the evanescence that sometimes accompanies the stronger passion. He is a fortunate man who finds a friend. Emerson says that 'when a man becomes dear to me, I have touched the goal of fortune.' He is right. Higher than this one cannot easily go. And again, Emerson says that true love 'cannot be unrequited.' Again he is right. A true love is its own requital. It may bring trouble, affliction—its very root is a sort of divine discontent; but it brings with it life's truest gold. No one has truly lived till he has loved.

It is usually supposed that in friendship there must be an equality—that one must not be giving more than he receives. Possibly such might be the case in an ideal communion; but it is very seldom the case upon this earth. In most friendships, one is the more active, the other more passive; one offers, and the other takes; one glows, and the other receives his light. The bond between them need be none the less sacred and binding, none the less beautiful. The heart that gives most loses nothing by its giving, but gains. If it be more blessed to give than to receive, then he who receives gives a blessing by receiving. Not only so, but there are different kinds of giving. The man who is willing to receive my affection, my sympathy, and such tenderness as it lies in me to offer him, is conferring upon me a priceless benefit. I feel that I owe him more than life can ever repay. If he will allow me to do and to suffer for his sake, it is I who am indebted, and not he. How can I ever repay him for having accepted what I offered?

Can the devotion of a lifetime in any way requite? My friend is never more my friend than when he is receiving and I am giving.

Perhaps that is not the light in which this matter is usually regarded. Such practice might not do for cases of mere acquaintanceship and society. The laws of social etiquette demand that an equivalent be given for everything. But the laws of spiritual love know that no equivalent *can* be given, consciously, for anything. The effort to make a return is an outrage on friendship's finest essence. Current coin goes for nothing here. There is no such thing as giving value for value. What is received is priceless, what is given is priceless; it cannot be figured and ticketed. The obligation on both sides is greater than can be acknowledged; neither can write out a receipt and cry quits. There is no nobler tie between heart and heart than this mutual debt, which neither can feel as an obligation, because it is a part of the soul's very life.

It is generally supposed that one friend may counsel and advise another, may point out his faults and urge their removal. A friendly adviser, a kindly-disposed companion, may do this; but hardly a friend. To do so would imperil the very ground on which friendship is based. I may know, theoretically, that my friend has faults; as a question of intellectual discernment, I may see that he has shortcomings. I may even suffer from them myself. But what does that matter? I love him entirely, and dare not speak of his fault. Who am I, that I should look for the moles in my brother's eye? My very doing so would prove that there is a beam in my own. If he pains me with a hasty word, it is enough, or perhaps too much, that I look grieved; I will not utter a word of complaint. The silences of friendship say more than the words. I can talk commonplaces, I can scold or praise or condole, with any casual acquaintance; with my friend, I know how to keep silent, and need no utterance.

Some persons tell us that we should choose our friends as we choose the books that we read. Such a choice is impossible. We may choose our companions; we cannot choose our friends. No law of conscious selection can be exercised. The word 'affinity' has been misused and contaminated; but affinity is the vital principle of friendship. I do not love my friend because I choose to love him; I love him because I cannot help myself. He has drawn me towards him as a magnet draws the needle. I can resist and keep away, if I choose; but I do so only by intense effort of the will. The will is weaker than the instinct, unless trained and under mastery of the soul's highest powers. Pride is the strongest force that can keep me from my friend's side—pride and jealousy. From jealousy I may do wrong to my affection; I may absent myself, or seem cold and careless; but the pang within is one of the keenest that a heart can suffer. It is better to annihilate pride, to banish jealousy, to crush *self*; to reach life's summits by laying myself low.

The feeling of gratitude is sometimes considered to be an important element of friendship. But gratitude of itself can hardly produce natural love. There is a sense in which we should love all men; but we can never love all men with the love of an overpowering friendship, nor can a sense of kindness received cause us to feel so towards one in particular. Universal love is something superhuman; the love which we are speaking of as friendship is peculiar to the 'natural man.' It is rooted firmly on present things, and could be happy enough on this earth, without thinking of the future, if the company of the loved one could be assured. Shall we call it 'profane' love, because such is its feeling? The wonderful love of Jonathan for David is recorded in Scripture without condemnation; yet undoubtedly Jonathan's love was such as this. Thoreau is right in thinking that such love occurs more frequently between persons of the same sex, than between man and woman. For the sexual love, which is a law of nature, is totally different from, and inferior to, this love, unless it is supplemented by the higher. One curse of society is the fact that it so seldom is thus supplemented.

If I find my friend to be unworthy, does it diminish or kill my love? Hardly.

Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds.

I cannot change because my friend has changed, or because my knowledge of him has changed. He may become less of a friend to me; I cannot become less of a friend to him. Inconstancy or fickleness is possible in that connection which looks for a return; but true love expects nothing in exchange for what it

gives, and thereby is enriched immeasurably. It looks for no barter of courtesies and civilities; such things belong to a lower level. If I could not love always, having once loved, I could not feel sure of the immortality of my soul. What is there that can endure, if love cannot? If I go to my own heart, and find its love is transient and inconstant, then indeed I may say all is vanity, and there is no good under the sun. To discover this must lead to atheism and despair.

THE LAWYER'S SECRET.*

CHAPTER IV.—AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

LADY BOLDON had told her maid to call her at seven o'clock on the following morning, saying that she wished to be in time for an early service in church at eight, and that she would breakfast and spend the day at the Rectory. Nobody was surprised, therefore, to see her leaving the Chase alone and on foot next morning about half-past seven, clad in a simple walking costume. Instead of going to the church, however, she turned down a field-path that led to the railway station. The up-train was not due, and she took care to wait, not on the platform, but in the ladies' waiting-room, so that she might at all events diminish the chance of her husband hearing that she had taken a clandestine trip to town.

The train came up; and the half-dozen passengers took their seats, Lady Boldon securing an empty compartment. After the next station the train became a fast one, stopping only twice on the journey to London. There would be plenty of time, Lady Boldon thought, for all she wanted to do.

At the first stoppage, Lady Boldon procured a newspaper, and tried her best to read it. She was not going to allow herself to become excited by thinking perpetually of that one theme. She knew she would want all her wits in the coming interview. The train dashed on its way; and the solitary traveller plodded through the long dull speeches of a debate in Parliament, steadily performing the task she had set herself. At length she came to something in the newspaper that interested her. She was leaning back in her corner, reading, with the paper held up before her face, when the train slackened its speed, and finally stopped. Lady Boldon hardly noticed the fact, and did not change her attitude. The door of the carriage opened; some one got in, closed the door behind him, and sat down opposite her. She finished the report she had been reading, and laid down the paper. 'Hugh!' The word rushed unbidden to her lips. Then she sat, trembling from head to foot, unable to utter a word, gazing at her

* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

discarded lover's face. It was very pale and stern. For the moment he, too, hardly knew how to speak, or what to say. He was the first to recover himself. Politely raising his hat, he said—'I did not know you were in the carriage, Lady Boldon, or I would not have intruded on you.'

'Won't you shake hands?' she said, holding out her daintily gloved little hand.

He just touched it, and looked out of window, as if in hope that some other passengers would come into the carriage. No one did, however. Most of the business men had gone up to town by earlier trains, and those who were left preferred the smoking compartments. But Lady Boldon was determined to break down her old lover's pride and resentment. He had sent her no wedding present, no message, as she well remembered; and she had been glad of it. But she could not bear to see that hard, cold look on his face. It cut her to the heart.

'How do you come to be in the country?' she asked in a natural, matter-of-fact manner, speaking just as if nothing had happened to part them.

'I live here,' he returned; 'I am on my way to the Temple. We are only fifteen miles from London.'

'Oh, I did not know we were so near. But I am so glad to have met you. I seldom see any one that can give me any news of you. How is your work getting on? Any briefs coming in?'

Hugh Thesiger was tempted to reply by saying that the details of his life could not possibly interest Lady Boldon; and his old sweetheart saw plainly in his face that something of the kind was passing in his mind; but he said simply: 'I have no reason to complain, thank you,' and began to unfold his newspaper.

Lady Boldon's eyes flashed. Love and pride struggled together in her breast. Love conquered. Putting her hand on the offending newspaper, she gently pushed it away, and smiled in her companion's face.

'Are you angry with me, Hugh? Now, don't say "No." I know you are. And I think, perhaps, you have a right to be. I made you no promise; yet you might think that, after all our years of friendship, you had a right to have one. I acted for the best, Hugh, believe me. It would never have done for me to be a drag upon you all your life—never. It would have broken my heart to see you crushed out of the society of your equals, tortured by anxiety.—I tell you, Hugh, *you don't know what poverty is*. I do. I have saved you from it in spite of yourself; and one day, perhaps, you will thank me. Poverty kills love, Hugh. It drains a man's spirit—drains it of courage and energy, and the power to do justice to himself, as a vampire might drain his heart's blood. It makes a man weary of his life. You are strong and brave; but poverty, that is, *real*

poverty—not knowing how to pay your taxes or to get the very necessities of life, I mean—that would have crushed strength and bravery, ay, and hope itself, out of your soul!'

Hugh made no answer in words; he merely shook his head.

In putting down the newspaper, Lady Boldon's hand had accidentally touched Hugh's. A thrill that had in it as much pain as pleasure trembled in every nerve of his body, and he shrank from the contact as if it burned him. The lady noticed that, as she noticed everything; but no one would have thought that she had seen the involuntary shrinking from her touch. As she continued speaking, he held down his head, as if reading the outside sheet of the newspaper. Lower and lower his head sank; the tones of that well-remembered voice, which had for him been silent so long, almost unmanned him. By an effort he mastered himself, and lifting himself up met Lady Boldon eye to eye.

'You made your choice; and now—what do you want with me?'

That was what his look said; and Lady Boldon answered his look.

'I want you to let me be your friend,' she said softly. 'Let us be friends, as we used to be in the old time.'

'No!' he said sharply. 'That cannot be. You know it cannot be.'

A great joy, a great wave of pleasure, surged up in the woman's heart as these words fell on her ear. It was not pride, she knew, that made him answer her so—it was love! He loved her still. In spite of all, she held her old place in his heart! She was forced to cover her face with her hands, to conceal her feeling. When she looked up, Thesiger had turned aside, and was gazing out of one of the windows.

'We shall not often meet, Hugh,' she said gently; 'so we need not discuss it. But I will not believe that you could ever be really hard or unkind to me. Never mind. Let us talk about yourself. Are you still as ambitious as ever?'

'I'm afraid I am—and with as little prospect as ever of making a name for myself. If I were rich'—He stopped short.

'If you were rich?'

'I would try to make friends, and get into Parliament. But it is difficult for a poor and unknown man to form influential connections.'

Again Lady Boldon's eyes flashed fire; and, unseen by her companion, she clenched her hands and set her teeth. Sir Richard should not revoke that will!

'Now, I want you to take care of me for an hour,' said Lady Boldon, as the train drew near to London. 'I have an engagement at twelve; and you see I have more than an hour to spare.'

Hugh hesitated.

'Don't say that you have an important case coming on in court, for I shall not believe you. Surely you can spare me a poor half-hour?'

'The whole day, as far as I am concerned; but—forgive me, Lady Boldon—we must think of what the world would say in these things.'

'Oh yes, I see—Mrs Grundy!'

It was on the tip of his tongue to tell her that Mrs Grundy was in the right nine times out of ten, but he only laughed, and said—'Don't quarrel with Mrs Grundy, Lady Boldon; it doesn't pay. But this is an emergency. Suppose we look in at one of the picture-galleries to kill the time?'

'That will be the very thing.'

If Adelaide Boldon had been any other woman, Hugh would have thought that she was straining the privileges of her sex. But her wilful, impetuous manner so vividly reminded him of the past, that he could not find it in his heart to judge her harshly.

They went to a picture-gallery in Bond Street, Hugh feeling all the time a strange mingling of pleasure and discomfort, Lady Boldon apparently quite at her ease and happy. Once or twice Thesiger could almost have pinched himself, to make sure that he was not dreaming. Could it be possible that this was the Adelaide whom he had loved, and whom he had mourned as one dead to him—that this was Adelaide herself, walking, smiling, chatting at his side?

'Can I take you anywhere?' he asked, when the hour had expired.

'If you wouldn't mind seeing me as far as Chancery Lane,' she said, not daring to tell him more.

He got a cab; and they drove together to Fleet Street.

'Now, I must say good-bye, and thank you ever so much for your kindness,' said Lady Boldon, as Hugh helped her to alight.

'When are we to meet again?' he asked, holding her hand for a moment.

'When you come to call at Roby Chase.—You will come, won't you? Promise me that you will.'

Before he had time to answer, Lady Boldon's face changed. She had caught sight of Mr Felix, who was coming straight towards them. Hugh could not help noticing the alteration in her manner, and her subdued agitation, as she said—'This is a gentleman I wish to see; I must speak to him.—Come and see me the first time you are at Chalfont. Do.—Good-bye.'

Mr Felix, looking up, saw them together, and stopped short. He shot a quick, inquiring glance at Thesiger, for he had noticed that the two seemed to be on intimate terms with each other; and a painful sting of jealousy darted through his heart.

'How d'ye do, Mr Felix? It is so lucky that I have met you,' said Lady Boldon. 'I might have had some difficulty in finding your office; and now you can be my pilot yourself.' She spoke with kindness, but with an air of authority, as if it were her place to signify her wish, the solicitor's place to obey her. And he obeyed her without question. Trembling with apprehension, yet with a strange delight, he offered Lady Boldon his arm—for the street was crowded—and led her, first up Chancery Lane, and then down a small street to the right—Norfolk Street.

'How is Sir Richard?' he inquired.

'Much better, or I should not be here,' she replied calmly.

Entering a house which contained several suites of offices, Mr Felix took his visitor up to the second floor, and there she saw the lawyer's name in dingy paint on a door. Lady Boldon was surprised. She had expected to see a handsome building, and large, well-furnished rooms, filled with polite young gentlemen in training for the law. Instead, she saw only one dirty room half-filled by a great cupboard for holding papers, and a huge, old-fashioned mahogany double desk. Two clerks, perched on high stools, were seated at the desk—one, an elderly man, with a thin, pinched, mean-looking face, as yellow as the parchment at which he was labouring. This man's name was Matthew Fane. The other clerk was much younger, not much over twenty. Fane descended from his stool as his master entered the office, and obsequiously opened for him the door of his private room—first, an ordinary door, and then an inner one without a lock, covered with green baize.

'Not to be disturbed, Matthew,' said the lawyer to his subordinate, as he followed Lady Boldon into the inner room.

Matthew Fane went back to his stool.

'Dan,' he said, after a minute's silence, 'I think you'd better try again to serve that writ on Randolph & Bigge as you go to dinner. You can be off now.'

The junior clerk directed a queer look at his senior, when the other's eyes were not upon him. But he kept his thoughts, whatever they were, to himself. He left his seat, changed his coat, selected one paper from a small heap of documents that lay beneath a leaden weight on his desk, and left the office.

No sooner had the door closed behind him, than Matthew Fane slipped from his stool, stole softly to the door of the inner room, and, with the utmost care and gentleness, opened it. The lock was well oiled, and he accomplished the feat of opening the door without making the slightest sound. He then took his pen from behind his ear, and passing it through the opening, pressed gently but steadily on the green-baize door within. It yielded, as he knew it would. Mr Felix's chair was so placed that the door was not visible from it; and it was very unlikely that any stranger would notice that the door was open about a quarter of an inch. If Mr Felix moved in his seat, there was plenty of time to close the outer of the two doors and retreat, as Mr Fane knew from experience.

As soon as the green-baize door yielded, Matthew bent eagerly down to listen, for the clear ringing tones of the lady's voice fell upon his ear.

CHAPTER V.—WHAT MATTHEW FANE OVERHEARD.

'If you were in my place, Mr Felix,' Lady Boldon was saying—'If you were about to be made the victim of so gross an injustice, you would feel about it as I do. But first of all, I want to know—What was in that telegram?'

'The telegram was nothing, I assure you,' answered the lawyer. 'It merely urged me to bring the new will to Roby for signature the

moment it should be ready. There it is, if you care to see it.'

'Sir Richard's purpose remains unchanged, then?'

'Not exactly. I had a letter from him this morning.'

'Ah, yes! Does that alter the situation?'

'In a way, it does.'

'In what way?'

Mr Felix hesitated. 'It makes an alteration in the new will,' he said, after a moment's reflection.

'Well; and what is the new idea?' said the lady haughtily. She had already learned that the more cavalierly she treated this man, the more flexible he became.

He took a letter from a basket which lay on the table, and sat with it in his hand for some seconds without speaking. 'Lady Boldon,' he said at length, 'I have made up my mind to trust you. All I beg of you is to remember that I am placing my reputation in your hands.'

The only reply to this was a haughty bow. The lady did not even trouble to look at the attorney; her eyes were fixed on the letter which he was holding out to her. She took it; and the eavesdropper at the door had no need to speculate upon its purport.

'So long as she remains my widow!'

In her excitement Lady Boldon had sprung to her feet. She positively blazed with passion. 'I understand!' she cried; 'I am to be a breathing monument of my lord's generosity! Just as one puts one's servants in mourning, he would put his wife into mourning—but hers, poor woman, is to be life-long!—No, sir; to this I will *not* submit!' She absolutely tore the sheet of paper in two, and flung it on the ground.

Mr Felix had been tempted to smile at this passionate outburst; but by the time Lady Boldon had said her last words, she had in a sense mastered him. He was intoxicated by her beauty, carried away by her indignation. The temptation which had been present to his mind for days, and which he had never firmly put away from him—that he might, by serving Lady Boldon at this juncture, by sacrificing his honour and incurring some risk for her sake, gain a hold over her which she might not be able to shake off, returned now with tenfold strength. His heart beat tumultuously, his whole body trembled at the thought of the danger he might incur, and the reward that might be his if he succeeded. And when Lady Boldon's mood changed—when, after a minute or two of silence, she lifted her beautiful eyes—eyes that were 'just about to have a tear'—to his face, and said quietly, almost gently, 'Will you not help me?' he found himself for the moment unable to speak.

He rose and paced the room for a minute or two without answering. Two things were present to his mind, when his agitation had abated. In the first place, it might be impossible, probably would be impossible, to frustrate Sir Richard Boldon's intention without actually suppressing a will. But, supposing he were willing to do that, it would never do to yield at once. He must, from the very beginning, impress upon Lady Boldon the im-

mense difficulty, and the positive danger, attending the task she had set him. He must make her understand that, whatever he undertook, she was his partner; and that, if he became guilty, she would share his guilt. And she must also be made to understand that his services could not be had, either now or later, without payment.

'I don't see what we can do, Lady Boldon,' he said, resuming his seat. 'It is all very well to say that you will not submit to the injustice—and I quite admit that it seems to me a very great injustice—but what can be done to prevent it?'

'You can delay—make difficulties about preparing the will.'

'True; but we could only gain a short respite in that way.'

'You might decline to act for him.—No; I see *that* would not do. He would only apply to some other solicitor.'

'Exactly.'

'But surely you can help me, Mr Felix? You are a man. You are a lawyer. You know what can be done, and what is impracticable. Can't you think of *some* way of preventing Sir Richard from defrauding me? It is nothing less than defrauding me; for he promised before the marriage that the estate should be mine in case I survived him. Can you think of no way of hindering him from leaving it to another?'

Lady Boldon was only expressing the belief, which is shared by many women and not a few men, that lawyers can find paths—not always very clean paths perhaps, but safe and respectable ones—by which ends that would be unattainable to ordinary mortals may be reached.

'I am afraid,' said the lawyer slowly, 'that it is beyond my power to prevent the will being signed.'

'Then you cannot help me at all? You would rather see this injustice done, than go out of your way to prevent it?'

'Do not say that, Lady Boldon. You must know that your interests have the first place with me always.'

'And yet you refuse to help me!'

'Pardon me; I did not say that.'

'Or say you can't help me—it comes to the same thing.'

'I—I did not say that either. Opportunities sometimes occur for attaining legitimate ends by what I may call irregular means.'

This was just what had been in Lady Boldon's own mind all along; but put into words it sounded dreadfully vague and hollow.

'Do you mean that you think you will be able to secure the estate for me, one way or another?'

'My dear Lady Boldon, how can I possibly say that? All I can say is, that no efforts of mine shall be wanting to further your views.'

The lady noticed and resented the 'Dear Lady Boldon;' but she could not afford to check this familiarity for the present. She gave a little nervous laugh. 'I almost think you are amusing yourself at my expense, Mr Felix. First you say you are devoted to my interests; and when I ask you *what* you will do to help me, you evade the question with some neat speech.'

Again Mr Felix looked keenly at his visitor. Could she mean that she wished him to say that he was ready to perpetrate a gigantic fraud at her mere bidding, without so much as a hint at recompense?

'It is no laughing matter for—for either of us,' said the solicitor gravely.

Lady Boldon glanced at him uneasily, expecting him to go on. But he could not go on. He wanted to say that if he did this thing, he should expect to be paid for it; and that his price would be a high one; but he could not as yet put his ideas into words.

'I'm afraid I hardly understand,' said Lady Boldon.

'Then it is better that we *should* understand one another. In doing a thing of this kind, there is always a certain risk'—

At this point, the pen with which Matthew Fane was holding the green-baize door ajar slipped, gliding with an audible sound over the rough surface of the cloth; and the door closed. Fane was for the moment paralysed with fright; his knees literally trembled under him. What if the sound had been heard! He would have rushed off to his desk, but that he had at that moment no power to move. It was all he could do to maintain his grasp of the door-handle, and prevent himself from noisily shutting the outer of the two doors in his fright.

But one second after another went by, and nothing happened. As a matter of fact, both the lawyer and the lady were too much engrossed by their own thoughts to hear the sound made by Matthew's pen as it slipped over the cloth. Presently the old clerk recovered from his fright, and gently pushed the inner door open once more. Lady Boldon was speaking, this time in a slow, troubled way, as if puzzling over something she did not quite understand.

'The will must be signed?' she asked.

'Undoubtedly. Until that is done, Sir Richard's mind will not be at rest; and if we thwart him, he will go off to some other solicitor.—And I fear that would settle your fate, Lady Boldon,' he added with a smile.

Again the lady noticed and resented the familiarity of the lawyer's manner. Again she felt powerless to protect herself from it.

'No; that wouldn't do at all,' she said quickly. 'But if the will is once signed, it is all over, is it not? How can you possibly prevent my husband's will from taking effect after it is signed?'

'I think, perhaps, you had better leave that in my hands,' was the answer.

In spite of himself, the lawyer's voice trembled as he said this. It was the first thing he had said that amounted to a promise to play the part of—well, a scoundrel.

Lady Boldon made no answer. Another woman might have reflected that it was just as well that she should know nothing of the lawyer's schemes. But Lady Boldon was not the sort of woman to console herself with the thought that the risk would fall on another. She did not even see clearly that there must be a risk, because she did not fully comprehend that her object could not, in all probability, be carried out without the committing of a crime.

She was just then thinking that if her husband once signed the new will, she would be entirely dependent on Mr Felix for getting the effect of it set aside, and that she had no means of binding him to be faithful to her interests.

'The chief thing we must guard against,' continued the lawyer, after a short pause, 'is allowing Sir Richard to communicate his intention to any one. Fortunately, he is not a talkative man; and I happen to know that he is not on very good terms with his heir-at-law—at least it was so twelve months ago. Do you know whether your husband has told anybody that he has been thinking of making a fresh disposition of his property?'

'I believe he has told the curate—in fact, I told him myself,' said Lady Boldon.

'Ah! The curate? What is his name?'

'Mr Lynd. He tried to make Sir Richard change his mind, but without the least success.'

For a minute or two Mr Felix seemed to be in a brown-study. 'I must go down to Roby to-morrow, to get the new will executed,' he said, after a long pause.

'And even if it is signed, you think there is still some ground for hope?'

'Yes; even then, I think, we need not despair.'

She meant it innocently: that is to say, in her intense desire that the thing should be done, she would not stop to consider how impossible it was that it could be done by legitimate means. She did not know that she was allowing her covetousness to lead her blindfold to the verge of crime. Mr Felix, however, did not deceive himself in any way. He chose words which had a harmless signification—they might have referred to a possible revocation of the new will by Sir Richard himself—on purpose that Lady Boldon's susceptibilities might not be shocked. But he had intended her to understand, and he believed that she did understand, that he might perhaps consent to suppress the will in her interest.

At this point in the conversation Matthew Fane heard a quick step in the passage outside. In an instant he let the green-baize door, which closed with a spring, fall into its place; and quickly, yet without the least noise, he shut the outer of the two doors. But before he could regain his desk, his fellow-clerk entered the office.

This young man was named Daniel O'Leary. He was Matthew Fane's nephew. He was a thorough Londoner, densely ignorant of everything that lay outside the sphere of his own observation, but perfectly acquainted with all that lay within it, and sharp as a needle when his own interests were concerned. His clothes were cheap, of course, but cut according to the prevailing mode. His hair was red, his features insignificant, his eyes small and keen. He took his seat in silence, and regarded his uncle for some seconds without saying a word.

'What's up since I've been away, uncle?' he asked quietly.

'What's up? Nothin's up. What should be up, I should like to know?' retorted the old man angrily.

The young man pondered a few moments,

slowly shaking his head. 'You've been lis'enin' at the door of the governor's room; an' my belief is you've heard somethin' spesh'l, or you wouldn't be so bloomin' crusty at bein' asked a civil question.—Eh? You seem to me to be all of a fluster. I can see it in your eye.'

Matthew went on with his work without making any reply.

'I say, uncle,' continued O'Leary in a lower tone, 'have you heard anythin' good? Have you got your thumb on old Fely? I thought, when I came in, you looked as if you had. You'd better tell me all about it.—You won't, eh? All right, my dear sir; I'll find out.'

Just then the door of Mr Felix's room opened, and Lady Boldon came out, accompanied by the lawyer.

'You will permit me to see you to the railway station?' said Mr Felix, as they passed through the outer office.

'Oh, I could not think of occupying so much of your time; indeed, I have trespassed upon it too long already,' was Lady Boldon's answer, spoken graciously enough. In reality, she had a feeling that it would be safer, since her visit to the lawyer had been paid in secret, that they should not be seen together at the railway terminus, where people from Woodchurch might observe them.

Mr Felix saw that he was not wanted, and did not contest the point. He put Lady Boldon into a cab, and saw her drive away. But he could not return to the office. He wandered into the Temple Gardens, and remained there alone for more than an hour, speculating on the future. All his life he had been a solitary man. His existence had been always dull, often wearisome. Now, when he had ceased to hope that anything in the shape of romance would come to him, a new vista opened before him. The fire of passion had kindled in his heart; and to-day he saw plainly that, in order to gain the woman he loved, he must commit a crime. He was not appalled at the thought. Discovery was the only thing he feared, and that he thought he could avert. After all, there was not much risk. He gave free scope to his imagination, speculating on the possibility of concealing the new will in such a way that he might afterwards, if need be, pretend to discover it, and thus retrace the step he had taken. The real difficulty, he saw very well, lay not in the suppression of the will, but in getting Lady Boldon to consent to marry him in return for this service. He was not vain enough to imagine that she would marry him willingly. But he thought that if she would only consent to be his wife, he could compel her to love him, at least after a fashion. Oh yes! she would come to love him—there could be no doubt of it. And they would be rich. They would go to Italy, or the Riviera, and leave this squalid, fog-encircled city. It was a beautiful dream: the mere pleasure of dreaming it was exquisite.

Mr Felix left the Garden and went on the Embankment. There he stood, leaning on the parapet, and watching the great river flowing seawards at his feet. The old, old simile, so obvious that no one can miss it, recurred to

his mind. His life was like that river. He was being carried on with irresistible force. Whither? The end must be near.—The thought was insupportable. The old lawyer turned away with a bitter pang at his heart. He tried to recall the pleasant fancies in which he had been steeped for the last hour; but they would not come. The dream had vanished. Nought was left but a sense of emptiness and loneliness, and a vague dread of an approaching doom.

Meantime, Lady Boldon had reached the railway terminus. Her excitement had prevented her from feeling hungry; and she had not thought of going to a restaurant. She got a bun at the railway refreshment-room: that was all she had to eat during the day.

It was late in the afternoon before the train reached Woodhurst, and of course Lady Boldon had to walk home. She took the nearest way, through some meadows where the grass was wet with recent rains. Before she had been in the fields ten minutes her thin boots were wet through. She had undergone much fatigue since the morning; but she did not for a moment regret having gone to London. She had gained something, at all events, she told herself. Mr Felix had promised that, if he could possibly help it, she should not lose the estate; and she had gathered from his manner, rather than from his words, that he thought he could help her effectually.

When she reached the house, Lady Boldon found that her husband was no worse than he had been the day before, though not decidedly better. No one had called, except the curate. Mr Lynd, the nurse told her, had been sitting with Sir Richard for the best part of an hour. 'He asked for you, my lady,' said the butler.

'Who?' asked Lady Boldon sharply. Somehow, she found it difficult to fix her attention. She was shivering a little, and very, very tired.

'Mr Lynd, my lady,' answered the servant, allowing a faint surprise to appear in his countenance; 'and as you were not at home, he wrote a note for your ladyship, and left it on the library table. Shall I fetch it?'

'Yes—no; I will get it myself.'

In an instant her fatigue vanished. She walked swiftly into the library. A white envelope was conspicuous on a small writing-table. She snatched it up and tore it open at once. The sheet of paper inside bore only the words—'I did my best; I am sorry to say with no success.—S. L.'

Lady Boldon dropped into a chair, holding the curate's note clasped tightly in her hand.

'Shall I order dinner, my lady?' asked the butler, coming into the room.

'No; I don't feel inclined for dinner. I don't feel very well, Walters. Tell my maid I want her; and ask cook to send a cup of tea to my room. I can't eat anything.'

The maid soon saw that her mistress was suffering from a feverish cold; and she lost no time in sending for the nurse, who understood in a moment that she would now have two invalids on her hands instead of one.

All that night Lady Boldon tossed to and

fro, unable to sleep, at times slightly delirious. Towards morning, she fell into a deep slumber, and did not awake till past noon.

'How is Sir Richard?' were the first words she uttered when she awoke.

'Much the same, my lady,' answered the maid.

'Get me my dressing-gown; I will go and see him.'

'Beg pardon, my lady; but Dr Jackson saw your ladyship while you were asleep, and said you were very far from well, and were on no account to leave your bed to-day.'

'Nonsense; do as I tell you.'

But no sooner did she try to move, than she found out that the doctor was right, and that she was wrong. She was astonished at her own weakness.

'Mr Lynd is with Sir Richard,' said the girl, after a pause, 'unless he has gone by this time.'

Lady Boldon was not surprised. She knew that the curate was devoted to his work, and was specially active in calling on the sick. And her second thought was, that it was extremely fortunate for her that Mr Lynd and not the Rector was attending to her husband's spiritual needs. If her father and Sir Richard were to meet, it might come out that she had not been near the Rectory on the preceding day. That would undoubtedly have been awkward; but the Rector and the Squire were not likely to meet. They had had a little disagreement, just enough to make Mr Bruce unwilling to go to the Chase; and he was very pleased to let Mr Lynd take that duty off his hands.

'And a gentleman has come from London,' added the maid.

'From London! Do you mean Mr Felix?' asked Lady Boldon, the colour suddenly brightening in her cheeks.

'I don't know the name, my lady; but I'll inquire. I know he was brought from the station, and Saunders went to meet the up-train.'

'Yes; it is Mr Felix, no doubt,' she said to herself. What did he mean by coming to get the will signed so soon? Surely a little delay, if it could do no good, could have done no harm. Then she said to the maid, 'Who is answering the bell of Sir Richard's room? Fulton, is it not?'

'Yes, my lady.'

'Go down and tell him that if Mr Felix, the gentleman from London, asks for me, I am to be told at once. Remember that—at once. If he asks to see me, I must get up and see him. You understand?'

'Yes, my lady.'

The message was duly delivered; but the hours of the autumn afternoon went slowly by, and no one came to Lady Boldon's door to say that Mr Felix had been inquiring for her. She was anxious not to seem curious about his movements; but at length, in as careless a tone of voice as she could command, she put the question, and learned that the lawyer had been gone for the last two hours. He had been only a short time with Sir Richard, and, after a hasty lunch, had returned to London.

'What could I expect? Why should he wish to see me to-day?' said Lady Boldon to herself. 'But I must see him again before anything further is done—and I will.'

(To be continued.)

THE VOLCANOES OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

It is not the geologist alone who takes an interest in volcanoes. The extraordinary power displayed in their operations, the tremendous and awe-inspiring phenomena with which their eruptions are frequently accompanied, the devastation which their floods of red-hot lava and their deadly showers of ashes occasionally effect, all tend to awaken and to exercise the imaginative faculty in man. The ancients, with their love of personification, were content to represent them as the scene of some colossal struggle between antagonistic gods, or as the prison of some indignant deity; but the modern world looks at them differently, and if it could be done, would slice them into sections as a cook slices an onion, and so exhibit before our eyes layer by layer of their interior, showing their mode of growth and the constituents of which they are formed. Volcanoes are an attractive study, whether we view them as an active illustration of how the great part of the earth's crust was at one time laid down, or as a mere exhibition of natural magnificence and power.

Ten or eleven years ago Professor Judd published his able work on Volcanoes, which work formed the most important treatise on the subject that had till then appeared. According to him, the three essential conditions on which the production of volcanic phenomena seemed to depend were, firstly, the existence of certain apertures or cracks communicating between the interior and the surface of the earth; secondly, the presence of matter in a highly heated condition beneath the surface; and thirdly, the existence of great quantities of water imprisoned in the subterranean regions—which water, escaping as steam, gives rise to all those active phenomena which we associate with the existence of volcanoes. It cannot be said that subsequent investigations into the subject have made any essential change necessary in this statement of the conditions upon which volcanic phenomena depend; but our knowledge of the detailed working of volcanoes has been largely added to, and by none more so than the veteran American scientist, Mr James D. Dana, in his volume on the Volcanoes of the Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands.*

These islands, it need hardly be said, form a small archipelago in the North Pacific, and are known as the Kingdom of Hawaii, from the name of the principal island of the group. They are still, however, familiarly remembered by the name of Sandwich Islands, the name given to them by Captain Cook after Lord Sandwich, who was at that time First Lord of the Admiralty.

* 'Characteristics of Volcanoes, with Contributions of Facts and Principles from the Hawaiian Islands, including a Historical Review of Hawaiian Volcanic Action for the past sixty-seven years,' &c. By James D. Dana. London: Sampson Low.

alty. The islands were said to have been first discovered in 1542, and to have been rediscovered by Captain Cook in 1778, and there, in the following year, he lost his life, perishing at the hands of the natives. The islands appear to be wholly volcanic in formation, and are still the seat of the largest and most active volcanoes in the world. The two highest mountains, both volcanic, are Mauna-Kea and Mauna-Loa, in the island of Hawaii, being respectively 13,805 and 13,675 feet in altitude. On the eastern slope of Mauna-Loa is the marvellous crater of Kilauea, the largest active volcano existing.

This crater differs from such as that of Vesuvius in having no enclosing cone, being what Mr Dana calls a 'pit-crater,' that is, a crater surrounded mostly by vertical walls, and these walls made of the nearly horizontal edges of stratified lava-streams. 'The history of these volcanoes,' says Mr Dana, 'is such as has been supplied by no other volcanic region. Commonly it is the eruption that draws attention to the volcano; and the course of the flow, the characteristics of the lava, and the devastations of the fiery stream and the earthquakes, make up nine-tenths of all the published facts. At Kilauea, on the contrary, it is a history of the *inner workings* of the volcano; of the movements and changes that take place within the crater over the various parts of the great area where come into view the outlets of the subterranean lava-column; and of these events as steps in the line of progress from its emptied condition after a great eruption till ready again for an outbreak. In Vesuvius, the crater may be accessible for a time after a discharge; . . . but in general, long before the time of eruption, the vapours and cinder ejections make access to the bottom impossible. The crater of *Ætna* is far away from habitations, and it has therefore had no regular series of interior investigations. Kilauea alone is always accessible.'

It is difficult, without a diagram, to give the reader an idea of what the immense crater of Kilauea is like. Its length is fourteen thousand feet, or very nearly three miles, and the breadth somewhat less. The form of the crater internally is peculiar. If one were to dig a little hole in the ground, roughly oval in shape, say three yards by two, and a foot in depth, then into the middle of this hole sink a large flower-pot till the rim was level with the bottom of the excavation—something like the shape of the crater of Kilauea would be obtained. When the crater is, so to speak, empty—that is, during the collapse that follows a great eruption—the height of the vertical exterior walls of the crater is something like six hundred feet. At this depth there is a more or less level platform, called the Black Ledge, all round the central pit, which pit is in its turn still from four to six hundred feet deeper. The great extent of the area covered by the crater, and the height of the surrounding walls above the bottom of it, afford excellent facilities for observation. Although the crater is so large, its level above the sea is not much over four thousand feet, or similar to that of Vesuvius. 'Even when the crater is ready for an eruption, it is safe to stand on the brink of the great pit and watch the boiling caldrons, and sweeping lava-floods, and violent but harmless

flowing-cones. The action of the liquid lavas is ordinarily so quiet and regular that all parts of the great open arena may be traversed with safety; and the margins of the fiery lakes, if the heat is not too great, may be made a sleeping-place for the night—with only this possibility, that the lavas may well up and spill over. This spilling over may be the sending away of a stream for a mile or two across the crater's bottom; but, standing a little to one side, it does no damage, and the next day the fresh lavas may be walked upon. Thus the crater may be followed in all its interior changes month after month. There is terrible sublimity in the quiet work of the mighty forces, and also something alluring in the free ticket offered to all comers.'

For the details and history of the observations which have been made from time to time on this and other of the Hawaiian volcanoes, by scientific men, missionaries, and travellers, we must refer the reader to Mr Dana's pages. The general course of the phenomena in the crater of Kilauea may, however, be stated. As already described, it has a pit within a pit—the lower pit when empty being about four hundred feet below the other. Eruptions on a large scale appear to have taken place about once in every eight or nine years. In the course of these eruptions immense volumes of lava are discharged, running for miles and miles across the island. Then comes the period of comparative quiescence, when the emptied crater begins once more to be filled. It would appear that the molten rock, heaved up from a great depth underground, gradually gathers in the lower pit of the crater, the bottom of which goes on rising till it reaches the level of the Black Ledge, when of course it has a tendency to spill over. This process takes some years. Then comes the time when, by the introduction perhaps of a stream of water after a rainy season into the underground sea of boiling rock, an eruption is brought about. The water reaches the molten rock through crevices and other openings in the earth, and when there, is immediately converted into vapour, which vapour expands, and by its expansive force causes great explosions, which explosions must of course find vent at the mouth of the crater, and so we have the mountain in a state of eruption—fountains of lava spouting hundreds of feet in the air, and covering the district around with its scorïæ and ashes and lava beds.

At other times the accumulated lava in the neck of the crater finds outlet by a subterranean passage, and in this way the crater is equally emptied. In the year 1868, there occurred one of these outbreaks and 'down-plunges.' It was preceded by a succession of heavy earthquakes, culminating on Thursday the 2d of April in a shock of terrific violence. With the occurrence of this great shock, fissures were opened from the south end of Kilauea south-westward for a distance of thirteen miles. Simultaneously with the violent shock, a decline began in the fires of Kilauea, and that very same night 'the liquid lavas had disappeared from all the cones and were confined to the lakes; by Saturday night all the lakes were emptied except the Great Lake; finally, by Sunday night, the 5th, the Great Lake had lost its lavas, and all was darkness and quiet. Where the lava went to is unknown.' A

subsequent observer, referring to this strange phenomenon, thus vividly describes it: 'Suddenly, one day, the greater part of the lava-floor sank down, or fell down, a depth of about five hundred feet, to the level where we now walked. The wonderful tale was plain to us as we examined the details on the spot. It was as though a top-heavy and dried-out pie-crust had fallen in at the middle, leaving a part of the circumference bent down, but clinging at the outside of the dish.'

A FEEBLE ATONEMENT.

'E's tipsy!' 'E's 'aving a rest!' 'What is it?' 'Only a sandwich-man!' One of the miserable gutter file had slipped and fallen on the Strand pavement. With the imperial air of the neophyte medicine-man, Talbot Villiers parted the crowd. A Samaritan stood by with a little brandy in a glass. Talbot put it to the human advertisement's lips. The man opened his eyes with a look of gratitude. The look touched the young medical student. He held up his finger for a cab, then he assisted the fallen man into it and took a seat opposite.

'Where to?' asked Talbot. 'Where do you live? I am going home with you.'

'Tallot Street, Westminster, No. 5,' murmured the other feebly. 'My name is Stern, John Stern.'

Talbot gave the direction to the cabman; then he examined his companion more closely. He was an elderly man of refined features. His clothes, though shabby, were remarkably clean, his linen was clean, and he was clean shaven. In fact, such a surplus of cleanliness in one of his late occupation was rather suspicious. Stern bore the young man's scrutiny with visible uneasiness. He leant suddenly over to Villiers.

'Sir,' he said, 'if you are going home with me, will you keep my carrying of the boards a secret? I don't want it to come to the ears of my daughter. I am pretty nearly useless for work; but I wish to help her all I can, and that is why I come into the City to carry those boards. She thinks I work at an office.'

'I quite understand,' said Talbot pityingly. 'Your secret is safe with me.' The words of the man had aroused every generous instinct of his nature. 'What made you faint?'

'Hunger,' replied Stern laconically.

Talbot made a hurried motion to stop the cab. Stern laid his hand on his arm, and restrained him. 'No, sir,' he said. 'I am indebted to you already. You cannot help me further; I cannot take anything from you, even food. But I thank you, all the same.'

Stern's tone was decisive, and Talbot regarded him in amazement. The first answer had showed him what little way he had made in medical diagnosis; the second, how little he knew of human nature. The pride that prevented a hungry man accepting food was to Talbot preposterous. This feeling gave way, however, to one of involuntary respect. At last the cab stopped. Cabs seemed a novelty in Tallot Street, for a face appeared at nearly every window. A girl of about twenty was

looking from No. 5. As the cab drew up, she turned very pale, and rushed to the door.

'My daughter, Kate,' said Stern. 'Remember your promise, sir.'

'All right,' replied Talbot; then, as the girl came to the cab door, he raised his hat. 'Don't be alarmed; your father has happened with a slight accident. He slipped on the kerb. He's all right; but I thought I had better drive home with him from the—the office.'

At the sight of her father walking from the cab, the colour rushed back to her cheeks in such vivid and delicate tints, and showed so clearly the beauty of her complexion, that Talbot stood gazing at her in silent admiration. His eyes lingered on her in a most embarrassing silence. They took in the lines of the slight graceful figure, the nut-brown hair, and the honest, steadfast eyes.

'I'll call to-morrow,' he said with a start, 'and hear how he is—that is, if you don't mind.'

It was evident that Kate regarded him as a junior member of some unknown and eminently Christian firm. 'You are very kind,' she said—'very kind indeed.'

'Don't mention it,' stammered Talbot.—'Good-morning—I mean good-afternoon—Miss Stern.'

He re-entered the cab, and telling the cabman to drive anywhere, escaped from Tallot Street in some confusion. But he was true to his promise. He called the next day, and the day after, and many more times. The state of Stern's health seemed to become a very serious matter. At last this pleasant fiction exploded. He came one afternoon when her eyes were weary with typewriting, and the sight maddened him. He clasped her in his arms. 'Kate, my own dear Kate,' he cried, 'I love you, and I want you to be my wife. Will you, Kate?'

Kate looked into his eyes. He needed no other answer; and they passed the afternoon building up a quiet little Bloomsbury practice. Stern was to be made a dispenser. Over the teacups, Kate told her father of Talbot's proposal. He kissed her, and sighed. It was not in him to spoil a love-dream; but he scented danger. Talbot Villiers was a gentleman in every sense of the word; but Talbot Villiers had undoubtedly a father. Who was he? Villiers, senior, would without doubt have his say, unless he was a very mild father indeed. Early the next day, a day when Stern had no 'copying' to do in the City, a letter arrived from Talbot enclosing two tickets for the theatre. The letter ran: 'I want you and your father both to see this piece. It was produced last night with the greatest success. After you have both seen it, I'll tell you why I am, so anxious you should go. I have enclosed some press cuttings which will give you an idea of the plot and the way it is staged. I'm sorry I can't come; but I have a little business to transact with dad.'

It was the first time he had mentioned that ominous person. 'Dad' suddenly loomed up very large in Kate's thoughts. Villiers, senior, unaccountably depressed her. She tried to throw this depression off by telling her father about the theatre. The play was called 'A Woman's Love.' Stern had carried the boards

that advertised its 'first night.' To Kate's great astonishment, her father refused to go. She pressed him why.

'I can't go,' said Stern gravely.—'Don't look so grieved, Kate. Let me tell you why; then perhaps you will understand me. A long time ago I wrote a play'—

'You wrote a play!' interrupted Kate breathlessly. 'I knew, you dear, old father, you were clever. Talbot said you were clever. He said you had a clever face.'

Stern smiled sadly at this innocent tribute. 'Writing a play, Kate, and getting it acted are two very different things. I wrote this play in want, in misery, and with an ailing wife by my side. I wrote it in the odd moments snatched from my work. I built high hopes upon it, my dear; I put my whole heart into it, and I fondly dreamt it would lift from me a burden of debt and give me a name. I signed it with a *nom de guerre*, and sent it to a dramatist called Fielding Clark. I called upon him afterwards and asked his opinion of the play. He told me he had lost it. Then, Kate, I lost heart. Poverty drove me from pillar to post, and of the many things I grew to hate, the theatre was one.'

Kate threw her arms round him and kissed him. 'And to think but for that accident,' she cried, 'you might have been a great man! Never mind!'

'No,' said Stern, wearily passing his hand over his forehead, 'never mind.—But what have you got in your hand?'

'They are the press notices of the new play. They came with the tickets.'

'Well, my dear, I'm just going to have a pipe at the back of the house; I'll look over them. Perhaps I'll go, after all. You are entering soon on a new life, and it's about time I should throw aside my prejudices.'

He fondly kissed her, and took down his pipe. When her father was gone, Kate drew in thought to the window. To think how narrowly she had escaped being a dramatist's daughter! While her mind was thus exalted, she observed a gentleman of middle age attentively scanning the houses. He was not a prepossessing gentleman. He was dark, slimly built, and of a sarcastic aspect. At last he fixed his gaze on to No. 5, and opened the gate. With a vague misgiving, Kate ran to the door.

'Pardon me,' said the visitor blandly, 'but is this Mr Stern's?'

'Yes,' answered Kate, feeling cold, 'this is Mr Stern's.'

'And if I judge aright,' said the stranger still more blandly, 'you are Miss Kate Stern. May I have the honour of a few moments' conversation with you? My name is Barry Villiers.'

Talbot's father! The ominous 'dad' in the background! With a very pale face, Kate ushered him into the house. He politely waited for her to seat herself, then sat down.

'I fear,' he began, 'I have called on a rather unpleasant errand. My visit concerns a flirtation between you and my son.'

Kate caught her breath. 'There has been no flirtation, Mr Villiers. Your son has told me

that he loved me, and I am not ashamed of returning his love.'

Villiers bowed. 'A boy-and-girl attachment,' he said airily. 'I heard of it from my son's lips to-day. Of course it cannot proceed. It is folly; but then, when were lovers wise? I can assure you, Miss Stern, though fully appreciating your affection for my son, that you must give up all thoughts of this marriage.' He smiled.

'Give up all thoughts of it!' cried Kate, with pale lips. 'Is that your son's message?'

'No—of course not. I am here to reason with you. You are a mere child; I am a man of the world. We look at these things from different stand-points. But a marriage is impossible. Your position'—

'You mean,' interrupted Kate, 'that you are rich, and I am poor.'

'Exactly. In all other respects, you are no doubt my son's equal; but this unfortunate circumstance is sufficient to restrain me from giving my consent. I cannot see my son's prospects blighted. I am willing to pay any price'—

Kate's eyes blazed. The suave, insinuating manner of Talbot's 'dad' roused her. His way of putting a price on the affections brought back her colour. 'My price,' she said scornfully, 'for what? The love I bear him?'

Villiers coolly changed his tactics. 'Pardon me; I was wrong. I ought not to have made such a suggestion. But you say you love my son. Well, his career is in your hands. Will you blight it? It rests with you.'

'You are putting the whole responsibility of his future on my shoulders,' she answered bitterly. 'Is that the act of a gentleman? Is it the act of a father who loves his son?'

Villiers regarded her more attentively. His suavity diminished. 'You are more clever,' he said coldly, 'than I thought. I will say no more. If you take my friendly visit in this spirit, I can do nothing. But you may take it as my last word that if my son marries you, he does so a beggar. I cast him off; I utterly disown him.'

'And yet,' cried Kate, 'you say you love him!'

Villiers took up his hat; he fixed her with a keen, cold glance. 'I do. And here is my cheque-book to prove it. I will pay any sum to release him from a degrading marriage.'

'Degrading!' The girl staggered. 'I will prove to you,' she said in a quivering tone, 'which love is the strongest. I will give him up; I will tell him so from my own lips. And if ever you tell your son of this interview, you may say that I refused to marry him, because I loved him. That is my answer.' She sank into the chair from which she had risen, and covered her face with her hands.

Barry Villiers's face lightened. 'My dear young lady, I have wronged you. Pray, make some allowance for a father's affection. Let me reward you for this act of self-sacrifice.' He pulled out his cheque-book and stood beside her, apparently considering the sum, when the door that led to the back opened and Stern walked in. He looked first at his daughter, then at Villiers. As their eyes met, something

like an electric shock seemed to pass from one to the other.

'Fielding Clark!' cried Stern.

Kate gave a start. Barry Villiers was Fielding Clark, the dramatist. Talbot's father was the author of the play for which they had received the tickets. She turned an amazed look upon her father. His face frightened her. It was exultant denunciatory. For a moment, Stern's face seemed to have the same effect upon Barry Villiers. He seemed disconcerted, ill at ease. In Stern's hand were the press notices crumpled in a ball. Villiers was the first to regain his composure.

'Sinclair!' he cried, 'John Sinclair. This is a surprise.'

Stern turned to his daughter. 'Leave us a moment, Kate,' he said. 'I have a few words to say to this—this gentleman.'

Kate rose, and with a wondering look at her father, quitted the room. When she was gone, he fixed a scorching look on Barry Villiers. That gentleman promptly held out his hand. Stern contemptuously disregarded it.

'I don't know why you are in my house,' he said slowly. 'But no doubt you can explain it. I should say you are a man who could explain anything. Perhaps you can explain this.' He held up the crumpled ball of paper. 'These are press notices of a play produced last night. That play was mine. You stole it. You are a liar and a villain!'

Villiers put down his hat. 'Sinclair,' he said, and his tones were almost plaintive, 'you will regret those words. Yet they were spoken in the heat of the moment, and I forgive you.'

His retort was so staggering, that Stern gazed at him dazed. He nearly apologised.

'No doubt,' pursued Villiers, 'you think the worst of me. It is not unnatural. But there are extenuating circumstances. I own the play was yours. I own I used it. But at the time you came to me it was really lost. I had mislaid it. I had no knowledge of your real name—I take it that the agreeable young lady who has just left us is your daughter—I had no means of reaching you. I sought for you, I advertised for you, under the name of Sinclair; but in the tide of London life you were swept away. Then, Sinclair—I mean Stern—I was tempted. There came to me the great temptation of my life. I was worked out; a manager stood at my elbow, and I took your play. It was culpable—very culpable; but the question is, what are you going to do in it? He paused, and looked, not altogether without anxiety, at the man he had wronged.

Stern stood before him dejected. To a third party he might easily have been mistaken for the one who was most to blame. What was he going to do in it? The hot fire of vengeance had died from him. He stood now only with the cold ashes of lost hopes.

'Of course,' said Villiers, 'you could harm me, perhaps prosecute me; but it would be unchristian.'—Stern thought of the sandwich boards, and glared at him.—'Give me the opportunity,' he went on hastily, 'of making atonement. We are both middle-aged men. Why live in the past? Why should we cloud the happiness of others?'

'The happiness of others? What do you mean?'

'I'll explain,' said Villiers. 'You know me as Clark. Villiers is my name, and Talbot Villiers is my son. You may not have noticed the likeness. He takes after his mother.'

'Thank God!' cried Stern fervently; but the relationship troubled him.

'He loves your daughter. The match seemed to me an undesirable one, and I came here to-day to break it off. Now it is the dearest wish of my heart. Why should we blight their lives?'

Stern gazed at him amazed. Here was a fresh sophistry. Villiers had robbed him, and now held out a net for him. Stern's brain grew hot.

'I say "we," but of course I mean you. I have no power to do anything. You have the power. If you are so unchristian as to expose me, you do so at the price of their happiness, at the price of youth and innocence. You shall have all the money I took for the play.—I may be a villain,' said Villiers with a virtuous burst, 'but I have a conscience. This is a feeble atonement; Stern; call it, if you like, the beginning of one; but do you accept it?'

Stern could make no reply. The desire for vengeance had fled; but in its place was a dull longing for justice. Then he thought of Talbot, of the afternoon in the Strand. 'Go now,' he cried hoarsely. 'I want to think this over. I'll send you my answer.' He walked, as if he were carrying the sandwich boards, into the shadow of the room and sat down on a chair.

Barry Villiers stood in the sunlight. He gazed anxiously at Stern, and was about to open his mouth, when his eyes fell upon the door of the inner room. It had opened, and Kate Stern stood on the threshold. With a smile of relief, the man of the world bowed, and went out of the front door. Kate approached her father and laid her hand on his shoulder. Stern looked up, and saw the traces of recent tears. He kissed her; and then love conquered both the desire to reinstate himself, and be quits with the man who had robbed him. 'My dear,' he said, 'you shall marry Talbot.'

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

CARBONADO is the name given to a form of crystallised carbon which is too black and opaque to be reckoned as a diamond. It is, however, a most useful substance, for its extreme hardness enables it to cut into any other substance known, and it is largely used for tool-points. Set in the 'crown' of a drill, these black diamonds are employed for piercing holes through rock, often to immense depths. A rival substance of artificial preparation has been produced by Mr E. G. Acheson of Philadelphia. He calls it Carborundum, and it represents a compound hitherto unknown to chemistry, a mixture of one atom of carbon with one atom of silicon. These elements are

combined in the electric furnace, and the resulting new compound, it is believed, will rank with the most valuable abrasives known.

An Hungarian chemist, Dr Johann Antal, is said to have discovered an antidote to prussic acid in the nitrate of cobalt, the efficacy of which has been proved to demonstration. Unfortunately, the poison named is of such a powerful nature—that is to say, so rapid in its effects—that there is in the majority of cases no time to get an antidote, even were one at hand. The nitrate of cobalt, too, is not easy to obtain, for it is not comprised in the drugs of our pharmacopœia.

The occurrence of what is known as ball-lightning is so rare, that every instance of it is of some interest. The *Lancet* lately described a narrow escape from death by this form of lightning, which was experienced by a distinguished surgeon of Louvain, who had gone to visit a patient in a neighbouring town. He was overtaken by a thunder-storm, and what he described as a ball of fire descended upon and rendered him for some time unconscious. On coming to himself, he found that the cloth of the umbrella which he had been holding was completely burnt off its steel framework, the metal being twisted into every shape. He attributes his safety to the circumstance that the umbrella has a wooden handle; had it been of metal, he must have been instantaneously killed.

During the late Dundee whaling expedition to the Antarctic regions, certain fossils were collected which formed the subject of comment at a recent meeting of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. Professor Geikie pointed out that all the genera to which the specimens belonged were now living, and had a wide distribution, and that the only conclusion which could be drawn from them was that the Antarctic sea must have once existed under far more genial conditions than the present.

Some very interesting experiments, explaining the nature of bullet-wounds, were shown at a recent lecture, by Dr Victor Horsley, at the Royal Institution. He pointed out that, after certain Continental wars and outbreaks, the wounds exhibited such characteristics that one side had charged the other with employing explosive bullets. He then showed that a magazine rifle bullet in passing through a sheet of half-inch iron first telescoped itself, so as to make a hole of larger diameter than might be expected, and then tore away the metal from the further side of the target. By firing a bullet into damp clay, he was able, by filling up the hole with plaster of Paris, to get an exact cast of the path of the bullet, which represented in shape not a tube, but a bulbous opening the shape of a Florence flask. The damper the clay, the larger the space ploughed out. The conclusion at which he arrived was, that the magazine rifle, however effective it might be, was certainly not a humane weapon.

A somewhat unnecessary fuss has been made over the various methods of stopping bullets, which have suddenly been evolved by inventive brains. The upshot of these experiments seems to be what most of us knew before, that bullets from modern rifles can only be effectually

stopped by targets which are either too weighty or bulky to be available as part of a soldier's equipment. But a use for the bullet-proof cuirass may yet be found, if we may believe a statement regarding certain rifle experiments which took place lately at Zwickau in Saxony. Twelve infantry soldiers armed with small-bore rifles and using hard-cased bullets, were ordered to fire simultaneously at a brick wall two and a half metres high and about forty centimetres thick, at a distance of three hundred metres. At the ninth volley the wall fell a heap of ruins. It would be interesting to know the composition of the brick, and whether a jerry builder had been employed to erect the wall.

In the last Soudan war we heard much of an armoured train which served at night-time to keep the marauding Arabs in check. An improved appliance of the same nature has been proposed for home coast-defence, and some successful trials of it have recently been made in Sussex on the railway line which skirts the coast. The armour-clad vehicle is about the size of an ordinary luggage van, and it contains a forty-pounder gun and wheeled carriage mounted on a turn-table, so that the muzzle can be pointed in any direction. The wheels run on inclined rails so as to reduce the recoil, and special appliances have been employed to prevent any injury to the permanent way. This armour-clad defence forms a striking contrast to the old martello towers which still dot the coast of Sussex at intervals of a quarter of a mile.

A few years ago there was a great outcry in this country for technical education. The demand has been met, and technical schools have sprung up in all parts. One of the most recent is that opened at Cambridge by Lord Kelvin, who prophesied great results from the attachment of such a department to the university. He urged that it was a great benefit to the world at large that her engineers should be able to secure a university education, and not be mere skilled artisans. The head of the new engineering laboratory at Cambridge is Professor Ewing.

In the Tilbury and Southend Railway (Essex) a sparrow's nest containing eggs has been found between the bottom of one of the carriages and the Westinghouse brake. The carriage has been in constant use.

In a recent paper on Liquid Fuel, read before the Society of Arts by Mr G. Stockfleth, it was stated that this method of firing was used for domestic purposes in some of the houses at Baku. The apparatus was simple in the extreme. A tank near the top of the house contained the oil, which was led by half-inch tubes to the various stoves. Each stove was provided with a small cast-iron disc or plate, placed in front of the stove door, which is pierced with a small opening, so as to create a strong draught. Upon this plate the oil slowly drips, and when once the metal plate is warmed and the supply of oil regulated, it burns without any further attention. The oil employed is the residue from the petroleum, after the more volatile elements—gasoline, benzoline, kerosene, &c.—have been driven off by distillation.

Chlorine for bleaching purposes has hitherto been supplied commercially only in the form of chlorinated lime, or bleaching powder, commonly known as 'chloride of lime.' This product contains, however, when at its best, only about thirty-eight per cent. of chlorine gas. A firm of alkali-makers at Salindres have, however, recently set up an extensive plant for making liquid chlorine, and for supplying it commercially in steel cylinders under pressure, in the same way that carbonic acid and nitrous oxide gases are already supplied. The machinery required is of a peculiar construction.

An investigation has recently taken place with a view to testing the suitability of aluminium boats for service in the United States Navy as a substitute for those made of the heavier metals, iron and steel. The outcome of this inquiry is a Report which determines that aluminium can be used for small boats, and for steam-launches under certain conditions of service, and recommends that a trial boat be made for experiment. It is possible to build boats of ample strength and of less weight than wooden boats of the same size, but the metal is liable to be damaged by collisions against sharp projections, such as the edges of piers. The Report goes on to point out that the only way in which aluminium boats can be made better than iron boats in withstanding the hard knocks of actual service is by increasing the thickness of the metal.

Dr Huxley of Maidstone advises that those who suffer from insomnia should try a remedy which is at once simple and effectual. This is to curl the body up beneath the bedclothes so as to reduce the amount of fresh air. 'Lower the supply of oxygen in the blood,' he says, 'produce a little asphyxia, breathe and rebreathe only the respired air; you will then reduce the stimulating oxygen, and fall asleep. There is no danger. When asleep, you are sure to disturb the coverings and get the fresh air. When the cat and dog prepare to sleep, they bury their noses in some hollow in their hair, and off they go.'

Messrs Spalding & Hodge, the well-known papermakers, have introduced a grease-proof parchment which they call 'glassine.' It is very transparent, and its chief use is as a protective covering to valuable books, through which all details of binding and title can be seen.

In an article contributed to the *United Service Magazine*, the Rev. T. G. Sheppard, chaplain to the 25th Infantry, United States Army, gives some interesting facts relative to the efficiency of the coloured man as a soldier. There have hitherto been four regiments in the American army which by law have employed coloured troops. It is now proposed that the practice should be extended, and that batteries of coloured men to serve in any or all of the existing artillery regiments should be enlisted into the service. Since the close of the civil war, in which the coloured soldier won such honourable distinction, he has been mostly employed in exacting frontier service, and has manifested on many occasions both skill and bravery. As a rule, the coloured troops are quite as hardy as the whites, even in cold

climates, while they exhibit a slightly lower death-rate.

Eighteen feet below the present level of the City streets lies Roman London, as the discovery of many tessellated pavements, fragments of pottery, &c., has long ago proved. But modern London is gradually pushing itself far below the Roman remains, an instance of which will presently be seen in the position of the Central line of railway, which will lie at a depth of eighty feet. It is curious to note that at the point where the railway will emerge from beneath the Thames, it will, in its passage up Queen Victoria Street, pass beneath the main sewer, which already runs beneath the District underground railway; so that there will be here an enormous sewer sandwiched between a steam railway and one worked by electricity.

Visitors to London who are interested in engineering matters should not fail to pay a visit to the Machinery section of the South Kensington Museum, where model steam-engines and other mechanical appliances, of both obsolete and modern build, are shown in action. As most of these models are in glass cases, steam would be out of the question, and they are therefore worked by compressed air. In many cases, the visitor can himself turn on the air-supply by pressing a button on the outside of the case, an exercise which is by no means neglected by the numerous boys who find delight in this novel Museum.

The adjacent Imperial Institute, which is now well furnished with specimens of the products of our various colonies, is also well worthy of a visit. We note with interest that photographs are largely employed in these galleries to lend additional interest to the exhibits. In this way, tea, coffee, orange culture, &c. can be followed through all their details from gathering to packing. For some weeks a fine collection of ceramic and glass ware has been exhibited in the Institute, some of the articles shown being superb as examples of artistic manufacture. Among other novelties, Messrs Doulton & Co. show specimens of what they call their metallo-ceramic process, which is a method of effectively joining metal to china which is likely to meet with many useful applications.

The uses to which paper is put are manifold, and, according to report, it is now being employed in the form of yarn in the body or backing of carpets. It is said to be superior to some of the more usual backings employed, and that more than half a carpet may consist of paper without the inexpert buyer suspecting it.

The slaughter of wild animals in South Africa has of recent years been carried to such excess that certain mammals, such as the giraffe, zebra, eland, &c. will soon, unless protective measures are adopted, become extinct. In order to counteract this indiscriminate killing, a Committee of British sportsmen and naturalists has been formed, says the *Zoologist*, with a view to devise some protective scheme. They propose to obtain from the British South African Chartered Company permission to enclose a tract of country of about one hundred thousand acres in extent in the district near

Fort Salisbury. This would be strictly reserved for game. A park of a similar kind, covering twenty-eight thousand acres, was established some time ago in New Hampshire, United States, America, and the scheme has proved an unqualified success.

The ingenuity of an inventor has actually supplied a labour-saving device to the billiard table. This consists of an arrangement by which pocketed balls do not remain in the pockets, but make their way to a central receiving-cup below the table, whence they are delivered at the will of the players to either 'the baulk' or the 'spot' end, as convenience may require. It has often been stated as one great advantage of billiards that the players engaged have a vast amount of walking exercise. It is evident that this part of the muscular exertion will now be greatly reduced, without, as far as we can see, any corresponding advantage.

A controversy has arisen out of a statistical statement compiled by a London vestryman which shows that the total attendances at certain public baths during the past four years give a preponderance of male bathers in the proportion of seven to one female. From this it is foolishly argued that men are cleaner than women. The comparison is by no means a fair one, for among the male bathers are included those who attend the swimming baths. This they do for exercise and learning to swim, certainly not for the purposes of cleanliness. The statistics are gathered from a well-appointed bath under parochial care, and it is interesting to note that although the figures show an average of more than a hundred thousand bathers annually, the maintenance of the establishment entails a yearly loss to the ratepayers of five thousand pounds.

Physicists seem to be still very much in the dark as to what constitutes a healthy or unhealthy atmosphere. Thus, Dr Petrie has examined no fewer than a hundred samples of air from a Berlin sewer, and has found them perfectly free from noxious organisms. If the results of these experiments may be relied upon, and if bacteria really cause the deadly consequences ascribed to them, a sewer must be a far healthier place than a heated reception room. It has, however, been urged that sewer-air possibly contains poisonous chemical substances capable of exerting very mischievous effects. From recent researches by M. Christmas at the Pasteur Institute it would seem that ozone has not any antiseptic effects in air unless it exceeds in quantity one-tenth per cent., and that long before this limit is reached, the air becomes irrespirable.

A Report by the Hydrographer to the Admiralty, dealing with the work done during the past year in examining and charting seas and coasts in various parts of the globe, shows how necessary for the protection of shipping is this useful undertaking. No fewer than 201 obstacles to navigation have been recognised and charted, these, for the most part, consisting of sunken rocks and shoals. Of these, 26 were reported by the ten surveying vessels; 35 by others of Her Majesty's ships; 22 by various British and foreign vessels; 105 were reported

by foreign and colonial Governments; while 13 hidden rocks were detected by the very conclusive evidence of vessels which struck upon them.

THE ACCUMULATION OF GOLD.

WE live in a record-breaking age, and are becoming so accustomed to hear strange facts, that we no longer express wonder at them. The announcement, therefore, some weeks ago, that the amount of Gold held by the Bank of England exceeded anything previously recorded, and the fact that since then it has gone on increasing, has not aroused any very special attention, particularly as there is every probability of a further influx. The nearest approach to the existing state of affairs was in 1879, shortly after the City of Glasgow Bank crash, when then, as now, confidence in commercial circles had so broken down that many people were only happy when they knew their money to be safe in the Bank of England. Most of the surroundings, however, are now entirely different. There has been no great financial crash and no sudden loss of confidence. For upwards of three years, however, things have been slowly going from bad to worse, almost every enterprise, however promising, and in whatever part of the world it has been entered into, has proved unsuccessful, and the great commercial community has lost all heart and all hope, as well as a considerable amount of its money. The object now is apparently to save something from the wreck; and where English money invested in foreign countries is at all gettable, it is being brought home for safety.

We are consequently threatened with a 'flood of gold.' For years we have been told by those who ought to know, that bad trade and declining prices have been principally owing to the scarcity of this precious metal, and yet, with a superabundance, trade gets worse, and prices appear to have no bottom. Recent experience of the over-supply of most articles of produce has been a sad one, yet an over-supply of gold appears to act contrary to all the recognised rules of political economy, otherwise gold would also become depreciated; or, in other words, articles measured by gold would advance in value. We may rest assured, however, that if a natural law is apparently suspended, it can be only for a period, and must, sooner or later, assert itself. It is therefore absolutely certain that the great accumulation of gold which is now taking place, and which is being constantly added to by the increasing discoveries in South Africa, will at no very distant date lead to revived business activity, and a fresh outburst of speculation.

There are many circumstances at present existing propitious to such a movement. The outlook for a continuance of peace, and an absence of disturbing political rumours, has rarely been so bright, and there is indeed a prospect of some reduction in the enormous expense annually incurred in maintaining the immense Continental armaments. There can be no want of confidence, therefore, on that ground. But further, the great distributing classes in

the country have on the whole done exceedingly well of late, inasmuch as they have been purchasing at continually declining prices, but not making a proportionate reduction to the general public, who, finding almost every article of necessity remarkably cheap, are not disposed to grumble. But seeing that nearly every purchase effected can be made cheaper than the one before, they have been extremely cautious in their dealings, and bought only sufficient for actual requirements. The consequences have been twofold—first, either an accumulation of money in the hands of the wholesale dealers and the larger shopkeepers, which, for want of better employment, has been left in the bank, and helped to swell the existing large reserves; or what amounts to much the same thing, the requirement of much less assistance from their bankers, where they have been accustomed to make use of over-drafts or discounting facilities. And in the second place, by the depletion of invisible stocks, caused by the determination to work their businesses with the smallest ones possible, and to replenish quickly when necessary. Thus the large visible supplies of various important articles of consumption are extremely misleading, and due solely to the fact of unequal distribution; while the importer or original producer is indisposed to unduly press sales so long as the cost of carrying, owing to ridiculously cheap money, is so small. Once confidence is felt that the price of any article has about touched bottom, there will be a rush on the part of retail houses to go into stock, and with increasing demand and decreasing supplies, values must eventually be affected.

One great factor remains which has never played an important part in any previous trade revival. To what extent will the low price of silver retard it? We have to face the competition of the East and silver-using countries generally, as well as those where a depreciated paper currency is in circulation, to an extent hitherto unknown; and as present prices to all such peoples are by no means unsatisfactory, the resistance to any upward movement may at first be serious. But the universal belief that abundance of money means high prices is based upon a very solid foundation. The money, however, must be honest, and not, as is too often the case, manufactured by Governments for the purposes of inflation and speculative manipulation.

With an abundance of honest money, therefore, whether gold or silver, prices must eventually rise in the countries which possess it. It has been largely owing to the scarcity of the former, and the superabundance of the latter, that the depression in the gold-standard countries has been so great; but some adjustment in the production of the two metals now promises to relieve it. It is true, if silver remains at its present low gold price, the values of everything produced in silver-using countries will be difficult to raise; but it is extremely probable that floating supplies of this metal are rapidly disappearing, and will not long weigh heavily upon us. It is true the stocks throughout the world are gigantic, and must long remain a source of uneasiness; but inasmuch as they are almost entirely under Government control,

there is no fear of any sudden opening of the flood-gates. It may be fairly assumed, therefore, that with the slightest incentive, the value of silver will improve, and in that case the most serious drawback to a general revival will be removed.

The improvement foreshadowed may not happen to-morrow, next month, or even next year, nor is it possible to say what will give it the first impetus. Probably some trivial and unimportant event for the moment entirely overlooked, but of sufficient consequence to turn the current into a healthier channel. It may be somewhat delayed; there will probably be more than one false start; but its advent within no very long period is a certainty.

MEADOW-TREASURES.

ALL along the meadow ways
There are treasures growing;
Some with living gold ablaze,
Some like rubies glowing.

Pearly daisies 'crimson-tipped';
King-cups leaning over;
Gleaming gorse-bloom golden-lipped;
Rings of scarlet-clover.

Blushing poppies shyly bent
'Mid the long wheat lances;
Agate bean-flowers rich with scent;
Speedwell's sapphire glances.

Milkmaids of the marshes born;
Stately ox-eyed daisies;
Golden clouds amid the corn,
Wrought of sharlock mazes.

Open roses on the brier,
Matchless tints revealing;
Broom with blossom all afire,
Harebell buds concealing.

Woodbine chalices that rear,
Curled in airy lightness;
Spreading elder boughs that wear
Bloom of snowy whiteness.

These are spread throughout the land,
Free for every comer,
Scattered by the stintless hand
Of our regal Summer.

SAM WOOD.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed to the 'Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
 - 2d. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
 - 3d. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the *writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.*
 - 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.
- If the above rules are complied with, the Editor will do his best to ensure the safe return of ineligible papers.*

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 553.—VOL. XI.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1894.

PRICE 1½d.

FRUIT-CULTURE IN SCOTLAND.

APPLE TREES.

WITHIN recent years, so much has been said and written about the immense amount of money paid away every year by Great Britain for foreign fruit—mostly from the United States and Canada—that, at present, statistics on this point would be superfluous. These figures have been used for the purpose of pointing out to cultivators of land—large and small, but especially to small cultivators—that the immense sum of money sent out of this country year by year is paid for Apples which could, to a very large extent, be grown at home. 'Why not plant Apple Trees, and secure part at least of this enormous tribute sent abroad? Are not our cooking-apples every whit as good as the best foreign-grown fruit? Nay, don't our medical men tell us that they are superior to those of foreign growth? Plant trees; grow them skilfully; markets are not far to seek, offering fair prices for good fruit. Seize the opportunity, and do your best to keep British money at home.'

This advice has been repeated till it has at length, to a considerable extent, been taken: year by year, more trees have been planted, till now, perhaps, it is safe to say that, if all the trees in cultivation were bearing fair crops of fruit, no apples for cooking purposes would require to be imported. But growers do not, as a rule, get fair crops every year. Our cold climate is generally made to bear the blame of this deficiency, occurring, as it mostly does, every alternate year. Perhaps the sorts mostly planted by growers are tenderer, and less able to bear the rigours of our climate, especially when these rigours happen to be interjected in the month of May, or sometimes even in June, when the foliage is tender, and does not protect the tenderer blossom. As a rule, the sorts planted are not chosen for hardy vigour, but for the reputation they have gained as abundant bearers of good fruit, even when many of

these are deficient in hardy endurance of cold. The sorts mostly planted in large numbers are heavy bearers of large fruit, such as Lord Suffield, Ecklinville Seedling, Stirling Castle, Dummelow's Seedling, Warner's King, Cellini, and New Hawthornden, all of which are general favourites.

What have been the results, in most cases, of planting these abundant-bearing sorts? Have the crops of fruit been abundant, rewarding to a fairly adequate extent the expectations and labours of the planters? In giving an answer to this question, it will perhaps be best to give the results of fruit-growing with these very sorts of apples among a small community in the south of Scotland, composed almost entirely of fruit-growers on every sort of scale. This community represents nearly the entire population of a rural village with barely three hundred inhabitants. The village is not more than four miles distant from a large manufacturing town, where a ready market is always to be found for all the fruit our villagers can grow. A garden is attached to every house in the village: of these gardens, thirteen vary in size from one acre to three acres of ground; other thirteen are a quarter of an acre in extent; the remaining gardens are of a fair size; and the householders one and all sell the fruit that remains after their own wants are supplied. Several of the larger growers are trained gardeners; and one is a retired teacher from the north of Scotland. Now, everything does not go on from year to year on these holdings with unvaried results: one holder is more successful in growing apples; another finds his pears are better than his neighbours' most years; a third beats all his neighbours in growing raspberries; while in another case, gooseberries are the paying crop. Naturally enough, one and all of these growers are continually watching their neighbours' crops more or less; and the man who surpasses his neighbours in the quantity and quality of, say, his strawberry crop, is questioned and cross-questioned as to

what he considers the cause of his success. The reasons given are considered and reconsidered, receive favourable and unfavourable criticism, till, finally, the truth is thrashed out, and the methods practised by the successful grower in any one line are adopted by the whole fruit-growing community.

Well, in this sifting of evidence and determining of the best fruits and the best methods of growing them, the retired teacher plays the leading part. How, then, do the growers report on the list of favourite apples planted by all and sundry, and given above? The answer in the case of Lord Suffield, the apple first on the list, is: All the trees of this variety have failed since 1887 to make growth to any extent; they have always borne fruit; yet, from the trifling amount of growth, the quantity of fruit is small. Regarding Ecklinville and Stirling Castle, they both canker too badly. Dummelow's Seedling does well for a few years at first; the more it grows, the less it bears. Warner's King, grown by almost everybody for its crops of enormously sized fruit—a single apple frequently weighing one pound—is another sort very much subject to canker. The next sort, Cellini, has been found to be of no use unless grown on a wall. And New Hawthornden is very irregular, some trees being healthy, and bearing fine crops of grand fruit; and other trees of this sort being quite the opposite.

Are there no sorts of apple trees, then, which grow vigorously, are fairly hardy, and produce fair crops year by year? An affirmative answer can be given to this question. There is one sort which possesses these qualifications, and produces annual crops above the average both in quantity and quality. This sort is Small's Admirable, which gives the utmost satisfaction to the village growers of whom an account has been already given. Its foliage is of a distinct type; it is seldom or never affected by mildew—a great drawback in some sorts of apples—and it has one qualification which ought to recommend it highly to amateurs—it needs no pruning; nay, rather, to put the thing more exactly, it must not be pruned, as pruning does harm only in the case of this apple tree. The fruit is large and nicely shaped, and when cooked, falls to the right extent, and no more. It is hardly an eating-apple; however, its cooking and keeping qualities quite make up for this want. Most of our village growers reckon this their best cooking sort, and find their customers who purchase the fruit ask for it in preference to any other variety. One of the village growers has eight trees of this sort, the crop from which for many years has never fallen below twenty-four stone of good saleable fruit; and last year, which was a bad year for apple trees on the dwarf stock, the eight trees yielded forty stone of fruit, the biggest crop on any one tree being eight stone

of large handsome fruit; and another grower has been so much pleased with this sort, that he has planted twenty-four young trees of it.

The almost absolute certainty of this sort bearing fruit every year arises from its vigorous health and its lateness in coming into blossom. As a rule, in ordinary years the month of June is in before the Admirable produces its blossom, and by that time the risk of frost is completely past. In autumn, when the fruit is ready for cooking, it is best to pull the biggest fruits first, when the smallest fruits will keep on growing and increasing in size as long as the frost will allow. In this respect it is just the opposite of Lord Suffield, the large fruit on which will grow in size till ripe; but the small fruit never gets large, even when the large fruit is taken from the tree at an early season. Trees of Admirable will succeed with deep planting better than almost any other sort; but as it yields large crops of fruit, it is necessary to give it manure every year. This is best done by the application of bonemeal in the autumn, before the fall of the leaf.

With regard to the slow growth and cankered condition of the young trees of Lord Suffield, Ecklinville, Stirling Castle, &c., that have been planted within the last ten years, these might be improved by being lifted and planted in new ground. In new ground, has been said; but on new ground on the surface, or, at the most, at a depth of six inches, the best results in the way of improvement are secured. Before planting, a stake should be driven into the ground at the spot where the tree is to be planted, and the tree should be secured to this stake after the roots have been carefully covered with new soil. In autumn every year, these replanted trees should be treated with bonemeal in the manner recommended for Small's Admirable. If the grower have facilities for storing farmyard manure for such time as would be needed for dissolving it into soil, no better top-dressing can be given. Indeed, for all purposes whatever, dung thus dissolved is immensely superior in the results produced.

If the apple-grower, having attained success in the growth of cooking-apples, feels inclined to attempt to grow eating-fruit, there is no apple which will repay his efforts in a greater degree than Cox's Orange Pippin. This sort is a strong healthy grower; and to check it in this respect, it will be necessary in most cases to lift and replant this sort every three years. The fruit is of the highest quality; but, as a rule, is not fit for use till about New-year time. It has been condemned by very many who have not waited till it was fully ripe before they ate or tried to eat it. It is worth trying by every one who has room for half-a-dozen trees.

Another excellent apple is the Golden Pippin, the fruit of which is generally too small for grown-up folks. This fault can be cured to a considerable extent by abundance of the top-dressing of bonemeal already recommended, when the fruit will be greatly increased in size. The fruit of this sort was of the highest quality last year, owing, no doubt, to the great

heat in summer and autumn. It is fit for use and at its best before the end of December.

And if, after growing these two sorts successfully, the grower begins to think he would like an early apple, a very good sort for children, and those who require a soft apple, is the White Juneating. A better sort than this last, but a hard fruit, is the variety styled Early Harvest, which does best with little or no pruning. With regard to a sort grown by almost every one in the village mentioned above, and named Lady Henniker, abundance of splendid fruit is grown of great size and beautifully coloured, quite fit for cooking and dessert alike, on a tree of this sort grafted on a crab stock, in a garden not far from the village; while in the village itself, the trees of this sort produce year by year abundance of very large and beautiful blossom, never followed by more than three or four apples at the utmost on any one tree. If Lady Henniker can be got on the crab stock, there is a strong presumption that the most satisfactory results would be attained: it may therefore be recommended to all and sundry intending to plant, but on the crab stock only.

A large number of cows is kept in our village, hence their liquid manure is to be had in abundance. By the use of this in the winter season applied round the roots of the fruit-trees, astonishing results have been achieved by the retired teacher. His trees treated with this liquid manure produce in great abundance apples surpassing, to a surprising degree in size, colour, quantity, and quality, the apples of the same sorts grown by others who make no use of this liquid manure. As this has happened years in succession, the idea is driven home into the heads of other growers that this object-lesson is well worth learning and practising; hence, during last winter, the example set by the teacher has been followed by others to a considerable extent, in the confident hope of the same favourable results. Another good result following the application of liquid manure every year is this: the apple trees so treated produce heavy crops every year, unless, of course, when the blossom is destroyed by frost; whereas, without some such application of manure, the ordinary result is a good crop one year, followed by a poor one the next. Trees liberally treated with this liquid manure cannot be expected to live as long as those grown on a natural system; but when they fail, they are easily and cheaply replaced.

All through this article, in speaking of apple trees, those grown on a dwarfing stock are meant; this class of trees always produces fruit of much larger size, which can and must be always hand-pulled. Even when blown down by wind, it does not suffer the damage sustained by fruit blown from the swinging branch of a lofty tree. However, in the case of a grass orchard, trees grafted on the crab stock may be grown to considerable advantage, as the crop from a full-grown tree may amount to forty or fifty stone of medium-sized fruit, and the grass saves the falling fruit to a considerable extent from damage. In the case of lofty trees, the crop will be increased fifty per cent. in quantity, and fully doubled in size and quality,

by the liberal use of liquid manure applied in the winter season. Fifty pails may be given, always taking care to keep the manure a yard at the least from the trunk of the tree.

THE LAWYER'S SECRET.*

By JOHN K. LEYS, Author of *The Lindseys*, &c.

CHAPTER VI.—ROBY CHASE IS LEFT WITHOUT A MASTER.

ONE morning, a few days after Lady Boldon's visit to London, her father, Mr Bruce, was seated in his study enjoying his after-breakfast cigar—a luxury he had allowed himself since Adelaide's marriage—when he was told that Mrs Plowman wished particularly to see him.

'Bother the woman!' exclaimed the Rector under his breath, as he carefully placed his half-smoked cigar on the mantel-piece, that he might resume it when the interview should be over. A second cigar Mr Bruce would have considered a sinful extravagance. Mrs Plowman was the widow of a deceased parish clerk, who eked out her income by letting lodgings; and Mr Lynd had taken up his abode with her. So the Rector's next thought naturally was: 'I hope there's nothing the matter with Lynd.' An uneasy feeling pervaded his mind as the curate's name occurred to him. He had noticed that his assistant's manner, always a little eccentric, had lately been decidedly odd. Mr Lynd would sometimes break off suddenly in his conversation, and without any reason start some quite irrelevant subject. Sometimes he would laugh right out, at nothing, apparently, then suddenly check himself, and blushing painfully, offer some lame excuse for his hilarity. Much as Mr Bruce respected and liked the young clergyman, he feared that he would not be able to keep him long at Woodhurst.

As soon as Mrs Plowman began to disclose the nature of her errand, the Rector's worst suspicions were confirmed. Mr Lynd's mind was going—that was how the widow put it. She dared not have him in her house any longer, and she was at her wits' end to know what to do. He had begun to entertain various delusions about her, the Rector, Lady Boldon, and other people in the parish; and, in short, he was not fit to be trusted alone.

Mr Bruce immediately put on his hat, and set out for Mrs Plowman's, that he might be able to see for himself how matters stood. On his way he met Mr Lynd; and five minutes' conversation was enough to show that the curate's mind was decidedly unstrung. Fortunately, Mr Bruce knew the address of a brother of Mr Lynd's, and he telegraphed to him, begging him to come down to Woodhurst at once and bring a doctor with him.

The Rector had hardly returned home when a second message came to him—a hurried scrawl from the nurse at Roby Chase. Sir Richard Boldon was dying!

Mr Bruce was shocked at this intelligence; for although he had but little respect for Sir Richard as a man, still, he was Adelaide's

* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

husband. The Rector hurried to the Chase; but before he could reach the house, his son-in-law had ceased to breathe.

The news of Sir Richard's death came as a surprise to the people of the neighbourhood; but it was no surprise to those who had watched the invalid's condition from day to day. Although the patient had rallied some days before, the improvement had made no progress; and when a relapse came, he sank rapidly.

Lady Boldon had not yet recovered from the effects of the chill she had received on the night of her return from London. Her cold had developed into a kind of fever; and she had not been able to see her husband since her illness began. The nurse had intended to send for Lady Boldon as soon as she saw that the end of Sir Richard's life was approaching. But the dying man became suddenly unconscious; and as there was some risk in his wife leaving her bed, it was judged better not to disturb her. Lady Boldon was thus quite unprepared to hear that her husband was actually dead; and when she first learned the truth, she was for the time utterly unnerved. Her father soon came to her; and as soon as she saw him, she threw her arms round his neck and burst into hysterical tears. 'They ought to have told me, papa,' she cried—they should have told me he was in danger. I have not seen him for more than a week; and I feel as if I could not forgive myself for deserting him.'

'Hush, my dear child. You were not at all to blame,' said the Rector, soothing her as well as he could.

After a time she became calmer, and able to give the necessary orders. Notice of the death was sent to all the neighbouring gentry, and to one person who had a much stronger interest in the event than the country gentlemen of the surrounding district—to Mr Frederick Boldon, of Nicholas Court, E.C., and of Alton Street, S.W. He was Sir Richard's nephew and heir-at-law.

Mr Felix, however, was apprised of his client's death by telegram. Lady Boldon desired that he would come down at once and seal up Sir Richard's writing-desk and other repositories.

It was impossible for the lawyer to reach Roby Chase until the following day, and Lady Boldon was burning with anxiety, and actually counted the hours till she could see Mr Felix. Had the new will been signed? And if it had, could it be set aside?

Once or twice the thought occurred to her that perhaps Mr Felix might propose to pretend that no new will had been made—simply say nothing about it. The first time this idea entered her mind, she rejected it as utterly preposterous. The second time she connected with it the singular reticence of the lawyer during their interview, his unwillingness to say clearly what was in his mind, and his mysterious hints that a way of escape from the difficulty might be found, even if the new will were actually signed.

On the day succeeding her husband's death, Lady Boldon said to the nurse as soon as she opened her eyes in the morning: 'Shall I be able to rise to-day?'

'I'm afraid not, my lady.'

'But I must! I wish to see a gentleman who is coming from London on business.'

'Perhaps your ladyship could get out of bed, and slip on your dressing-gown, and have him shown in here, then. It *might* be managed that way, perhaps.'

'I must see him, nurse. Manage it as you think best. But I must be told the moment he arrives.'

The woman promised that this should be done; and Lady Boldon gave orders that a dogcart should be kept waiting at the railway station in readiness to bring Mr Felix up to the house.

About two o'clock in the afternoon Lady Boldon was told that the gentleman from London had arrived. 'Where is he?' she asked.

'In the drawing-room, my lady.'

'Send him up to me here at once,' said her ladyship.

She was sitting up in a large arm-chair, dressed in a blue dressing-gown, with her masses of dark hair coiled on her head like a coronet. The door opened, and an old man of commonplace appearance, dressed in rusty black garments, came softly into the room.

'Who are you?' cried Lady Boldon, starting back in amazement.

The old man bowed respectfully, advanced a step or two, and said in a gentle, deprecatory tone: 'I am here, my lady, to represent Mr Felix. My name is Fane. I am his head-clerk; and I have come to seal up Sir Richard's private repositories, in accordance with your instructions.'

This sentence had been composed beforehand. When Matthew Fane had finished speaking it, he lifted his eyes with a deferential expression to the lady's face; but seeing that she had fallen into a brown-study, his glance changed to one of close, eager scrutiny. The old man's face now wore its expression of low craftiness, a craftiness that was ready, at the first alarm, to hide itself under its habitual mask of servility.

Matthew Fane noticed every detail of the lady's features and of her surroundings; he read in her face the signs of indomitable will, of haughty temper, of disappointment, anxiety, and alarm.

'Tell Mr Felix,' she said, 'that I expected he would have come down himself to-day.—No; tell him that I am sorry he could not come to-day, and I hope he will not fail to be here on Tuesday. You must remember that. The funeral is on Wednesday; and there are several things I want to consult Mr Felix about. Tell him I must really beg him to be here on Tuesday afternoon without fail.'

Matthew Fane promised that he would deliver the message.

Lady Boldon gave the necessary directions; and the servant, imagining that Mr Fane must be a solicitor, since he was to have access to all Sir Richard's bureaux, took him to the library, pointed out the various articles of furniture which might be used as receptacles for documents, and went about his business.

Left thus to himself, Fane resolved to im-

prove the situation by instituting a little search on his own account. Before sealing up a drawer, he would open it, make a hurried mental inventory of its contents, and then proceed to lock it and seal a piece of red tape over the lock. 'Not that I expect to find anything of importance,' he muttered to himself, as with nimble fingers he turned over a bundle of papers. 'My old man isn't such an idiot as to have left the new will here. Not likely.—I think I understand the affair pretty well. The governor is head over ears in love with the widow, and small blame to him. She's the handsomest woman I ever saw, and I rather think I've seen some in my day—a few. But being an old man, compared with her ladyship, and not a millionaire, while she is rich, his only chance of getting her is to do her bidding about the will. He means to do it, but can't quite make up his mind. That's why he has been in a sort of dazed state ever since he heard that the lady was a widow. That's why he shirked coming down here to-day, and sent me in his place. He knows there's nothing of any importance to be done here. He's got the new will safe in London, hidden away somewhere; and if the lady will come to terms, he won't produce it; and some calm evening he'll burn it, and come in for the estate and the lady too. That's his game. And the question is—What's *my* game? Knowing what I know, this should be a fortune to me. The question is—What's *my* game?'

The answer to this query was not, apparently, very easy to find; for when Mr Fane had reached this point in his cogitations, he threw himself back in his chair, and, abandoning his task, began to speculate on the chance of his being able to turn his knowledge into money. Should he endeavour to get the new will into his hands, find out the person who would benefit by it, and try to sell it to him? In order to do this, he must wait until Mr Felix had shown that he did not mean to produce it. And by that time, there could hardly be a doubt, Mr Felix would have turned the new will into ashes, if he had not done so already.

Coming to himself with a start, Mr Fane dismissed this train of thought from his mind, and rapidly finished his work. Then, ringing for the footman, he declared that he was ready to go back to London. While the dogcart was being prepared, Fane did justice to a very substantial meal; and when it was ended, he said to the footman who was clearing the table: 'By the way, was it you who witnessed a document for Sir Richard, when Mr Felix was down here a few days ago?'

The man stared at him for a moment before answering, 'No.'

'You didn't write your name as witness on a paper?'

'Never in my life.'

'One of the servants must have done it. I wonder which of them it was,' said Mr Fane. 'Do you think you could find out for me?' Then, noticing that the man looked curious, and, he fancied, a little suspicious as to the reason of his questioning, Fane hastened to add: 'You see, one of the witnesses has signed

with an initial only, and Mr Felix forgot to ask for the Christian name. I must have it to fill in, in the proper place. Would you mind asking which of the servants signed a paper as witness when Mr Felix was down last?'

'What was the name of the servant as did it, sir—the last name, I mean?' asked the footman.

'Dear me!' said Mr Fane, rubbing his nose in pretended perplexity, 'I declare I've forgotten it. I never doubted that the person who acted as witness would remember all about it, as it was only a few days ago.'

'My name is Fulton,' said the footman, as if the information could in some way help Mr Fane's weak memory.

The clerk shook his head; and, after some inward hesitation, pulled a half-crown out of his pocket, and slipped it into the man's hand. 'Just find out for me which of the servants witnessed a paper for Sir Richard last week,' he said. 'One of them must have done it.'

Fulton left the room, and came back in a few minutes, saying that none of the servants had acted in the capacity of witness for Sir Richard at any time. 'But,' he added, 'the butler said very likely it was Mr Lynd, the curate, that witnessed the paper. He was in Sir Richard's room when Mr Felix came; and most likely Mr Lynd put his name to it before he left.'

'Lynd!' exclaimed Fane, pretending to remember the name as soon as he heard it. 'Of course; that's the name. Mr Lynd is curate of the parish, I suppose?'

'Yes, sir. His Christian name's Stephen.'

'Very good. Thank you. That's all I wanted to know.'

And so, having satisfied his curiosity on this important point, Matthew Fane returned to London.

THE THREE CHOIRS FESTIVAL.

THIS year's musical Festival of the Three Choirs of Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford is the one hundred and seventieth follower of a modest little performance at Hereford in the year 1724. It really traces its origin to an insignificant private weekly concert, established some years earlier, and conducted by Dr Bisse. After its birth as a Festival proper, and the first of its kind, it rapidly became a noteworthy gathering, moved on one place each year in the circle of the three cities, and acquired a national reputation. Though it has been for a century and a half the chief support of a useful local charity, it is as a musical institution that it is most remarkable, and its history best worth glancing at.

In its early days it was variously known as the 'Music Meeting,' the 'Three Choirs Festival,' or the 'Triennial Celebrity,' and the local newspapers spared to it only a very scanty paragraph. It is curious to read, even in these meagre records, that the concerts consisted of 'capital songs, choruses, and instrumental pieces;' and that in 1776 Giardini and Fischer—who were engaged to play solo music on the oboe and the hautboy—appeared on the

platform in bag wigs and wearing swords. Obviously the attire of the performers was much more picturesque than in this present period of decorous frock coat and subdued though elaborate gown. In 1778 a boy named Harrison was engaged to sing the soprano music; but his beautiful voice broke on the very morning of the day on which the Festival began. He was afterwards known as a tenor. In 1788 George III. attended the Festival at Worcester; and in 1796 Braham, then only twenty-two years of age, sang the leading tenor music. About this time Hereford Cathedral was in such a dilapidated condition, and so dangerous from this and other causes, that it was not considered safe to hold the Festival there; and it was feared that the meeting would have to be abandoned, till it was decided to transfer the performances to one of the city churches. Half a century later, some one spread the rumour that Worcester Cathedral was not safe; and the cry took such hold that the public, in a panic, would not buy the tickets. They were only appeased and reassured when the stewards obtained the certificate of a well-known architect that the building was thoroughly secure.

In 1811 Madame Catalani had a salary of four hundred guineas at Gloucester—about fifty guineas less than Madame Albani has received for the same engagement—and besides giving fifty guineas to the charity, she organised a concert for the release of imprisoned debtors. The performance realised two hundred and sixty pounds, of which she gave one-half to the Infirmary, and the other half to the assistance of the prisoners on the debtors' side of the city jail. Four years later, some smart person in London turned a dishonest penny by circulating and selling spurious tickets, and there was considerable trouble in readjusting the arrangements.

In 1827 the collections—which, it should be explained, are devoted entirely to the fund for the necessitous widows and orphans of the clergy of the three dioceses—reached £1083; but the Duchess of St Albans held one of the collecting plates, and who could refuse a Duchess? The large collections do not necessarily mean that the meeting itself has been profitable, for the stewards have to meet all expenses out of the sale of the tickets; and if there is any deficiency, they themselves must pay the piper as well as the singer. For instance, in 1833 Malibran was engaged, and the Festival was expected to be a great success. So it was, in the musical sense; but while the receipts from the sale of tickets were £3496, the expenditure was £4300. The deficiency of £800 had to be made good by the stewards out of their own pockets. A continuation of these losses over several following Festivals made the office of steward a rather undesirable one, till at length a Guarantee Fund was started to help the managers when in a difficulty. That this was necessary was shown by the very next Festival in 1839, when the deficiency amounted to £1270.

It was obvious that this sort of thing could not go on; and in 1842 the system was changed. No foreign stars were engaged, and the performances were held in the nave instead

of in the choir of the Cathedral. Apparently this did not do either, for though the Festival has been held in the nave ever since, the practice of engaging stars was soon reverted to; thus, in 1848 Jenny Lind was engaged, and there was the greatest disappointment because Mr Lumley declined to break a previous contract and to permit her to sing at Worcester. She actually sang at Birmingham while the Festival was proceeding. In 1859 there were some disgraceful disturbances at Worcester arising out of the inability of Mr Sims Reeves to sing. At the concert on the Tuesday evening he did not appear. The stewards were not without intimation of the reason, for they had a letter from him explaining that he would not be able to sing, because, while staying at Gloucester a day or two before, the hotel caught fire, and he, in endeavouring to save his wife and child, caught cold. Nevertheless, the stewards allowed his name to appear in the programme after three pieces, and did not even communicate to the audience the facts of which the great tenor had made them aware. When the audience found that he did not appear, they raised a disturbance; and Tietjens and Giuglini, who were about to sing a duet, had to retire. Next day he sang in 'The Elijah'; but the critics treated him severely, though he was plainly ill. He was again down to sing a ballad at the evening concert; but as he did not appear, the uproar was repeated. One of the stewards went on to the platform, and said that Mr Reeves had quietly walked off, and the stewards could not bring him back. Hisses and prolonged uproar greeted this announcement; but Madame Clara Novello came forward and at last secured silence. Then instead of singing, she rebuked the audience for their behaviour, declared that the statement of the steward was not accurate, that Mr Reeves was really ill, and had the permission of the conductor to retire. 'I do not like to hear a brother-performer falsely accused,' she declared; and intimated that she was asked to sing in Mr Reeves's place. The people, however, continued to be noisy, and made the Festival memorable by their turbulence.

The Worcester Festival was again the cause of a bitter dispute some twenty years ago. It was felt by a very large section of the Cathedral body that the Festival had lost its religious and reverent side, and was becoming a week of show and social enjoyment. It was plainly intimated that this must cease; that the Cathedral must not be made a luncheon-room for the consumption of set meals in the mid-day interval; and that it must not be regarded as an ordinary concert chamber, where behaviour permissible enough in other places, but indecorous in a sacred building, could be tolerated. The character of the performances was also a ground of criticism, and the reformers had the strong support of the late Lord Dudley. After an acrimonious wrangle, in which the citizens of Worcester were so strongly opposed to the action of Lord Dudley that some of them put black flags out whenever he went to the town in state to the Festival, the reformers had their way. The

Festival has, however, gone back to what is almost the old order of things so far as the music is concerned; but the utmost decorum prevails now in the Cathedral, and the seats are so arranged that no one sits with his back to the altar. Latterly, the course of the Festival has been peaceful, and history records nothing outside the bounds of the routine. Although a list of the musical novelties it has produced cannot be given here, it is certainly true that the Festival has been reasonably fruitful in this respect, as well as notable for artistic rendering of established works. The interest of the local and general public in the event has seldom been greater than now, and the success of the meetings rarely more assured.

A DAUGHTER OF THE KING.

By BEATRICE DEAKIN.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

'WELL, we couldn't have a prettier place to die in,' said Lieutenant Larry, with a sigh of resignation.

'Prettier place!' echoed Captain Jackson, casting a look of ineffable disgust at his more philosophical friend. 'What the deuce does it matter what kind of a place it is, so long as you've got to die in it?'

'Thou hast no poetry in thy soul; and the love of the beautiful hath no place in thee,' quoth the Lieutenant, a gleam of fun in his gray eyes; for, though realising to the full the utter seriousness and danger of their situation, he could not withstand the opportunity of teasing his less equable fellow-officer.

'You're a fool, Larry,' was the polite response to this quotation.

'Come, come!' spoke a grave-looking officer, who was lying in a helpless attitude on the floor of the narrow ravine. 'Come, Larry; this is ill-timed jesting; and Jackson, surely quarrelling is out of place here.'

'But, Major, we may as well die in a cheerful manner,' argued the irrepressible Larry, turning to the recumbent Major.

'Quite so,' agreed Major Littleton. 'But not in idle frivolity and jesting.'

The young Lieutenant collapsed in crushed silence on the ground; but Captain Jackson went on in a complaining tone.

'I wish I'd never started on such a fool's errand. For my part, I don't think the Colonel had any right to send us.'

'He had every right,' contradicted the Major calmly. 'He is not to answer for our lack of sense in attempting impossibilities. Anyway, we are here now; and it is of no use grumbling. All that is left to consider is, if we can by any means get out of the scrape.'

'Of course we can't'—moodily. 'We have only managed to escape from that beastly swamp, because we had the mountains to steer for. But to attempt to cross it again would be just walking into it to die. Besides, you can't get about.'

'As you put the case, that doesn't matter,' rejoined the Major calmly. 'Then all that

remains is to resign yourself to fate; and be ashamed as a soldier to die in childish moaning and complaining. At least, you are no worse off than the rest of us.'

'Indeed! And isn't he better?' exclaimed Lieutenant Larry in a broad Irish tone, sitting bolt upright at once. 'Isn't he whole and comfortable in body? All the hard work he's done has been growling. Clarke and I have done all the carrying of you every bit of the way. Heartily welcome you are, too, to all I can do for you; but the fact remains for all that.'

The soldier in a private's uniform, sitting on the ground by the Major, smiled at this rebuff; and Jackson himself was silent.

Presently, Larry went on, the good-humour returning to the frank boyish face. 'I shan't care—so much—if only we don't get found by those infernal screeching Indians. This wig of mine isn't much to brag by; but it has done very well for me, and I should like to die in it. Besides, it's much more poetical'—with a defiant glance at Jackson.

Jackson discreetly disregarded both look and challenge, and merely remarked: 'I think I've quite disguised all tracks from the swamp.'

'You couldn't possibly do it, my dear Jackson,' amiably contradicted the Lieutenant, bent on passing time by teasing his already ruffled companion. 'They will find us sharp enough if they happen to come within five miles of us. Why, I'm quite sure they could smell us.—Don't you think so, Major?' glancing up to see how his superior officer was taking his continued persecuting of the Captain.

But the Major and Clarke were both staring with an expression of the utmost amazement at the entrance of the ravine. Following their eyes, Larry looked there also, and then involuntarily clapped his hand on his six-shooter; for, standing in the small opening made in the tree-growth was a figure and a horse. The next moment, though, his hand dropped away from the weapon, as he recognised that the figure was that of a girl. It was a strange figure this, that the four men were staring at so blankly, and whose owner was so calmly and composedly scrutinising them—strange in its admixture of race characteristics, of savagery and intellect. Manner and bearing were Indian; feature and colouring, English. The hair, which fell in such masses over her shoulders, was of a bright, sunny brown, having none of the coppery shade belonging to Indian blood; her skin, too, in its rich cream-colouring was purely English. The eyes, large, red-brown, and shaded by long, sombre lashes, held in their dark depths a strange wildness; and from beneath their screen of lashes they were ever-restless, all-observant. The figure was Indian-like in its erect haughtiness and supple grace. On the grave, almost stern, young face the brooding gloom of the savage had settled; the only touch of softness it possessed lay in the droop of the curved lips, whose pathos was in direct contradiction to the rest of the expression. She seemed about eighteen or nineteen in age. Her dress, a primitive robe from throat to ankle, was confined to her waist by a belt of plaited 'mesquite' grass; on her head was

a broad straw hat ornamented by a spray of crimson leaves.

Lieutenant Larry was the first to regain power of speech, as might have been expected. He put forth a question alike in English and the blandest of tones: 'Who are you?'

'Who are you?' was the counter-question, also in English.

'Well, I'm Larry Morrison, of Harcourt's division;' somewhat astonished at hearing himself answered in English, though, without thinking, he had spoken in that language.

'What is your name?' inquired Captain Jackson in a more imperious tone than that employed by the Lieutenant. 'And where do you come from?'

'I come from the top of the mountain. What is my name to you?'—in an equally unpromising tone.

'Oh, but I told you my name in a second,' remonstrated Larry in a ridiculous tone of reproach; 'and we're all so friendly, too,' he added.

'I am known in this country as Hialulu,' she said, answering Larry.

'Hialulu?' repeated Larry. 'You're not an Indian girl, then, are you?'—in a half-aggrieved manner.

'No—I don't know. Perhaps.'

'Don't know? Why, of course you must know,' contradicted the Captain.

'Must I?' turning a far less kindly look on him than that bent on the young Lieutenant.

'We don't wish to know any more of your affairs than you may choose to tell us,' interposed the hitherto silent Major Littleton. 'But we should just like to know if you are friendly.'

'I am not friendly; neither am I hostile'—calmly.

'Not friendly!' echoed Larry. 'Why not?'

'Because, to be friendly to you, I must needs be treacherous to my father.'

'Is your father an Indian, then?'

'No.'

'What, then? Do tell us what he is—or you are—or something,' said the Captain, with some impatience.

Without looking at him, or taking the least notice, Hialulu answered his question, partly to the Major, partly to Larry. 'I suppose it would do no one harm if I do tell you who I am. I was born in these hills; all my life has been spent here; I am known to the tribes as Hialulu; but my name is Kate Martineau.'

'Martineau—Martineau?' repeated the Major blankly. 'Who was—or is—your father, then?'

'In his own country he was Captain Martineau of the scarlet Lancers.'

'Of course!' exclaimed Larry. 'Jolly fellows they are too. Why didn't he stop with them?'

'Through some injustice, he was expelled the regiment. It was before I was born. I never asked him anything of it; only I have heard the old servant Molly say something of the kind.'

Major Littleton, who had been sitting with knitted brows and the general air of a man who was racking his brains, now looked somewhat enlightened. He addressed Jackson with an excited look: 'It's that Martineau of the

old écarté affair, you bet. I've often heard the old Lancer officers refer to it, and wonder what became of the Captain.'

'Yes; he came here directly after it!' remarked Hialulu indifferently.—'Now, he is a deadly enemy of all Englishmen. He would put the Indians on your trail in a second if I were to mention your whereabouts; and he would shoot me without a thought, were he to find I had in any way befriended you.'

'But you will befriend us, won't you?' queried Larry anxiously.

'Why should I? Why should I be treacherous to my father and my people for your sakes?'

'They're not your people,' contradicted the Lieutenant quickly.

'They are my adopted people, whose country has been my country, and who have been kind to me, if ever any one has been kind,' she replied in her low, even tones, leaning more heavily against the motionless mustang. 'What cause do you bring why I should be false to these people to help you?—the people who have been the means of depriving me of all the rights of my birth and sex, of everything, it seems to me, but life.'

She addressed her words to Larry; and the other men were silent, feeling, somehow, that he was far more likely to get on with this strange girl than they.

In a moment Larry answered; the true character of the young soldier shone for a second through the daily veil of fun and banter. 'The cause I bring is the cause of humanity, the cause that overcomes hatreds of race and creed. And I plead for your help because we are helpless and—indicating the prostrate Major—suffering; and because you are a woman—and I feel, a noble one—who would see how unjust it would be to punish us—who never did you harm—for the wrongs others did your father. And we are your people, and not the Indians,' he concluded emphatically.

The girl looked long and steadily at him, her eyes seeming to travel over every line of his face; then they wandered to the pale, weary face of Major Littleton; they noted the pallor on each man's face, and finally came back to the handsome face of the young Lieutenant. She placed her hand on the mustang's back before she spoke: 'I am going. If I come again, I will bring you food.' A quick movement, and horse and rider had vanished.

Up the side of the great, gray mountain went the blue-coated mustang; and at some height above the plains the girl slipped from his back, and leaning against him, stood gazing over the vast, lonely distances.

Savage-reared, and wild in thought and deed, was this girl, who stood looking with eyes of fierce gloom across the plains. The savage's stern creed, which buys revenge at any price, and which knows no forgiveness, had been instilled into her from earliest childhood, and should have shown her no second course than that of riding straight to her father, telling him all, and leaving him to do the rest. But, somehow, the heart of this savage girl had been strangely stirred at the sight of these white men—her race-brothers.

She stamped her foot in savage rage that she should hesitate about going to her father at once; and at least a dozen times she placed her hand on the mustang's back, ready to ride to his cave. But each time something drew her back. Into her mind's eye came those handsome white faces; and her soul was filled with a—for her—strange shrinking from the merciless course she meditated.

The girl's character was as great a contradiction as her face. Great good and strong evil were there; and unconsciously she clung to the untaught good that was in her. Now, which should conquer?—the good or the evil, the woman's mercy, or the savage's mercilessness?

Bah! That she should need to question it! Once more she placed her hand on the mustang's back; the animal quivered to start, and—ah, but again she stopped. That troublesome face! That refined, courteous, patient, suffering face of the man on the floor of the gulch! How could she see it mutilated and torn by savage men?

To leave them and keep silence would be more cruel than to tell her father, for they would die slowly of starvation. And after struggling through the swamp too! How cruel a fate. No; she could not rest, knowing they were wanting food; she must tell her father immediately, or help them.

Again she stamped her foot in savage rage and disgust; and knitted the dark level brows. 'I can't leave them to die,' she almost moaned. 'They are my brothers, after all. I can speak nothing of my father or the Indian people; and then surely I have a right to give them my life, if so I choose. Yes.' The last word was really an audible resolve to follow the dictates of her own heart. She reflected for a few moments in absolute silence and stillness; then mounted the mustang and rode away.

THE ORIGIN OF SOME BRITISH REGIMENTS.

THE present permanent or standing army of Great Britain dates from the Restoration in 1660. Previously, there was no standing army, properly so called, although Cromwell's army partook of that nature. It is remarkable that domestic troubles and French wars are almost wholly responsible for the growth of the British army. About ten or a dozen regiments were raised at the Restoration; seventeen in consequence of Monmouth's and Argyll's rebellions in 1685; fifteen were raised by William III. to suppress the Irish rebellion and to aid him in his French war; nine were raised for Marlborough in 1702; eight on account of the rebellion of 1715; in 1741, six regiments were raised for the French war; in 1755, eleven more, mostly to serve in America; in 1758, ten; and from 1793 to 1815, seventeen were raised on account of the war with France.

The formation of the British army was begun, so to speak, with a clean board. On the accession of Charles II., Cromwell's army was disbanded; and so anxious was Charles to please the Parliament, that he offered to disband his own troop of Horse or Life Guards, a body-

guard to which every general was then entitled. This general disarmament was owing to the intense dislike of the people and Parliament to anything in the shape of standing troops, these being regarded as mere tools in the hands of a despotic ruler for working out his own ends. The Commons had received a lesson in this respect during the iron rule of Cromwell, and they did not desire to place similar instruments in the hands of Charles, although obviously Charles had as much reason to distrust the existing army as the Parliament had. The country was thus to be without standing troops of any kind, it being considered that the trained bands or militia would be quite sufficient for any sudden emergency that might arise.

About the end of 1660 the disbandment was completed, with the exception of one regiment. This was General Monk's, now Duke of Albemarle's, regiment of foot, which, out of compliment to him, was to have been disbanded last. Just before this, however, the rising of the Fifth Monarchy Men took place. This, along with an alleged previous attempt on the life of the king, showed the imprudence of having no organised military force ready to cope with a sudden emergency of the kind, for the trained-band machinery was found too slow, and the king had to send his own body-guard against the fanatics. The very day before Monk's regiment was to have been disbanded, orders arrived countermanding it. The Parliament now allowed Charles to keep up a certain number of troops, as a Royal Guard, to be paid by himself out of the money allowed for his own support. The number of these troops was not to exceed five thousand.

Monk's regiment being yet undisbanded, was naturally the first to form a part of the new Guard. Monk had previously taken care that all the men should be of his own way of thinking, so that there was no difficulty in this respect. The regiment laid down its arms as soldiers of the Parliament, but immediately took them up again as an 'extraordinary Guard for the king's person.' Monk's foot regiment thus became the first regiment of Guards enrolled, and, indeed, the first of any kind. From the town in which it was quartered before Monk began his famous march to London, it afterwards became known as the Coldstream Guards.

Other regiments of Guards were raised at the same time. A commission was granted to Colonel John Russell to raise a new regiment. This regiment, from the commission being dated a few days previous to the enrolment of Monk's regiment, took precedence. In 1665, another regiment, which had been quartered at Dunkirk, was added to the establishment of Colonel Russell's Foot-guards, and the united regiment became known as the King's or 1st Regiment of Foot-guards, until after the battle of Waterloo, when the Prince Regent conferred on it the title of the 1st or Grenadier Regiment of Foot-guards.

Simultaneously with the establishment of the two regiments of Foot-guards, the troops of Horse-guards of the Duke of York and the Duke of Albemarle were transferred to the

king's pay—thus forming, along with the king's own troop, three troops of Horse or Life Guards, as they were indifferently called. After various changes, these Horse-guards were, in 1788, finally formed into two regiments, dropping the title of Horse-guards, and assuming that by which they are now known, the 1st and 2d Life-guards.

At the same time that the above troops were transferred to the king's pay, a new regiment of Horse-guards was ordered to be raised. The command was given to the Earl of Oxford. This regiment was known as the Royal Regiment of Horse-guards, and known now as the Horse-guards (Blue). They were first called Oxford's Blues in William III.'s time, to distinguish them from a Dutch regiment, also with a blue uniform, in his pay.

In 1662 a regiment of Foot-guards was raised in Scotland. There was no special reason for the raising of this regiment except that Charles wished to have troops in Scotland in his own pay and on whom he could depend. This was the regiment now known as the Scots Guards. Until the Revolution, Scottish troops were, as a rule, confined to Scotland, being only called across the Border on one or two occasions, and were not considered as part of the English army.

This completes the history of the Guards. At first raised as guards for the king's person, and in his own pay, these regiments formed the nucleus of the British army. They were viewed by the people with suspicion and dislike, but with little reason, at least in Charles's time. That monarch continued to raise troops beyond his limit, but contrived to keep them out of sight by sending them to garrison Tangier.

In 1664 a regiment which had been in Holland for nearly a hundred years was recalled to England and sent to garrison Tangier. When that place was abandoned, it became the 3d Regiment, or the Buffs, as it was familiarly called, from the colour of its facings. There is a tradition that it was raised originally in the time of Elizabeth to serve in the Low Countries, and was recruited chiefly by the citizens of London. It is the only regiment permitted to march with drums beating and colours flying through the streets of the City, although others have claimed that privilege.

In 1678 Charles recalled permanently to England a Scottish regiment which had for centuries been in the service of the kings of France—as far back, according to some authorities, as the twelfth century. It was known as the Scots Guard, and in early times as the Scottish Archers, familiar to readers of *Quentin Durward*. Charles made it his Royal Regiment of Foot. Later, it was known as the 1st Royal Regiment. It still retains its old title of Royal Scots. It is supposed to be the oldest regiment in the world, which gained for it the sobriquet of 'Pontius Pilate's Guards.' It was owing to a mutiny in this regiment in 1689 that the first Mutiny Act was passed. The regiment was the only one which refused to serve under William of Orange. It set out on the march for Scotland, but was captured and brought back.

Other two well-known Scottish regiments were raised in 1678 for the purpose of suppressing the Covenanters. One of these regiments, raised by the Earl of Mar, mostly among his retainers, became afterwards known as the 21st, or Scots Fusiliers, although it was not raised originally as fusiliers. It may be mentioned that the duty of fusiliers was to protect the artillery; they were armed with fusils, hence their name. Gunners in those days were artisans and not fighting men.

The other regiment has since become famous in the annals of the British army, although the object for which it was raised was the not very creditable one of hunting down its own countrymen. Three troops of cavalry were raised as a useful auxiliary to the foot regiment. In 1681 other three troops were added, and the whole formed into a regiment of dragoons, under the command of the notorious General Dalziel. The regiment was at first known as the Royal North British Dragoons, but now as the 2d Dragoons, or Scots Greys. It was the first dragoon regiment raised, although only added to the English establishment after the 1st Royal Dragoons were raised; hence, it considered itself well entitled to the motto, although it has a double significance, 'Second to none.' It is the only cavalry regiment permitted to wear grenadier caps. At Ramillies, the Scots Greys, in conjunction with the Royal Irish Dragoons, captured two battalions of a French regiment, and cut another to pieces. In this service the two regiments were distinguished by being allowed to wear grenadier caps. Afterwards, the caps were restricted to the Scots Greys. Another regiment of horse was raised at the same time as the Scots Greys, under the command of Claverhouse, but was afterwards disbanded.

James II. seized the opportunity occasioned by Monmouth's rebellion in 1685 of increasing the military forces. The object was not so much to crush the rebellion as to increase his own power. Among the new regiments then raised were the 1st, 2d (Queen's Bays), 4th (Royal Irish) Dragoon Guards, the 3d and 4th Hussars, and the 7th Royal Fusiliers. The cavalry regiments were mostly enrolled by the nobility and gentry of the counties, and were at first merely troops of horse. This was the first occasion on which an Irish regiment was raised. Towards the close of his reign, James raised several other Irish regiments, among them a regiment of Foot-guards. Most of these sided with James in the Irish rebellion, and were afterwards disbanded. One of them entered the service of France.

Among the troops which came over with William at the Revolution was an English regiment which had been in his service in Holland; this became the 5th, now Northumberland Fusiliers, familiarly known as the 'Fighting 5th.'

Among the regiments raised by William to cope with the Irish rebellion and to aid him in his French war, were the 6th Dragoons, or Enniskilleners, and the 23d, or Welsh Fusiliers. This last was the first regiment raised in Wales, in consequence of which it assumed the three feathers and the motto 'Ich Dien.'

Two regiments raised in Scotland to contend with the Jacobite rising under Viscount Dundee (formerly Graham of Claverhouse) were the 25th (the King's Own Borderers) and the 26th (the Cameronians). The first was raised for the defence of Edinburgh, and it is said that all the men required (eight hundred) were enlisted in two hours. For its services at Killiecrankie, the city of Edinburgh granted it for ever the privilege of beating up the town for recruits without the special permission of the Lord Provost. It was in this regiment that the famous Corporal Trim served in Flanders; his real name was Corporal James Butler.

The raising of the Cameronian regiment illustrates in a curious manner the rapid political changes of these unquiet times. Only ten years had elapsed since the raising of the Scots Greys for service against the Covenanters, and now the Cameronians were raised for service against their late oppressors. This regiment, as its name implies, was mainly recruited from the stricter sect of Covenanters, the followers of Richard Cameron. The regiment to the number of twelve hundred men was enrolled in one day without either money or beat of drum. This enthusiasm was from no love of William, whom in the matter of Church government they considered little better than his predecessor, but from their intense hatred of James and the Roman Catholic religion; and this opportunity of smiting his adherents was too good to be lost. The regiment must, however, have soon fallen from its original stern principles, for in Douce Davie Deans's day, if we are to believe him, the men could curse, swear, and use profane language as fast as ever Richard Cameron could preach or pray.

The origin of the famous 42d, or Black Watch, is familiar to many. After the rebellion of 1715, the Government, with the view of bringing the Highlanders more into touch with the rest of the people, caused six companies of them to be raised. The command of each company was given to the chief of a clan. Their duties at first were not strictly military, but more those of an armed police, disarming the Highlanders, and preventing depredations on the Lowlands. They executed these duties so much to the satisfaction of the Government, that in 1739 the companies were formed into one regiment and enrolled in the line. The name 'Black Watch,' by which this distinguished regiment has ever since been known, arose from the dark colour of their uniform tartan. How the regiment would have behaved during the rebellion of 1745, it is difficult to conjecture, but fortunately it was abroad at the time.

Most of the other Highland regiments were raised in 1793 and the following year. Two well-known Irish regiments were also raised at this time—the 87th (Royal Irish Fusiliers) and the 88th (Connaught Rangers). The Rangers, from their plundering propensities in the Peninsula, were styled by General Picton 'the greatest blackguards in the army.'

In the year 1800 the importance of having a specially trained corps of riflemen was felt by the military authorities. In that year a corps was accordingly formed. It was at first made

up by picked detachments from other regiments, each retaining its own individuality; but in 1802 it was formed into an independent regiment, taking rank as the 95th. This was the beginning of the well-known Rifle Brigade, whose brilliant services in the Peninsula and the Crimea, in supplying skirmishers and light troops, contributed materially to the success of the British arms.

The Marines were first established in 1664, when a corps was formed to supply trained sailors for the fleet. The merchant navy at that time was not large enough to supply the king's ships, and the impressed men were in general unruly. A certain number of marines were therefore placed in each ship to keep the crew in order. Thus, at first, marines were trained sailors, and not soldiers, although at that time, and both before and after, the fighting in men-of-war was done by soldiers. No special regiment was set apart for this duty, but sometimes one and sometimes another was employed. The Duke of York (afterwards James II.) was in command of a regiment which was for some time employed in this way.

The Royal Artillery owes its origin to the Duke of Marlborough. In 1716, when Master-general of the Ordnance, he established two companies of artillery at Woolwich for the purpose of feeding the independent companies then serving abroad. From this beginning, the establishment of a *depôt*, has the great organisation of the Royal Artillery sprung. The Royal Horse Artillery only dates from 1793, when two troops were formed.

The origin of the Royal Engineers is closely associated with Gibraltar. In 1772 the fortifications of that stronghold were mainly built by hired labour; but this proving unsatisfactory, a company of artificers, called Military Artificers, was raised in 1786 under military jurisdiction for service at Gibraltar. These men were under Engineer officers, and in 1787 the position of the corps in the army was defined by royal warrant. From this small beginning the corps has grown to its present importance, including in its multifarious duties the practice of almost every service.

THE PROFESSOR'S BUTTERFLY.

By H. A. BRYDEN.

QUITE the most remarkable feature of an April meeting of the Entomological Society in 188—was the production, by Professor Parchell, F.Z.S., F.L.S., one of the oldest and most enthusiastic members of the Society, of a new and remarkable species of 'Achræa,' hitherto quite unknown to science. The Professor was radiant and suffused with happiness. He had long been an ardent collector in England and Europe; but only recently had he turned his footsteps to the far-off lands south of the equator. It had been the dream of his life. And now, having lately resigned his chair at Cambridge, at the age of sixty, at his first essay in Cape Colony, a region fairly well known to entomologists, he had gratified his heart's desire, and discovered a species.

The new butterfly, which, it appeared, from a paper read by the Professor, had been found in some numbers, but within a very limited area—a mere speck of country—was shown in a carefully constructed case. There were sixteen specimens; and it was settled that the butterfly was to be known to science as ‘*Achræa Parchelli*,’ thus perpetuating the Professor and his discovery to the ages yet unborn. The one particularity which marked the insect out from among its fellows was very striking. Upon the upper side of the hind-wings, right in the centre, there appeared a complete triangular space of silver, evenly bordered by circular black markings. This peculiarity, which was shared by male and female alike, was very beautiful and very marked; and the enthusiastic collectors gathered at the Society’s meeting were, as the box of specimens was passed from hand to hand, all delighted with the new treasure. As for the Professor himself, never, except, perhaps, in that supreme moment when he had discovered within his net this new wonder, had he experienced such a glow of rapture and of triumph.

Amongst the Fellows of the Society met this evening sat Horace Maybold, a good-looking young man of six-and-twenty, who, having some private means, and an unquenchable thirst for the collection of butterflies, spent most of his time in going to and fro upon the earth in search of rare species. Horace had travelled in many lands, and had made a good many discoveries well known to his brethren; and quite recently he had turned his attention to the ‘*Achræinæ*,’ the very family in which Professor Parchell had made his mark. The new butterfly interested him a good deal. Naturally, he at once burned to possess it in his own collection, and, after the meeting broke up, he approached the Professor and sounded him on the subject. In his paper read to the Society, that gentleman had rather vaguely described the habitat of the new species as ‘in the Eastern Province of Cape Colony, in a small and compact area within fifty miles of the east bank of the Sunday’s River.’ But it appeared very quickly that the Professor for the present was unwilling to part with any of his specimens—even for an adequate consideration—or to impart the exact locality in which the species was to be found.

Horace had rather reckoned upon this, but he was none the less a little chagrined at the old gentleman’s closeness.

‘No, my dear sir,’ had replied the Professor to his inquiries, ‘I can’t part with any of my specimens, except to the Natural History Museum, to which I intend to present a pair. As for the precise habitat, I intend—ahem!—for the present to reserve that secret to myself. It is a pardonable piece of selfishness—or shall I term it self-preservation?—you, as a collector, must admit. I intend to renew my acquaintance with the spot towards the beginning of next winter—that is the summer of the Cape. When I have collected more specimens, I may publish my secret to the world—hardly before.’

Horace looked keenly at the face of the clean, pink and white old gentleman before

him. There was no compromise in the set of the firm lips, or the blue eyes beaming pleasantly from behind the gold-rimmed spectacles, and so, with a polite sentence or two on his lips, but with some vexation at his heart, Horace Maybold turned away and went down to his club.

During the rest of that summer, Horace was pretty much occupied, yet his memory never let quit its grip of the Professor and his new butterfly. He had upon his writing-table the coloured plate from a scientific magazine, whereon was depicted that rare species; and as he refreshed his memory with it now and again, he determined more than ever to possess himself of specimens of the original. As far as possible he kept a sharp eye on the Professor’s movements until the middle of September, when, happening to return to town from a few days’ shooting, he ran across the old gentleman in Piccadilly.

‘Well, Professor,’ said Horace genially, ‘how goes the world with you? I suppose you will be leaving England for the Cape again presently?’

‘Yes,’ returned the old gentleman, who seemed in excellent spirits; ‘I expect to be sailing early in October. I want to have a fortnight or more in Cape Town at the Museum there. After that, I propose proceeding to my old hunting-ground of last year.’

‘Where you discovered the new “*Achræa*?”’ interposed Horace.

‘Exactly,’ rejoined the old gentleman.

‘I quite envy you, Professor,’ went on Horace. ‘I am in two minds about visiting South Africa myself this winter. The Orange River country hasn’t been half ransacked yet, or Kaffraria either, for that matter. I haven’t settled my plans; but I may have a turn at one or the other.’

Now, Kaffraria lies not very far to the east of the Professor’s own collecting-ground, that sacred spot which held his great secret yet inviolate. The old gentleman’s face changed perceptibly; a stiffer line or two appeared about his mouth; he looked with some suspicion into Horace’s eyes, and said, rather shortly: ‘Ah, well! I am told the Orange River is an excellent and untried region. But, entomologically, South Africa upon the whole is poor. My visits there are mainly for health and change.—But I must be getting on; I have much to do. Good-bye, Mr Maybold—good-bye!’

The Professor passed on down St James’s Street, and Horace sauntered along Piccadilly with a smile upon his face. The old gentleman had imparted something of his movements. Should he follow them up? Yes; he must have that ‘*Achræa Parchelli*,’ somehow. He *would* follow to the Eastern Province in November. It might be a trifle like poaching; but, after all, the world is not a butterfly preserve for the one or two lucky ones. It lies open to every entomologist. And the old man had been so confoundedly close and secret. It would serve him right to discover his sacred treasure, to make plain his mystery.

After watching the weekly passenger list in ‘South Africa’ for some time, Horace Maybold noted with interest that Professor Parchell had

sailed for Cape Town by a Donald Currie steamer in the first week of October. That fact ascertained, he at once secured a berth in a deck cabin of the *Norham Castle* for the first week in November. The chase had begun, and already Horace felt a keen and amusing sense of adventure—adventure in little—springing within him.

After Madeira, when all had found their sea-legs, and the warm weather and smooth ocean appeared, things became very pleasant. Horace was not a man who quickly became intimate or much attached to people; but, almost insensibly, upon this voyage he found himself developing a strong friendship, almost an intimacy, with two ladies; one, Mrs Stacer, a pleasant, comely, middle-aged woman, perhaps nearer fifty than forty; the other, Miss Vanning, young, good-looking, and extremely attractive. The two ladies, who were connected, if not relations, were travelling to Port Elizabeth to stay with friends in that part of the colony—where, exactly, was never quite made clear. Horace found them refined, well-bred, charming women, having many things in common with him; and the trio in a day or two's time got on swimmingly together.

By the time the line was reached, the vision of Rose Vanning, with her fair, wavy brown hair, good gray eyes, fresh complexion, and open, yet slightly restrained manner, was for ever before the mental ken of Horace Maybold. Here, indeed, he told himself, was the typical English girl he had so often set before his mind; fresh, tallish, full of health, alert, vigorous in mind and body, yet a thorough and a perfect woman. On many a warm tropical evening, as they sat together on deck, while the big ship drove her way through the oil-like ocean, sending shoals of flying-fish scudding to right and left of her, the two chatted together, and day by day their intimacy quickened. It was clear to Horace, and it began, too, to dawn upon Mrs Stacer, that Rose Vanning found a more than ordinary pleasure in his presence. By the time they were within a day of Cape Town, Horace had more than half made up his mind. He had gently opened the trenches with Mrs Stacer, who had met him almost half-way, and had obtained permission to call upon them in London—at a house north of Hyde Park, where they were living. At present, they knew so little of him and his people, that he felt it would be unfair to push matters further. But he had mentioned Mrs Stacer's invitation to Rose Vanning.

'I hope, Miss Vanning,' he said, 'you won't quite have forgotten me when I come to see you—let me see—about next May. It's a very long way off, isn't it? And people and things change so in these times.' He looked a little anxiously at the girl as he spoke; what he saw reassured him a good deal.

'If you haven't forgotten us, Mr Maybold,' she said, a pretty flush rising as she spoke, 'I'm quite sure we shall remember and be glad to see you. We've had such good times together, and I hope you'll come and see us soon. We shall be home in April at latest, and we shall have, no doubt, heaps of adventures to compare.'

At Cape Town, Horace, after many inquiries, had half settled upon a journey along the Orange River. He had more than one reason for this. Perhaps Rose Vanning's influence had sharpened his moral sense; who knows? At any rate, he had begun to think it was playing it rather low down upon the Professor to follow him up and poach his preserves. He could do the Orange River this season, and wait another year for the 'Achraea Parchelli;' by that time, the old gentleman would probably have had his fill, and would not mind imparting the secret, if properly approached. And so the Orange River was decided upon, and in three or four days he was to start.

Upon the following evening, however, something happened to alter these plans. Half an hour before dinner, as he was sitting on the pleasant *stoep* (veranda) of the International Hotel, enjoying a cigarette, a man whose face he seemed to know came up to him and instantly claimed acquaintance. 'You remember me, surely, Maybold?' he said. 'I was at Marlborough with you—in the same form for three terms.'

Of course Horace remembered him; and they sat at dinner together and had a long yarn far into the night.

The upshot of this meeting was that nothing would satisfy John Marley—'Johnny,' he was always called—but Horace should go round by sea with him to Port Elizabeth, and stop a few weeks at his farm, some little way up country from that place. When he was tired of that, he could go on by rail from Cradock, and complete his programme on the Orange River.

'If you want butterflies, my boy,' said Johnny in his hearty way, 'you shall have lots at my place—tons of them after the rains; and we'll have some rattling good shooting as well. You can't be always running about after "bugs," you know.'

So, next day but one, Horace, little loth, was haled by his friend down to the docks again, and thence round to Port Elizabeth by steamer. From Port Elizabeth they proceeded, partly by rail, partly by Cape cart and horses, in a northeasterly direction, until at length, after the best part of a day's journey through some wild and most beautiful scenery, they drove up late in the evening to a long, low, comfortable farmhouse, shaded by a big veranda, where they were met and welcomed by Marley's wife and three sturdy children. After allowing his friend a day's rest, to unpack his kit and get out his gunnery and collecting-boxes, Johnny plunged him into a vortex of sport and hard work. A fortnight had vanished ere Horace could cry off. He had enjoyed it all immensely; but he really must get on with the butterflies, especially if he meant to go north to the Orange River.

Marley pretended to grumble a little at his friend's desertion of buck-shooting for butterfly-collecting; but he quickly placed at his disposal a sharp Hottentot boy, Jacobus by name, who knew every nook and corner of that vast country-side, and, barring a little laziness, natural to Hottentot blood, proved a perfect treasure to the entomologist. The weather was perfection. Some fine showers had fallen, vegetation had

suddenly started into life, and the flowers were everywhere ablaze. The bush was in its glory.

Amid all this regeneration of nature, butterflies and insects were extremely abundant. Horace had a great time of it, and day after day added largely to his collection. One morning, flitting about here and there, he noticed a butterfly that seemed new to him. He quickly had a specimen within his net, and, to his intense satisfaction, found it, as he had suspected, a new species. It belonged to the genus 'Eurema'—which contains but few species—and somewhat resembled 'Eurema schœneia' (Trimen), a handsome dark brown and yellow butterfly, with tailed hind-wings. But Horace's new capture was widely different in this respect: the whole of the under surface of the wings was suffused with a strong roseate pink, which mingled here and there with the brown, sometimes darker, sometimes lighter in its hue.

Here was a thrilling discovery—a discovery which, as Horace laughingly said to himself, would make old Parchell 'sit up' at their Society's meeting next spring. Horace captured eight more specimens—the butterfly was not too plentiful—and then made for home in an ecstasy of delight.

A few days after this memorable event, he set off with Jacobus for a farmhouse thirty miles away, to the owner of which—an English Afrikaner—Marley had given him an introduction. As they passed near the kloof where the new butterfly had been discovered, which lay about half-way, Horace off-saddled for an hour, and picked up half-a-dozen more specimens of the new 'Eurema.' These he placed with the utmost care in his collecting-box. At noon they saddled up and rode on again. Towards three o'clock they emerged from the hills upon a shallow, open, grassy valley, girt about by bushy mountain scenery. This small valley was ablaze with flowers, and butterflies were very abundant. Getting Jacobus to lead his horse quietly after him, Horace wandered hither and thither among the grass and flowers, every now and again sweeping up some butterfly that took his fancy. Suddenly, as he opened his net to secure a new capture, he uttered an exclamation of intense surprise. 'By all that's entomological!' he cried, looking up with a comical expression at the stolid and uninterested Hottentot boy, 'I've done it, I've done it! I've hit upon the old Professor's new butterfly!!'

No man could well be more pleased with himself than Horace Maybold at that moment. In ten minutes he had within his box seven or eight more specimens, for the butterfly—the wonderful, the undiscoverable 'Achræa Parchelli'—seemed to be fairly plentiful.

'How far are we off Mr Gunton's place now, Jacobus?' asked Horace.

'Nie, vär, nie, Baas' [Not so far, master], replied the boy in his Dutch patois. 'Bout one mile, I tink. See, dar kom another Baas!'

Horace shaded his eyes and looked. About one hundred and fifty yards off, there appeared above the tall grass a curious figure, remarkable

for a huge white helmet, loose light coat, and pink face and blue spectacles. A green butterfly net was borne upon the figure's shoulder. Horace knew in a moment whose was that quaint figure. He gave a soft whistle to himself. It was the Professor.

The old gentleman came straight on, and, presently, seeing, within fifty yards, strange people before him, walked up. He stood face to face with Horace Maybold, amazed, aghast, and finally very angry.

'Good-morning, Professor,' said that young man. 'I'm afraid I've stumbled by a sheer accident on your hunting-ground. I am staying with an old schoolfellow thirty miles away, and rode in this direction. I had no idea you were here.'

The Professor was a sight to behold. Red as an enraged turkey-cock, streaming with perspiration—for it was a hot afternoon—almost speechless with indignation, he at last blurted into tongue: 'So, sir, this is what you have been doing; stealing a march upon me; following me up secretly; defrauding me of the prizes of my own labour and research. I could not have believed it of any member of the Society. The thing is more than unhand-some. It is monstrous! an utterly monstrous proceeding!'

Horace attempted to explain matters again. It was useless; he might as well have argued with a buffalo bull at that moment.

'Mr Maybold,' retorted the Professor, 'the coincidence of your staying in the very locality in which my discovery was made, coupled with the fact that you endeavoured, at the last meeting of the Entomological Society, to extract from me the habitat of this new species, is quite too impossible. I have nothing more to say—for the present.' And the irate old gentleman passed on.

Horace felt excessively vexed. Yet he had done no wrong. Perhaps, when the old gentleman had come to his senses, he would listen to reason.

Jacobus now led the way to the farmhouse. It lay only a mile away, and they presently rode up towards the *stoep*. Two ladies were sitting under the shade of the ample thatched veranda—one was painting, the other reading. Horace could scarcely believe his eyes, as he approached. These were his two fellow-passengers of the *Norham Castle*, Mrs Stacer and Rose Vanning—the latter looking, if possible, more charming than ever. The ladies recognised him in their turn, and rose with a little flutter. Horace jumped from his horse and shook hands with some warmth.

'Who, on earth,' he said, 'could have expected to meet you in these wilds? I am astonished—and delighted,' he added, with a glance at Rose.

Explanations ensued. It seemed that the ladies were the sister and step-daughter of the Professor, who was a widower. They had been engaged by him in a mild conspiracy not to reveal his whereabouts, so fearful was he of his precious butterfly's habitat being made known to the world; and so, all through the voyage, no mention had been made even of his name. It was his particular whim and request; and

here was the mystery at an end. The Professor had moved from the farmhouse in which he had lodged the year before, and had secured quarters in Mr Gunton's roomy, comfortable ranch, where the ladies had joined him.

Horace, who had inwardly chafed at this unexpected turn, had now to explain his awkward rencontre with the Professor. To his great relief, Mrs Stacer and Rose took it much more philosophically than he could have hoped; indeed, they seemed rather amused than otherwise.

'But,' said Horace with a rueful face, 'the Professor's in a frantic rage with me. You don't quite realise that he absolutely discredits my story, and believes I have been playing the spy all along. And upon the top of all this I have a letter to Mr Gunton, and must sleep here somehow for the night. There's no other accommodation within twenty miles. Why, when the Professor comes back and finds me here, he'll go out of his mind!'

Here Mrs Stacer, good woman that she was, volunteered to put matters straight, for the night, at all events. She at once saw Mr Gunton, and explained the *impasse* to him; and Horace was comfortably installed, away from the Professor's room, in the farmer's own quarters.

'Leave my brother to me,' said Mrs Stacer, as she left Horace. 'I daresay matters will come right.'

At ten o'clock Mrs Stacer came to the door. Mr Gunton rose and went out as she entered. 'H'sh,' she said with mock-mystery as she addressed Horace. 'I think,' she went on, with a comical little smile, 'the Professor begins to think he has done you an injustice. He is amazed at our knowing you, and we have attacked him all the evening, and he is visibly relenting.'

'Mrs Stacer,' said Horace warmly, 'I can't thank you sufficiently. I've had inspiration since I saw you. I, too, have discovered, not far from here, a rather good new butterfly—a species hitherto unknown. Can't I make amends, by sharing my discovery with the Professor? I've got specimens here in my box, and there are plenty in a kloof fifteen miles away.'

'Why, of course,' answered Mrs Stacer. 'It's the very thing. Your new butterfly will turn the scale. I'll go and tell my brother you have a matter of importance to communicate, and wish to make further explanations.—Wait a moment.'

In three minutes she returned. 'I think it will be all right,' she whispered. 'Go and see him. Straight through the passage you will find a door open, on the right. I'll wait here.'

Horace went forward and came to the half-open door. The Professor, who had changed his loose yellow alpaca coat for a black one of the same material, sat by a reading-lamp. He wore now his gold-rimmed spectacles, in lieu of the blue 'goggles.' He looked clean, and pink, and comfortable, though a trifle severe—the passion of the afternoon had vanished from his face. Horace spoke the first word. 'I have again to reiterate, Professor, how vexed I am to have disturbed your collecting-ground. I had not the smallest intention of doing it. Indeed, my plans lay farther north.

It was the pure accident of meeting my old school-friend, Marley, that led me here. In order to convince you of my sincere regret, I have here a new butterfly—evidently a scarce and unknown "Eurema"—which I discovered a few days since near here. My discovery is at your service. Here is the butterfly. I trust you will consider it some slight set-off for the vexation I have unwittingly given you.'

At sight of the butterfly, which Horace took from his box, the Professor's eyes gleamed with interest. He took the insect, looked at it very carefully, then returned it.

'Mr Maybold,' he said, rising and holding out his hand, 'I believe I did you an injustice this afternoon. I lost my temper, and I regret it. I understand, from my sister and daughter, that they are acquainted with you, and that they were fully aware of your original intention to travel to the Orange River. Your offer of the new butterfly, which is, as you observe, a new and rare species, is very handsome, and I cry quits. I trust I may have the pleasure of seeing you to-morrow at breakfast, and accompanying you to the habitat of your very interesting and remarkable discovery.'

Before breakfast next morning, there was a very pleasant and even tender meeting between Horace Maybold and Rose Vanning; and, when Mrs Stacer joined them, there was a merry laugh over the adventures of yesterday.

After breakfast—they all sat down together, the Professor in his most genial mood—Horace and the old gentleman at once set off for the kloof where the new 'Eurema' was discovered. They returned late in the evening; the Professor had captured a number of specimens, and although fatigued, was triumphantly happy. Horace stayed a week with them after this, with the natural result that at the end of that time he and Rose Vanning were engaged, with the Professor's entire consent.

The new butterfly—which, partly out of compliment to Rose, partly from its own peculiar colouring, was unanimously christened 'Eurema Rosæ'—was exhibited by Horace and the Professor jointly and with great *éclat* at an early meeting of the Entomological Society.

Horace and Rose's marriage is a very happy one. And, as they both laughingly agree—for the old gentleman often reminds them of the fact—they may thank the Professor's butterfly (the famous 'Achraea Parchelli') for the lucky chance that first threw them together.

IRON-LINED TUNNELS.

THE latest and most approved practice in the construction of Tunnels, whether for vehicular or railway traffic, presents several features of note and interest, and a succinct resumé of the works recently executed on the new principle, together with some account of the *modus operandi*, may, in view of the probable growth and extended application of the principle, be not inaptly laid before our readers at the present moment. Tunnelling through soft ground, more especially when much water is encountered, forms, as our readers are aware, one of the most difficult problems grappled

with by the engineer, and the task is rendered by no means easier when heavy buildings are situated in the neighbourhood, which any subsidence is liable to crack and otherwise damage. Hitherto, a stone or brick lining has been the mode of tunnel construction, but cast-iron segments are now coming largely into vogue.

During the construction of the Forth Bridge, our pages contained an account of the sinking of a caisson and the founding of a pier by means of compressed air. Very much the same method is adopted in tunnel construction, with, of course, the difference, that whereas the caisson is sunk vertically, in tunnel construction it is driven forward horizontally. Details necessarily differ considerably; but the principle involved in pier-sinking or tunnel-driving by means of compressed air is identically similar.

In tunnel construction on this system, the air-lock is placed at the entrance, and the excavation is carried on by means of a shield, answering to the caisson in pier-sinking. The shield is simply a cylinder of the same diameter as the tunnel, furnished with doors for the passage of the 'spoil' or excavated material.

The method of working may be briefly described. Having excavated a length, the shield is pushed forward by means of hydraulic rams attached to it and actuating against the iron lining, already in position; this accomplished, the space vacated by the shield is immediately lined with the cast-iron segments; and after further excavation, the shield again moves forward by exerting the rams against the lining just erected.

The erection of the lining is variously executed. In the larger tunnels, where the segments are heavy, a specially designed arm attached to the shield lifts each into position; but in smaller tunnels, the workmen experience no difficulty in dealing with the segments by hand. The segments are held together by bolts, and the tunnel is practically a huge cast-iron pipe built up in pieces. The handiness of this mode of construction and the low price of iron, have induced engineers to regard the new system with great favour. Not only in this country has this system been adopted, but also in America in the Hudson Tunnel at New York.

In the City and South London Electric Railway, which is over three miles in length, two huge pipes running side by side are employed, each having an internal diameter of ten feet two inches, and being built up of six segments. This line was opened on November 4, 1890, by the Prince of Wales and the late Duke of Clarence.

In Edinburgh at the present moment the North British Railway Company are driving two tunnels beneath the Mound in connection with their Waverley Station widening, on this principle. Each tunnel has a diameter of eighteen feet and six inches, and is built up of thirteen segments and a key-piece at the crown, the length of the iron lining exceeding a hundred yards in both cases. In Glasgow, the Harbour Tunnel beneath the Clyde has been successfully accomplished on this system; whilst the District

Subway, or new underground railway, is largely built with iron lining, and is rapidly approaching completion.

In this latter undertaking, two tunnels, side by side of each other—one for the 'up,' the other for the 'down' trains—are being built, each having a diameter of eleven feet, and each composed of nine segments and one key-piece in the ring.

At Blackwall, the London County Council are now busily engaged in driving a tunnel twenty-seven feet in diameter beneath the river Thames for vehicular and passenger traffic. In this tunnel, fourteen segments and a key-piece go to the ring, and the type of construction and the method of procedure are in all respects similar to that already described.

In regard to future undertakings, the Waterloo and City Railway—connecting, as its name implies, the important terminus of the London and South-western Railway with the heart of the City of London—now being commenced, will be built on this system and actuated by electricity; whilst the Hampstead and Charing Cross Railway, and the Central London Railway—both designed with iron lining—will, when completed, form additional examples of this class of construction, furnishing the metropolis with much-needed means of subterranean communication.

Into the exact modes of the manufacture of cast-iron segments for tunnel-lining it is beyond the scope of our present article to travel; suffice it, however, to add that so large is the demand for the new lining, that special plant has been designed for its execution, and great progress has been made in its rapid and economical production.

Enough has, however, been said to demonstrate that the lining of tunnels with cast-iron segments has proved itself a great success, and that the future bids fair to see the system still further developed and extended both in this country and elsewhere.

YOUTH AND LOVE.

A SONG.

SING of smiles, and not of tears;
Sing of roses, not of rue;
Leave these for far-future years;
Time is young for me and you.

Spring's blood thrills in every vein;
What can we have with decay?
Sunshine gilds each drop of rain
That would fall upon Love's way.

Life is at its zenith now;
We have reached Joy's topmost peak;
Wrinkles are for Age's brow,
Kisses for Youth's rosy cheek.

Sing of smiles, and not of tears;
Sing of roses, not of rue—
Sing of faith, and not of fears;
Deathless love for me and you!

M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 554.—VOL. XI.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1894.

PRICE 1½d.

THE VIS INERTIÆ.

GENTILITY has been described as the art of doing nothing elegantly: any idle boy or girl, man or woman, may 'lop about' and do nothing all day long with ease, but not with elegance. If not untidy in themselves—an exceptional case—how quickly an idle person will disarrange a whole roomful of furniture! Every chair and couch and ottoman has been requisitioned in turn; curtains thrust aside and tumbled; books left gaping, a cap here, slippers there, a pipe in the inkstand, a tobacco pouch among the flowers, newspapers everywhere but in the rack—'work' on the table, the materials for it on the floor. In short, there is no article for which the idle will not find a use—except the use for which it was originally designed.

But to be idle genteelly, elegantly—to give one's self up with grace and self-possession to the steady and serious contemplation of doing nothing—this requires, at least in one of English blood, some training. Without possessing the dignity of Spanish innate indolence, or French *insouciance*, or the delightful *dolce far niente* of the Italian, the Briton, ere he can be idle altogether, to his own satisfaction, needs a motive, a disguise, an excuse. To compose and consume cigarettes; to swing a rocking-chair; to tease a puppy or a kitten; to turn everything upside down hunting for something which, when found, is not wanted—all these things are good so far as they go. To have a letter to write, and to be all day going to write it; a book to be read, and almost turn a leaf in an hour; a piece of work to be completed, and to drop it every other minute—these also give the idle person genuine contentment; they exhale the breath of employment without fatigue, and cover a secret sense of languid enjoyment with the garment of an imaginary industry.

But to be idle, thoroughly, completely, and comfortably, as well as genteelly and elegantly

idle, your average English man or woman requires but one thing, and his or her fortune is made: let them but be, or be thought to be, in delicate health, and their lives are saved, so to speak; henceforth, they may indulge their inclinations to do nothing gracefully and elegantly to the end of the chapter.

'Dear Dick's health is so delicate,' says the fond mother, gazing commiseratingly into dear Dick's face as he enters the breakfast-room about noon, fresh from twelve or thirteen hours of repose, the last three of which have been, possibly, disturbed by the casual perusal of a newspaper or a novel. Certainly, dear Dick looks bored, but whether by hidden constitutional delicacy or open maternal sympathy, who shall say?

'I always prefer that Ada should take her breakfast in bed; it is so necessary that she should husband what little strength she has.' And Ada has not the least objection to indulging herself by remaining prostrate while the business of the morning is transacted, and to come out of her room with a duly delicate appearance by the time 'mother' has got through the burden and heat of the day. And so, partly because she thinks Ada needs 'care,' and partly because she likes to indulge herself in the luxury of keeping her child still dependent upon her, this goes on until some luckless wight falls in love with Ada's delicacy and sweet helplessness. By that time the proverbial light-heeled mother has made her daughter heavy-heeled; and, unless the parents' blood should wake up at the call of children's voices, dear helpless Ada will make but a lame recruit in the battle of life.

Idleness plays many parts. There are the constitutionally indolent—those who, like Dr Johnson, are *never*, physically, ready to get up in the morning, but who, like him, are possessed of a conscience, which compels them, now and again, to face the reflection of what they have—compared with what they might have—done, and to stand aghast at the

comparison. There are those whom circumstances have made idle: riches; absence of motive for exertion; ill-health, real or fancied; indulgent friends, and much more often by self-indulgence. That idleness is one of the seven deadly sins gives them no sort of concern; it is of the essence of their complaint to have no feeling of their own infirmity. They are asleep; they cannot tell their dreams, for they do not even know that they are dreaming. Giving up, nerveless relaxation, has become a habit, and to them—as to the immortal Mr Toots, though from a different motive—nothing is of any consequence. But whereas it was his own convenience, his own feelings, his own comfort, that never were of consequence to the unselfish Toots, it is precisely your convenience, your feelings, your comfort that are—to the idle man—of no consequence. Floating idly about on ‘the great Pacific Ocean of Indolence,’ he makes first one compromise, then another, with self-respect, until he ends by sacrificing the esteem of his fellow-men on the private altar of his own sloth. His affairs get first muddled, then embarrassed, then decaying, then desperate; and he feebly flatters himself with an idea of repose, now that all is gone.

It is of no consequence to him that he has impoverished his relations, and brought his wife—who brought him money as well as goodwill, who has borne him children and borne with him for a quarter of a century—it is of no consequence to him that he has brought her and them to poverty. His round, unalterably good-humoured face, his stolidly philosophical bearing, his placid equanimity, proclaim him a true Lotos-eater. To him, it is always afternoon. Why should he toil? Let what is broken remain so: let him alone. He is one of that ill-used race of men who ask only remission from labour. Unfortunately for this Lotos-eater, lotos are not indigenous in the British Isles. He cannot or will not dig; to beg he is not ashamed, only—it is too much trouble. His table is furnished; he scarcely knows, and not at all cares, how, or by whom, son or daughter, wife or brother, friend or stranger—it is all one to him. His friends have long ago given up all thoughts of *his* working—have given in to the power of the *Vis Inertiæ* of which he is so prodigious an example. Like the birds of the air, though he neither sows nor reaps, far less stores up for the future, yet he is fed and clothed; and is seldom, moreover, without a coin in his pocket.

As in the ant-world there is a race of idlers so inveterately helpless that should their—voluntary—nurses desert them, they would die of their own incapacity to provide food for themselves; so, among men, there is scarcely a community without its idle members, to whom the industrious minister, for whom they toil and deny themselves, in order to prolong for their parasites their long day of rest and dreamful ease. That idleness should have been long considered ‘the badge of Gentry’—we all remember the servant who warranted her mistress ‘quite a lady’ because ‘she never put her hand to nothing’—and that this notion still survives unconsciously in many minds, is per-

haps one reason why the idle are so long endured: that they have in all probability sunk in the social scale, and still preserve some traces of the gentility to which they were born, is another. They are living paradoxes. They eat bread unsweetened by toil, and do not find it disagrees with them. They sleep the sleep of the just, and never dream of unfulfilled duties. They somehow manage to escape the universal doom; while those about them earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, these are only concerned in the consumption of it, and never turn a hair in its production. Lean in mind if plump of person, incorrigibly idle, and imperturbably good-tempered, they peacefully bring their preposterous careers to a conclusion, and the story of it reads like a satire upon careful industry.

Granting true weight to the evils of the *Vis Inertiæ*, acknowledging its power to blast in the bud every high and noble design, and to stand, a stumbling-block, in the path of every beneficent or self-denying action, we must not shut our eyes to its absolute merits: to its indispensable benefits, its recuperative efficacy, its actual pleasures. To those harassed by worry, to those jaded by long and monotonous toil, a rest is as necessary as sleep after prolonged exertion. ‘Oh pleasant land of idlesse!’ where thought has leisure to feel its own poetry—where care is cast aside in luxurious quietude—where weariness lapses first into a pleasant lassitude, then, as the spirit renews itself, becomes braced with fresh life and vigour—where the memory even of toil fades away, and where the bitterest grief has its best chance of alleviation. Nature is ever ready to stand our friend, but we must have time to make her acquaintance before she can heal us. How can the solemn beauty of a summer midnight soften and still a heart too work-wearied to have regard to it? or how can the breeze from ‘the green hills growing dark around us’ freshen and purify the jaded mind and body that lack time to inhale it? But when there comes a pause—when we leave ‘doing’ for a while—when the panting wheel ceases its customary revolutions, and the shackles of labour are loosened, then, and not till then, do we experience the true regenerating excellence of rest.

THE LAWYER'S SECRET.*

CHAPTER VII.—SOME VULGAR GOSSIP.

ON arriving in London, Matthew Fane went straight to his master's office, and opened the outer door with a latchkey. Passing through the clerks' room, and through the solicitor's private office, he knocked at the door of a room beyond. This was a dining-room. Mr Felix found it convenient to live in rooms adjoining his office; and custom made him prefer that arrangement to any other. His bedroom and a boxroom, with a small kitchen, lay beyond, having an independent entrance to the outer staircase.

Receiving no reply to his knock, Fane gently turned the handle of the dining-room door, and

* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

entered. The gas was lit, but turned down. The clerk stood for a moment in uncertainty. There was light enough for him to see the different articles of furniture, all of them old-fashioned, heavy, and solid; but his gaze was fixed on a small safe, used by Mr Felix for his own private papers, which stood in one corner of the room. He moved softly towards the writing-table which stood near the fireplace, but even as he did so, he heard a slight sound from the bedroom. He had taken it for granted that his master was out, as it was Mr Felix's invariable custom, when he had shut himself up for the night, to secure the outer door of the office by a chain.

Fane suddenly stood still when he found that he was not alone, and then he crossed the room and knocked at the bedroom door.

'Come in!' called out the solicitor.

Fane went in, and found his master in bed.

'I have just returned from Woodhurst, sir,' he said. 'I thought you were out just now. Hope there's not much the matter with you, sir?'

'Oh, nothing. Only I am a little out of sorts.—You sealed up the cabinets, drawers, and so on?'

'Yes, sir. And what I came back to-night for was to deliver a message from Lady Boldon. She sent for me, and told me particularly to say to you that she was sorry you could not go down to-day, but she would expect you without fail on Tuesday, the funeral being on Wednesday.'

Mr Felix received the message in silence. 'Ladies always imagine that no business but their own is of any importance,' he said after a pause. 'It would do quite as well to go down on Wednesday morning; but I suppose her ladyship must be humoured. You had better drop her a note—or telegraph; that will be better. Say—"Mr Felix slightly indisposed, but will be at Roby Chase on Tuesday evening without fail."'

Fane turned away to despatch the message. 'Can I get you anything, sir?' he asked, as he left the room.

'No; Mrs Bird will be here in an hour,' said Mr Felix.

Mrs Bird was the person who acted as house-keeper and cook to the solitary man.

Fane despatched the telegram to Lady Boldon, and then, feeling rather tired, went home to his lodgings. These lodgings he shared with Daniel O'Leary; and, somewhat to his surprise, he found O'Leary extended at full length on the horse-hair sofa which graced one side of their joint sitting-room.

'How's this, Danny?' said the old man. 'It's seldom you're at home of a Saturday night.'

'No coin to-night,' said the youth laconically. '—I say,' he added after a pause, 'where have you been this afternoon?'

'Oh, I've been in the country. Been sealing up the desks, et cetera, of an old gentleman who's dead.'

'The same that you engrossed a will for the other day? Sir what's-his-name—Sir Richard Boldon?'

'The same,' said Matthew, as he set about preparing his tea.

'My word!' exclaimed the young man, sitting bolt upright, 'what a pity for our guv'nor that Sir R. left all his property away from his widow if she married again!'

Matthew's hand stopped in the act of placing a teacup on the table, and stared at his nephew in surprise. 'Bad for *him*? What d' you mean?'

'Why, he's in love with Lady Boldon—that's all. Head over ears—at his age, too!' Mr O'Leary laced his fingers behind his head—a head that was covered with brilliant red hair, cut as short as a barber could be persuaded to cut it—threw himself back again on the sofa, and chuckled.

'Nonsense! You don't know any such thing. You don't know anything at all about it,' remarked his uncle.

'Don't I? Trust me to find out our old man's little weaknesses. That was her—that was Lady Boldon he brought to the office one day, wasn't it? when you sent me out of the way to serve a bloomin' writ, or something? I thought it was. A fine woman. I admire the old gentleman's taste.'

'But how do you know he's in love with her?'

'Because he's got a photograph of her in the drawer of his writing-table, and he steals a peep at it, when he thinks he won't be interrupted. I've caught 'im at it. And I've got a look at the photo too. I wonder if she gave it 'im, or if he cribbed it? Shouldn't wonder if he took it out of the halbum at the house when he was on a visit. 'E's capable of it.'

'But, Dan, if you're right, he may as well give up all hopes of the lady; for it's not likely she would marry him and lose a fine estate like Roby.'

'I don't know about his giving up hope,' said Dan sententiously. 'When our guv'nor makes up his mind to a thing, he generally gets it.'

'Do you know what I would do, if I were in the guv'nor's shoes?' asked O'Leary, after a pause.

'You'd ask her to marry you; and she'd have you, my son, if it were for nothing but your good looks and your fine manners,' said the old man sarcastically.

'I'd quietly pop the new will into the fire, and say to the widow: "Now, you have me, and we'll enjoy all the property together."'

Matthew leant back in his chair, and regarded his nephew with a contemptuous air. 'Would you?' he said. 'And what about the witnesses to the will?'

'Oh, I'd square the witnesses,' replied the youth, with an airy smile.

'If the heir-at-law, or the next-of-kin, whoever they may be, got to hear of it, you'd find yourself in Queer Street, Danny.—And take you care you don't get there yet, young man.'

'I don't know what you mean,' said O'Leary angrily.

'Don't you? I checked the petty cash-book this morning, and I couldn't make it balance anyhow.'

'Oh, that's all right; I'll put that straight by the end of the month, and so long as it's right then, what's the odds?—But I say,' he broke off, anxious to change the subject—'did you see the lady when you were down there to-day?'

'Yes, I did. She is a very agreeable, nice woman,' said Mr Fane with an air of patronage. 'She gave me a message'—He stopped short.

'To old Felix? Out with it, uncle.'

'These things are confidential, Danny.'

'Oh yes! And what have I been telling you? That was confidential too, I s'pose; only you didn't remember it then. Catch me telling you anything I notice about Felix another time, that's all.'

'How should you care to know? Besides, it was nothing—only to tell Mr Felix to be sure and come down the evening before the funeral. He made me wire her that he would be up to time.'

'Ain't they thick enough?' said this objectionable young man with a grin. 'If I were that heir-at-law, I'd look out that they didn't cut me out between them. Who is he? Oh, I remember. His name was in the will. Something Boldon; and he was of Something Lane in the City of London, gentleman. That means he's a broker, or a commission agent, I suppose. Well, 'e'll stay a broker or a commission agent, I've a fancy, will or no will. Precious hard on Lady Boldon, to give up everything to *him* if she marries our poor old guv'nor. Is he worth it, uncle? Hardly, I should say.'

'Mind your own affairs, Dan,' said Matthew, who was tired of the young gentleman's refined conversation. 'Why don't you go to hear the new Lion Comique?'

'Told you I had no coin,' said Dan sulkily.

'I'll lend you a trifle, if that's all, and deduct it when I pay you the month's screw. I do like a little peace and quietness sometimes. But don't you go spinning it on a table. You'll get into trouble yet, Dan, if you go on with that game.'

'Don't grieve for me,' said the young gentleman, rising with alacrity from the sofa, and pocketing the shillings which his uncle handed to him. 'I can take care of Number One. Never fear.'

And in a few seconds Matthew Fane was left to his own meditations.

CHAPTER VIII.—TEMPTED.

Mr Felix was not seriously ill. He found himself quite well enough to go down to Roby Chase on the following Tuesday. On arriving at the little station at Woodhurst, Mr Felix noticed the Rector pacing up and down the platform with quick, agitated steps, and he went aside to greet Mr Bruce, whom, of course, he knew.

'I see the brougham from Roby Chase is waiting for me,' said the lawyer, when the ordinary greetings had been exchanged; 'can I have the pleasure of setting you down anywhere?'

'I—thank you—I hardly think so,' answered the Rector, 'unless you can wait ten minutes

—until the up-train comes in. The fact is, I want to see the last of poor Lynd, my curate, you know.'

'To see the last of him? Are you parting with him, then?' asked Felix, following the direction of the Rector's eyes with his own.

'That's him,' said Mr Bruce, guiding the solicitor's eye, as it were, with his look—'that tall spare man in clerical dress, standing at the door of the waiting-room. Yes, poor fellow, I'm obliged to part with him, much against my will. The fact is'—here the Rector's voice sank to a whisper—'he has been more or less cracked for some time, and lately he has shown such marked symptoms of being deranged, that I telegraphed for his brother—that gentleman who is talking to him now. That thick-set man standing near is in reality a keeper. They are taking him to an asylum now.'

'Indeed!' said the lawyer, while his eyes rested on the curate's spare form with unusual interest, and he murmured a few words of conventional sorrow for the misfortune that had fallen on him. 'I suppose,' he added, 'your connection with him will now be quite at an end?'

'Oh, dear, yes. We shall never see him again; and, upon my word,' continued the parson, wiping his forehead, 'it's a comfort to know that it is so. There have been such delays about signing the certificate, and so on; and really I haven't had one moment's peace for thinking what the poor fellow might do next.—Look at this letter I had from him this morning—plainly the letter of a madman.' As he spoke, Mr Bruce took a letter from his pocket, and handed it to the lawyer.

Mr Felix read it attentively; and as he did so, a thought which had been hovering near his mind, as it were, for some days, came back to him with tenfold force. He drove it away, and it came back, a second, a third time; while his eyes still remained fixed on the outspread sheet before him, and the hand which held it slightly trembled.

'I must go and talk to Mr Lynd now,' said the Rector nervously. 'I don't wish to seem impolite to him, or to his brother.—Wait for me—that is, if you don't mind waiting five minutes longer—and I'll drive over to the Chase with you;' and he walked off, forgetting that he had left Mr Lynd's letter in the lawyer's hand.

Mr Felix did not mind waiting. He paced the platform, deep in thought, never raising his eyes from the ground, except to glance now and then at the little group of gentlemen at the waiting-room door.

On his arrival at the Chase, Mr Felix dined alone; and during dinner he received a message from Lady Boldon, asking him when it would be convenient for him to go up-stairs.

'Tell Lady Boldon, with my compliments, that I have two or three letters to write for the night-mail, and then I shall be quite at her ladyship's service.'

After dinner, Mr Felix went up-stairs for a small despatch-box which he always carried about with him, and having brought it down to the library, he remained at work there for nearly an hour. At the end of that time his

letters were finished. He went back to the dining-room, poured himself out a glass of port, drank it, and then filled the glass a second time.

The lawyer knew that he would need to have all his wits about him in the coming interview; but he also knew that there was something he would need more than cunning, and that was—courage. Having drunk the wine, he rang the bell, and told the servant to let Lady Boldon know that he was ready to see her.

'I had orders to take you up-stairs as soon as you were at liberty, sir,' was the answer; and the lawyer followed the man to Lady Boldon's boudoir. He was almost startled by the appearance that the widow presented, her white, rigid face with its great dark eyes, shining, as it were, out of the black garments in which she was clad. Her beauty seemed more chastened, more severe than before; yet it was even more fascinating. Mr Felix's heart beat wildly as he took the lady's outstretched hand: he hardly dared to look her in the face.

Lady Boldon was the first to break the silence. 'What have you to tell me?' she said.

The lawyer kept his eyes on the ground, and made no reply.

'Has it been done? Has that cruel, that fraudulent will been made?'

'I am sorry to say it has,' said Mr Felix in so low a tone that the words were barely audible.

'Give it to me,' cried the lady, stretching out her hand.

The lawyer shrank back. 'I dare not,' he said.

'Have you it with you here? Yes; I see you have. Well—let me see it.'

Mr Felix rose, drew a bulky document from his breast-pocket, opened it, and spread it out on a small table which stood close to Lady Boldon's chair. The lawyer stood beside her as she leant over it, and read it through—read it from the first line to the signatures of A. Felix and Stephen Lynd as witnesses.

It was not a long document, or difficult of comprehension. By it practically the whole of Sir Richard's property passed to trustees on trust to hold it for the testator's widow so long as she should remain unmarried; and from the time of her second marriage, in trust for the testator's nephew, Frederick Boldon.

'The injustice of this'—began Lady Boldon, and she stopped, unable to go on.

'I quite agree with you,' said Mr Felix. 'It is flagrantly unjust, considering what was said at the Rectory before the marriage.'

'Can nothing be done? Must I submit to this?'

The lawyer was silent.

'Is it necessary to produce this will at once?' asked Lady Boldon, a flush rising to her face as she spoke.

'Delay could do no good. It ought to be produced now, if at all.'

The lady started, and looked inquiringly at the solicitor.

'I mean, that if this will is not read to-

morrow morning, it need never be read at all.'

'I—I—don't understand you,' said Lady Boldon. 'What do you mean?'

'Only this, that if I choose, I can render the will inoperative.'

'Oh!'

For a moment Lady Boldon thought that the lawyer intended, as he did intend, to convey that he might possibly consent to suppress the will; but she at once rejected the idea as too preposterous. In the third part of a second, Mr Felix saw that the crime of destroying the will was not in Lady Boldon's thoughts. But he also saw that she was anxious to get it set aside, even in an irregular way. Her eyes gleamed with an anticipation of triumph, as she bent forward saying eagerly: 'Oh! will you do so?'

The lawyer's eyes fell on the ground. 'I will—on one condition.'

'What is it?' cried the lady eagerly. She still imagined that the solicitor had in his mind some legal quibble, or some irregularity in the document which rendered, or might render, it invalid.

'It is not easy for me to refer to that at this moment, so soon after your husband's death,' said Mr Felix in a very low tone. 'Yet it is best to be frank, is it not? And time presses. We must make our decision to-night. The truth is, then, Lady Boldon, I will do what you ask if you consent that one day you will take me for your husband.'

'Sir!' Lady Boldon involuntarily rose to her feet, her eyes positively blazing with indignation. She calmed herself with an effort, resumed her seat, and said without any trace of anger in her tone: 'Mr Felix, I can only suppose that you have for the time taken leave of your senses. Be good enough to leave the room.'

In spite of her apparent calmness, Lady Boldon was trembling with suppressed feeling—trembling from head to foot. Her contemptuous air hardened the lawyer, and gave him courage. 'You had better hear me out,' he said coolly. 'To-morrow, it may be too late.—Now, please, understand that on no other condition will I stir hand or foot'—

'I do not want you to do anything. I will consult some other solicitor,' said Lady Boldon coldly.

'Very well,' retorted the lawyer, in a tone as cold as her own. 'Only, I tell you this, if you do so, on the morning when you cease to be Lady Boldon, you leave Roby Chase for ever; and your income, instead of being six or seven thousand a year, will be a bare three hundred.—I, and I alone, can prevent that.'

'Is the will illegal, then, in some way?'

'Excuse me. I had rather not answer questions. All I want to say is this—If you refuse to give me the promise I require, the new will must be read to-morrow, immediately after the funeral; and in that case nothing can hinder its taking effect, if you marry a second time. But if you grant my condition, you will never see or hear of this new will again.'

'Why? How? Do you mean?— You do not mean that you would dare to destroy it?'

The lady's voice sank to a whisper, and her cheek blanched as she asked the question.

But the lawyer's ready laugh re-assured her. 'Destroy it? Certainly not. But, pray, don't ask any more questions.'

Lady Boldon sat still, her rapid intellect searching this way and that for a way out of her difficulty, without finding one; and Mr Felix, naturally supposing that she was engaged in considering his proposal, continued to press his suit.

'Listen, I beg of you, Lady Boldon,' he said. 'I am not a young man; though I am considerably younger than you—than my late client. No one could say that a match between us was in any way singular. You would lose nothing. I am anxious to impress that upon you; you should have the spending of your income, every penny of it. And I have loved you, as I think woman never was loved before, ever since—never mind how long. I love you more than my life. My life? What is that to me without you? I love you more than my honour.'

'For shame, Mr Felix, to use such words to me under this roof, and on this night!'

The lawyer looked at his companion; and for the moment he almost felt as if he hated her, and hated her more than he had loved her. But the next instant his anger had given way. A change had come into her face. Her eyes grew soft, almost pitiful, and the indignant blush faded from her cheek. 'But, surely, Mr Felix,' she said gently, leaning towards him once more, 'surely it could not be any pleasure to you to marry a woman that did not love you?—Ah! you do not know what a loveless marriage is! For your own sake, put this mad fancy out of your head.'

'Fancy? A mad fancy? It is the very life and soul, and at the same time the curse, of my existence. And you speak of putting it from me, as if it were a child's desire for a new toy! No; I cannot give up the hope of winning you. It is my very life.'

'And I cannot consent to your ridiculous proposals, Mr Felix,' retorted Lady Boldon. 'Better remain a widow than marry a person whom I despise.'

He started at the word; and his companion was not slow to notice it.

'Think, Mr Felix! How can one avoid despising a man who takes such means to force a woman to marry him?'

He set his teeth, and made no reply.

Lady Boldon rose to terminate the interview, outwardly calm, but inwardly a prey to the bitterest disappointment. The splendid prize for which she had sacrificed so much, and suffered so much, was slipping from her grasp. Something at that moment whispered, as it were, in her ear: 'Decide nothing to-night. Wait until to-morrow. Something may happen before then. Do not throw away Roby Chase in a hurry.' So aloud she said—'I cannot talk any more to-night; but if you like, I will see you in the morning.—Oh, you are cruel—cruel!'

'You will not think me cruel afterwards—if you marry me,' said the lawyer thoughtlessly.

This calm assumption that her opposition would break down, exasperated Lady Boldon.

'Can't you see,' she flashed out, 'that you are taking the surest way in the world to make me detest you? Your love is an insult.—But enough for to-night. The funeral is at eleven. I shall be here, in this room, at ten; and I will give you my answer then.'

Mr Felix did not utter a word. He bowed, and left her. But when the door had closed behind him, a fierce smile crossed his face. An experience of forty years had taught him the truth of the adage that she who hesitates is lost.

SECRET SOCIETIES AND SECRET TRIBUNALS.

THOUGH many Societies claim to be of earlier origin, the Order of Knights Templar is the first one of which the date of foundation is known. They were not, it is true, strictly speaking, a Secret Society; but they are as fully entitled to that term as the Freemasons, the Rosicrucians, the Illuminati, or any other. They had mysterious rites of initiation, badges and lodges; they were, in fact, the real source from which Freemasonry sprang. Their rise and history are too well known to need detailed description. Founded in 1119, they were originally an order of military monks, having for their aim the redemption of the Holy Sepulchre, and taking the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience—vows which, as was inevitable, became null and void when the order grew in numbers and in power. At the height of their splendour they possessed no fewer than nine thousand 'commanderies' or districts; their annual income was £4,448,000, a gigantic sum in those days; they numbered 30,000 members; their fleet held command of the Levant; they were by far the best soldiers in Europe. Small wonder was it that they practically held the destinies of the world in their hands, and that the Princes of Europe became alarmed at their power, for the time seemed not far distant when the cross-hilted swords should strike the sceptres from their hands, and the gay embroidered escutcheons go down before the pied banner *Beauséant*.

Their extermination was a necessity. The Grand Master was arrested, the lodges were broken up, and the knights thrown into prison. The most absurd charges were preferred against them—blasphemy, devil-worship, trampling on the very cross for which they had shed their heart's blood, adoration of an idol called Baphomet. No accusation was too madly extravagant, no crime too horribly unnatural, to impute to the unfortunate Templars. One, and one only, real charge was urged against them—namely, that they had defied the authority of the Pope. That they were luxurious, and even vicious, is true, but no more so than any other powerful and wealthy body of men would have been under the circumstances; that their initiatory rites were secret and fantastic, is certain; but that any sane men would have held the orgies ascribed to them is utterly incredible. In 1314, the Grand Master and the Grand Preceptor were put to death, and the Knights Templar ceased to exist as an order. With them perished the last vestiges of the real chivalry.

Contemporary with the Templars was the famous Syrian sect of the Assassins. Their name describes them. The band was founded by Hassan-ibn-Sabbah, the 'Old Man of the Mountain,' and consisted of himself and his dupes. They were a mere band of fanatical murderers, without political or religious excuse. It was the custom of Hassan to inveigle young men, stupefied by hashish (whence the name 'assassin' or *hashishin*), into a garden formed after the description of the Moslem Paradise. Here the novice was allowed to remain for some time; he was then stupefied and brought before the Master, who bade him go forth and do his bidding; promising that if he were obedient, he should enjoy the Paradise, of which he had had a foretaste, for ever. The Assassins are said to have numbered forty thousand men, and European Princes leagued with them. After the death of Hassan, internal dissension arose, and finally they were exterminated by the Mongols in 1256.

In pleasant contrast to the grim realism and fierce barbarity of the middle ages are the Troubadours and Minnesingers, most graceful and poetic of conspirators. That they were heretics and plotters, is true; but they were heretics only to the fierce rancour of the Inquisition; and they plotted only against the gloomy tyranny of feudal France, wandering over Europe, preaching the canons of the Joyous Science, the religion and cult of Love, as mysteriously sweet as their own 'Romaunt of the Rose.' They were in some measure a secret society, for they had grips and passwords, and they held 'courts of love' ostensibly for the settlement of affairs of gallantry. But harmless though they were, the restless suspicion of Rome was upon them; they had sung songs derivative of the Pope, above all in the 'langue d'oc,' 'the language of heretics;' they were in league with the Albigenses. They perished with their unhappy allies beneath the iron heel of the father of Simon de Montfort.

Indeed, it seemed at that time as if the joy of life had perished with them; the Inquisition had fleshed its young claws in their destruction; the shadowy forms of the 'Vehmgerichte' and the 'Beati Paoli' begin to loom awfully upon the political vision. Europe is inundated with spies, assassins, agents of chicane, braves, informers, secret stabbers; from Italy come poison-rings, poisoned gloves, Venetian daggers, invisible inks. The torture chamber now became the antechamber of the law-court, much ingenuity being expended on the furnishing of it; the 'peine forte et dure' was a recognised preliminary to the judicial examination. The Inquisition is undoubtedly the most widely known of the three secret tribunals, as it was the most universally powerful; but the Vehmgerichte was equally powerful within its jurisdiction.

The Holy Inquisition was established in 1208 by Pope Innocent III. in Languedoc, for the suppression of the Albigenses and Troubadours, as above stated. From its establishment in Spain five-and-twenty years later, it rapidly spread all over the Continent. It gave the death-blow to the Knights Templar; in 1481 it drove the Jews out of Spain. At this time

the famous Torquemada was Grand Inquisitor. He was a short, stout man, little suggestive in appearance of a bigot. It is possible that his ravages are exaggerated; but even when we allow for error in this respect, the number of persons who were put to death under his inquisitorship is enormous. His harshness was so unbending and his punishments so rigorous, that he was several times obliged to account for his conduct to the Pope. Throughout the long, bloody record of the Santa Hermandad, there is no trace of any redeeming action. It was established to root out heresy, and with terrible earnestness it did its work. The Inquisition was omnipresent: it followed in the wake of the Conquistadores into Peru and Mexico; it descended upon the unhappy Netherlands in the van of the Duke of Alva. In the reign of Philip II. the Inquisition reached the summit of its power, for it had become a recognised Spanish institution, and the people were no more shocked at an *auto da fé* than at a bull-fight. But with the growth of civilisation the Inquisition declined. It continued to linger on, but it was only a shadow; and when the soldiers of Napoleon entered the inquisitorial prison, they found few prisoners to liberate. The rack and wheel had grown rusty; the cords and pulleys were rotting on the beam. Poe's horrible nightmare tale of the torture by the pendulum is centuries behind its time; the pendulum was there, but the knife was blunt and dull, and the mechanism was broken and useless. An attempt was made to re-establish the Inquisition in 1814, and many persons were imprisoned; but the time for even the mumery of persecution was past. The people broke out into revolt, burnt the prisons, and drove away the familiars. In 1820 the Holy Inquisition was blotted out.

Widely different from the Inquisition in every respect was the Vehmgerichte or Holy Vehm. This tribunal was formed in Westphalia towards the close of the thirteenth century for the punishment of those who were too powerful to be brought before the ordinary law-court. It was very similar in origin to the English Star Chamber. The state of Germany at this time was utterly anarchic; the title of ruler of the Holy Roman Empire was an empty dignity; the land was filled with marauding 'lanzknechten' out of employ, with savage barons who were nothing more or less than robbers, with bishops who ravaged their dioceses. The Vehmgerichte was the only institution in Germany which had the power of enforcing order; as it was secret, it could neither be bribed nor terrorised. Its authority was very great; it even summoned the Emperor to appear before its free courts, who, though he did not obey the summons, dared not resent the indignity. Though it was never formally abolished till 1811, when the last vestige of it was declared legally non-existent by a decree of Napoleon, it gradually lost its authority as the necessity for it ceased.

A description of its constitution and procedure may be of interest. There were three degrees among its members: the chief were the 'Stuhlherren,' or lord justices; the next were 'Schöppen,' or sheriffs; the lowest, 'Frohn-

boten,' or messengers. There were secret signs and pass-words, and traitors were invariably put to death. An accused person was summoned to appear before the 'free court;' he was cited three times, intervals of six weeks being allowed to elapse between the citations. If he failed to appear, he was condemned *in contumaciam*. If, however, he appeared, he was permitted to bring thirty witnesses, and was allowed the privilege of legal advocacy and advice, and even the right of appeal to the higher court. The extreme punishment was death by hanging; and it is probable that torture was employed to extort evidence from unwilling witnesses, though, of course, this was only in accordance with the usual judicial procedure of the time.

Identical with the Holy Vehm in constitution and aim was the Beati Paoli, a Sicilian society. Of these, very little is known. They were a popular secret society, and much dreaded. Their existence was first discovered in 1185, and they existed down to the commencement of the present century. Though not so powerful or so great as the Vehmgerichte, they exerted a considerable influence upon Sicily and South Italy.

After the Company of Troubadours, the most attractive secret society is certainly that of the Rosicrucians, or the Society of the Rosy Cross. It was theirs to invest the debased art of alchemy with a fantastic charm, none the less graceful because it was unreal. They were very closely connected with the Troubadours, holding the 'Romaunt of the Rose' as the epic of their order. Their professed aim was the restoration of the 'sciences'—that is, alchemy and astrology—to their true spheres. Their tenets and ceremonies were of the most graceful and poetical description, very different from the stern Vehmish code and the crude mummery of other secret societies. Their beliefs were worthy of their general character. Boldly and unreservedly, they denied the grotesque horrors of monkish theology—there was no witchcraft or sorcery; incubus and succubus had no existence; the unseen world was peopled, not with horned devils and dismal spectres, but with beautiful spirits, loving mankind. It is to them that we owe nearly all the folklore of ancient Germany—of the gnomes which toil in the mines, of the legend of Undine, of the sylphs which inhabit the air. The sect spread into Scotland and Sweden and throughout all Europe. It gradually became merged in the craft of Freemasons.

An article giving an account of the principal secret societies would be incomplete without some mention of the Illuminati, a sect which attracted a great deal of attention, and to which, as to the Nihilists of to-day, a very exaggerated influence and power was attributed. It was founded by a student, Adam Weishaupt, in 1776, and had political and educational aims. Space does not permit us to give the long list of degrees and classes into which the Illuminati were divided. There were three main stages—Nursery, Masonry, and Mysteries, which were again divided and subdivided. The members assumed the names of various ancients; Weishaupt, for instance, called himself Spartacus.

The statutes and instructions of the order were discovered after its suppression in 1786, and give evidence of considerable knowledge of mankind, being written much after the style of Machiavelli's 'Prince.' There was probably no society which attracted so much attention with so little reason at the time: mention is made of it in nearly all contemporary works.

To give an account, or even the briefest details, of one-half of all the secret societies known would be impossible. The majority had political aims, as the Carbonari in Italy, who existed from time immemorial down to the commencement of the present century, directed against Papal tyranny; in Germany was the Tugendbund, against Napoleon; others were mere hordes of robbers, as the Chauffeurs in France, and the Garduna in Spain. The various Irish secret societies are too well known to need specification. There were many semi-religious societies, as the Swedenborgians, and Asiatic societies without number.

The dawn of the last decade of the nineteenth century sees the extinction of the last remnants of any true secret society; they have become obsolete, unnecessary, ineffective. As for any modern so-called 'secret society,' it is a curiosity; its place is in the museum, together with the rust-eaten thumb-screws and tarnished symbols. They are as harmless and as useless as these. The only two conspicuous modern societies with any semblance of activity are the Nihilists and the Clan-na-Gael. Neither of them has ever done anything towards the accomplishment of their object beyond a few isolated and useless murders and one or two mock-revolutions. They are now lethargic, in a death-stupor. The dawn of the twentieth century will see the close of their inglorious records.

A DAUGHTER OF THE KING.

CHAPTER II.

IN the ravine the utmost consternation had prevailed when the girl had so suddenly ridden away. Captain Jackson declared he should not consider himself safe for another hour now. Only Larry maintained a firm faith in the girl. 'She will come back with food,' he said.

And he was right. Towards sunset, a shadow suddenly appeared at the entrance to the ravine. The mustang had halted, and the girl had slipped from his back before the startled soldiers realised that Hialulu had returned.

'I knew you would come again!' burst from Larry triumphantly.

'Did you?'—glancing at him, as she untied a bundle from the horse's back and threw it down. 'Why not have lighted a fire, then?'

'Jove! I never thought of it'—looking up the ravine, as if in amazement that one had not lighted itself. 'I really felt quite confident you would come back, though.'

'I believe you. And you alone, perhaps'—surveying the others in a cold, cursory manner.

Their silence confirmed her suspicions. Then she walked up the long, narrow ravine, collecting any lichens and bits of stick, in which Larry at once joined her; whilst the Major and Captain lay and watched her, and wondered what the difference was between her walk and that of an Englishwoman.

When sufficient materials had been collected for a fire, Hialulu left Larry to light it whilst she went to unpack the provisions. By-and-by, turning from completing this, she beheld that gentleman lying flat on the floor, blowing a pile of smoking stuff, whose intention was evidently anything but that of lighting. Seemingly the girl possessed some sense of humour. For the first time a quick smile passed over her face, banishing the stern gloom, and rendering it for the moment radiantly lovely. Going up to the prostrate Lieutenant and kneeling down by the smoking mass, Hialulu proceeded to investigate. Larry had placed a pile of lichen, lighted it, and then arranged the sticks carefully all over it after the manner of planking a floor, leaving no possible loophole for a flame to creep through.

'Did you ever light a fire before?' she inquired gravely.

'Er—no. I think my mother forgot to teach me to light a fire.'

'Evidently.'

Larry sat contentedly on the ground, and watched her rebuild the fire. 'What sort of wood do you call that?'—indicating the thin brown twigs she was picking up.

'Kono.'

'Oh. I thought they were pine-twigs.'

'Perhaps you do call them that.'

'I see. That's your name for them. I think your names are much prettier.'

'No; you don't.'

Larry jumped as much as his sitting posture would allow. Then his lips curled suspiciously, but he repressed the laugh, meekly remarking: 'Er—I meant—I thought I did.'

Miss Martineau evidently considered this ended the conversation, for she vouchsafed no further reply. In a moment or so, however, she observed: 'You go and get some of the flesh I brought, so that we can cook.'

Lieutenant Larry entertained a strong suspicion that she had been laughing; but he could not be quite sure. He rose, however, and went to obey her commands. He found she had brought a considerable quantity of partly dried flesh, and a number of large corn and rice meal cakes. He carried back some of the flesh, and together they began to cook.

The girl preserved a strict silence; but several times Larry saw the firm lips relax as he chatted and cooked away with equal vigour, in no wise disconcerted by her silence.

She sat some distance off whilst the men eagerly ate the unexpected supper. Soon after

it was over, she curtly announced her intention of leaving them.

'You'll come again, won't you?' asked Captain Jackson eagerly.

'Time will show.'

'Will you tell us if we are in danger of visits from the Indians?' inquired Major Littleton.

She answered him more courteously. 'No. You can sleep in safety. There are now no moving Indians within twenty miles of you.'

'Twenty miles!' echoed Larry. 'What are they all doing, then?'

'They have all joined Waunema by now.'

'Waunema? Oh yes, of course. But Waunema's after—Where are the English soldiers, then?'

'They are falling back on Fort Hunter.'

'Holy Moses!' groaned Larry, as he realised all that meant. And his groan was echoed by the others.

'How far are they from us now then, do you think, Miss Martineau?'

'Anywhere within fifty and seventy miles.—But don't call me that, please. It sounds like mockery. Just call me Lulu'—gravely. And so saying, Lulu beckoned to the patient horse, and followed by him, left the cave.

Some time in each of the following days Lulu came, bringing various kinds of food; and often game of her own killing. She seemed an absolutely fearless being, roaming far and wide. She could tell them the exact movements of the English soldiery, giving precise reasons for those movements; but concerning the movements of the Indian hordes, Lulu maintained a stubborn silence.

She talked more freely to Larry as the days went on, seeming to be rather partial to him; and she was very gentle and courteous to the Major, constantly cooking little delicacies to tempt his failing appetite.

It soon became evident, though, that the exposure and swamp humours would make short work of these men. They grew paler and weaker each day, and more languid. They all recognised this fact, and accepted the knowledge in divers ways. The Major was quiet and resigned; Larry preserved a steady cheerfulness, in accordance with certain principles of his own; and the Captain groaned and grumbled incessantly, in accordance also with his method of doing things, and much to the disgust and contempt of Hialulu.

'We're simply dying by inches,' he complained. 'It would have been much more merciful to have killed us at the commencement.'

'Not at all,' contradicted Larry stoutly. 'Whilst there's life there's hope, I say. I don't believe God is keeping us alive just to torture us.'

Lulu's hand was on the horse's back, but she paused in her spring. 'Well said, and as a brave soldier. Your life is worth saving; for you are like a ray of sunshine among men.'

'Thank you,' and Larry raised his cap.

'It must have been Providence sent you,' said the Major. 'So we should not complain.'

'Perhaps it is your Providence has kept my doings for you undiscovered all this time,' remarked Lulu with a smile. 'My father's Indian

servants are quick to observe; and if he had but a suspicion, he would shoot me; and then, of course, your food must cease. Every night when I enter the—his home—I look for a bullet; but it has not come. Yet, if some day you do not see me, you may guess it has. And Lulu sprang on the mustang's back and vanished.

One day she brought them an extra supply of food; and then the next day she did not come at all. The men wondered in vain; they had not the least clue as to the motive for her actions. That she had not intended to come that day, they could tell from her having brought them the extra food. Captain Jackson suggested that she had wearied of the trouble and risk of keeping them supplied, and that she did not mean to come again; but Larry indignantly maintained a sturdy faith in the beautiful and inexplicable being, to whom, in the first hour of her appearance, his hot young love had been secretly given.

In reality, before dawn that morning, the object of their various surmises was steadily riding onwards, away from them, over great grassy plains. Her face wore its usual expression of immovable decision, but the brown eyes had a look of brooding trouble. Now and again she had to urge on the willing but tired mustang. It had been a much longer ride than she had expected—much longer; and she had been tired before. Ah, well, it could not be so long now.

In the early morning, the English sentry was utterly amazed to see a frothing horse gallop up, from which slipped a tall, slight girl in a broad straw hat. Before he could say anything, she addressed him in the cool manner so peculiarly her own: 'I want to see your Colonel.'

'We don't let strangers inside our lines—miss,' said the man; 'at least, not often.'

'You had better let me in, or you may have cause for sorrow'—calmly.

The man stared at her, and then sounded the signal for the picket guard.

Lulu leaned against her horse for a moment or so, until four or five men came up under a corporal. That gentleman asked innumerable questions; but being unable to elicit any information, or to satisfy his curiosity in the least possible way, and being told that she had something to tell his Colonel which he would be glad to hear, the corporal decided to conduct the strange visitor to his superior officer. Provided that officer decided to pass her along, he would then conduct her to Colonel Harcourt's headquarters.

Lulu had to undergo the ordeal—if, indeed, it was any ordeal to her—of being stared at by a fair, young man in a Major's uniform, whose curiosity was also immense to know what had brought this beautiful and strange girl to the camp at that hour of the morning. But all his questions were equally as vain as the corporal's.

'I have not ridden some sixty miles to beg on my knees to see this Colonel of yours, or to tell my history in full before being allowed to do so. If you don't mean to let me see him, say so; and the blame can rest

with you,' she said calmly, with a look of the utmost indifference on her handsome face.

'Will you tell me who you are, then?'

'No.'

'But what shall I say to the Colonel? They are having a conference in his tent; and I can't go to ask them to see some one, of whom and whose errand I can tell them literally nothing. Do give me even a message.'

'My message is that I want to see him—the Colonel.'

Seeing that further remonstrance was useless, the officer turned away, merely remarking: 'Well, I'll go and tell the Colonel. I only hope I shan't get blamed, that's all.'

Seeing that he really intended going, Lulu called him back. 'You may say, if you like, that I come about some of your officers.'

'Oh!' said the young man, brightening; 'I see. Thank you. Will you come with me, then, please?'

Unconcernedly, Lulu followed him up some rising ground, at the top of which was the Colonel's tent. Sounds of voices came from the interior of the tent, and as they reached the door, the officer who accompanied her said apologetically: 'I shall have to ask you to wait here a second, whilst I go and ask the Colonel to see you.'

Lulu nodded, and turned her back on the too curious sentry as she set herself to wait. In a second the Major lifted the curtain of the tent again, and beckoned her to enter. He held the curtain for her as she passed through, and then passed out himself.

Lulu found herself in a tent with four officers, who all surveyed her with the utmost curiosity and interest. She looked in no wise conscious of their scrutiny, but with one rapid glance scanned each face. Instinctively she recognised the Colonel from among them—the man sitting opposite her, with the searching gray eyes and wavy brown hair. The other three officers were younger men. Seeing that she had singled him out, and expected him to speak, Colonel Harcourt spoke in a somewhat formal tone: 'Will you be seated?'

'I had rather stand,' came the equally formal answer.

'Major Lewis informs us that you are able to give us information concerning our missing officers. Is that so?'

'It is'—laconically.

Perceiving that the girl did not mean giving any information that was not considered worth the asking, the Colonel went on in a more courteous voice: 'Will you be good enough to tell us what you know, then—where they are?'

'In Skeleton Gulch, on the north side of Mauna's shoulder, at the head of Dead Swamp.'

'The Dead Swamp!' repeated the Colonel. 'Why, that is—how far off?'

'Under seventy miles.'

'Heavens! And have you come from there now—in one ride?'

'I have.'

'Then you must be very tired. Won't you sit down?'

'It is the mustang that will want to sit down, not I'—tersely.

The officers laughed; and then one of the younger ones rose and placed a chair quite close to her side. With a word of thanks, Lulu sat down and leaned her tired back against the chair. Her face was quite white; and despite her scorn of any such idea, the very tones of her voice betrayed weariness.

'What on earth are we to do, I wonder?' said Colonel Harcourt, addressing his companions, and then letting his eyes wander back to the beautiful, stern face opposite him.

'I don't know; it's such an awful way off.'

'If you like to send horses and men for them, I'll guide them to the Gulch,' observed Lulu.

'But how shall we be sure that you are not a decoy to get our horses and men away from the camp?' queried the cautious Colonel.

A look of supreme contempt and disgust curled the girl's lips. 'You can be sure of nothing,' was the most uncompromising reply. 'You please yourself as to what you risk. It is optional, I suppose, whether you send or not; and the choice rests with you.'

'But I wonder they didn't give you some writing or message to—to give us perfect confidence,' ventured one of the other officers.

'They didn't, because they have no idea I have come,' rejoined Lulu, turning those restless brown eyes on to the speaker. In answer to the unspoken question, she went on: 'Because I thought a day's suspense would make them ill—more than they are; and I might fail, in which case, disappointment would intensify despair; therefore, I did not tell them I meant trying.'

'Will you tell us who you are?' inquired the first speaker.

'No; I see no necessity for doing so.'

'No necessity,' interposed Colonel Harcourt courteously. 'But as a favour.'

'Kate Martineau'—laconically.

'Kate Martineau!' repeated all the men in chorus.

'That should be an English name,' said the Colonel.

'It should.'

'Then you are not Indian?'

'No.'

'Nor Indian parents?'

'Nor Indian parents.'

'May I ask who your parents are?'

'My dead mother was Miss Sutton, daughter of Major Sutton of the Royal Artillery.'

'And your father?'

'Is Captain Martineau of the scarlet Lancers.'

'Not?'

'Yes'—smiling for the first time.

The men stared at her in speechless amazement for a moment or two, then Colonel Harcourt rose.

'You are an English officer's daughter, then, and I shall have the greatest confidence in sending men under you.—You must have refreshments and a rest, Miss Martineau. Meanwhile, I will see to getting men ready for the expedition.'

The officers then left the tent, leaving Lulu to silence and rest.

They brought her refreshments, but she did not touch them. Was she so tired? Perhaps. Or perhaps those gloomy far-seeing eyes already discerned the shadows gathering on the future's dim wall.

Presently Colonel Harcourt re-entered the tent, and came and sat opposite her.

'You are not eating anything! Come, you must eat something. I am afraid you are overtired,' he said in his courteous tones, scrutinising her face with searching, gray eyes.

'What with?'

'Why, your long ride.'

'I take longer than that.'

'Do you? How?—I mean, for what purpose?'

'No particular purpose, as a rule. I spend the summer-time riding about.'

'Oh! And the winter? How do you spend that?'

'In reading, and various other ways.'

'Reading?' he repeated, thinking that explained the ease and refinement of her speech. 'You manage to get books, then?'

'The travellers that go to the big white cities bring them to me—and my father.'

'I am very sorry for your father,' went on the Colonel. 'He must have taken the—his misfortune very bitterly. Did he come here directly after it?'

'Yes. Before I was born.'

'Ah!—It is a great pity,' he remarked after a while. 'And it is a great shame that a girl like you should be buried up here amongst these savages. Don't you find your life insufferably dull and monotonous?'

'I have not noticed it—before,' she said, and then wondered what had prompted that last word.—'I am quite ready to start when your men are,' she told him by-and-by.

The Colonel rose, and stood looking down on the frail-looking figure of the girl. 'It does seem too much to ask; but you say you are not tired. You will come back with the men?'

'Yes. I won't leave off now till I have well finished.'

'Thank you. You must have one of our horses; for your mustang would never do the double journey again.'

'As you will. If all are lost, one horse more or less will not signify.'

The Colonel smiled, and left the tent. About ten minutes afterwards an orderly came to tell Miss Martineau that the Colonel's arrangements were finished. Lulu rose, and followed the man out of the tent and down the hill. Just outside the camp stood a group of men and horses waiting. The girl ran a quick, experienced eye over the men and horses, more especially the horses; and Colonel Harcourt saw she knew what she was undertaking. The horse that had been appointed for her was furnished with a bit and bridle, but no saddle.

'We have no side-saddle,' said the Colonel. 'You rode the mustang bare-backed, so I thought you would have this horse so.'

'Yes, I always ride them bare,' she replied in her laconic style.

She watched the men mount, noting the seat of each on his horse with a critical air. When

they were all mounted, she sprang on her own horse's back, and bowing her head in slight acknowledgment of the Colonel's parting wishes, rode off.

OUR BRITISH RING-SNAKES.

THERE is a widely spread notion that any small animal, especially if it be one that creeps upon the ground, must necessarily be too insignificant and uninteresting to be worthy of much attention; and very often this feeling of contempt, fostered by ignorance, assumes a more pronounced form, and becomes actual dislike, if not fear. This is particularly the case with regard to reptiles. Yet many reptiles are perfectly harmless, many—even noxious ones—are exceedingly useful, and the life-history of nearly all is full of strange and interesting facts, whilst legendary lore is rich in stories in which they play a conspicuous part. It would be no wasted time to study briefly the habits and structure of our British reptiles.

FIRST let us note how few species we have in this island. Naturalists differ somewhat as to the animals which should be included under the heading 'Reptilia.' All agree that the Tortoises and Turtles, the Crocodiles and Alligators, the Lizards and the Serpents, are true reptiles; but while many declare that the Amphibia (the Toads, Newts, and Frogs) are also members of the family, others will not allow of their being included. In England, our reptiles consist of two species of snakes and three of lizards; and if the Amphibia are included, one, or possibly two, species of frogs, two of toads, and three or four of newts. Each of these has much that is of interest connected with it, but in this paper we shall deal briefly with only one of the snakes. Let us take the common Grass or Ring Snake, a very handsome, perfectly harmless, and easily tamed creature.

IT may be well, before going farther, to explain why reptiles are termed 'cold-blooded,' as distinguished from mammals, which are warm-blooded, since many people do not seem to understand the reason for the distinction. The mammalian heart is divided into four chambers, two auricles and two ventricles. The blood which has circulated through the body, gathering up many impurities in its course, is carried by the veins into the right auricle, and passing thence into the corresponding ventricle, it is driven to the lungs, that it may be brought into contact with the air they contain, and so be purified. After undergoing this process of oxygenation, it returns to the heart, this time to the left auricle, flows into the left ventricle, and is driven away again through the body, pure and warm, for it acquires its heat while being oxygenated. Now, the heart

of a reptile has only three chambers, two auricles and one ventricle. The pure and impure (warm and cool) blood are therefore mixed together in the one ventricle, and this mixture is driven away partly to the lungs and partly to supply the body. It is obvious that this mixed blood cannot be so warm as the wholly purified blood contained in the arteries of a mammal, and animals whose hearts are constructed upon this principle are therefore called 'cold-blooded.'

THE Grass-snake is found in most parts of the country, in some places being very plentiful indeed. It is a timid creature, always seeking to avoid an encounter with man. Its favourite haunt is a sunny bank, where it can bask undisturbed—or some quiet marshy meadow where it is able easily to obtain a meal of frogs, to which it is particularly partial. It sometimes enjoys a swim, too, and it is a pretty sight to see several of these animals swimming and diving together. They swim very rapidly, carrying their heads well above the surface, and using the whole of their bodies in the same way that a fish uses its tail. They are said to be able to catch both newts and frogs in the water. They eat newts, small birds, birds' eggs, &c.; but the favourite food is frogs. A curious sight it is to watch a snake pursue and dart upon a frog, and then swallow whole and alive a dainty morsel several times larger than its own head. When seized, the frog seems to be fascinated or benumbed; it seldom makes any violent effort to escape, only occasionally struggling or crying; and it remains apparently unconcerned and without suffering while it is gradually being swallowed. Its downward course can easily be traced, as the bulk of the snake is largely increased by its meal. Frogs have been heard to cry some little time after they have been completely swallowed, and many of them have been taken still alive out of the stomachs of snakes. A frog is usually caught by one of the hind-legs; presently, the other leg is incautiously placed too near the snake's mouth, and then it is seized in its turn, and the two legs are swallowed together. The body follows, enormously distending the snake's head, which flattens out and loses all semblance of shape as it gradually 'gets outside' the frog, reminding one of attempts to pull on a very tight kid glove—the fore-legs are turned forward and straightened out, the head disappears, and the toes (outstretched and sometimes feebly kicking) are the last that is seen of the poor frog. Sometimes the victim is seized by the head or side; in the latter case, the snake invariably manages, without losing its hold of the frog, to work it round until it catches it by the head, and then swallows it, head first. The whole performance is a most curious one to watch.

BUT how can a snake manage to get down its throat an animal which is far larger than its own head? Have you ever closely examined a human skull? If so, you will have noticed that the bones forming the upper part of the head are so closely knit together as to be

practically only one bone—that the lower jaw alone can be moved—that the two branches of the jaw are joined together in front, and that it articulates directly with the skull itself. Now, look at the snake's skull. Instead of the bones being knit compactly together, they are easily movable, being merely connected with one another by very elastic ligaments, which are capable of stretching to a great extent. In this way lateral expansion is provided for. The lower jaw is not jointed to the skull directly, but to a long movable bone, which again joins a small bone that does articulate with the skull. This arrangement forms a kind of lever which gives the snake great power of vertical expansion. Then, again, the upper and lower jaws are both movable, and the two branches of the lower jaw are not joined together, so that either side of the jaw can be worked independently of the other. The snake's teeth—which are so small that they could not harm you, even if you could irritate the creature into trying to bite—are all curved or set backwards, giving great power in holding any object.

The way in which this wonderful mechanism works is very plain. When a frog is caught, the snake being able to use either jaw, works them backwards and forwards, and as the backward-pointing teeth prevent the unfortunate frog from escaping, it is drawn by degrees down the snake's throat, the loosely set bones of the head opening to allow of its passage. Then the powerful muscles of the gullet come into play, pushing the victim still farther down, while the snake rolls about, rubbing its throat violently on the ground, to help in forcing the frog down. It is seldom that a frog when once seized is able to escape, though we have seen a very large one, which had been caught by a small snake, shake itself free after a long struggle. Sometimes, too, a snake will seize a frog which it is physically unable to swallow, and which it is forced to disgorge when half eaten; but it is almost incredible what an enormous disproportion there is between the snake and what it can and does eat. In one of the Natural History collections there is preserved a viper which had managed to swallow a very large mouse. The latter had, however, proved too large even for the expansible throat of its enemy, and the result was that the muscles of the snake's neck had been burst open, of course killing it. After making a heavy meal, a snake generally remains in a semi-torpid state for a time, and it has a curious habit of yawning or gaping immediately after eating. It requires food only once in four or five weeks, and we have had specimens which persistently refused food for three to four months at a time.

Whilst swallowing, the snake's windpipe is compressed to such an extent that it is unable to breathe. It is able also to remain for a considerable time under the surface of water without being under the necessity of coming to the top for air. To provide for these contingencies, the lungs are modified in a curious way. One lung is shrivelled and shrunken, and useless, and has, in fact, almost disappeared. The other is extended to form a long sac, or bag, of air, providing a reservoir for the snake to draw upon

when the usual mode of breathing is interfered with. It must also be remembered that reptiles respire much less than mammals do.

When in confinement, snakes usually seem to be amicably inclined towards each other; but we have witnessed many curious fights between them over their food. We have seen two of them seize the same frog at opposite ends, and fight desperately for possession of it, rolling over and over, twisting themselves into inextricable-looking knots, tugging and hauling and banging each other unmercifully against the sides of their cage, until one has managed to drag the coveted morsel away from the other. Sometimes one will begin swallowing the frog's head, while the other commences at the hind-legs. Presently they meet each other in the middle of the poor frog's body, and then there will be a dead-lock, until one can get the other's head into his mouth, and so force it to let go. On one occasion we saw three snakes catch hold of the same frog. The first seized it by the head, the second by the hind-leg, and the third by the side. This last was soon shaken off; and then the first quietly swallowed down the whole frog except the leg, which the other continued to hold. For a moment there was a rest; then suddenly, with a great jerk, the second snake pulled the frog right back out of his opponent's throat, and swallowed it in peace. It is rather curious to notice that as long as a frog remains motionless, a snake does not seem to care to attack it. Several times we have seen an evidently hungry snake go to a frog which was sitting quietly in a corner, and push it until it has moved, when it has been immediately seized and swallowed.

The snake's tongue is often mistaken, even by those who should know better, for a sting. Venomous serpents do not sting, but bite, as we shall explain when dealing with the viper. The tongue is long and black, forked for about one-third of its length, and nearly cylindrical. It does not lie loosely in the mouth, as the human tongue does, but is contained in a little fleshy tunnel opening out just inside the lip of the lower jaw. It is constantly flickering in and out, and seems to serve as the snake's instrument of touch. The creature does not possess eyelids, and is therefore unable to close its eyes. Whether there be any truth in the tales that are told of the snake's powers of fascinating its prey, we do not know; but certainly, when watching a snake, it fixes its eyes upon one with such a stony, persistent, unwavering gaze, that it makes one feel decidedly uncomfortable. In the absence of eyelids, there is a fine skin—a continuation of the skin of the body—covering the eyeball. Several times in the course of the year, the snake sheds its skin, coming out in a new coat of bright and handsome colours. These 'sloughs,' as the cast skins are called, are curious objects, and when perfect, are well worth preserving. In the process of removal, the snake turns them inside out, and each skin bears an exact impression of the 'scales,' as the folds in the snake's coat are generally called. For some days before casting the skin, the snake hides itself as much as possible, seeming particularly timid at such times, and the skin over the eyes becomes so

thickened as to make the creature appear to be blind.

As a pet, the snake becomes very tame, readily distinguishing its friends from strangers. It will go to the former, and coil itself up in their hands to enjoy the warmth, or will crawl up their coat sleeves and lie there until disturbed. It is fond, too, of being rubbed gently under its chin. It has no means of offence, and only two ways of defending itself. The most singular of these is the power it has of discharging from a pair of small glands in the lower part of the body an abominable, penetrating, clinging odour. When irritated or alarmed, it generally resorts to this means of defence, and no one who has ever experienced it is likely to forget it. We used to keep several snakes in a case in our bedroom, and on one occasion, when showing them to a friend, threw one of them on to the bed. Becoming alarmed, it hurried away under the blankets, giving vent to its feelings meanwhile in such a way that it was almost impossible to remain in the room all night, even with door and windows wide open. Then, too, the snake is able to erect its scales, pressing them so tightly against the sides of any hole into which it may have crept, that it is next to impossible to pull it out tail first without injuring it.

It may be well before closing to give a ready means of identifying the Grass-snake. It has quite a different appearance from the viper, but can be at once recognised by any one from the fact of its bearing two large spots of bright yellow just behind its head, and behind these two spots of black.

D Y N A M I T E.

RECENT events at home and abroad have called attention to the famous explosive invented by Alfred Nobel, the renowned Swedish chemist; and the present moment is not an inopportune one to lay before our readers some succinct account of Dynamite, which has aided so largely in developing the mineral resources and mining industries of every portion of the globe. So important a position, indeed, does dynamite hold in the search for the hidden treasures of the earth, that the laws relating to it have grown into a burning political question in South Africa; and the fate of ministries threatens to hang on their attitude towards this powerful adjunct to gold-mining enterprise.

Nitro-glycerine, which is the explosive compound entering into the manufacture of dynamite, was discovered in 1846 by Ascanio Sobrero, Professor of Chemistry at Turin; but its use for many years was entirely confined to medical purposes, in which a very dilute alcoholic solution was prescribed under the name of Glonoin. Nitro-glycerine is manufactured by injecting glycerine under pressure into a mixture of nitric and sulphuric acids; a dense, oily fluid, of a pale brown colour, being thereby produced, which has a sweet, pungent taste, and causes intense headache in those

who handle it for the first time; an effect, however, which passes off in a day or two, and never returns to those continuously engaged in the industry.

Prior to the invention of dynamite, nitro-glycerine, which was conveyed in tin cases weighing about forty pounds each, was very extensively employed as a blasting agent; but numerous fearful accidents by this explosive in transport had such an effect on the public mind, that in 1869 the Nitro-glycerine Act was hurriedly passed by Parliament, which finally excluded nitro-glycerine from the market.

In connection with the dangerous nature of nitro-glycerine, it is not a little curious to note that a well-authenticated case is on record of a plumber at Rotterdam, who, unconscious of the fearful risk he was running, actually soldered a leaking tin full of nitro-glycerine, and successfully accomplished his task without being blown to atoms.

After much investigation to discover a substance which would absorb nitro-glycerine, and thereby so modify its physical condition as to render it safe in use, and after experimenting with charcoal sawdust, brick-dust, paper, rags, and numerous other materials, Alfred Nobel finally selected 'kieselguhr,' or earth-meal, as the most suitable material; and up to the present time no more serviceable absorbent has been discovered. Kieselguhr is the mineral remains of a kind of moss which grows in stagnant waters. The stem consists mainly of silica; and when the organic substance of the plant decays, the siliceous part remains, and retains the shape it had as a plant—a kind of tube. Kieselguhr generally contains a little iron, which accounts for the more or less reddish tinge noticeable in dynamite; and is found in many countries, principally Scotland, Germany, and Norway; also in the Lüneburg moors in Hanover, in the Siegen district, and in Italy.

In the first-named country, the beds of kieselguhr which form the bottoms of peat-mosses are chiefly in Aberdeenshire, the Skye deposits not being sufficiently absorbent to be of value for dynamite.

The raw kieselguhr is calcined in a special form of kiln, to drive off water and organic matter; and is subsequently ground and sifted to remove all sand, after which it is incorporated with nitro-glycerine in the proportion of one part of kieselguhr to three parts of nitro-glycerine, the resulting product being dynamite, a reddish-brown, moist, plastic earth, having a specific gravity ranging between 1.59 and 1.65.

It is not generally known that dynamite will burn without explosion if set fire to by a match or fuse. Combustion is rapid, and is accompanied by a yellowish flame, nitrous fumes being evolved. Dynamite freezes at about forty degrees Fahrenheit, and is then much less sensitive to a blow or the impact of a projectile.

The manufacture of dynamite in this country is carried out under the strictest Government

supervision, the comprehensive nature of which may be judged when it is mentioned that the Explosives Act of 1875, with subsequent amendments and additions, contains no fewer than one hundred and twenty-two sections, four schedules, two hundred and nine subsections, and eleven Orders in Councils—all abounding in rules and regulations and their corresponding penalties.

Many Harbour Corporations and River Trustees have also in force very stringent orders in regard to the loading and discharging of dynamite, one body of Directors insisting on all men in the vicinity of a vessel taking dynamite wearing pocketless flannel garments; whilst horses are required to wear stout boots free from nails or iron on the soles. Though manufacturers of explosives may be inclined to deem such precautions as erring on the side of excessive caution, and as adding to the cost of the carriage of their products, the recent terrible disaster at Santander, whereby a prosperous town was reduced to ruins in a moment and fearful loss of life was occasioned, points to the wisdom of neglecting no possible safeguard in the handling of the explosive under consideration.

The enormous trade done in explosives may be inferred from the following figures: the world's output of dynamite in 1870 was reckoned to be only eleven tons; whereas, last year, no fewer than some fifteen thousand tons of nitro-glycerine compounds are computed to have been manufactured.

The principal factory in this country is that of Nobel at Ardeer, in Ayrshire, covering nearly four hundred acres, and employing between four and five hundred hands; from which the dynamite is sent out packed in parchment in cylindrical rolls by female labour. Five pounds of cartridges go to a packet; and ten packets are contained in one box, which thus holds fifty pounds of dynamite.

So rapid, however, is the march of science, especially in the production of explosives, that dynamite, which is itself quite a modern blasting agent—having been invented by Alfred Nobel some twenty-seven years ago—is being closely pressed by the new gelatinous explosives, also the product of the same master-mind. These latest inventions consist chiefly of mixtures in various proportions of nitro-glycerine and nitro-cotton, the latter being practically dissolved in the former. Both blasting gelatine and gelatine-dynamite possess the power of resisting the action of water, in conjunction with the maximum of explosive power in the minimum of bulk. The employment of the latter explosive in connection with the great Manchester Water-works supplying the city of Manchester from Lake Thirlmere, in Cumberland, and in the construction of the Manchester Ship Canal, marks it as standing the practicable test of employment by competent engineers and contractors.

Even should the more modern inventions of Alfred Nobel eventually displace in some degree the employment of dynamite, it can never be forgotten that to this explosive is due in no small degree the prosperity enjoyed in mining and engineering circles throughout the civilised

world during the past quarter of a century, by furnishing a blasting agent at once powerful, effective, and free from undue risk in transport or employment.

SWEET LAVENDER.

WHEN summer is nearly past, and autumnal tints are just beginning to appear, the call of 'Sweetly blooming Lavender, sixteen branches a penny!' is one of the familiar street-cries of London and other of our cities. The call reminds us of the near approach of colder, darker days; but it also brings up thoughts of one of the sweetest of all floral perfumes.

The majority of those who purchase the sprigs of the little lavender plant thus offered know little of how or where they are grown, yet the cultivation of the plant is an important branch of the horticultural industry, and is specially valuable from the fact that it is carried on on land which cannot be made to support any other crop of much value. A little information about the lavender plant may be welcomed by those who have received pleasure from its sweetly perfumed sprigs and blossoms, or the fragrant volatile oil distilled from it.

The recognised species of lavender number about twenty, but only one of them is grown to any extent in this country. This is 'Lavandula vera,' a plant about eighteen inches in height, of a shrubby habit, and producing blue flowers. It is a member of the great aromatic plant-family, 'Labiatae,' or Lip-flower tribe, which also contains the highly odorous plants, mint, thyme, rosemary, balm, sage, and marjoram. It is a native of Southern Europe and the northern shores of Africa, where it grows in dry, stony soil, generally on mountain slopes, and has been found at an altitude of five thousand feet. It was introduced to this country in 1586, and ever since has been a favourite in our gardens. Other species of lavender are grown in France and other parts of the Continent for commercial purposes; but the oil extracted from them is not so delicately perfumed as that of 'L. vera.' One of these, 'L. spica,' gives the well-known Oil of Spike, which is used to prepare pigments for porcelain-painting, and varnish for artists.

The lavender plantations of this country are chiefly situated near the towns of Carshalton, Beddington, and Cheam, in the county of Surrey. In some parts of Kent also, and near Cambridge and Hitchin, there are considerable quantities of it cultivated. At the last-named town it has been grown for at least three hundred years. The town of Mitcham, in south-east Surrey, was, for about a century, famous for its lavender fields, and the excellent quality of the oil it produced, as many as three hundred acres being under cultivation at one time; but in recent years, for some reason or other, the industry has almost died out, and other districts have taken up the trade.

The plant is very easily grown. In the driest situation, the poorest soil, and the most unpromising circumstances, it finds a congenial home, and gives, with comparatively little care, a valuable crop of its fragrant blossoms. On

well-conducted lavender farms, a new plantation is formed every spring. In this way a succession of young vigorous plants is assured. The plantations are only allowed to remain four or, at most, five years, being then dug up and re-formed.

When a new plantation is to be made, the land receives a shallow ploughing. Plants are then lifted from an old plantation and divided into slips with a few roots attached to them. These slips are planted in rows eighteen inches apart, the same space being left between the plants in the rows. When two years have elapsed, the plants in every alternate row, and every alternate plant in the remaining rows, are lifted and transplanted in some other field. When this work is completed, the plants are three feet apart each way, and remain in this position till their profitable productiveness has ended.

The third, fourth, and fifth years of the life of a plantation are the most remunerative. During this period the plants are in the full vigour of their growth, and their leaves and flowers yield, in distillation, the maximum of essential oil. The land is kept scrupulously clean by the use of the hoe. This is about all the attention the plants get during the spring and early summer.

Early in August the flowers begin to develop, and the cutting and bunching of the spikes is commenced. At the first cutting, only those plants which are furnished with flowers nearly fully expanded are chosen. This rule is observed in the subsequent gatherings. A hook of a special shape is used in cutting the sprigs. This implement is narrower and more bent in the middle than the common reaping-hook.

When the bunches are intended for market in a green state, they are generally put up in bundles of a dozen bunches of one hundred and twenty spikes each. This is, as a rule, the most profitable way for the farmer to dispose of his crop. In favourable years, a healthy plant, three to five years old, will yield about fifty spikes. With five thousand plants on an acre, and one hundred and twenty spikes in a bunch, the yield per acre will be about two thousand bunches. The average price in Covent Garden market is five to six shillings per dozen bunches; so that the handsome return of forty pounds per acre is secured by the farmer. This is, of course, the bright side of the picture. Like all other cultivators of the soil, the lavender growers have their 'lean years.' A wet, sunless summer discourages vigorous growth in the plants, while producing conditions which encourage the growth of a fungus which sometimes destroys thousands of plants in a season.

The oil extracted from the lavender plant has been used as a perfume and cosmetic from time immemorial. Its extensive use by the Romans in their baths is well known, and is probably the origin of the name of the plant, from *lavare*, to wash. The species cultivated by the Romans is supposed to have been '*L. Sæchas*,' which is still common in Southern Europe.

Oil of Lavender when mixed with spirits of wine forms the popular lavender water, which as a cosmetic is unrivalled. After exposure to heat and dust, nothing produces such a delight-

ful feeling of coolness and refreshment as laving the hands and face in water containing a small quantity of lavender water. Being highly antiseptic, oil of lavender is also valuable in the sick-room.

The production of lavender for distillation is an important branch of the industry. In the county of Surrey there are several large lavender distilleries. To these the growers carry their harvestings, to be subjected to the necessary process. The oil is contained in glands situated chiefly on the calyx, corolla, and leaves, but also to a less extent on the branches and flower-stalks. In the process of distillation, two hours are allowed for the first 'run.' This run gives the clearest and best oil; and when of a very high quality, it is almost colourless. For the second run four hours are allowed, the oil produced being of a pale amber tint, and having a stronger, coarser odour than that which results from the first run. When the highest quality of oil is desired, flowers only are used in the process. The quality of the oil secured depends also on the kind of season in which the flowers have been grown. Sunless summers result in a much reduced quantity and inferior quality. There are many acres of land throughout the kingdom, producing at present only a scanty crop of grass, which might be used for the cultivation of the lavender plant. The demand for it is practically unlimited, and there is therefore little danger of its being produced in such quantities that the price would fall below a remunerative level.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

SOLE singer in the world of dreams,
Whose voice, outringing clear and far
Into the empty darkness, seems
An echo from a distant star,

Thou comest, as God's angels will,
When day and all its noisier mirth,
Gone past us like a wind, are still:
The stars in heaven and thou on earth.

Thou singest yet in all the years,
In all the years the stars arise,
When sleep has dulled our heedless ears
And weighs like death upon our eyes.

And ah! outworn with sordid cares,
We drowse in other glooms supine,
Blind even to greater light than theirs,
And deaf to loftier songs than thine.

But still they shine though none should see;
And singest thou, unheard, forgot,
Save in lone night-times, it may be,
When they and thou shall know it not,

Their shining makes some pathway bright;
One hears thee as he toils along,
And passes onward through the night,
Glad in their splendour and thy song.

A. ST J. ADCOCK.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 555.—VOL. XI.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1894.

PRICE 1½d.

THE OLD WAGON-ROAD.

Few things have added more to the prosiness of life than the making of railway lines. With them, beauty and the joy of nature are at a discount. They run through the quiet fields, obscure cherished views, and diverge roads and pathways from their old and time-honoured way. They have no heart. They cut through the woods and destroy their sylvan beauty; they tear through the sequestered dell, and along the side of the most secluded lake. They not merely burrow under the mountain, but they blast its side, and leave for ever the bare and ugly scar. They disdain the long and fond reminiscences of generations, and drive through the spot where men have loved to wander and to ruminate. Nothing is too sacred for them. Past memories and rich traditions must bow their heads; and the spot in nature that has been a very sanctuary to the souls of men, has to lie low and pass for ever from remembrance. It is the work of the utilitarian. To him naught is hallowed; poetry is a delusion; and all that is lovely in nature must stand aside, if it happens to lie in the path of his iron way.

But nature strives to compensate man for his losses. She is for ever drawing her mantle over her scars. She creates new charms, opens new vistas, and offers situations full of that joy and tranquillity that gives peace to the human heart. She is reclaiming her own, and proving that in the end nature must reign supreme. Nowhere is this more marked than in those early lines, which, having served their purposes, are now abandoned, and fallen once more into the embrace of mother nature. Spread over the country are many such, so far reclaimed as to add to the number of secluded spots where one may retire and find rest. They are known only to and by the few who desire the peace of nature, and by those who, bound up in one another, seek their seclusion, and find in them a lovers' loaning.

Of these, one lies near our heart. We have known it long, and treasured up many memories of the life and the beauty of the place. We can scarcely say in which of the four seasons of the year we like it best. The summer dress has its charm; but its winter aspect has a fascination which few townsmen can realise. Yet, probably its sweetest temper lies in the spring, when the foliage is budding and hopeful, when the song of the bird is full of love, and when cherished ambition springs up anew in the human breast.

The entrance to its precincts is not obtrusive. The multitude pass and know it not. It was one of the early primitive lines—not for passenger traffic, but for running wagons from a coal-pit some miles up the country, to an old harbour frequented by coasting sloops, and by brig and schooner that knew the countries facing the North Sea. It has been crossed and recrossed, in part eliminated, and sections standing bare scarcely tell their tale to the wayfarer. A modern railway line has dissected its course, diverted and thrown the high-road over the iron pathway, and so completely severed its country route from that to the harbour, that one has difficulty in realising its original occupation.

We slip in from the high-road through what appears an accidental opening in the hedgerow, and at once find ourselves isolated with nature. It is a grass-grown avenue that first meets the eye, threaded by a footpath worn bare by the feet of its worshippers. Looking west and beyond the pastoral fields, we see the sun approaching his setting over the Ochil Hills. The cornfields are bare, and their harvest lies snugly stacked close to the old farmhouse; but the turnips are still in the soil, and their breath smells sweet after the shower of rain. A few rooks and a flock of starlings are scattered over a stubble-field; while a number of seamews give close attendance on some workers filling their last bags on the potato-field. One or two songbirds flit past, fat and sleeky,

cheerful witnesses of the goodness of the harvest. They have little to say to us now. An occasional note may be heard; but no song, save that of the Robin, whose cheerful notes sound sweetly in the stillness of the evening.

Approaching the pathway where it narrows, a blackbird gives his alarmed cry—a warning to other birds that a stranger is near—and betakes himself up the steep bank amid the trees and the shrubbery. A loud whirl of wings from the fir plantation on the other side leads us to think that we have disturbed the partridge in his solitude. It is in this narrow pathway, closely shut in from the outer world, that, thrown on ourselves, we realise the pleasing experience of seeing our thoughts fresh and beautiful as the verdant green that surrounds us. The sound of the stream as it flows past, murmurs over its pebbly bed. The water is low, but the bank shows where the winter torrent has laid bare the roots of trees, and washed the soil from the face of the rock. Higher up, where it falls into the pool, birds congregate and drink of its waters when they think no eye sees them. It is by its side that they take their morning bath; and one can see on the pathway the marks of those who prefer the dust-bath. One place in particular appears to be favoured most. There the earth must be finer than in other parts. It is near to where a piece of wood juts from the ground—the end of an old sleeper! A few of these are to be seen as we saunter along, scarcely recognisable by him who walks to cover a distance, but distinctly discernible in the meditative walk. Some of these old ends are crumbling, some moss-grown. Strange and solitary reminders of the original purpose for which this hollow was designed. Over them the noisy wagons once made their way, where now the birds congregate, and, in the silence and solitude, take their dust-bath.

By the pool, just where it eddies round a bank, closely bound together by the roots of a beech-tree, is a corner favoured by the wren for its nest. Skilfully harmonised with its surroundings so as not to attract attention, the dome-shaped structure is placed under the bank, and thus sheltered from the weather. Often have we watched her flitting among the bushes, or entering the nest with food for her young; and we have felt amused at the male bird's cry of alarm as he has flitted unexpectedly across our path and disappeared among the shrubbery. They are a gentle pair, feed well on the enemies of the cultivator of the soil, and commit little depredation on what is valued. There is no sweeter song than that of the wren in spring-time, and we are compelled to wonder how so small a bird can produce so large and powerful a note.

Farther on, the narrow pathway opens into a glade, grass-covered and like a lawn, over

which is the bright blue of the sky, and into which the sun loves to pour his rays. It is surrounded with trees, and thickly set with shrubbery. The place is an epitome of nature; it has its moods, and it changes with the seasons. In the wintry days, when the branches of the trees are bare, the squirrel can be seen bounding from tree to tree, running over the top branches of the wood as if it were a highway. The hare in the breeding season becomes bold, and, losing much of his fear of man, frequents the pathway. In the early part of the year, when the snow has scarcely left us and the branches are still bare, the place resounds with the note of the missel-thrush announcing the approach of spring. With that budding period the flourish creeps out, the wild cherry with its mass of white crimson-tipped blossom leading the way, and foretelling the coming of the leaves. And as the golden whin appeals with its smell of apricot, followed by the yellow broom, the white hawthorn, and the red, the white, and the pinky-white rose, the birds are busy, and fill the place with their song. Rich and luscious, full to overflowing, is this glade when the summer robes herself in all her glory. The mystery and sound of a multitudinous life buzzes all around us. From those lime-trees, now taking on their tint of autumnal yellow, comes a hum of insects, deep and sonorous as the bourdon stop of an organ. It is the bees busy with the blossom. They love it—love it to intoxication. They suck the honey until they are drunk with it; then, falling to the ground, become an easy prey to the wasps, who kill them and take their honey. Strange infatuation; but not stranger than what sometimes occurs with those who believe they have wiser heads.

There is a dell lying near to the side of this glade. It looks as if in the early days it had been quarried out for some purpose connected with the line. There is no trace of that purpose now. Covered with trees and shrubs, and continually sounding with the silvery voice of the stream, near which the primrose plants her yellow carpet in the spring, it is a safe dwelling-place for both bird and beast. At the head of the glade the trees and hedges come together, leaving a small green vaulted opening, through which the sunlight can be seen resting on a further glade. It is a pretty peep, charming in its sweetness, and suggestive of those olden days when fair maids and brave men would of a peaceful evening rest themselves in such a scene, while the actors gave a sylvan play, or the musicians sung their madrigal.

The old road is not ancient enough to have a story of legend and romance. It has no fairy dell, no lover's leap, no strange and unexplained mystery hanging over it, to awake wonder and awe in the minds of the youthful

and the superstitious. Tragedies there have been, if one could but know them. There are few rail lines made but leave some dark trail behind. But there is one tale of mournful fate that lingers over the place. The story is not recorded in local history, nor is it known to the multitude. It is only to be heard by the fireside of the few old enough to remember it, and of those who have sat hearing grandfather tales while the wintry wind whistled in the blast. A horseman one dull day was riding up the wagon-road intent on other thoughts than impending danger, when a number of laden trucks running down the incline, uncontrolled, as was the wont in those early days, came suddenly round the bend and killed both horse and rider. A short but tragic story, doomed to die with the third generation.

We could pursue the old road for miles farther. We have done so before, and at each turn obtained a different picture and some fresh outlying object of interest. But for an evening stroll, we prefer to turn off here and make a round. We have a preference for a round in our walk. It does not bring us over the same path twice. It offers a fresh variety of objects for the gaze. No matter how good a subject may be, it is apt to lose its freshness and charm if we indulge too much in it.

Ascending the few moss-grown stone steps that stand by the old and disused well, we gain a higher pathway, which affords an extensive view of the country southward. It is a sudden transition from the narrow introspective pathway to the great view that takes us out of ourselves, and speaks of larger interests than those that lie at our own door. Looking over the tops of the trees that mark the line of the old road lying in the hollow, we marvel at the small space in which so much beauty and so much sentiment are stored. But it is wonderful to find how much can be discovered in narrow compass when attention is closely centred on it. Beauty pops out at odd corners where at first it was little expected, and the ear is quickened to detect sounds that are only caught in leisurely moments with nature.

Passing along the roadway, the country stretches before us as far as the northern range of the Pentland Hills. The waters of the Forth can be seen gleaming in lines between the pasture-lands of Fife and the Lothians. The ship in full sail is going before a fair wind; and one could almost imagine he heard the throb of the engine as the steamer went on its outward course. The blue smoke of the distant cluster of houses rises from the hollow; and from the old church tower that dates as far back as pre-reformation times, comes the sound of the curfew bell. The curfew! Scarcely one of the inhabitants knows what it means. They call it the 'eight o'clock bell.' Only one here and there has dipped into antiquity and can tell its ancient origin. There is, however, little need to wonder at this callousness regarding the far past. Things of later date have passed from memory as if

they had never existed. To most of them, there is even forgotten the knowledge and the history of that romantic byway, known to the few as the Old Wagon-road. R. A. M.

THE LAWYER'S SECRET.*

CHAPTER IX.—LADY BOLDON MAKES UP HER MIND.

AFTER the lawyer left her, Lady Boldon went to her room, but not to sleep. She knew well that there would be no sleep for her eyes that night. A second time she had come to a crisis in her existence. A second time she was called on to make a decision on which her whole future would depend. Now, as before, she had no one to guide her. She must walk alone. To the moral aspect of the question she was absolutely blind. She considered that her late husband had pledged his word that, after his death, Roby Chase should belong to her for life, and that he had no moral right to revoke his former will. In this, no doubt, she was wrong. She knew before her marriage that the estate was not to be settled upon her, but left to her by will, and she was quite aware that a will is always revocable. If she had objected to the arrangement, she might have withdrawn from the marriage, or insisted upon having a proper settlement; but she had never doubted her power to maintain her influence over Sir Richard's mind; and she had preferred to make no objection to what was proposed, lest she should be accused of being actuated by purely mercenary motives.

To all this Lady Boldon was blind. But what was she to do now? Renounce all the fruit of the sacrifice of herself which she had made, of her eighteen months of bondage, of her renunciation of the man she loved? Allow Sir Richard's caprice, his mere will and pleasure, to take away her rights, and condemn her to choose between perpetual widowhood and a life of poverty? Never! The idea was intolerable! She would rather die than suffer it to be so.

What then? Was she going to marry this elderly lawyer, this Mr Felix? No; she was not going to sacrifice herself a second time for wealth. Lands and money would be nothing to her unless she had her liberty. And yet, on the other hand, the idea of reversing Sir Richard's unjust decree, of balking his intention to rob her—as she deemed it—fascinated her. She could not bring herself to answer Mr Felix with a plain 'No;,' and still less did she mean to say 'Yes' to him.

The morning came—ten o'clock, the hour that she had fixed for the final interview with the solicitor, drew near; and she had not yet decided. She sat down and wrote Mr Felix a short note, in which she said: 'I cannot make up my mind. It was cruel of you to give me only one night in which to decide a question of such importance. It would be useless to see you now. Come to my room the moment you get home from the funeral. That will at least give me one or two more hours. We

* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

can say all we want to say to each other in a few seconds, before the meeting in the dining-room.'

This she sealed, and sent to the solicitor, remaining up-stairs all the morning.

Soon the bustle in the lower part of the house increased. Among the first to arrive was Mr Frederick Boldon, the heir-at-law. Finding that nobody of more importance than the lawyer and old Mr Pugh, Sir Richard's steward, was visible, he constituted himself the head of the establishment, and graciously received the various guests as they arrived. Foremost among these were Sir Gilbert Fanshawe, a baronet of good family whose estate lay in that part of Hampshire; and Mr Jonas Proudfoot, an old business friend of the deceased knight. On one occasion Sir Richard had been able to do the baronet a service, and on the latter gentleman expressing his sense of the obligation, Sir Richard, true to his business traditions, had promptly responded by asking the baronet to be one of his executors. Sir Gilbert had hemmed and hawed, and showed his unwillingness plainly enough; but he had been fairly trapped, and had been compelled to agree to do what was asked of him.

The guests in the house were not numerous, for Sir Richard had not been greatly liked by his neighbours. However, the gentry sent their carriages, and the tenants on the estate attended as a matter of course, so that there was no lack of that outward respect which Sir Richard Boldon's conspicuous success in life had so well deserved.

The soûbre procession was at length formed, and it began to drag its slow length on to the churchyard. In one of the last of the mourning coaches Mr Felix was seated. He had purposely chosen a place as far in the rear as possible, that he might be one of the earliest to leave the churchyard, and return to the house. During the melancholy journey, his brain was tortured with one anxious thought. He did not hear a single word of the burial service. The chant of the choristers as they sang the funeral psalm stirred no emotion in his breast.

And Lady Boldon? It happened to her, as it often happens to one in her circumstances—light seemed suddenly to break upon her mind, and what had been doubtful became clear. It was not the light of truth, but the dull earthborn glare by which most men are content to walk through the wilderness of this world.

Hardly had the funeral procession passed out of sight, when the mist seemed to roll away from her mind. She reflected that if she allowed the new will to be read within the next hour, the step would be irrevocable. If she were to marry, the stately pile which she had come to regard as home would know her no more. The fields and woods and meadows that stretched from the park wall to the horizon would be hers no longer. She would have no part or lot in them, and no chance of recovering possession of them.

But if she gave Mr Felix the promise he demanded, it need not be kept at once. She did not think of making that promise with the deliberate intention of breaking it. She

felt sure that if she were to play false the lawyer would outwit her, by contriving that the later will should come to light without compromising himself. At least, she supposed he could do so. But if she were to agree to his terms, he could not expect that she should fulfil her promise for some time to come—say three years, or perhaps four. In two or three years a great deal might happen. Mr Felix might change his mind, and get over this passion, which, at his age, was really absurd. Or, he might be persuaded to release her from the engagement, and yet show her the flaw, or whatever it was, by means of which the second will might be shown to be inoperative. Or, he might die. In any case, delay in producing the new will could do no harm; and the chapter of accidents might bring forth something that would decide the matter in her favour. Clearly, she thought her best course was to accept the lawyer's proposal.

So, when Mr Felix returned from the funeral, and walked with hasty strides to Lady Boldon's boudoir, she was ready to receive him.

'I agree to what you wish, Mr Felix,' were her first words.

A cry burst from his lips, from his heart. He seized the lady's hand without knowing what he was doing, and held it between his own, while he gazed on her face like one in an ecstasy. But even while he gazed, he remembered how the woman's consent had been wrung from her: he dropped his eyes, let her hand fall, and drew in his breath.

'We need be under no pretence with each other,' said Lady Boldon, forcing a smile to her lips. 'I give you this promise because it is the only way of preserving what I consider to be my own property. And I must stipulate for three years of freedom.'

'Three years! Oh, Lady Boldon, that is a terribly long time—an eternity it would seem to me. Have pity on me!—I see the guests are here. We have not another moment.—Do spare me one year more. Do not torture me beyond two years!'

It was characteristic of Lady Boldon that at that moment she forgot her repugnance to this marriage—forgot, one might almost say, what it was she was promising to do—and thought of nothing but the expression of pain, of real suffering, in the face before her.

'Let it be two years, then,' she said, in a gentler tone.

Mr Felix seemed to be transformed into another creature. A new light shone in his eyes; he stood upright; even his voice seemed to change, and to become more manly. He lifted Lady Boldon's hand once more to his lips, thanked her with a look, and left her.

Already several gentlemen—Mr Bruce, Sir Gilbert Fanshawe, Mr Proudfoot, Mr Frederick Boldon, and one or two others—were assembling in the large dining-room. Mr Felix followed them, and took his seat at the table in the middle of the room.

'Lady Boldon is not here, I think,' he said, glancing tranquilly round the apartment.—'Perhaps, sir,' he continued, turning to Mr Bruce, 'you would be kind enough to see her, and, if possible, bring her down-stairs with you.'

Her presence is not by any means essential; still, it is usual, and it is certainly more desirable that all the persons likely to be interested in the will should be present when it is read.'

'You would have all the gossips in the county here at that rate,' said Mr Proudfoot. This was understood to be a joke; but as the speaker was only a stranger, and the occasion was a solemn one, or, at any rate, one of semi-solemnity, nobody so much as smiled.

The Rector departed on his errand, and in a few moments returned, without his daughter.

'It is of little consequence,' observed the solicitor; and he drew a long blue envelope from his pocket. 'This,' he said, 'is Sir Richard's will. I drew it up for him before his marriage; and it was executed shortly after the marriage was celebrated.' He thereupon proceeded to read the will. There were various charitable bequests, a legacy of five thousand pounds to Frederick Boldon, and legacies of one thousand pounds each to the testator's executors, Sir Gilbert Fanshawe and Jonas Proudfoot. All the remainder of the testator's property, both real and personal, was bequeathed to the executors in trust for Lady Boldon for life. After her death it was to go to the persons then living who might be the testator's heir-at-law and next-of-kin. And there the will ended.

'Go on, sir!' cried Frederick Boldon, in a voice hoarse with anxiety and passion.

'I have read it all,' answered the lawyer.

'Read the codicil!'

'There is no codicil.'

'Then there is a new will. Where is it?'

'If there is a will later than this, of course this one is mere waste paper,' said Mr Felix, looking the disappointed heir full in the face.

'But there is a new will! I know it! I saw my uncle—Sir Richard, you know, gentlemen, was my uncle—I saw him only two months ago; and he said that he regretted having made the will he had made, and that he intended to alter it, and to make either a codicil or a new will, leaving the bulk of his property to me, his natural heir. I say that new will exists, and it must be produced. Where is it?'

'You forget that my late client's cabinet, and his writing-desk and drawers, have not been opened,' said the solicitor. 'One of my clerks sealed them up.—If you, gentlemen—turning to the two executors—consent to their being opened now, we may succeed in finding some such document as Mr Boldon describes.'

The drawers and other receptacles were opened, and a thorough search was made, everybody joining it, by Mr Felix's request. No will or codicil, or anything resembling one, was found.

'This is infamous!' exclaimed the disappointed man, striking his fist on the back of a chair. 'I believe such a will was made, and that it has been destroyed or suppressed! I feel certain of it.'

As the young man spoke, he looked at the lawyer in so marked a manner that everybody observed it, and Mr Felix thought that he was bound to notice the insult.

'This is too much,' he said. 'I can make great allowances for a gentleman who is suffering from a keen sense of disappointment; but this is going altogether too far.'

Sympathetic murmurs were heard from those standing round; and Sir Gilbert tried to pour oil on the troubled waters by remarking—'Our deceased friend changed his mind once, it seems. What was to hinder him from doing it again?'

'I don't for a moment believe he changed his mind; and I don't acknowledge that document as being my uncle's will,' said Mr Boldon, pointing scornfully at the paper, which lay on the writing-table. 'I will take measures to have that will upset at once.'

'Now you speak rationally, if I may be allowed to say so,' said Mr Felix, with evident sarcasm. 'I shall be most happy to accept service of any writ on Lady Boldon's behalf, or on behalf of her husband's executors.—I presume, gentlemen, you accept the trust which the will begs you to undertake?'

The two trustees glanced ruefully at each other, but signified their acceptance of the trust; and Mr Boldon, finding that nobody paid any attention to him, made the best of his way out of the house, and took the first train to London, whither Mr Felix followed him the same afternoon.

OUR PRIME MOVERS, AND SOURCES OF POWER IN NATURE.

THE surface of this earth of ours is the scene of continuous change; of the development and expenditure of enormous energies. As the seasons alternate, for example, continents and even oceans are bound in rigid frost, and again relaxed in the genial warmth of the summer sun. Vegetation comes and goes. Countless forests of trees and flowers—structures, all of them, of the rarest beauty—raise their heads to wave and worship in the breeze, then hasten to decay. The winds of heaven change about, blowing high and low. The tides flow and ebb, and the ocean is traversed by unseen currents. Millions of tons of water are borne to the sky. 'All the rivers run into the sea; yet the sea is not full; unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again.' Nor should the energies of the animal kingdom be overlooked, although, in the general stupendous exhibition of power, these are but insignificant.

Then we have energy stored or in a latent form in the vast coal-fields distributed over the world: in the supplies of mineral oil and natural gas, and of other substances which only require to be brought together by the art of man to be made to yield the dormant power conserved in them from ages past.

Now, if our modern civilisation has one distinctive feature, it appears in the manner in which we have set ourselves to appropriate, and to control in our own service the great forces of nature. Our physical well-being depends upon the amount of useful labour we are able to command, and we now look with impatient covetousness upon every force of nature unharnessed in our employ.

We believe in the conservation of energy. We understand that the cycle of nature's operations is carried on without waste: that the heat absorbed in the upbuilding of plants is given back in the slow combustion of their decay: that the heat required to evaporate the water and carry it to its vantage-ground on the hills is again restored by the friction of the running brook and of the tumbling waterfall; but from the point of view of needy man, such manner of restoration is waste. The heat which would be evolved by the slow decay of wood or coal might as well be rapidly given off by combustion on his hearth or under his steam-boiler; and the heat returnable in the waterfall he would rather have restored through the friction of his busy spindles.

There may be truth in the sentiment that in production by machinery, and in the necessary subdivision of labour, the dignity and honest pride in work of the ancient handicraftsman has departed; but, be it for ultimate benefit or otherwise, the present age demands that every power of nature which can be made to do its work shall be laid under tribute. And surely, if the dignity of original handiwork is to some extent withdrawn from the general craftsman, he is not without compensation. The workman of to-day is relieved from the almost overwhelming bodily labour which our grandfathers underwent, and, through cheapness of production, the comforts of his home and table are greatly increased. Higher education, and a foretaste, at least, of that leisure necessary to enjoy it, are brought within his reach, and by these means also his sympathies are enlarged, so that the triumphs of science, art, and manufacture become his own. If—as happens in many branches of manufacture—his life be largely passed in monotonous routine, and his interest in his own special handiwork consequently lessened, his mind is the more free to enjoy the benefits and pleasures of intellectual culture; to exult in the general supremacy of mind over matter, and even to take his share in the conquest. Who should be more successful in the invention of labour-saving appliances than the thoughtful workman? Revised patent laws have brought him cheap protection for his ideas, and, in some of our leading workshops, systems of rewards are now in successful operation, whereby he is encouraged to keep his mind constantly exercised towards the invention or improvement of tools.

The medium or instrument by which power is drawn from nature and applied in a useful channel is termed a prime mover. The prince of our prime movers is the steam-engine. On this transformer of energy, more than on any other, have the skill and ingenuity of man been expended, and by its means have his highest conquests of nature been achieved. Compared with simpler prime movers, the steam-engine appears to labour under a disadvantage, as it cannot directly intercept power from nature like the water-wheel or the windmill, but must do so circuitously through the combustion of fuel and the pressure of steam. This implies further that fuel must be provided and conveyed to it, generally involving much labour.

These weaknesses, however, really entail the

chief elements in the supremacy of the steam-engine. In calm and drought, the windmill and the water-wheel must come to rest; but the throb of the steam-engine's mighty pulse remains undiminished. If its fuel does require to be brought to it, we have it within our power to make the supply regular, rendering the continuity of its action thoroughly reliable. Unlike these simpler motors, moreover, it is not chained to the source whence it derives its power, but may be stationed wherever required; or, taking its supplies upon its back, it can make off with the speed of the wind, carrying man and his commerce over land and sea.

The wide-spread distribution of fuel and water also renders the steam-engine ubiquitous. It has opened for itself a door of welcome in every land and climate where fuel of any kind is found, or to which it can be conveyed, and it is equally efficient on the surface of the earth or in the depths of the mine.

In view of the labour involved in procuring fuel, economy in its use is important. About a century ago, when the improvements in the steam-engine had so far advanced as to render its employment profitable, it was found even then, in its most perfect form at that time, to require twelve pounds of coal per hour for the development of each horse-power; and in the inferior engines of that period it might have taken double this quantity. Since then, the steam-engine has been undergoing a steady process of evolution, and in the present day an engine which requires over one pound and a half of coal for the development of the same power is considered wasteful.

The more recently discovered natural stores of energy, mineral oil and natural gas, are very largely made use of in the production of steam-power where they abound. In the great manufacturing centre of Pittsburgh alone the daily consumption of natural gas was found some time back to be 500 million cubic feet, equal to 25,000 tons of coal. One well itself discharged 30 million cubic feet of gas per day at a pressure of 200 pounds per square inch.

Crude petroleum oil forms a most effective fuel. Weight for weight, it is capable of giving off about one and a quarter times the heat of the best coal.

In recent years, the steam-engine has found a powerful rival as a prime mover in the gas-engine. It is similar in construction to the steam-engine, except that it dispenses with the boiler, and derives its impulse, not from the pressure of steam, but from the explosions of a mixture of gas and air in the engine cylinder. Under favourable conditions, and for moderate powers, its economy is superior to that of the steam-engine. Coal-gas is principally employed; but the use of petroleum gas has also successfully passed the experimental stage.

Where a fall of water occurs, or a stream is found of sufficient body and speed, the water-wheel, as a prime mover, cannot be surpassed either for economy or efficiency. The older forms of the water-wheel are familiar; but where the fall is sufficient, the newer form of submerged wheel, known as the water turbine, is preferred. The water is made to fall down a shaft, at the bottom of which the turbine is

fixed side uppermost. It is fitted with vanes, somewhat after the style of a screw-propeller or a windmill, the details of its construction being suited to take full advantage of the impulse of the falling water.

The water-wheel as a prime mover, and electricity as a means of distributing power, already go hand in hand in many important enterprises, and are certain of still wider application.

Works are now in hand to utilise a portion of the immense power of Niagara Falls, and in this case water turbine motors and electrical distribution have been adopted. A preliminary draught of 100,000 horse-power is being made, which, it is expected, will not perceptibly diminish the grandeur or beauty of the Falls. A huge pit 175 feet deep, 140 feet long, and 18 feet wide, has been sunk in the rock adjoining the rapids above the Falls, and from these rapids the water will be taken. Near the bottom of this 'wheel-pit' a series of turbines are being fixed. They are each of 5000 horse-power, the largest yet constructed. From the bottom of the 'wheel-pit' a tunnel or tail-race has been constructed to conduct the spent water back to the river below the Falls. The bulk of the power is to be used in a manufacturing town to be established near the Falls; but part of it will be transmitted to the surrounding towns already existing.

By all known methods of transmission of power, loss by dissipation takes place, and the loss gets much greater as the distance increases, finally becoming prohibitive. At the recent Exhibition at Frankfort, however, energy to the extent of 300 horse-power was employed, which was transmitted by electric wire from the water-falls at Lauffen, 108 miles distant, with a loss of power of only 25 per cent.

Here it may be worth while to refer to the popular fallacy that electricity is a source of power. It is true that power can be produced from the electric battery by chemical means; but the cost of its production has hitherto prevented its use for any but experimental purposes. Electricity, as now largely employed in electric lighting and other engineering enterprises, is known as frictional electricity, and is first produced by the steam-engine or other of the prime movers already referred to.

The efforts of experts have long been concentrated on finding some means by which electricity could be produced on a commercial scale directly from the combustion of fuel. Should this ever be accomplished, the days of the steam-engine would be numbered, and the bulk of the world's work would rapidly be undertaken by electrical prime movers.

In the British Islands we have, so far, discovered no stores of mineral oil or of natural gas worth mentioning as sources of power. Our main stay is our coal. Probably, however, within a hundred years the expenses of working coal will have become such as to seriously cripple manufactures, and the engineers of that day will require to look round in earnest for supplementary sources of power.

When the economical transmission of energy by electricity is better understood, power may be collected from the various streams and

waterfalls throughout the country, and transmitted to centres of industry. The old-fashioned but picturesque windmill may also be raised on every hilltop and harnessed in the same yoke. Electricity peculiarly lends itself as a collecting medium from such sources, as it is not only capable of transmitting, but also of accumulating power, so that from wide-spread intermittent sources, working night and day if necessary, a steady central power may be obtained. In the United States, the windmill has been reintroduced to a much greater extent than in the British Islands, principally for the pumping and storing of water. It is frequently seen in a new and enclosed form on the roofs of mansions, where, in ordinary weather, it keeps the tanks full to overflowing. In times of calm it may be supplemented by the work of a small reserve gas or steam engine.

Water-power in almost inconceivable quantity is constantly running to waste around our shores in the flowing and ebbing of the tides. Water-wheels have been here and there erected to take advantage of the power of the tides; but before it could be utilised on a large scale, more or less expensive embankments and other engineering works would be required. The most favourable stations for such works would be at the entrances of natural harbours and estuaries, where large bodies of water flow in and out. At such places, dams would require to be thrown across, confining the current to narrow channels in which reversible turbine motors could be placed. The conditions, for example, are already almost fulfilled at Conway, where the channel under the bridges is already narrow, and where a voluminous tide flows and ebbs with great velocity.

Want of space prevents mention being made of interesting minor projects for the utilisation of nature's energies; but it is evident that, however it may fare in the future with the supremacy of British commerce and industries, there will be no lack of important problems for our engineers to solve. How admirably the surroundings of man are adapted to draw out his dormant capacity! He glories in endeavour and achievement, and indeed boundless is the scope for his activity. Each upward step, in either the mental or physical realms, opens up to his eager view widening spheres of enterprise. He rests happy only in the thought that regions of conquest ever stretch beyond.

A DAUGHTER OF THE KING.

CHAPTER III.

LULU rode silently and steadily as they pursued their journey, her eyes keeping their trained and ceaseless watch over the gray distances. The Major, in whose charge the men were, occasionally addressed a question or two to her, which she answered courteously enough, again relapsing into her former silence. For perhaps the awesome stillness of the great plain, with its brooding spirit of gloom, had crept into the girl's soul for the first time in all the savage life. Or perhaps, the wild, prescient spirit, taught and attuned by Nature alone, felt the

chill touch of coming trouble, and bowed to presentiment's irresistible weight.

It was evening before they reached the gulch, in which the men lay in the stillness of resignation, and the sickness of hope deferred. If Lulu felt any weariness, if she had run many risks, and passed through many dangers that day, she may have felt repaid as she stood a calm, silent witness of the unutterable joy of the poor, weary men. For about twenty minutes they chattered away, as men of one nationality can 'chatter on meeting after a separation, quite forgetting their preserver, the girl to whom they owed this joy. Then they recollected, and turned to her. She was leaning against the horse she had ridden, watching them with grave, shadowy eyes; and they were about to overwhelm her with praise and thanks, when something stopped them. A startling figure rushed suddenly up the little gully, and to Hialulu. It was that of a tall, gaunt, old woman, in a coarse unbleached calico gown, very strongly resembling a nightgown, and a sort of turban of crimson print. Regardless of the men around her, the old woman rushed up to the girl, and literally wailed out, in a voice from which time had failed to eradicate the Irish tones: 'Oh, Miss Katie, ma-vourneen, what 'ave ye been and done? Oh, don't ye go for coming near your father's cave, or ye're a dead girl as shure as my name's Molly Lafferty. Panka—the fiend fly away wid him—came last night and told the master that ye have been feeding some Britishers down to Skeleton Gulch for nigh on three weeks. And your father took his Bible and cast ye off for ever as no child av his. An' he'll shoot ye the first time he sets eyes on ye. Oh ochone, ochone! Wishanin!' Having thus wailed impartially in both Irish and Indian, the worthy dame put her crimson handkerchief to her eyes and fairly sobbed.

Lulu smiled, and put a firm hand on her arm. 'Be quiet, Molly. Never mind. I counted on this before I began. But tell me, will he do anything to-night?'

'No; I think not'—emerging from the handkerchief. 'He doesn't know I've come to tell ye, av coorse; so he's waiting for ye to come home to-night; then he manes to shoot. I thought by that coppery rascal's face—I'll put some pepper in his stew—that he had something to tell the master; so I jest listened like, and I heard him tell all. And I heard the master say how Waunema had promised to make him a chief when he came home with victory; and the master had promised Waunema, if he licked the whites, he should have ye, my bonny. Oh ochone!'—and Molly wept afresh.

But Lulu was anxious concerning the old woman's safety. 'Molly, you mustn't stay, or father will miss you. Go home quickly, and don't trouble about me. I shall be all right. I will take care he does not shoot me; and if he does'—a slight lifting of the level brows spoke the rest.

The girl was firm in making the excited old woman leave the gulch quickly, fairly turning

her out by the shoulders. 'You must go, Molly aroon'—firmly—'or you will be without a home in your old age. I will come and see you now and again, when I know father is away.'

So Molly departed, sobbing and wailing out her eternal fidelity to her 'darlin barnie.'

Lulu watched her out of sight with a smile on her lips, then turned her eyes back into the gulch with an air of returning to business.

'What a brute that father of yours is!' burst out Larry. 'Just fancy!—going to marry you to that savage fellow, what-do-you-call-him?'

'Waunema. But father counted overmuch on the strength and weight of his will'—with a smile.

'You would never have done it, would you?' inquired Larry, with an injured air.

'Not whilst I had this'—and she drew from somewhere in the folds of her dress a revolver, bright and cruel-looking, whose steely gleam was reflected for a second in the dark eyes of the girl.

The soldiers were unstrapping rugs for the horses, and preparing the food they had brought; only Larry and Captain Jackson stood with Lulu at the mouth of the ravine.

'Well, we have been the means of depriving you of a home and a father's protection,' remarked the Captain.

'Think you I did not weigh all that at the first? I knew it would come. Be rather grateful that it has delayed till all is accomplished.'

'It shall be our care that you never lack a home though, Lulu,' said Larry quickly. 'We shall never forget that we all of us owe you our lives.'

Then there was a second's silence. The three stood gazing through the sombre fringe of pine-trees across the great darkening plain, whose brooding stillness is not equalled by any other of nature's solitudes.

'And so Waunema would have made your father a chief, would he?' soliloquised Jackson, recalling Molly's words. 'Humph! You would have been a Princess, Lulu.'

'Not so. Only a daughter of a king is that.'

'Not a Princess; but yet a daughter of the king, Lulu,' half whispered Larry as the Captain turned his attention up the gulch.

'Oh no,' contradicted that gentleman, only half catching the words and turning his head back. 'Not yet. Waunema hasn't licked the whites yet.'

But Larry had meant that King whose kingdom stretches beyond this earth, whose reign is called eternity.

The British soldiery had fallen back on Fort Hunter; and having taken up their quarters within its walls, had strengthened the fortifications considerably. The fort had changed hands several times, being a much-contested possession. Having been first in the hands of the British and then the Indians, between the two the interior had got principally burnt down. But the strong outer walls were still left, and within them the soldiers pitched their tents.

Lulu also, when not roaming, made Fort

Hunter her home. She seemed much happier in the company of the whites, more contented, more girlish. The constant companion of Lieutenant Larry, she had, in company with that gentleman, got into more scrapes, and been guilty of more startling escapades, than all the other occupants of the fort put together.

In spite of her extreme variability of manner and mood, Lulu had become the pet and favourite of all within the gloomy walls of Fort Hunter. And her marvellous and exact knowledge of the country was of immense service to Colonel Harcourt. She was also an absolutely fearless scout, riding far and wide, and bringing back full particulars of all that was going on for miles round. Indeed, she was so fearless that she was a source of constant anxiety to the Colonel, who never felt sure of seeing her again when she had ridden away from the walls of the fort. But Lulu only laughed at all his remonstrances, and replied to his remark that she was sure to get killed if she were so intrepid, in her characteristic way.

'Get killed? Oh, of course, sooner or later. One thing is well, my life is mine alone; and there is no one to grieve my death whensoever it may come.'

And Colonel Harcourt was silent.

It was a tacitly agreed point that Lulu was to be taken to England as soon as the Indians were settled; but who was to take her had never been decided—indeed, it had never been discussed. Several there were who would gladly have undertaken the guardianship of the fitful and restless, but ever-fascinating girl. And Lulu, when she heard them speak of her prospective voyage to England, smiled in her half-cynical way, but spoke nothing.

So, for a short time, all had seemed to go well; but now, and for some little time past, matters had been growing very dark and gloomy in Fort Hunter. A slow malarial fever had considerably thinned its inhabitants, and provisions were running short. The fort had been a harbour of refuge for fleeing settlers from all round, each of whom had brought as much food as possible; but it had been right little they had been able to carry; and each family of refugees made it the more impossible for the Colonel to quit the fort.

Colonel Harcourt had been expecting reinforcements from General Hammond's division ever since he had retreated into Fort Hunter; but none had come. General Hammond was at least eighty miles farther down south, having taken up his quarters at Fort Resolve. Either he did not know the full extent of the danger and emergency of the men in Fort Hunter, or else great difficulties had arisen in the way of sending them help. And they could not get a message to the General to tell him the true state of affairs. Several riders had ridden forth on the perilous errand; but none had returned, and no response had come from Fort Resolve, so great was the number and vigilance of the Indian scouts.

Colonel Harcourt had information too—thanks to Lulu—that he would have given anything to have got to General Hammond, amongst which was a warning as to the under-calculated strength

of the Indian army. But it seemed quite impossible to send either sign or word.

Amidst all the wild frolic, and the fun and excitement that the novelty of her present life produced, Lulu, too, had fits of deep, silent gloom. Away from the camp, lying on the grass, her eyes fixed on the blue dome of the heavens, the powerful heathen soul strove to pierce the thick darkness that surrounded it.

One day Lulu came home with the old stern, quiet look on her face. She had been away three days, and every one was becoming extremely anxious concerning her. They told her on dismounting that Lieutenant Larry had been taken with the fever, and was asking for her incessantly. She would go to him soon, she told them, but first she must take her news to the Colonel.

There was a conference in the Colonel's tent; but when Lulu entered—after their first glad greeting to her—they were silent in deference to the look on her face, waiting for her to speak. Addressing the Colonel, she briefly told him that the Indians had come down from the lower slopes on to the plain. They were encamped about forty miles from them, between them and Fort Resolve, and they were on the march for Fort Hunter. She had been very near the Indian camp that night, and had seen signs of preparations for a fresh march. Lulu calculated that two more days would bring them to the walls of Fort Hunter.

Colonel Harcourt turned to his officers with a gesture of despair. 'If we could only get a message to Hammond. But that seems quite impossible. We can no more stand an attack in the present weak state of our garrison than fly.'

'No. And if the General sends a small body of men, they will all be massacred. I don't believe he has half an idea of their strength—the Indians.'

'There is no doubt of that,' replied the Colonel.

'Had we better try once more to get a message to Fort Resolve?' queried a Major.

'The lives of four good men have been thrown away already in that attempt; and the Indians were not so close then,' answered the Colonel.

'We are all as good as dead men, then.'

'I will ride to Fort Resolve,' said a clear, decisive voice.

The men turned their faces to Lulu with an unconscious wave of hope; the tones were so unwavering, so calm and unflinching, they seemed to imply that failure had no place in the mind of the owner. But the instantaneous look of relief faded from their faces as they realised what that hope cost—the life of the beautiful girl before them, of whom, perhaps, they were all more fond than they would have cared to say.

'It is useless throwing your life away, Lulu,' said Colonel Harcourt.

'It is not throwing it away. One life for many is law. I stand more chance of getting to Fort Resolve than the others did, from my superior knowledge and experience. At the least, it is worth the attempt.'

'You will certainly get killed. And you

are so young. All your life lies before you,' went on the Colonel.

Lulu was silent for a moment. The five men sat and watched her as she stood before them, a tall, straight figure, full of an indefinable majesty, with one hand on the back of the chair, and dark, sad eyes looking away from them. Silently they sat and waited for her to speak, kept quiet by the utter nobility of this savage girl.

'What lies before me?' she seemed half soliloquising, with a rare smile on her lips. 'Life, you say. As if it were ever worth while passing by duty to gain more of life!' She paused again, and allowed her eyes to fall on the group of faces before her. 'I hear you speak of taking me to England with you. It is good of you; and you mean kindly. I am not very wise, and my experience does not serve me much there; but yet I am wise enough to know what that means. I am an Indian girl—in all save parentage only—and am ignorant; but God gave brains to every man and woman, and even I can see what would come of that. I am not much accustomed to your English language, and it will not come easily to my lips. But I know what I mean. You would take me to a land of cultured people, whose ways would be strange and bewildering to me, who would look upon me as a curiosity, a savage. I, here so self-confident and at home, would there have need to be taught like a little child. I should not be able to compete with your women in anything, but would be awkward, graceless. I should bring ridicule both on myself and those that brought me. There could come of it nothing but heart-bitterness and pain; for every woman is proud, valuing her dignity above all things—ay, even also a savage woman.'

As she ceased speaking, the lips of two or three of the men moved as if to speak, but they said nothing. They were amazed at the faithful intuition of this untaught girl. The smile on her lips deepened as she noted their silence.

'I shall start for Fort Resolve at the setting in of dark. Let me have a written message to your General, that he may have confidence,' she said briefly, and left the tent.

A FAMOUS PACKET-SHIP.

A HUNDRED years ago the town of Falmouth was a much more important place than it is now. A stranger visiting it to-day sees but a small number of ships riding at anchor in a harbour spacious and safe enough to accommodate a hundred times as many. In the town there is more the aspect of a quiet country street in some sleepy inland district than of a thriving seaport possessing some unequalled natural advantages. Such is the Falmouth of to-day. The tide of national life has ebbed away from it and from all Cornwall. It may return. That great harbour in the west may again be raised to a chief position among those of this country. But if that be not so, if Falmouth is destined to remain in its present rank,

it is the more needful that her past history should not be forgotten, and that some record should be made of the brave deeds and public services of those men whom Falmouth boasted of when she had a part of her own to play in the national drama.

Throughout the last century and the first thirty years of the present one, the men of Falmouth were responsible for the safe carriage of the mails and Government despatches to Spain, Portugal, the West Indies, and America. A fleet of nine-and-thirty swift-sailing, well-armed vessels was maintained for this purpose, subject to the control of the Postmaster-general. Their regularity of sailing gave them great advantages over private vessels; and being independent of convoy, they could proceed on their voyage without the irritating delays to which the Convoy Act subjected merchantmen—delays which in the eyes of many impatient travellers were scarcely compensated by the additional security of the escort, leaving aside the risk of parting company in a gale of wind, and thus being deprived of the security after all. At all times, English travellers have preferred a rapid journey attended with some danger to a slow one performed in safety; and the danger, too, was not very great, for the Falmouth packets had achieved a splendid reputation for fighting, though the Post-office instructions forbade them to engage when an action could be avoided.

So travellers came from all parts of England to Falmouth. The coaches arriving from Bristol or from London were always full; expresses were constantly riding in, charged with late despatches from the Government, which must be sent off at the earliest moment. The inns were crowded with passengers waiting for the signal-gun which announced that a favourable wind had risen, and that the outward packet lying in the roads would shortly slip her moorings. There was a perpetual bustle of arrival or departure; for the whole trade and social life of the town centred in the packets, and every inhabitant felt his pride gratified by their conduct in face of the enemy.

There are many stories to be told of the fights in which the Falmouth vessels were engaged; but on the present occasion only one packet can be mentioned. That one is the *Windsor Castle*, commanded by Captain Sutton. The *Windsor Castle* sailed from Falmouth on the 27th of August 1807, with mails for Barbadoes and the Leeward Islands. Captain Sutton, her regular commander, had remained on shore, and the ship was in charge of the master, Mr W. Rogers. The voyage was uneventful for the first five weeks; but early on the morning of the 1st of October, when Barbadoes was close at hand, a strange schooner, which had shortly hove in sight, was observed to alter her course and make all sail in pursuit of the *Windsor Castle*.

The duty of a packet captain, on finding himself chased, was to avoid action if he could. Mr Rogers well knew this, and accordingly set

every stitch of canvas which his ship would bear. For a time it seemed that the enemy was not gaining ground; but at the end of an hour there was no longer any doubt that she had the heels of the packet, and that an action was inevitable. Perhaps Mr Rogers and his crew, having obeyed their orders by endeavouring to escape, were not displeased at the result. To Mr Rogers, who held only a temporary command, the chance of distinguishing himself was doubtless welcome; and he set about his preparations with a cheerful confidence which had an excellent effect upon his men. The boarding-nettings were carefully triced up, and stuffed with spare sails and hammocks, so as to give some protection from rifle bullets. Pikes, muskets, and pistols were served out; every man was told off to his appointed station, and a small party was detached for the special purpose of guarding the mail, which, in accordance with the practice when a packet was going into action, was brought up on deck, and placed near one of the bow ports, heavily shotted, so that it could be sunk at a moment's notice if likely to be captured.

At noon, the schooner came within range, hoisted French colours, and opened fire. The Cornishmen replied promptly with their stern-chasers, two six-pounders, but evidently did little execution, for the enemy drew on rapidly, and coming within hail, ordered Mr Rogers, in what he termed 'very opprobrious language,' to strike his colours. On finding that he disregarded this modest request, the French opened a heavy fire, and maintained it without intermission for more than an hour; when—believing, probably, that their heavy cannon had pounded all the spirit out of the Cornishmen—they seized an opportunity of boarding, and grappled the *Windsor Castle* on the starboard quarter. A strong party leaped into the nettings of the packet, slashing at them with swords, and hacking at the ridge-ropes with long poles armed with hooks of sharpened steel. But Mr Rogers led his men bravely to meet the attack, and after a few minutes' vigorous cut and thrust, several of the enemy were piked overboard, while the rest leaped back upon their own ship.

On the failure of this attack, the Frenchmen cut the grapplings, and would have sheered off; but the mainyard of the packet had become locked in the rigging of the privateer, and, the wind having almost completely died away, the two ships could not possibly separate. 'Thereupon,' says the account, written by a passenger, 'our pikemen again flew to their muskets, pistols, and blunderbusses, our gallant captain all the while giving his orders with the most admirable coolness, and encouraging his crew by his speeches and example in such a way that there was no thought of yielding, although many of our heroes now lay stretched upon our deck in their blood. But then we saw the enemy's decks completely covered with their dead and wounded, and the fire from our great guns doing dreadful execution. At every discharge we began to hear them scream, which so inspired our gallant little crew, that many of the wounded returned again to their quarters.'

The French were indeed suffering severely;

and at about three o'clock, feeling the necessity for some great effort, they formed a second boarding-party, mustering every available man. Happily, Mr Rogers detected their design, and bringing to bear on them one of his six-pounders, crammed with 'double grape, canister, and one hundred musket balls,' poured this tremendous charge into their midst at the very moment when they were grouped together for the assault. A great number fell: the rest made a dash under cover. They were becoming demoralised; and Mr Rogers perceived the moment he was waiting for was near at hand. His men saw it too, and were growing eager; but he held them back still, and let the gunners have their way a little longer. At last, about a quarter past three, he leaped upon the bulwarks, and, followed by five or six of his best men, sprang down, sword in hand, upon the Frenchmen's decks. There was a wild scuffle, but it lasted only a few minutes. The French captain led his men on bravely; but he fell dead; and his sailors, dismayed by the loss of their commander, lost heart, wavered, and were driven below decks. A packetsman exultingly hauled the French colours down; and thus ended an action of which the result was unexpected both by the victors and the vanquished.

Not till he stood upon his enemy's decks, and saw the survivors of the crew brought up from below in irons—a necessary precaution, considering their superiority in numbers—did Mr Rogers comprehend the force of the vessel which he had been engaging. The privateer was spoken of by those who saw her as 'the most complete vessel out of Guadeloupe.' She was armed with six nine-pounders, and a long eighteen-pounder, fixed on a swivel in the centre of the maindeck, and traversing upon a circle, so that it could be brought to bear on any point with ease. At the commencement of the action she had on board eighty-six men, of which number twenty-six were killed and thirty wounded in the fight. The *Windsor Castle's* armament consisted of six four-pounders and two long-sixes; while her crew comprised but twenty-eight men and boys, of whom three were killed and ten wounded, one mortally.

This fortunate action brought Mr Rogers much into the notice of the public, and won for him not only his appointment as Commander in the packet service, but the rarer distinction of the freedom of the City of London. The crew were rewarded by the grant of several months' pay, and doubtless looked eagerly for another brush with the enemy. They waited long. Throughout the fighting of the next few years the *Windsor Castle* passed as if in time of peace. The American war, most fatal of any to our packets, broke out, and ran its course almost to the very end before the brave crew under Captain Sutton's command were challenged by the enemy again.

The date was actually fixed for the cessation of hostilities. It was but four days distant; and the action now to be described was the very last fought by a packet up to the present day. The *Windsor Castle* on the occasion was commanded by Captain Sutton in person. The

weather was hazy; and the American privateer *Roger* had come within a mile of the packet before either vessel was aware of the other's presence. There was but little time for preparation. The *Roger* hoisted English colours; but Captain Sutton was suspicious, and ordered the decks to be cleared with all speed, even whilst he made the private signal. It was well he had not delayed, for the signal remained unanswered, and the privateer drew very close. It was nearly dark when the first flashes came from the stern-chasers of the *Windsor Castle*. The fire did little execution, and a few minutes later the *Roger* ranged up alongside the packet. She lay now on one quarter, now on the other, keeping up a very heavy fire, and doing great damage to the rigging of the packet, at which her guns were chiefly pointed. Only one man was hit during this part of the action, and that was by a musket ball, which smashed the knee of the master, Mr Foster, inflicting a most painful wound. About half-past nine, the fire from the *Roger* slackened, and she dropped astern. This breathing-time was utilised by Captain Sutton in repairing his rigging, and in giving what rest was possible to his men. The enemy did not actually renew their attack for some hours, but continually ranged up within musket-shot, threatening the packet, and so keeping the Falmouth men continuously at their quarters.

At daylight she hoisted American colours; and on seeing the stars and stripes, the Cornishmen saluted them with a broadside, which was smartly returned. This second action lasted hardly more than half an hour; but the guns of the *Windsor Castle* were so well served, that at the end of that time the *Roger* was compelled to haul off to repair damages.

This was well enough; but the *Windsor Castle* had suffered more than her opponent, and her damages were indeed greater than could be repaired in the intervals of an action. Though her armament had been increased since her last action in 1807, her light nine-pounders were ill pitted against the metal of her antagonist, which carried ten twelve-pounder carronades, two long-sixes, one five-and-a-half-inch brass howitzer, and one of those long eighteen-pounder guns, mounted amidships, and traversing on a circle, which nearly all the American privateers carried, and which, from the facility with which they could be brought to bear on any given spot, turned the odds of many an action in favour of their owners.

Even without the dreaded 'Long Tom,' the weight of metal carried on the American vessel enormously outweighed that of the *Windsor Castle*; and this was not the worst. The crew of the packet was so small that not a man could be spared from the decks. In fighting the guns, handling the vessel, and repelling boarders on occasion, every available man was wanted. The captain of the *Roger*, however, was able to fill the tops of his ship with riflemen, whose fire did great execution, and harassed the Cornishmen continually.

At half-past eight in the morning, more than twelve hours after her first attack, the *Roger* having repaired her damages, made sail again, and laid herself once more alongside the packet.

It was obviously a final effort. A perfect storm of balls swept over the packet. Three men fell in quick succession, picked off by rifle bullets from the enemy's tops. They were carried below; but the surgeon had scarcely commenced to examine their wounds, when an eighteen-pounder shot entered the cabin where they lay. Fortunately, it did not strike the operating table; but the splinters flew in every direction, and one of them struck the surgeon, breaking three of his ribs, and causing other serious injuries. The number of men under Captain Sutton's command was so small as to render these casualties matter of grave concern. But the courage of the Falmouth men was by no means broken; and Mr Foster, forgetting his painful wound, returned to his station, and did his duty with the rest, until a second rifle bullet struck him in the face, and forced him finally to quit the deck.

The two vessels lay within pistol-shot of each other for more than an hour, exchanging a very rapid and destructive fire. The best efforts of the Cornish gunners failed, however, to inflict any decisive injury on the *Roger*; while, on the other hand, their own ship was fast being disabled. So long as he was still able to handle his vessel, Captain Sutton frustrated every effort of the enemy either to board or to take up a raking position. But the game was nearly played out. At 9.45 A.M. the *Roger* ran down with the evident design of boarding. On endeavouring to avoid her, Captain Sutton found his ship unmanageable, lying like a log on the water. Not one brace or bowline was left to the yards or sails. Almost the whole of the running and standing rigging was shot away; while the after-yards, swinging round, brought the ship by the lee. The Americans grappled with the packet on the larboard quarter, covered by a tremendous fire of musketry. The discharge from their 'Long Tom' swept the decks. The boarding nettings even had been shot away, and the path of the boarders lay open to them. It would have been madness to resist further: and having satisfied himself that the mails were sunk, Captain Sutton laid down his sword.

Thus ended the fighting record of the Falmouth packets—an end surely not without glory.

Captain Sutton, with his master, mate, carpenter, and a boy, were sent back to England on a merchant vessel. The rest of the crew were confined as prisoners on their own ship, which was navigated by a prizemaster into Norfolk, Rhode Island, where the privateer was owned. The following extract from the *Norfolk Herald* of the 28th of April 1815 throws light on their subsequent fate: 'The following statement of an affair which took place in this harbour on Wednesday evening last we have prepared from the evidence given before the inquest which was held on the bodies of the two unfortunate men who were killed. We have been more minute in stating the facts than the importance of the case should seem to demand; but we deem the detail necessary to prevent misrepresentations which might obtain credence, to the prejudice of that magnanimity and justice which the United States, in all

their intercourse with England, have ever strictly adhered to. The crew of the *Windsor Castle*, brought in by the privateer *Roger*, were on Wednesday last put on board a small schooner, and sent down to Craney Island in charge of Mr Westbrook, an officer of the *Roger*, with a guard of eight United States soldiers. Owing to a low tide, the schooner anchored some distance from the island, and the prisoners had to be debarked in a row-boat. Mr Westbrook took thirteen of the Englishmen with four of the guard to row the boat, leaving eleven others in charge of four soldiers on board the schooner. Before his return to the schooner, the prisoners on board rose upon the guard, and endeavoured to disarm and throw them overboard, in which, owing to the suddenness of the assault, they had nearly succeeded. Mr Westbrook got alongside the schooner while the soldiers were yet struggling with the superior numbers of their assailants; but they still held their arms. Desirous to quell the mutinous proceedings of the Englishmen, he expostulated, entreated, and threatened, but to no purpose; and it was evident from their expressions that they were determined on taking possession of the schooner and making their escape in her. He then leaped on board, and attempted to rescue one of the soldiers, when the fellow who held him, quitting his hold, seized the tiller and aimed a blow at Mr Westbrook, who warded it off, and ordered the released soldier to fire at him, which he did, and killed him. At the same time, another soldier, having disengaged himself, shot his opponent dead. The mutineers, having the other two soldiers confined, exclaimed; "Now is the time, boys! Don't give 'em time to load again!" and were rushing forward to seize Mr Westbrook, when he drew a pair of pistols, and commanded the mutineers, in a firm and determined voice, to go below, declaring that he would shoot the first man who refused. This decisive conduct had the desired effect. They all immediately descended into the hold, where they were put in close confinement.

The conduct of Mr Westbrook was truly praiseworthy. His intrepidity certainly saved the lives of the soldiers, and prevented the conspirators from carrying off the schooner, an act which, it is said, they had premeditated.

The two unhappy wretches who threw away their lives in this affair are represented by the mate of the *Windsor Castle* to have been habitually turbulent and mutinous. The verdict of the jury of inquest entirely acquitted the two soldiers of any blame in taking their lives.

Such, worded according to the temper of those times, is the American account of the final scene in the story of the *Windsor Castle*. It would be tedious to rewrite it as an Englishman would have told it; but it may be noted, firstly, that to speak of prisoners of war making a bold dash for freedom as 'mutineers' is to use harsh and unjust language; and secondly, that Captain Sutton gave the two men who fell a very different character from that which is attributed to them above. Their enterprise was desperate to the verge of rashness, or beyond it; but it was plucky, and it very nearly suc-

ceeded. No one need deny them their meed of praise.

England has forgotten as much of her naval history as would make the credit of a smaller nation. Something less than justice has been done to the memory of those brave men who maintained her glory in the smaller fights of the great wars; and it is well that, before the faded ink of the letters which describe them becomes undecipherable, and the brown and cracked paper decays irretrievably, some records should be made of those events, and some acknowledgment rendered of the spirit of the men who took part in them.

'THANKS TO THE SNAKE.'

AN INCIDENT OF CEYLON LIFE.

By BROWN PATERSON.

'Is there very much more of this climbing, Mr Elverton? I don't really think I can keep on much longer.' And Lena Wolmer leaned up against a rock and panted for breath, as she looked at her companion, a handsome young man of five or six and twenty, whose sunburnt features took on a deeper flush beneath his broad-brimmed felt hat while he answered, penitently: 'Miss Wolmer, I'm awfully sorry; but I thought we should have been on the top an hour ago. I really did, I assure you; and I am beginning to be afraid I have altogether miscalculated the distance somehow.'

'Are you quite sure this dreadful mountain has a top?' asked Miss Wolmer. 'For my part, I have very considerable doubts on the subject. Or perhaps'—she went on with a laugh—'the trouble is that Mr Elverton does not know how to find it? Come, Mr Elverton, confess you have lost the way. Your easy manner does not deceive me in the least, and I have been quite convinced for some time that you were off the track; so you may as well make an open disclosure of your errors. What is the good of going on, up, and up, and up, and never apparently getting any nearer the end of our journey?'

The young planter looked somewhat abashed as he replied: 'I have observed that as a general rule if one continues to go up a hill, one comes to the top some time or other. This mountain, however, I am bound to admit, seems fated to prove the opposite. In fact, as you very neatly put it, either Hantana has no top at all, or else'—He paused, and met the merry sparkle in Miss Wolmer's eyes with a like twinkle in his own.

'Yes, Mr Elverton?'

'Well, or else, I don't know how to get there. Now, the whole story is out, Miss Lena, and it only remains for you to crush me with your scorn.'

'Then, you *have* lost the road! Oh, this is truly delicious!' cried Lena, clapping her hands.

'What will Harry say, when he hears? You remember how he scoffed last night when you proposed the expedition: "Nonsense! Take a lady through that jungle. It can't be done; the thing is perfectly preposterous, and not to be thought of." He will never let us hear the end of this morning's work, I am afraid, Mr Elverton.'

'Mè, you mean. He can't throw any contempt on *your* shoulders, Miss Lena. It is all my fault you have not seen the sun rise from the top of Hantana; and I shall never cease to be humiliated, when I think of it. However, don't let us dwell on our ignoble failure any longer. Suppose we throw the thing up now, and go no farther? I can see you are fatigued; and you have done enough, anyway, already for the honour and glory of your sex; for I am quite sure no woman—no English woman, at least—was ever so far up the steep sides of Hantana. Besides, the sun is growing hot, and it will soon be almost dangerous for you to be out in it. Even as it is, we shall have a scorching going back to our horses, unless I am much mistaken.'

'Well,' assented Miss Wolmer, 'I should not have liked to make the proposal myself, for I always hate to be the first to give in; but since you have owned to your sins so honestly, I don't mind confessing on my side that I've had quite enough of Ceylon mountaineering to last me for the rest of my life. Creepers and tree-fern are lovely to look at; but when it comes to struggling up hill through the jungle, I think I prefer the less picturesque vegetation of my native land.—I must really have a rest before we begin the descent, Mr Elverton.'

'Are you so very tired, then?' asked Tom Elverton, looking at her anxiously. 'I shall never forgive myself, Miss Lena, if you are the worse of this mad exploit. I cannot forget it was I who proposed it.—See—here is a stone that looks pretty comfortable. Do you think you could manage to get a little rest on it, while I go along this ridge a bit and see if I can't find you an orange or two? I think I can make out some native huts down in yon hollow, and there are always oranges or plantains in the Singalee man's garden. I'll have a look at the lie of the land too: there must be an easier way down, you know, for I have evidently got off the track somehow coming up.'

'Very well,' replied Lena. 'Go, by all means, Mr Elverton; and may every success attend you. I shall be glad if we can get back without passing through that scarlet lantana again; for, though it is so beautiful, I shall not soon forget how it can scratch one's face and hands.—But don't be vexed with yourself for bringing me here. I wanted to come just as much as you wanted to take me, and though I am just a little tired now, the whole trip has been delightful so far. I don't believe, moreover, the sunrise could have possibly been any grander from the top than from the point we saw it. The view of those waves of mist rolling off these great peaks was magnificent, and well worth all our toil; so, do not think for a moment I regret our expedition, Mr Elverton, though in a certain sense it has been a failure.'

'It is like you to say so,' responded Tom gratefully. 'All the same, I feel I have disgraced myself. I was so cock-sure I could find the way, I wouldn't even bring a coolie with us. If I had, we should never have got into this mess.—But,' continued the young planter in a lower tone, as he arranged Lena's shawl on the rock, and poked about with his stick to make sure no hidden snake or venomous spider would share her resting-place, 'you must remember what a temptation it was to me to have you all to myself for a few hours.'

Lena Wolmer's cheeks flushed, but she made no reply; and Tom, after lingering for a moment or two, as if expecting her to answer, went off, as he said, 'to explore.'

The young lady watched him disappear round the end of the next rock, and then turned to feast her eyes on the prospect before her. Away below lay Kandy, the lovely little mountain capital of Ceylon, its white houses and red-tiled roofs already shining in the morning's sunbeams; and between her and them, the waters of the lake gleamed through the sagopalms and cocoa-nut trees; while, far away to the left, she could just catch a sparkle here and there of the broad Mahawelliganga flowing silently to its ocean home, past the dark-green coffee estates and the lighter-tinted paddy-fields. Nearer, the sun shone on miles of tea plantations, with here and there the picturesque bungalow of a planter, or a row of native huts, which Lena had already learned to call 'lines.' Amongst them all, she easily recognised the clump of trees in the midst of which stood her brother's bungalow, and her own present home.

Lena was a fresh arrival in Ceylon. A good many years younger than her only brother, the clever, long-headed proprietor of Duemalla estate, she had spent her orphan girlhood at a London boarding-school, and hardly ever remembered that she had a brother, except when his annual letter, containing the draft to pay her fees, brought him to her mind. But there were just these two left out of their family; he, the eldest, and she, the youngest; and when her school-days were done, there seemed nothing else for her to do but to go out and join him in his far-off home. Harry Wolmer was not greatly delighted. He had a poor opinion of women generally, and looked forward to his sister's arrival as a disagreeable event that could not be prevented. However, when she came, he was very kind to her, and endured with wonderful patience the invasion of his old bachelor privacy by all the young fellows round about, who came like bees to a sugar-bowl, as soon as the district learned that Wolmer's sister had appeared. The proprietor of Duemalla had really something to endure; his front veranda was besieged by ardent youths, who came uninvited to breakfast, tiffin, and dinner, and hung over the new mistress of the bungalow, listening to her conversation as if she were inspired, accompanying her songs on their violins, or bringing her the skins of all sorts of wild animals which they had shot, and snipe, which they implored her to have cooked for her dinner; while the back veranda was equally crowded with their horse-keepers, snor-

ing comfortably in shady corners, or chewing the social betel-nut in the intervals of discussing their masters' characters. However, Mr Wolmer bore it all with great good-nature, and only inquired now and then of Lena when the wedding was to be, and which of all her adorers was the man of her choice.

Lena on her part enjoyed her position immensely. It was a new thing to her to be so courted and admired; and though she was sorry for the unfortunates whom she was constantly rejecting, her head was perhaps just a trifle turned by all the admiration she received. One very wealthy Scotchman paid her special attention, and she had determined to marry him. When he asked her, she would accept him, though she liked Tom Elverton best. But Tom was only a poor S. D., or 'little master,' as the Tamils say. In other words, he was simply Mr Wolmer's assistant, and had not a penny beyond his salary. And Lena, who had been poor all her life, did not feel inclined to go on in poverty when luxury and riches were within her reach. So Tom had been rejected, like the other ten or eleven adorers who had offered themselves to Miss Wolmer; but he still came about the bungalow, though he had no hope in his heart. He could not bear to stay away, somehow; and yesterday, when Lena had expressed a wish to see the sun rise from Hantana, he had been lifted up into the seventh heaven of joy, when she accepted his offer of himself as a guide. To tell the truth, Lena was specially sorry for Tom; and though she was quite resolved not to marry him, she could not resist making him as happy as she was able, in the meantime. Her eyes got dewy now, as she thought of him and his tender care of her all the way up. 'Poor Tom!' she mused. 'I wonder why the nicest people are always the ones that have no money? Now, if I had money, or he had been rich, we might have been happy together. But then, it is not to be thought of, Lena, my dear. A girl with ten pounds a year to her fortune can't marry a man with nothing a year for his, that's certain; and Harry says the same; so there's nothing for it but Mr Alexander MacAlpine, though Mrs Alexander MacAlpine sounds dreadful compared with'—

But Lena did not finish her thoughts. The long rest after exertion, combined with the heat, was beginning to make her drowsy. The rustle of the leaves of a palm-tree near, as they flapped backwards and forwards in the breeze, sounded in her ears like the distant wash of the ocean, and she fancied herself back on board ship, lying in her berth, and listening to the lapping of the water against the side of the vessel. Then she was at school, and the governess was speaking to her, and telling her to wake up. 'Yes, Miss Martin,' she tried to say, and struggled to lift her heavy eyelids, while Miss Martin seemed to stare at her with a strangely stony look. At last, with a great effort, she opened her eyes. There, facing her, and just rearing its head to strike, sat a large snake. His beautiful glossy skin shone in the bright sun, and his eyes were fixed on her. Lena uttered not a sound—voice and tongue alike failed her; and helpless, almost paralysed with terror, she

sat looking at the horrible creature, not daring even to breathe, lest he should make the fatal spring. Afterwards, she remembered thinking—such strange beings are we—how very exactly the two shades of brown matched in the markings of his skin. A moment passed thus; then suddenly there was a shout, and Tom Elverton, crashing through the jungle, caught the snake by the throat and strangled it. Quick as lightning it was done. Tom Elverton had not spent hours watching the native snake-charmers for nothing; but, in spite of his dexterity, the snake was swifter even than he, and, twisting itself round in his hand, it bit him on the wrist ere it died.

'Oh, thank God!' cried Lena, beginning to tremble, now that the danger was over. 'But it has bitten you, Mr Elverton. Oh, what shall we do?'

'Never mind that,' said Tom, looking at the creature, now lying on the ground. 'I don't believe it was a dangerous snake at all. Anyway, you're not hurt, and that is the great thing. I dropped my stick coming back, else I could easily have knocked him over with that; but I might have struck you as well; so perhaps it was a good thing I hadn't it, after all.'

Tom spoke lightly, but his face was visibly paling as he spoke. The pain was making him faint, and he leaned against the rock.

'Mr Elverton,' said Lena timidly, 'let me bind up your hand for you.'

He held it out without a word, and Lena looked at the mark of the bite. 'Are you quite sure it was not a poisonous snake?' she asked falteringly.

'Well, perhaps not quite sure,' he responded; 'but I think not, Miss Lena.'

She grew suddenly very red. 'Do you remember the story about Queen Eleanor, Mr Elverton?'

'Queen Eleanor?' he answered wonderingly, looking into her tearful eyes. 'I am afraid I am rather hazy in my history.—Oh,' he abruptly broke off, 'you mean about the poisoned dagger?' And his face flushed as deeply as her own. 'No, Miss Lena, that would never do, thank you. A man might allow his wife to risk her life for him, perhaps; but this is different. I am not Mr MacAlpine, remember,' he concluded rather bitterly. 'But if you will tie a handkerchief round my wrist, I shall be grateful to you for that; and then we must go down to our horses as fast as we can. I've found the road now, you'll be glad to hear.'

'Tom,' said Lena in a very low voice, 'if you will let me be your Queen Eleanor now, I'll—I'll be your wife afterwards.'

There is no need to record Mr Elverton's reply. But there is a lady now in the assistant's bungalow at Duemalla, and the *appu* who used to cheat his master in the most systematic and barefaced manner, has fallen upon evil days, for he has to reckon with a stern mistress for every pound of sugar and measure of rice he brings from the bazaar. Consequently, Tom finds, to his great surprise, that he hardly spends any more money as a married man than he did as a bachelor; and his stores last out ever so much longer, now

that 'Queen Eleanor,' as he calls his wife, keeps the *godown* keys.

In the centre of their cheerful drawing-room, mounted on a handsome brass stand, there is a splendid stuffed specimen of the snake tribe, which Tom occasionally shows his visitors. 'That fellow was the best friend ever I had,' he says, 'for through his help I got my wife.'

Mr MacAlpine is still unmarried; but it is supposed in the district that he has lately 'indentured home' for a young lady to come out; and Mrs Tom Elverton is particularly anxious to know what she will be like. 'Though, Tom, my dear,' she says, 'I shall never be too glad I learned sense in time, thanks to the snake.'

AUTUMN IN NEW ENGLAND.

A GRAY, sandy road stretching away into the clear, far distance. On either side, a green ground-work, with masses of crimson and gold foliage, and flecks of purple and yellow colouring interspersed, leads the wayfarer along from one peaceful New England village to its neighbour, basking in the glowing warmth and colour of the Indian summer. The copse which borders this sunny road shows many of the typical trees of New England. The deep bluish green of the pines forms a sombre background to the silvery-stemmed birch with its delicate branches and quivering leaves. It was from the snow-white bark of the canoe-birch that the Indian made his canoes in New England before the white man drove him westward. In the distance, the scarlet oak rears its lofty head, its leaves turned to a brilliant red by the early frosts; while the white oak adds yet another hue in the beautiful purple of its fading leaves.

The flowers of New England often remind us of the Old Country. The yellow toad-flax and the bright-blue chicory (called succory here) abound on every side; but the flower which blows from east to west in this wide country is the golden-rod, that native of English cottage gardens. So characteristic is this flower, that it has been suggested it shall hold the honourable post of national flower; but others would give this pre-eminence to the little May-flower, one of the heath tribe, which was named by the earliest settlers as the first flower which blossomed in the spring after their arrival. The golden-rod waves its feathery head in contrast to the purple aster, which resembles closely our Michaelmas daisy.

Amongst the leaves and flowers of the golden-rod and the aster climbs the woodbine or Virginian creeper, with spreading scarlet leaf and purple berry. The sumach, with its graceful leaves and crimson head of blossom, grows abundantly, adding its quota to the mass of colour in the autumn. Away on the marsh-land grows the white birch, which always indicates poor soil. Its slender stems gleam through the yellow leaves in the sunlight. The pale valerians lift their heads as in the meadow-land of the Old Country, and the tall reeds

and grasses sway in the warm air. Here the bulrushes, too, stand sentinel round the pools of shallow water, covered with the leaves of the arrowhead and the water-lily. Where the land rises a little, we find banks covered with the checker-berry, a tiny red fruit, used for flavouring sweetmeats; and farther on, the huckleberry shows its rich bloom in the glossy leaves.

One of the chief industries in the marshy ground of New England, especially on Cape Cod, is the cultivation of the cranberry. The little plants creep over the ground with shining leaves, and a round scarlet berry rather larger than a pea. They are set in rows in marshy land which has been especially prepared for them, and in September and October begins the cranberry-picking. The schools of the district are closed for a few weeks, and the children come with their tin pails to pick the fruit, and often earn as much as a pound a week.

But with all the luxuriant growth of the waysides and meadows, there still lacks something to the English eye, for, search as you may, you will never find the 'wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower.'

CURFEW-TIDE.

'The long day closes.'

THE thrushes sing in every tree;
The shadows long and longer grow;
Broad sunbeams lie athwart the lea;
The oxen low;
Round roof and tower the swallows slide;
And slowly, slowly sinks the sun,
At curfew-tide,
When day is done.

Sweet Sleep, the night-time's fairest child,
O'er all the world her pinions spreads;
Each flower, beneath her influence mild,
Fresh fragrance sheds;
The owls, on silent wings and wide,
Steal from the woodlands, one by one,
At curfew-tide,
When day is done.

No more the clanging rookery rings
With voice of many a noisy bird;
The startled wood-dove's clattering wings
No more are heard;
With sound like whispers faintly sighed,
Soft breezes through the tree-tops run,
At curfew-tide,
When day is done.

So may it be when life is spent,
When ne'er another sun can rise,
Nor light one other joy present
To dying eyes;
Then softly may the spirit glide
To realms of rest, disturbed by none,
At curfew-tide,
When day is done.

S. CORNISH WATKINS.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 556.—Vol. XI.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1894.

PRICE 1½d.

PICCADILLY BOOKMEN.

THE HOUSE OF HATCHARD'S.

A SMALL, beautifully printed volume has recently been published with the above title, giving most deeply interesting sketches of early Booksellers in and around Piccadilly, and more particularly informing us how the well-known firm of Hatchard's grew into its present prominent position. The book is written by Mr A. L. Humphreys, a partner in Hatchard's, and a passionate lover of his trade and books. Mr Birrell, M.P., the author of *Obiter Dicta*, when addressing the Booksellers at their annual dinner in London, called special attention to the book as one of unusual interest. As the history of booksellers is of world-wide importance, we feel sure that the readers of this *Journal* will be pleased to know how the bookselling business was carried on in times past, and how a large firm was gradually built up.

As far as Hatchard's is concerned, it is the old story of a small beginning gradually developing—by care, diligence, and honour—into importance and wealth. The book whose title we give at the head of this paper, to use Dr Smiles's term, is a bit of 'Industrial Biography'; and John Hatchard, the founder of the firm, would supply capital illustrations for a future edition of *Self-help* and *Character*. John Hatchard has left a few statements as to his early life. Many of them were written in a copy-book, and are of the most simple character. He tells us that 'he was born in London in October 1768—that he was admitted into the Gray Coat Hospital in March 1776—that he went on trial to Mr Bensley, printer, of Swan Yard, Strand, January 7, 1782. Not liking the trade, he came away January 28, 1782. Went on trial to Mr Ginger, June 17, 1782; and was bound September 18, 1782. The apprenticeship expired October 18, 1789, which "was served duly and truly;" and on the 19th my friends

congratulated me. On the 26th of the same month was situated as shopman with Mr Payne, bookseller, Mewsgate, Castle Street, St Martin's. I quitted the service of Mr Payne, June 30, 1797, and commenced business for myself at 173 Piccadilly, where, thank God, things went on very well, till friends desiring me to take a larger shop, I did so; I think, June 1801, at 190 in the same street. *N.B.*—When I commenced business, I had as my own property less than five pounds; but God blessed my industry, and good men encouraged it.'

The knowledge which Hatchard gained at Payne's was very useful to him. Payne was the first bookseller to issue catalogues of second-hand books. There had been book auctions long before; but the sale of books by means of the private circulation of catalogues 'had never been properly worked before Payne's time. If this be so, the book-collecting world should annually meet and drink to the health of honest Tom Payne, who must have been the means of bringing much happiness to the many enthusiastic book-collectors of that day.'

At Payne's shop, young Hatchard was brought into contact with some of the largest book-buyers of the day. His gracious and willing manner secured him all the friends he needed; and in his laudable desire to get on, he was encouraged all round. We get interesting glimpses in the book as to the wide contrast between the days of Hatchard's early business life and our own time. In the Memorandum Book he enters, under date of July 1, 1797: 'Took a shop lately occupied by Mr White, 173 Piccadilly, subject to pay £31, 10s. goodwill, and £40 per annum.' Think of this £40 a year as rent for a shop in Piccadilly!

Among the almost daily visitors whom Hatchard saw at Tom Payne's shop were the Rev. Clayton Mordaunt Cracherode, a wealthy person, and owner of a very choice library of classical books, famous for their wide margins and excellent preservation, and now lodged in the British Museum. At Payne's, too, met 'George

Steevens, Malone, Windham, Lord Stormont, Sir John Hawkins, Lord Spencer, Porson, Burney, King Townley, Colonel Stanley, and various other bookish men.'

When Hatchard commenced business on his own account, he was twenty-nine years of age, 'a young man of exemplary piety, shrewd sense, and possessed of a determination to succeed.' He had already fifteen years of experience in bookselling. His first shop was 173 Piccadilly; his second was at 190; and later he moved to the premises 187, which are still occupied by the firm. His first successful hit in publishing was a small pamphlet entitled *Reform or Ruin*, by John Bowdler, 1797. This brought considerable financial benefit. After this, he was appointed publisher of the *Christian Observer*, which was edited by Zachary Macaulay, the father of Lord Macaulay, and was the organ of the Evangelical party in the Church of England. Mr Humphreys says that 'it may not be generally known that Lord Macaulay's first printed work appeared in the form of a practical joke in the pages of the *Christian Observer*. Macaulay, while profoundly respecting his father, chafed at the restriction which forbade the reading of novels in the home at Clapham, and he therefore addressed an anonymous letter to the editor of the magazine, praising Fielding and other eighteenth-century writers. His father incautiously inserted this letter in the *Christian Observer*, to the horror of many subscribers, and doubtless to the intense amusement of young Tom.' We are also told of Macaulay acting as index-maker to his father and John Hatchard. When the thirteenth volume of the *Christian Observer* was being prepared for the press, the boy, then aged fourteen, drew up in his Christmas holidays an index to the book, which may be found in all copies of that volume.

We obtain interesting glimpses of other well-known authors and personages in connection with the history of Hatchard's. Hannah More expressed a wish, when a girl in her home in Somersetshire, that she should be able when a woman to 'live in a cottage too low for a clock, and to go to London to see bishops and booksellers.' She realised her ambition, for she was very well known at Hatchard's, both personally and as a correspondent.

In the earliest ledger of Hatchard is a page allotted to the purchases of Her Majesty Queen Charlotte, the wife of George III., who had been graciously pleased to favour Hatchard from his first commencing business. She buys *L'Histoire de France*, five vols.; Baxter's *Dying Thoughts*; and many copies of what is entered as *A Statement of Facts*. This was a curious little tract by Dr Glasse, Vicar of Hanwell, about an eccentric woman supposed to be of noble birth found near a haystack, in Somersetshire.

William Wilberforce was a very frequent visitor at Hatchard's, and had many of his letters addressed there. Writing to Zachary Macaulay, January 7, 1815, he says: 'I have had last, not least, a Haytian correspondent. Two days ago, I received a note from Hatchard, telling me that a letter had come for me of

eighty-five ounces, and was charged £37, 10s., and that he refused it.'

We catch a view of Pye, who succeeded Warton as poet-laureate in 1790. Pye was a friend of Isaac Disraeli, and, as Lord Beaconsfield acknowledged, his father was much indebted to him in connection with the publication of his work *On the Abuse of Satire*.

In 1799, Crabbe the poet transferred the publishing of his works to Hatchard's. The first volume published by Hatchard for Crabbe appeared in 1807, and contained the *Parish Register*, *Sir Eustace Grey*, the *Birth of Flattery*, and other minor poems.

Hatchard's shop was from a very early period a rendezvous for literary men, and many of the wealthier class. This gave Sydney Smith a chance for a hit at the place and its frequenters. In an article in the *Edinburgh Review* of 1810 on 'Public Schools,' he says: 'There is a set of well-dressed, prosperous gentlemen who assemble daily at Mr Hatchard's shop, clean, civil personages, well in with the people in power, delighted with every existing institution, and almost with every existing circumstance; and every now and then one of these personages writes a book, and the rest praise that little book, expecting to be praised in their turn for their own little books; and of these little books thus written by these clean and civil personages, so expecting to be praised, the pamphlet before us appears to be one.'

In 1818, when Hatchard was at 190 Piccadilly, an amusing Society was started at his house to promote marriage. 'It was,' says Mr Humphreys, 'an early instance, if not the first, of a Matrimonial Agency. The Society called itself "The Outinian Society." Hatchard seems to have been much mixed up in this, and lent his premises and his initials—discreetly withholding his name—for the purposes of the Society. It appears that it occurred to some one of the people who met at Hatchard's that much might be done by promoting matches, and convening meetings for the purpose of inquiring into the suitability of contracting parties, or supplying information to members which would help them to make a choice, or, as Mr Oscar Wilde would put it, whether they had "pasts" or whether they had "futures." The veil of anonymity thrown over the whole proceedings is very amusing. The "XYZs," the "Onlookers," and the "Friends" to the Society, who make pitiful appeals to "J. H." to admit them to membership after the ranks have been filled, and there are no more vacancies, are not the least funny part of the proceedings.'

Among many successful ventures in the publishing line was the issue of Martin Tupper's books. Rickerby, a printer in the City, had produced the first series of *Proverbial Philosophy* in 1838; but as Rickerby was a printer, and not a publisher, Tupper sought a better known man; and for the second series of the book and subsequent editions his dealings were with Hatchard, receiving annually from five to eight hundred pounds a year, 'and in the aggregate, having benefited both them and myself—for we shared equally—by something like ten thousand pounds a piece.' This was a very

handsome return both for author and publisher. Tupper gratefully says: 'When that good old man, Grandfather Hatchard, more than an octogenarian, first saw me, he placed his hand on my dark hair and said with tears in his eyes: "You will thank God for this book when your hair comes to be as white as mine." Let me gratefully acknowledge that he was a true prophet. When I was writing the concluding essay of the first series, my father (not quite such a true prophet as old Hatchard) exhorted me to burn it, as his ambition was to make a lawyer of me.'

The reading of this small volume has largely tended to confirm in our mind Carlyle's opinion that a history of booksellers would be better worth reading than that of most kings. It is gratifying to know that John Hatchard, who commenced business with less than five pounds of his own, lived to accumulate, by the most honourable means, and in a noble occupation, no less a sum than one hundred thousand pounds. And it is still more gratifying to know that a firm which has always had so high a reputation, retains its place of honour in every respect. Hatchard's is another instance showing that honesty, industry, and thoroughness win success.

THE LAWYER'S SECRET.*

CHAPTER X.—HUGH THESIGER GOES TO ROBY CHASE.

It would not be easy to describe the feelings with which Hugh Thesiger heard of Sir Richard's death. He could not pretend to himself that he was grieved by the tidings, except in the general way in which good-natured men feel a passing pity for any one whose harvest of life is ended. But he did not rejoice, as he might have rejoiced if the event had happened some two years earlier. Over and over again he told himself that all was over and done with between Adelaide Boldon and himself: a cynic might have hinted that the thing could hardly be true, or he would not have repeated it to himself so vehemently or so often.

Since his meeting with her in London, he had thought more kindly of his old sweetheart. He had unconsciously felt flattered by her evident desire to retain his friendship; and he had felt inclined to think that he had been wrong in imagining that such a situation was impossible. There was no reason now why they should not be friends; and yet Hugh fulfilled none of the obligations which even a conventional friendship imposes on the occasion of a death. He did not so much as acknowledge the receipt of the card containing an intimation of Sir Richard's decease; for it would have been necessary to write a letter of condolence; and he felt that to compose such a letter was impossible. Lady Boldon, he told himself, might think what she liked of his conduct. As a matter of fact,

she noticed his silence, but was neither surprised nor offended by it.

One Friday in November, a few weeks after Sir Richard Boldon's death, Hugh Thesiger was sitting in his room in the Temple, engaged in the tiresome but necessary work of noting up cases, when the thought suddenly occurred to him—'Why shouldn't I ask Terence O'Neil to go home with me to-morrow? It will be much pleasanter for me; and he will cheer up my uncle and aunt a bit.'

Throwing aside his law reports, Hugh left his chambers, and ran up to the floor above. His own room was on the third floor—at least one floor too high—so that O'Neil's were on the fourth—too near heaven, as the briefless junior once remarked, to be in the least danger of being desecrated by the tread of a solicitor.

O'Neil's oak was sported; but as this was often the case when the occupant of the chambers had no legitimate excuse for denying himself to visitors, Hugh set to work with the heel of his right boot, and made noise enough to rouse all the occupants of the building. It was all of no use, however; and Hugh, coming to the conclusion that his friend had betaken himself to the billiard room of some neighbouring hostelry, desisted, and had begun to descend the stairs, when he heard the door open behind him.

'What meaneth this unseemly disturbance?' said a voice.

Hugh turned; but the door was suddenly shut in his face. Returning to the attack, Hugh bestowed a vigorous kick at the door, with the result that it flew open, and the assailant staggered forward and fell into the arms of his friend, who was waiting to receive him.

'You did that on purpose, you scamp!' cried Hugh.

'Oh, it's you, is it?' said the other, with affected surprise. 'You should be eternally obliged to me, me boy. But for me, you would have broken your nose, and where would your beauty have been then? A faded flower—a tender memory.—But come in, come in, my son.'

Mr Terence O'Neil was, of course, an Irishman. He was poor; he had few friends; and his prospects were none of the brightest. Yet such is the effect of a careless disposition and a sanguine temperament, that he probably enjoyed his life a hundred times more than half the rising juniors around him. If there was money in his purse, Terry smoked shilling cigars, and dined at the 'Criterion.' If there was none, he stuck to bird's-eye, and did not dine at all. But no one could have told from his outward demeanour whether he was in the affluent or in the penniless phase of his existence. He was equally at his ease, and to all appearance equally comfortable, whether fortune smiled or frowned on him.

In appearance, O'Neil was short and plump. His cheeks were red, and entirely innocent of beard or whiskers. When he smiled, which was pretty often, he displayed a set of teeth, white, small, and even, like a girl's; and at the same time there appeared in either cheek the suspicion of a dimple, which gave his face a boyish,

* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

roguish look. Apparently he had just come in from court—or perhaps he had been spending the time since he reached his chambers in refreshing slumbers—at any rate, his person was still adorned with a stuff gown—brown from frequent toasts at the fire—which had slipped altogether off one shoulder. As the young gentleman had not taken the trouble to exchange his bands for a necktie, he reminded one of a baby prepared for a meal.

Following his friend into his sitting-room, Terence walked up to the fireplace, leaned his elbow on the mantel-piece, placed one foot on the fender, and gazed pensively at his own image, as reflected in the pier-glass.

'What an unfortunate phiz!' he muttered.

'How so?' asked his friend.

'How so? My face is my one grand misfortune, my life's burden; it will prove to be my ruin. How so, you ask? Why, how can I expect solicitors to believe in my knowledge of law, profound as it is, when they see the infantile dimple yet lingering on my cheeks? How can a client believe in my wisdom—mature though it be—my prudence, my steadiness, my devotion to the weightier duties of our profession, when my face gives the lie to my best efforts? The mere attorney looketh on the outward appearance; and how doth that appearance belie me! I have made up my mind, Thesiger, that there is no hope for me at the bar.'

'What do you mean to do, then?'

'Marry a rich widow. Can you think of anything better? That's what you ought to do, my son—clearly.'

An indefinable change passed over Hugh's features. O'Neil did not notice it; or, if he did, no one would have guessed from his face that he was conscious of having made a false step.

'When you have quite done talking nonsense, will you listen to me?' said Hugh.

'Certainly, my dear sir. You want some advice, no doubt, as to a point which baffles your blunt Saxon intelligence.—Proceed.'

'I want to know if you will spend Saturday and Sunday with me at my uncle's—down in Hampshire?'

'Any pretty girls in the house?'

'No—only my uncle and aunt.'

'Then I accept with pleasure. I should be sorry to give any maiden cause for'—

'Do shut up, Terence.—By the way, did old Bustle get his verdict in that collision case?' asked Hugh, lighting a cigar.

Terence answered the question, and the conversation immediately lapsed into 'shop.'

Terence O'Neil was, however, something more than a hare-brained egotist. His manner to Thesiger's uncle, the old half-pay officer, and to his hostess, was so deferential and considerate, that they were both delighted with him; and Mrs Thesiger even congratulated her nephew on possessing a friend of so much steadiness and of such good principles. In the old lady's eyes, her nephew was still a boy, who needed a guiding hand as much as ever he did.

'Don't you think, Hugh,' she said to him on Saturday morning after breakfast, as he sat alone in her husband's little book-room—'Don't

you think you ought to take this opportunity of calling at Roby Chase? You wrote to Lady Boldon after her husband's death, I suppose?'

'No, aunt.'

'My—dear—boy!'

This answer made Mrs Thesiger certain of what she had long suspected.

'Of course,' she said, 'you will do as you think best; but if I were you, I would certainly call on Lady Boldon. You need not stay more than five minutes. Perhaps she may be out, and then you need only leave your card.'

Having said this, Mrs Thesiger slipped out of the room.

'Hang it all, she is right,' said Hugh, pitching the stump of his cigar into the fire, and pulling savagely at his moustache. 'We are sure to meet some day or other; and it would be twice as awkward if I had not called. It looks as if I were still—as if I were determined to cut her. And after what passed in London, that would be absurd. I had better go.'

Yet he knew that the interview would be an embarrassing one, for him, at any rate; and he decided to go first to the Rectory, and try to bring it about that some one of the family should accompany him to the Chase. It was not that he really hated the idea of meeting Lady Boldon; but he hardly knew whether he had forgiven her or not for her conduct to him. It was shyness, and unwillingness to re-awaken painful memories, that made him hesitate about going. Then he imagined that both of them would feel less embarrassed if the meeting were in the presence of some third person; and so he hit upon the plan of calling first at the Rectory.

As a matter of course, Terence accompanied his friend in the walk to Woodhurst, the idea being that, after paying their respects to Mrs Bruce, he would return, while Hugh went on to the Chase.

'I am in luck,' said Hugh to himself, as he entered the Rectory drawing-room. Marjory was in walking costume, and the chances were that she was going to Roby Chase.

Marjory Bruce did not much resemble her handsome sister. She was shorter; her features were not so striking; and her face was not nearly so expressive as Adelaide's. Many people, however, thought it the sweeter face of the two. All her life Marjory had been somewhat overshadowed by her sister's stronger personality. Quite unconsciously, Adelaide had always taken the first place, and left the back seat, as it were, to the younger girl. And Marjory did not resent this. It was natural. Was not Adelaide the elder, and the beauty of the family? It was but fitting that she should have the pick of all invitations, and the right of preference in such matters as new hats, gloves, and sun-shades.

But this voluntary self-effacement, this habit of dropping naturally into the background, had lent a shyness to Marjory's manner that was in itself attractive. Her brown eyes, too—both hair and eyes were a shade or two darker than her sister's—were really very pretty. Her forehead was low; and her nose, though not beautifully moulded, like Adelaide's, had that little irregularity, that charming morsel of ugliness,

towards the extremity, which gives so delightful a touch of individuality to a girl's face. In short, Marjory was as attractive a girl, and as good a girl, as one would find on a summer day's journey.

She and Hugh were the best of friends. She had been perfectly aware, of course, of his love for Adelaide; and though not a word on the subject had ever passed between them, her heart had ached for him at the time of her sister's engagement. Hugh knew, too, that he had her sympathy, and was grateful.

Thesiger introduced O'Neil to her, and Marjory received him with a blush which she would have given the world to repress.

'I'm sorry I can't ask you to stay,' said the girl, looking exclusively at Hugh, 'for papa and mamma are both out, and I am going over to the Chase this afternoon. Adelaide expects me.—But let me give you a cup of tea first.'

'Tea? No; thank you. But the fact is, I thought of calling on Lady Boldon myself to-day.'

'Then we can go together,' said Marjory, without so much as thinking whether she was keeping within the proprieties or not.

'And our friend O'Neil—what shall we do with him?' asked Hugh with a smile.

'I am sure my sister will be very glad to see Mr O'Neil,' said Marjory, with a demure little glance at the stranger.

'Thank you; I won't intrude on Lady Boldon,' said O'Neil; 'but I shall be happy to walk over with you, and have a look at the park.'

The three set off together; and when they reached the lodge gates, it was arranged that they should meet in the avenue in half an hour, so that Hugh and Terence might return home together.

Hugh thought he had never seen Adelaide look so handsome as she did that day. Her crape dress and her dainty widow's cap admirably set off her lovely face and her clear white complexion. There was no affectation of sadness in her demeanour; neither was there any unbecoming lightness or freedom. But there was a faint tinge of pink in her cheek, a sign of the pleasure she had felt at Hugh's appearance.

She said but little, allowing Marjory to do most of the talking, for she had determined in her own mind that she would follow Hugh's lead, whatever it might be, and Hugh was almost painfully silent. He felt supremely uncomfortable in the great drawing-room, peopled with tables, chairs, and cabinets. This beautiful titled woman, its mistress, was not his Adelaide of long ago. He could not recognise in her the girl he had longed to make his sweetheart.

So he sat there, growing more dumb every moment, till his silence became positively rude.

Lady Boldon, outwardly calm, inwardly indignant, was talking in low, sweet tones, throwing a word now and again to him, as if he had been a dependent to whom she wanted to be civil. She was far too proud to lay herself out to break down Hugh's reserve; and yet her heart was pained almost to bursting.

At length Hugh rose to go.

'Put on your hat, Adelaide, and come down

the avenue,' said Marjory; 'the air will do you good.'

Lady Boldon hesitated a moment, and then consented, merely throwing a wrap round her head and shoulders as she passed through the hall.

The little party had not gone far when they met Terence O'Neil, who was duly presented to Lady Boldon. Then Marjory, remembering that her sister and Hugh had not been alone for a moment, passed on in front, and Terence quickly joined her, leaving the other two to follow them.

Some seconds, perhaps a minute, passed, and neither Hugh nor his companion uttered a word. The voices of Terence and Marjory could just be heard; but the chief sound was the sighing of the wind in the leafless branches overhead. At length Hugh, forcing himself to speak, made some commonplace remark. He received no reply; and glancing at the woman at his side, he saw that her eyes were downcast, and almost closed, her face pale, and cold as that of a statue.

Hugh thought that she meant to rebuke him for his bad manners, and he began to stammer out an apology. As he did so, he glanced at Adelaide's face again, and saw a great tear-drop fall from her eyelid to her hand. A pang of self-reproach and pity shot through his heart.

'Adelaide, what have I done? What have I said to pain you?' he asked.

There was no reply.

'Adelaide,' he said again, in a softer tone, raising his hand as though he would take Lady Boldon's in his own, 'have I offended you, or spained you?'

'Yes, Hugh, you have pained me, and, in a way, offended me.' Lady Boldon stopped as she spoke, and drew herself up. Her carriage was full of simple dignity; and though her eyes were laden with tears, there was not a trace of the lachrymose in her tones or in her manner. 'I could hardly fail to be pained at the exceeding coldness of your behaviour. After all, we are old friends, and I value your regard. It would have been almost better for you not to have come to me, than to come, and tell me by every word, by every tone of your voice, that you disliked me, and meant to show that you did.'

'Dislike you! Oh, Adelaide!'

'Yes; dislike me, or despise me, if you prefer the word. You have a perfect right to remain at a distance from me; but it seems to me, considering our old friendship, that you have hardly a right to come to me and behave as you have done to-day.'

She stopped; and as Hugh looked at his old love, he saw a faint suspicion of a smile stealing out from her eyes, like sunshine breaking upon a watery sky. In that moment the old love rushed back like a torrent into his heart. It was she, herself, not Lady Boldon any longer, but the Adelaide he remembered so well! His emotion was so great, that he could not find words—it almost choked his utterance; and Adelaide saw and understood. She saw that she had conquered, that his heart once more belonged to her, and a joy too great for words filled her breast.

But she dared not show it. She turned away her head when Hugh murmured, 'Forgive me,' and kissed away the tear that had fallen on her hand.

'Hush!' she said, stealing a look at him, a look which betrayed something of the happiness she felt.—'We are friends once more, then, are we not?'

'For ever!' said Hugh.

'If you are willing, Hugh, let the past be forgotten. Let us begin a new life from this day.'

'Do you remember that evening you met me at the stile in Ringwood Lane? Let us begin our new friendship from the day before that meeting. Let that evening be part of what is blotted out.'

'Very well,' murmured Adelaide; and the compact between them was sealed.

(To be continued.)

PARVISES AND PORCHES.

MENTION of the term Parvise probably brings no associations of ideas to ninety-nine persons out of a hundred. Nevertheless, on acquaintance with the buildings that bear the name they will be found to be objects of considerable interest; for parvise is the designation by which the chamber over the porch of a church is now generally known. Some authorities maintain this is an erroneous use of the term; but it obtains all the same. The name is applied by continental antiquaries to the open space in front of a church or cathedral; and in old times it was also applied to a vestibule, or narthex; and even to the porch as well as to the room over it. A similar term, 'paradise,' was also occasionally applied to the open space in front of ecclesiastical edifices, as well as to the square in the centre of cloisters. The cloister garth at Chichester is still called the Paradise: that at Chester has been contracted to the Sprise garden.

The parvise—limiting the appellation now to the room over a porch—has many uses. In some structures it was intended, at first, for an apartment for the person who acted as porter, who was placed there that he might readily admit the unfortunates who applied for sanctuary; and in others it is supposed to have been meant for the occupation of a priest, probably a chantry priest. At Leverington, near Wisbech, the parvise is said to have been used as a hermitage. The largest example is agreed to be that in St John's Church, Cirencester; perhaps the most ancient is that in Southwell Minster. Occasionally, there are to be seen in our small village churches examples as full of arresting interest as those in our grander fabrics. In some instances, as in the north porch of Bredon Church, Worcestershire, the only access to the parvise is by means of a ladder; but for the most part they are approached by narrow winding stone steps, which ascend from either the exterior or interior of the edifice to which they belong. The exterior staircase is often enclosed in a turret, called the parvise turret.

Probably no county is without a few speci-

mens of parvises, though they occur much more frequently in some parts of the kingdom than in others. They belong, generally, to that period of time which in architectural parlance is spoken of as Perpendicular, or Third-pointed—or, in other words, to the days when the rival houses of Lancaster and York successively ruled the land, including the reign of Henry Tudor; but not always, as there are a few examples of the workmanship of the previous century; and, as mentioned, at least one specimen wrought in the time immediately succeeding the Conquest, in Southwell Minster. For centuries, however, the parvise over a porch was a rarity: in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries it was much more usual.

There is a parvise on the porch opening into the south aisle of Warkworth Church, with a narrow winding stone stair in a turret at the angle on the eastern side of it, which dies into the roof below the parapet. From this small low chamber, through the mullioned southern light, the occupant could command a view of the whole of the pleasant village sloping up the steep street to the grand castle at the higher end of it in which Shakespeare laid so much of his 'Henry IV.' We may assume Hotspur and his father worshipped in this church; at all events, on occasions. The sounds of their footsteps echoed in the vaulted roof, and their voices must have reverberated in the little edifice before this parvise and the new aisle were added. It is a very old church, built, in the first place, by Saxon masons, but taken down in Norman times and rebuilt by Norman masons, with deep-set, semicircular-headed windows, with a continuous label-moulding passing from one to the next, and arching over the semicircular headings, and falling again into the straight projecting rounded line till it comes again to another window, when it rises and falls as before; and with a stone-groined chancel. And long before the Percies' name became a power in the north, a strong tower was built against the west end, apparently that the inhabitants of the surrounding district might have a place of refuge to flee to in times of need; and this tower was built up against the old Norman doorway, which, as well as the small deep-set Norman window over it, is thus enclosed in it to this day. Some time after Hotspur closed his eyes upon the battlefield, the south wall of the little edifice was taken down and replaced by a row of columns; and then a wide and comparatively lofty aisle was thrown out with large transomed windows in it and a timbered roof (now hoary and ashen gray); and opening into this bright aisle was built the stone porch with the parvise over it, we now see. There is a sun-dial over the entrance-way. This parvise was used as a parish school-room in the last century.

It is not every porch that is adapted for a parvise. Some in Kent, Surrey, and Sussex are made of open timber-work arranged in tracered panels, with perforated barge-boards, and overhanging oaken roofs covered with shingles. Half the picturesqueness of these oak-pinned porches would be lost if weighted with superstructures. Some stone porches are too small and too shallow. There is a porch of this kind on the south side of the fourteenth-century church in which lie the stone effigies of Lady Jane Grey and her

father and mother, at Astley, in the green heart of Warwickshire, where, looking round, we may see the long low red-brick dwelling of these personages, half manor-house, half castle, close by, with the old moat, the old trees, the old cottages that were familiar sights in their eyes, which form a most appealing nook, and give a captivating interest to the ancient church. Although, even when sufficiently large, porches were not always provided with these features, they were considered to have four other requisites, some of which were usually forthcoming—seats, windows, a niche over the entrance for the figure of a saint, and a holy-water stoup, or 'benatura,' which last was sometimes enriched with a small canopy, and sometimes placed on a bracket. Instead of the niche, a sun-dial was frequently substituted, and supplemented with a motto. The porch was used for various purposes, including the commencement of the baptismal, marriage, and churching services. In old times catechumens were taught in some of them. On the Continent, penances and exorcisms sometimes took place in them; and we read of the burial of persons of rank in them before it became the fashion to bury within the walls of sacred edifices.

Devonshire has many large groined porches with parvises; Lincolnshire has also numerous examples. Over the porch of Rickingham Church, Suffolk, there is an interesting parvise. The porches of Norfolk are frequently made of the exquisite flinting for which the county is famous. Whatever the material or locality, the situation chosen for their erection was generally the south side of the nave. Two porches are occasionally found on one edifice, when one is placed on the north as well as one on the south: three are very rarely met with. The western end of a church is seldom approached by means of a porch, though the tower at that end is occasionally pierced with a doorway, and so serves for one. The church chest is sometimes kept in the parvise, as well as various articles no longer in use, such as old collecting boxes, old notice boards, or frameworks for decorations. But whether often entered or not, the winds sweep through these old chambers, dry them, soften the edges of their interstices; the rains pelt down upon them, or slant gently to them; the sun shines on them and warms them with faint heat; the moon glances down at them with cool gleams; and all these influences mellow them, and give them an indescribably venerable aspect.

It is interesting to find record has been preserved of some of the individuals who presented themselves at the sanctuary door of Durham Cathedral, and were doubtless received by the occupant of the parvise. They were guilty of various crimes, including homicide and prison-breaking; and some of them were debtors fleeing from their creditors. One case recorded in the Durham books is that of a man who escaped from prison, and demanded protection from those who would have taken him back to it. He owned he had committed the theft for which he had been imprisoned, and begged for help to enable him to leave the kingdom. A ceremony was gone through, near the shrine of St Cuthbert, in the course of which he took an oath he would leave with all the speed he conveniently could

and never return, and was directed to take off his clothing, even his shirt, which articles were to be the property of the sacristan, who, however, returned them to him. He was then delivered to a party of constables who passed him on to others, till he arrived at the nearest seaport, and was there shipped. Mention has been handed down that fugitives carried a white cross made of wood as a sign. Another case is that of three canons of Eglestone Abbey, who, with their servant, as they neared Lartington, were set upon by one Richard Appleby with a company of followers. In their defence the canons' servant struck Appleby with a Welsh bill on the back of his head, which blow led to his death in the course of twelve days afterwards. A third was a goldsmith, who confessed he had stolen a dagger from another goldsmith at Boston. Cattle and horse-stealing and house-breaking were also frequent forms of ill-doing that required recourse to sanctuary after their perpetration.

There is a porch to the church of Newbiggen, on the north-east coast of Northumberland, that is remarkable for its contents. It is now, and has been for some years, the fashion to preserve ancient sculptured tomb-slabs by building them up in the face of the internal walls of porches; and this porch has seven very fine examples built up in it. Five of these slabs, besides the rich floriated crosses, have shears carved upon them; and one of these five has a key cut upon it likewise, and another has two keys. On the remaining two slabs two-handed swords are carved, besides richly ornamental crosses. This porch is not ancient, but has been added to the venerable church in days of ill-fortune, when its walls have been taken down, and the spaces between the columns of the aisles filled in with modern masonry, instead of them, to reduce its size. There are fragments of seven more slabs built up, also, in the modern porch of another ancient church close by, at Woodhorn. At Cambo, in the same neighbourhood, a modern porch is also lined with tomb-slabs that doubtless formed part of the memorials of the ancient church that has been replaced by the present structure. On one of these is cut a full-length figure of a man with a sword, a rare departure from the usual flowery-headed cross. Time has preserved them for us, indeed, but has carefully concealed the memorial associations to which they owe their origin.

The porch of Felton Church, on the stream beloved of anglers, the Coquet, is curious. The original thirteenth-century church was nearly doubled in size in the fourteenth century by masons, who added north and south aisles to it. Curiously, they did not take down the thirteenth-century porch, but enclosed it in their new south aisle instead, and threw out beyond it a second one, which still gives access to it; and consequently the hoary old pile is full of nooks and quaintnesses it would have been without, had they demolished it.

An Irish example is curious on account of inscriptions cut into its stones. It is of Norman workmanship, and belongs to Freshford Church, Kilkenny. The legends are incised on two bands on the inner arch of the porch. The first one runs: 'A prayer for Niam, daughter of Core, and for Mathghamain O'Chearmeic, by whom was made this church.' The upper: 'A prayer for

Gille Mocholmoe O'Cencucain, who made it.' Some are noticeable on account of using up more ancient materials, as in Kirkby-Stephen Church, where one of the old dated beams of the nave has been built up in the new porch. Sometimes porches have been chosen as memorials, as at Eglington, where one was erected recently to the memory of a late vicar. In Kelloe Church, Durham, a chapel, or chantry, on the north side is called the Thornley Porch.

There is a parvise on the ripe and mellow south porch of Thirsk Church, in Yorkshire, of the occupant of which we have some knowledge. In Foxe's Acts it is stated a hermit kept the chapel of St Giles at the end of the town of Thirsk for two or three years, and then, to the end that he might live a harder and straiter life, resolved to be an anchorite, and suffered himself to be closed up 'in a little house' on the church porch, where he lived for two more years, helped by sympathising admirers. In the case of Warkworth Hermitage, the hermit made himself a tiny porch, with a narrow seat on each side of it, and cut over the inner side of the doorway from it into his little chapel a pathetic statement, veiled in Latin wording, that his tears had been his meat day and night. The grander porches and parvises of our cathedrals give us, however, a better idea of the old feeling that must have dictated their erection. These are magnificent, and they seem to have meant ecstasy. There is a fine example on the north side of Hereford Cathedral, where an open porch some twenty feet square leads the way to a closed one of similar dimensions with a parvise over it. Neither the vast cylindrical columns of the mighty nave, nor the majestic tower, nor the richly cumbered arcades, nor the wide floors paved with the grave-stones of bishops and other worthies, nor the shadowy lady-chapel, is more impressive of olden piety than this presentment of the work of our inciting predecessors, with which we are thus brought face to face on the threshold. The episcopal muniments are kept in this parvise.

A DAUGHTER OF THE KING.

CHAPTER IV.—CONCLUSION.

WITH bent head Lulu turned her steps slowly to Larry's tent, where he lay ill. A smile came over the stern face as she remembered they had told her he was asking incessantly for her. Yet, much as she wanted to see him, she shrank in a measure that astonished her from going to say good-bye to him. She felt—and could not interpret the feeling—that when she had turned from him for the last time, she would indeed have cut away the final link that bound her to life. Yet much she marvelled at this fear of seeing Larry; for who else had been her adviser and teacher throughout? And to whom else should she go now for confirmation in her dim and savage perception of duty? None. To him of all men she should go; for her fine instinct told her that beneath that laughing, teasing manner was hidden one of the finest and noblest of spirits.

'Why should I fear? Has he not been my friend all through, quick to tell me the right?' So saying, she lifted the curtain and

entered the tent in her own noiseless way. Larry lay on the low camp stretcher, with closed eyes and half-averted face; and Lulu started to see how even in these three days he had altered. Illness had stripped the fine face of its veil of fun and mischief, and left revealed the man that lay beneath. His features wore a troubled, restless look, and ever and anon he moved uneasily. A curious softness crept into the girl's eyes as she stood and looked at him. Then, perhaps feeling her gaze, or perhaps ever watchful of the door, Larry suddenly opened his eyes and glanced wearily at the opening; and, oh, then how his face altered! Joy overwhelmed every other expression, and turning towards her, he raised himself on his elbow and stretched out both hands to her. 'Lulu, oh Lulu! You have come back! And I thought I should have to die alone.'

'Die, Larry?'—crossing the tent and kneeling beside him. 'What do you mean? You won't die!'

'Not now; perhaps'—softly. Then, unable to control his delight, Larry, for the first time, put his arm round the girl and drew her close to him. 'Not whilst you are with me, my darling'—kissing the tremulous lips softly. 'I could not die and leave you.'

'Oh Larry, Larry, don't!' said the girl distressfully. 'It makes it so much harder—what I have to tell you.'

'What is that?' asked Larry quickly.

And then, hurriedly, as if before her courage should ooze away, Lulu told him of the sad state of affairs, ending by repeating her decision to ride to Fort Resolve, and appealing to him in a tone of entreaty. 'Oh Larry, Ray of Sunshine, brave, good brother, speak to me truthfully. Say that what my spirit tells me is right.'

Larry was silent for a moment from pure horror; then he broke into quick, passionate, heedless words: 'Oh no, no! You can't go! They shall not send you to be killed by those scoundrels. I won't have it. Oh Lulu, I couldn't let you go!'

'You couldn't let me go?' She repeated the words, as if marvelling over each.

'No. Oh, you must know I couldn't. Lulu, Lulu, don't you know what love is? Don't you love me at all, that you can so calmly speak of leaving me for ever like this? But I will not let them send you. You belong to me more than to any one else; my love gives me a right over you that no one else has. Oh Lulu, I have loved you from the beginning, more than you can know—more than the brother you are so fond of calling me—though I have tried to be as truthful to you as a brother—as a man loves a woman once and for ever. Don't you know?'

But before he had finished speaking, Lulu had come to know. The light had broken in on the darkness of her soul, banishing all shadows, dispelling all doubts, answering all the questions that had been perplexing her. Now she knew why she had been afraid to come and say good-bye. She lifted her face, and in spite of its troubled pallor, the soft rose-colour crept up beneath the smooth skin.

Larry saw it, and said triumphantly, as he

kissed her again and again: 'Now you know why I couldn't let you go.'

But Lulu drooped her head till it rested on his shoulder and said nothing.

Silence for a while reigned supreme in the tent, whilst each was busy with various thoughts. And presently, as she knelt thus silently, the quick-uprisen rose-mists rolled away for Lulu, disclosing the stern face of duty immovable as before. Slowly the brooding trouble began to creep back into the dark eyes, deadening the soft light of a few moments ago. She lifted a face to which the old pallor was returning.

'Larry, is it only because you love me that you cannot let me go? Is not what I purposed to do still right?'

Larry was silent a second. During those heavy fraught moments of silence his conscience, too, had been asserting itself above the voice of passion. What was he doing? This noble, ignorant spirit, that leaned on his greater strength and knowledge—how was he rewarding its trust? Oh, shame! He was deliberately turning her feet from the path of duty to satisfy his own selfish love. Conflicting feelings made the man's voice sound almost pitiful as he spoke to the waiting girl: 'Yes, that is all, Lulu—only my love makes me keep you back. But is not that much? You were quite right—oh, you were quite right, I know. What you decided to do was more than duty: it was the noble part few are given to do. But, oh my darling, I am a coward. I can't let you go into those horrors.'

But Lulu smiled now. Larry was himself again; and she could see clearly once more. 'Oh Larry, think—think again. It is only because you cannot think now that you speak so. Ah, you can see that I must still go at the growing dark of this night. Larry, you know, you yourself have told me that Life is good, but Honour better; and I think that if honour should come before life, it should come before love, or that love is not good love. Oh, I know—you can see—no good can come of love that is taken in the place of duty. I must go. But oh Larry, Larry!—and the girl's voice was a bitter cry.

Larry spoke not a word. Shame and anguish fought together, and his eyes grew black with pain. And Lulu, seeing this, forgot her own pain, and took up her woman's part of comforter, putting her arms round him, and laying her soft cheek to his in a vain endeavour to comfort him.

'It will not be for so long, dear. And having done our duty, we shall be strong to wait. If memory can come beyond the grave, or if there be any light to see, I will wait for you till you come. Larry, I must say good-bye. I have but little time to prepare. I must see that Kalili is well fed, and then I must sleep a little. I shall need all my strength to-night. Oh Larry, I shall never see you again! Something tells me I shall never see you again!' And the girl's voice grew into a cry of exceeding bitterness as she covered her face with her hands. But when she looked up presently, her face had resumed its old firmness. 'Say good-bye, my love, and bid me good

speed'—trying to loose the clasp of his arms from round her.

But he gently pulled her back. 'No. Stay a moment. Don't go and leave me to eternal shame. Oh Lulu, your bravery shames my weakness; but yet, see, I am willing you should go now. Forgive me, my love, that I tried to turn you away from the straight path of right. But Lulu, if you get safely there and live—as I pray God you may, my darling—you won't forget me, will you? If they take you to England, and fresh faces come continually before you, you won't forget mine, will you? I could not bear that thought.'

Lulu shook her head steadfastly. 'I shall not live long—that I know. We all can feel the future in some sort—some more, maybe, and some less. And I, when I send my thoughts before me, can feel them stay before a veil of darkness. At that veil I shall unclasp the shoes of life and tread with shrinking feet beyond. But you? Oh Larry, you cannot die!'—entreatingly.

'Pray that I may, if you would spare me pain. The surgeon shook his head this morning, so maybe there is hope for me too. Oh Lulu, how sweet has been the short time we have passed together; how glorious to me each rose-scented dawn that woke me to another day with you! Lulu, wait for me whatever may come, or wherever you may go, as I vow I will wait for you. But I know you will.—And now, good-bye, my darling. Good-bye, and God have you in His keeping!'—still with his arms firmly clasped about her. But she gently released herself from them, and softly pressing her first and last kiss on the man's hot brow, turned away, and walked steadily towards the door of the tent. There she paused, and looked back for a second—at the handsome, despairing figure, at the familiar tent; and through the half-open doorway the sounds of busy camp-life fell on her ears. All at once she seemed to realise the full horror of the farewell. Her stern courage gave way, and sinking into a seat near the door, Lulu covered her face with her hands and cried like a child—weeping so bitterly that the tears literally streamed through the thin fingers.

Larry was terribly distressed; and after watching her helplessly for a moment or so, endeavoured to rise and come to her; but seeing his intention and effort, Lulu rose, dashing away her tears, and, with an imperial gesture of deprecation and self-contempt, fled from the tent.

And after she had gone, Larry lay back quietly. When, some little time afterwards, the camp-surgeon came to see how he was, he found him in a dead-faint.

By-and-by, after seeing that the mustang was to be well fed, Lulu went to the Colonel's tent for the General's letter, and to say a few final words.

Colonel Harcourt was pacing the tent in some perturbation of mind. 'I don't know whether I am doing right to let you throw away your life like this. You are very young to decide so great a sacrifice for yourself,' he said as the girl entered.

Lulu smiled, a sad, fateful smile. 'My life, you mean? It is well given. I would that were all I were giving, I should not have stayed to count overmuch on that.—Have you written me the letter?'

'Yes; here it is'—handing it to her.—'It is good-bye, then, Lulu—for fear of the worst? You are a brave girl—a true soldier's daughter'—placing his hand on the slim, upright shoulder of the girl. 'But I would not let you go if I did not think that, in that case, before many more suns have risen, we should all lie dead together. We shall all pray that you may get safely through, my child; and whether you succeed or fail, as long as we may live, your memory will never fade with any of us—the memory of a noble girl, who would put to shame the most cultured of those Englishwomen she thought herself so far behind. There will be many heavy hearts in the camp to-day, Lulu, for we have all grown very fond of you.'

The girl's eyes filled with tears, and the mobile lips quivered. 'Then I have not lived in vain,' she said. 'Your debt to me will never be anything like my debt to you. These few weeks of happiness are worth all that has gone or is to come. I came to you a savage and ignorant girl; I go away with knowledge of one or two things that make life, however placed, worth living. You have been very, very good to me—all of you, every one.—Good-bye. It is good-bye; for I don't think I shall ever see you again. If you don't hear from Fort Resolve, you will know that I have but fallen by the way. But I think, somehow, I shall in some measure succeed, for I am giving up more than life to do so.—Good-bye. And say good-bye for me to all my friends. If I say it any more, I shall have no strength for to-night.' And Lulu turned away, leaving the Colonel standing with tears in his eyes, for the first time, perhaps, in all his soldier-life.

As night came on, Lulu grew fretful like a tired child, though her firm purpose never for a moment deserted her. The sky was heavy and sullen, and all was gloom. Lulu moaned to herself that she could not see the sun. If it would only come out and shine on her, and warm and brighten her once more, she would be content, and not murmur so. But she felt she would never see the great, bright, golden sun again.

That night, at dusk, Lulu, with a pale, quiet face, led the hardy mustang, famous for his sagacity and affection for his mistress, and inseparably connected with her name, out of the walls of Fort Hunter. She had a coil of rope in her hands, and she motioned to a native to follow her. A little distance from the fort she bade him lash her to the horse, which he did. Then Kalili bounded forward, and, like a flying shadow, fled into the awesome gloom of the plain.

Near noon the following day, the sentries at Fort Resolve were startled to see a horse standing in a drooping attitude before the entrance. On its back was lashed the motionless, and apparently inanimate, form of a girl. When a sentry approached, she slightly moved her head,

and opened with an effort the eyes that the mists of death were fast deadening. In a faint voice, but with all her dying energy, she said: 'Let your General come and take this from my hand. Now—quickly!'

The sentry sounded the signal for the guard, and in a moment or so the General was on the spot.

In the note, Colonel Harcourt stated who Lulu was, and begged that she might be kept in safety at Fort Resolve, should she ever arrive there.

But General Hammond, looking at the beautiful drooping figure, saw she was beyond all earthly keeping. She was wounded in at least a dozen places, showing how close the Indian scouts had run her.

So nurses came and bore her away; and they wrapped the stately figure in white, and laid her to wait till they should come for whom her life was given. And she who had been beautiful in life was grand in death.

A few days later, a group of soldiers stood, with uncovered heads, round two freshly dug graves. Pale faces and many moistened eyes were there as they listened to the chaplain's words. And then they went away, and two small stones marked the resting-place of two of God's noblest spirits.

So by the side of the Big-sea Water are two quiet graves, grass-hidden, dew-besprinkled. Those whom chance leads past, pause and read with puzzled look the seemingly strange inscriptions. For one bears the words, 'Ray of Sunshine;' and the other, 'A Daughter of the King.'

Though mourners never come and lay flowers on those solitary mounds, yet nightly the sunset's glory comes across the broad water, goldening the two gray stones, followed by the purple mists and the brooding silence of night.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE Royal Institution of Great Britain has lately been the recipient of a munificent gift at the hands of Mr Ludwig Mond, F.R.S. Many years ago, it was proposed to establish at this Institution a School of Practical Chemistry, both for the instruction of students and for the purposes of original research. Professor Faraday was among others strongly in favour of the carrying out of this project, but the premises in Albemarle Street were limited in accommodation, and the proposed scheme was not proceeded with. Mr Mond has now placed at the disposal of the Institution a freehold house which adjoins the premises, and has further undertaken to make all necessary structural alterations and to equip it at his own expense, the new addition to the Institution to be called 'The Davy-Faraday Research Laboratory.' It is a pleasure to record this public-spirited act of one of our leading men, an act which is so likely to be productive of good to posterity.

A new and apparently very effective method of hermetically sealing glass jars and bottles has been introduced by the Burbridge Patent

Bottle Stopper Syndicate. The neck of the bottle or jar is ground on its upper edge perfectly level, and upon it rests a disc of glass, the two being kept in close contact by an annular ring which screws down upon the bottle. If the air in the bottle be rarefied by heat, as it would be in the act of bottling fruit, for example, the partial vacuum created causes the disc to adhere so tightly that it cannot be removed without some difficulty. The simplicity of the contrivance is not the least of its recommendations.

The artificial hatching of chickens, which has only been brought to anything like perfection in this country within very recent times, has been practised in China for hundreds of years; but, according to the Report of the United States Consul at Chin-kiang, the apparatus employed is of the most primitive description. A long shed built of bamboo, the walls of which are thatched with straw and plastered with mud, forms the hatching-house. Within this shed are straw baskets also plastered with mud, as a precaution against fire, the bottom of each basket being formed of a tile. Beneath each basket a small fire is lighted, in order to keep the eggs which are nested within at the proper temperature for hatching. At the end of a few days the eggs are examined by being held against a hole in the shed, those which are transparent being rejected as non-fertile. In a fortnight the eggs are taken from the baskets, spread out on shelves, and covered over with cotton and a kind of blanket. In due time the chickens break through the walls of their prisons, and come forth to find purchasers shortly afterwards. The industry is a very extensive one.

It would seem certain that before long, engine-driven vehicles will become common upon our highways, not only in the shape of tramcars but also in the form of cycles. The improvements made of recent years in motors and cycles all point in this direction, and it is possible that more advance would have already been made if our present laws did not discourage the use of steam for street traffic. The recent trial in France of twenty-one horseless vehicles of different types, in which petroleum carriages entered into active rivalry with steam is likely to forward this means of locomotion. The idea of a steam-carriage for ordinary roads is by no means new. The picture of one which was tried in Hyde Park, London, about the year 1828, forms the subject of an early wood-engraving. There is no reason why such a vehicle should be any more dangerous than one drawn by a horse.

It is proposed to add to the attractions of the London Parks by the introduction of deer. Enclosures for these beautiful animals have long been provided at Greenwich and Richmond Parks, and the experiment of providing one at Clissold Park, nearer to the metropolitan smoke, has recently proved quite successful, except that the area provided for the animals is rather small. Strange to say, the limited supply of deer is the most formidable hindrance to the extension of the experiment.

According to the *Engineer*, an automatic water-tank for railway purposes has recently

been tried with success. It consists of a tank with a closed top, fixed at the water-surface of a well and kept full of water. Steam from the engine is forced into the tank, and by another pipe the water is urged by the pressure into the tender, the tank refilling itself as soon as the steam has been shut off. The method would certainly be useful in out-of-the-way districts where water under pressure is not readily available, but this is seldom the case in the neighbourhood of busy railway stations.

Dr E. M. Aaron contributes to the *Scientific American* an interesting article on the Soldier or Driver Ants, which he describes as Nature's most invincible creatures. These insects march in battalions, and nothing can stop their progress. Against them no man, or band of men, nor even a herd of elephants, can do anything but hurriedly get out of the way. A favourite mode of capital punishment among the Barotse natives is, he tells us, to smear the prisoner with grease, and to throw him in the path of an advancing band of Soldier Ants. Each insect can do no more than tear a particle of flesh from the victim and carry it off; but it is astonishing how soon the writhing body is converted 'into a skeleton of clean and polished bones that will make the trained anatomist envious.'

In Canada, where the beech and the birch-tree grow to great perfection, a method of quick seasoning of the wood of those trees has recently been adopted. The process has been patented in Germany, and is said to give very satisfactory results. In the first place, the wood is placed in steam-chambers for about twelve days, by which treatment the sap is driven out of the pores. It is then placed in drying chambers, and is subsequently stained by a chemical process, and becomes throughout of a rich brown colour.

A demonstration of Dr Lehner's process for producing artificial silk recently took place at Bradford. The foundation of the 'silk' is waste cotton, jute, or similar material, which is treated with a mixture of sulphuric and nitric acid, so as to form a kind of liquid collodion. This liquid is then formed into threads by being forced through glass tubes with extremely small outlets, and the threads are wound upon bobbins. By a subsequent operation, the material is rendered unflammable, and is then said to resemble natural silk very closely.

A French paper informs us that the best fuel to employ for pottery purposes has recently been the subject of experiment at the famous porcelain works at Limoges. It is said that wood is costly at Limoges, and that coal of the quality required is difficult to obtain. Experiments with petroleum used with the Wright Spray Burner have shown that the correct temperature can be maintained without difficulty, with complete absence of smoke, while the more delicate tints of the porcelain are preserved unimpaired. It is therefore probable that petroleum as a fuel will be adopted throughout the establishment as soon as the necessary structural alterations can be made in the existing plant.

Some months ago (Feb. 24, 1894), we alluded in

these columns to the value of leaves as a food for cattle, and we are now able to give some further information on the subject, gleaned from a recent Report of the United States Consul at Chemnitz. The French, we are told, have taken the initiative in this movement, and they recommend exclusively the leaves of the hazel, aspen, ash, elm, and willow. The leaves are spread on the barn floor to a depth of from three to four inches, and are turned over daily until they are dry, a process which in favourable weather occupies three days. Mixed with leaves for each day's consumption is a small amount of chopped-up turnips, and just before feeding, clover, hay, or lucerne is sometimes added. It is found advisable to prepare each day's supply of food twenty-four hours in advance. The feeding has proved of great value for milch cows.

The long-talked-of scheme for utilising the power of the Niagara Falls for industrial purposes, which would have been regarded as utopian a quarter of a century ago, is on the point of realisation. The Niagara Power Company will have their electrical plant in action in a few weeks' time, and they hope to distribute energy for a hundred miles round at a much cheaper rate than it can be coaxed from isolated steam-engines. The company have limited themselves in their charter to the distribution of two hundred thousand horsepower; but when the demand arises, arrangements will be made to more than double this output.

The incandescent glow lamp is rightly regarded as one of the safest forms of lamp that can be devised, inasmuch as its fire is enclosed in an envelope, and if that envelope be broken, not a spark will remain. But it must not be forgotten that the little bulb gives out an amount of heat which may lead to disastrous consequences under certain conditions. A conflagration was lately traced to one of these lamps, which had been ignorantly laid on some dry goods without any suspicion of danger. A handkerchief tied round one of these bulbs will quickly char and generally burst into flame in about ten minutes' time. This warning is a necessary one.

The increased facilities for making enormous structures, due to the development of the steel industry, have had the curious effect of introducing among us monster edifices which are destined solely for recreative purposes. The celebrated Eiffel Tower was the first of these, to be followed by imitations all the world over. Then came the Ferris Wheel, which presently is to have its counterpart at South Kensington, both being but exaggerated copies of an arrangement which was common to country fairs of the old-fashioned type. The latest novelty of the kind hails from America, and is known as the Haunted Swing. In this case the visitors—about one dozen in number—are invited to enter a room in which is hung on a central bar a broad platform covered with seats. Presently the swing begins to oscillate, until at last it assumes an inverted position above the bar. The whole thing, however, is based upon an illusion; it is the room which is caused to oscillate with all its contents, the swing and its passengers remaining perfectly still. It is said

that the illusion is so perfect that the visitors spasmodically grasp their seats, to avoid being thrown down.

Improvements in the phonograph have been recently described before the Electro-chemical Society of Berlin by Herr A. Kæltzow. The new form of instrument, which, on account of the simplicity of its parts, is cheaper than the old, utilises a cylinder composed of a kind of soap, the original cost of which is three shillings. But as the material allows of a very thin shaving being taken off its surface, so as to provide space for fresh records, a quarter of a million words can be recorded on one cylinder before it is exhausted.

It has always been supposed that, however perfectly a ship may be equipped, it requires a controlling hand at the rudder to guide it in the right direction. But, according to a recent French invention, the helmsman can be dispensed with, for the magnetic compass needle can be made not only to indicate the cardinal points, but to operate the rudder so as to steer a ship in any predetermined direction. The compass needle is so disposed that if the ship goes off her course in either direction, an electric motor is set in action, which in turn operates the steering-gear. It will be seen that the plan is quite feasible, but, at best, it represents an instance of misdirected ingenuity, for no one would trust his ship to a helmsman which would be blind to the danger of collision.

Wood-pulp, which is now used so extensively by the paper-maker, has recently found a new application in the manufacture of piping, which is likely to prove serviceable in various industries. The pipes are moulded on a rod or tube, and are allowed to partially dry before the core is withdrawn. When dry, the pipe is saturated with a hot solution of asphaltum and other materials, which penetrates its entire substance. The ends are then squared and threads cut, as in the case of iron pipes. As the finished material is a non-conducting substance, such pipes can be employed with advantage as underground conduits for electrical wires and cables. Such pipes will also be useful in chemical works, owing to their resistance to the action of acids. The pipes are very strong and durable, and are free from many of the objections to similar pipes made of *papier-mâché*.

A French paper recently published a method of preparing a mushroom bed which will yield a crop all the year round, which for simplicity and cheapness should recommend itself to lovers of that edible fungus. In a box about three feet square and twenty inches in depth, is placed a mixture of three parts dry cow manure and one part garden soil, so as to form a stratum of four inches. A two-inch layer of the same mixture, after being mingled with good mushroom spawn broken up, is now added to the contents of the box, which is afterwards filled up with an eight-inch layer of earth. The whole is slightly compressed, and is watered frequently with fine rose. In a few weeks the first mushrooms will appear, and will continue to do so for at least two years, provided the bed is kept damp,

and the box is kept in a place where the temperature is equable and the light not bright.

A refrigerator has been constructed at Indianapolis, which is designed to make ice by the expansion of natural gas. This gas issues from the wells at a pressure amounting in some instances to twenty atmospheres, or three hundred pounds on the square inch. In its expansion to one atmosphere, or fifteen pounds on the square inch, the gas will fall to a temperature very far below zero, and it is this intense cold which is to be used in the production of ice. The gas is in no way deteriorated by the process, but can be used for furnaces, &c., after the work has been done. Thus can natural gas be made to act first as a cooling and afterwards as a heating agent.

At the recent meeting of the Photographic Convention of the United Kingdom, held at Dublin, a new kind of camera stand was shown and explained. Its main object is to provide a means of copying engravings, museum specimens, cut flowers, medals, &c., which are more conveniently held in a horizontal position, the work being easily accomplished in any ordinary sitting-room. The apparatus can also be applied to portraiture, and to the production of lantern slides from negatives of any size. The contrivance will be of great use to amateurs generally, and will be of especial service in libraries, museums, law-courts, and other institutions, where the rapid copying of a document, picture, or other object is often a matter of importance. The new apparatus has been patented by the inventors, Messrs T. C. Hepworth and T. R. Dallmeyer, the well-known optician of London.

The recently opened Tower Bridge, which forms such a beautiful gateway to the city of London, has, as was anticipated, secured a goodly share of the traffic between the north and south shores of the Thames. The welcome relief to the congested state of London Bridge has of late been very noticeable, the constant stream of traffic, until lately one of the sights of London, having diminished to an extraordinary degree. Careful note is being taken of the number of foot-passengers and vehicles which daily cross the river by both the old and the new bridges, and the results will be looked forward to with great interest.

SEEKING BURIED TREASURE.

HALF a century or more ago, the belief that there was gold and silver and other treasure buried at various places in the Canadian provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia was not uncommon among the people of those provinces, and efforts to unearth the hoards of wealth supposed to have been hidden by the notorious Captain Kidd or the early French settlers, when the latter were driven out by the English, were of frequent occurrence. Much superstition was associated with these enterprises. Even yet, there are believers in the old traditions, and there are still occasional devotees of the 'mineral rod' who go on midnight excursions to supposed haunts of treasure.

A more ambitious scheme is even now afoot, in the effort to organise a company to search on Oak Island, Nova Scotia, for treasure alleged to have been buried there by Captain Kidd. Years ago, a great deal of money and labour was fruitlessly spent there; but hope survives. Isle Haute is another favourite spot; and there are some others. The following sketch has to do with none of these, but throws a good deal of light on the subject as to the point of view of the average seeker after these wonderful treasures.

Whenever I hear or read a story relating to buried treasure, there comes to me the recollection of an experience of my own youthful days. It could not be called a thrilling experience, for there was no startling incident, and we found no treasure; but for myself there was enough of glory and reward in the distinction of being guide to a party of money-diggers, whose plans involved a nocturnal visit to a lonely grave in the woods, and whose accoutrements included among other things a mineral rod, a dark-lantern, and a sword. The story is worth relating, not because it will quicken the pulses or intrude the imagination, for it will do neither; but because it shows how minds otherwise well balanced may be affected by the power of superstition and the desire for suddenly acquired wealth.

It is not strictly necessary that I should begin with a reference to the American Revolution; but there is really some connection between that event and this particular incident of later times, and therefore such reference may at least be pardoned.

At the close of the Revolution, a large body of Royalists, or Loyalists, as they are called, left New York, New Jersey, and other States of the American Union, and removed to what is to-day known as the city of St John, in the Canadian province of New Brunswick. At the date of their arrival, in the year 1783, there were only a fort, a few stores, some fishermen's huts and houses, on the verge of an unbroken forest wilderness stretching interminably inland from the rugged and forbidding shore. The commandant at Fort Howe, as the place was named, was Major Gilfred Studholm, an English army officer. He had been stationed there for several years, and had been largely instrumental, at the outbreak of the revolutionary war, in persuading the Micicete and Micmac Indians of that region to break a compact into which they had entered to send some six hundred warriors to the aid of General Washington.

With the coming of the Loyalists, the aspect of affairs changed at Fort Howe. A city sprang up there as if by magic, and the province of New Brunswick was speedily constituted, with a Government separate from that of Nova Scotia. Major Studholm gave up military life, left the city, and settled down in the wilderness forty miles away. He received a grant of some five thousand acres of forest-land on the shores of the Kennebecasis River, at that point but a narrow stream. Where a small tributary, now called the Millstream, joins the Kennebecasis, he erected a rough log-house on a commanding site overlooking the valleys of both streams, and there spent the remainder of his

life. Here and there along the valley small clearings were being made around the cabins of other pioneers; bridle-paths were cut through the dense evergreen forest; and people who had left comfortable, and some of them luxurious, homes in the revolted colonies were settling down to carve out a new home in the wilderness. Their only means of reaching the rising city at the mouth of the river was by forest trail or by small boat or canoe; the river for half its course being narrow and, in summer, very shallow. Here Major Studholm lived, with neither child nor wife to cheer his solitude. From his rank and position, however, he was an important personage among the settlers, for he had the honour to be a member of the first Executive Council of the newly constituted province.

Thus far history. And now the reader will kindly take for granted the lapse of some three-quarters of a century. A marvellous change had meantime come to pass. The railway now traversed the thickly settled Kennebecasis Valley, which was dotted with small villages; and other settlements stretched away at various points on either hand. The Millstream Valley was now the abode of well-to-do farmers. Near the point where Major Studholm had settled, there was a small village and railway station. The very hill where his house had stood was now used as a drill-ground for the militia, and annually, or at longer periods, the cavalry galloped, or the red-coated infantry marched, over the almost forgotten site of the old man's home. For Major Studholm was long since dead. At his own request, his remains were interred on the highest point of the range of hills that walled the northern side of the valley. It was on his own land, and not far from the site of his house. The grave was unmarked, and its exact location unknown, except that it was within a small, circular, open space among the trees, reached from the open field through a narrow pathway along the crest of the hill, overarched by evergreens, and gloom-shadowed even at noonday. Curious persons visited the spot betimes and carved their initials on the surrounding trees, and rested for a little on the rustic seat provided by a thoughtful hand. Here, in calm seclusion, reposed the dust of the stern old soldier, whose life had known so much of strife and turmoil and adventure.

But memories of the old man survived, coloured by a little of superstitious awe, and strange tales were told by some of the older folk in the valley. It was told on winter evenings at the fireside how the old man, riding his favourite white horse at a gallop, had been seen at night at the bend of the highway below his old home, the hoofs of his phantom steed spurning the earth with soundless tread.

Most alluring to the fancy, however, was the oft-told tale of the secret burial of hoarded gold. It was alleged that in the Major's house for many years reposed a small box of great strength and weight, and always locked. But one morning—so tradition runs—the box was found by the old housekeeper to be empty; and she made at the same time the further discovery that an iron pot which formed part of

the kitchen furnishings had utterly and mysteriously disappeared. She may have been somewhat puzzled by the singular coincidence, for she was only a housekeeper and on the spot; but to the enlightened understanding of persons living a generation or so after the event was alleged to have transpired, the thing was perfectly clear. The Major had of course taken the pot, poured the gold into it, and buried them both. And this explanation furnished a key for the solution of another problem: Why should Major Studholm ask to be buried on that lonely eminence, so far removed from the resting-place of the bodies of his fellow-pioneers? Why, indeed, but that his spirit might be near to guard his buried treasure from the clutch of human greed! And so the story went abroad that somewhere on the hill-top beside the old man's grave, heaped safe within an iron pot, a store of shining gold lay hidden in the earth. And then, as there were dreamers of dreams among the men of this later generation, it came to pass that one, living many miles away, who knew not where the old man's bones were buried, yet saw one night in a vision the spot where the treasure lay. He remembered that the place was on a hill, and that the hill was crowned with trees. After this revelation, even scepticism must needs be dumb.

What wonder, then, that on a starless autumn evening there should come to me upon the village street three men—not natives of that place, though one of them was known to me—and ask, in whispered tones, that I should lead them to the grave of Major Studholm? I was young, the night was dark, the charm of mystery surrounded the adventure. I consented to go. The confession that I also borrowed an iron bar from a neighbour's shed will probably not lead to an indictment at this late date, especially since the tool was returned before daybreak.

My new friends had already driven many miles, and we now entered the large carriage, and drove on across the Kennebecasis and the Millstream, around the curving highway to the foot of the hill. Here the horse and carriage were secreted in some clumps of alders by the roadside, the tools were shouldered by the party, and we climbed, in the darkness, through a hill-side pasture to the path leading through the woods to the grave. A dark-lantern was then lighted, and we journeyed on to the goal. In the open space where lay the soldier's grave we halted, and one of the party produced a mineral rod. It was a short hollow rod, wrapped in whalebone. The contents of the rod I do not know, though quicksilver, I believe, was one ingredient. The thing had two pliable prongs or handles attached at one end, by which it was held in both hands of the operator. When properly held, the closed palms of both hands were turned upward, with the rod in an erect or perpendicular position between them. Anything that attracted the rod caused it to deviate from the perpendicular; and if the attraction were directly below, on or in the ground, the rod would twist about in the man's hands and point straight downward. A mineral rod, it may be noted parenthetically, will only 'work' in the hands of some persons, and the

number is very few. Our magician walked about the open space with the rod in his hands; but if any of us had anticipated that we would be called upon to disturb the dust of Major Studholm, we were agreeably disappointed. No such gruesome task awaited us, for the movement of the mineral rod made it plain that the attraction was not at our feet, but somewhere down the hill-side toward the highway from which we had come. We therefore plunged into the dense thicket of evergreens, and, with considerable difficulty, forced our way down into the open field. Still the silent and mysterious guide urged us onward until we had passed a tall and scraggy pine-tree standing solitary on the hill-side in the midst of a field of buckwheat. But we had no sooner passed that spot than the rod revealed the fact that we had gone too far. It obstinately turned about and pointed up the hill again. There is no good in arguing with a mineral rod, even on a dark and gloomy night, and we therefore retraced our steps until we stood beneath the spreading branches of the pine. After a little experiment, the wizard of the party found a spot where the rod turned itself about in his hands and pointed to the ground. We looked at each other for a moment in silence.

'It's there,' said one at length, with all the emphasis of conviction.

'Yes, sir, that's where it is,' declared another. And at the word we prepared for work.

He of the mineral rod produced a sword and strode out into the darkness. Such an uncanny proceeding at such a time was to me rather startling, for until that hour I had never been a treasure-seeker beyond the legitimate fields of toil. The spell of mystery was strong upon me. Had I not heard of money-diggers who at the moment of almost assured success were startled by phantom horsemen riding down the wind, and in terror, fled for their lives? And of others who, when their tools rang upon the cover of the treasure-box, were shocked by an awful clatter of rattling chains in the very bowels of the earth, and saw the coveted box vanish on the instant? These were matters of common talk along the country-side in my boyhood days. Was it not a fact, vouched for by an old man well known to me, that two men, well known to him, were digging for money one dismal night, and one of them was thrown bodily out of the hole by a mysterious Presence visible to both, though indescribable? Why, it was but the other day, out on the shore of the Bay of Fundy, that a party had located a pirate hoard, and were about to remove it from its hiding-place, when a vessel of ancient mould loomed up off shore, as though it had risen from the depths, and from the side a boat put off, manned by sailors in the costume of a century ago. And when one of the party was startled into an exclamation of terror—presto!—both crew and vessel disappeared, and where the treasure lay, there gaped an empty hole; for the treasure of Captain Kidd had followed his phantom ship into the realms of mystery.

In view of all this, and much more to the same effect, it was but natural that I should be impressed, and eminently proper that our party should overlook no due precaution; and

hence it was that our swordsman went forth into the darkness. He went but a few steps, however, and began to describe a large circle around us, taking care to cut through the surface of the ground with the point of his weapon. Just before the circle was completed, he turned to us: 'Are you all ready?'

The others had meanwhile explained to me that, after the circle was made complete, no word must pass our lips; and nothing, not even a grain of earth from the spade, must be permitted to pass beyond that magic line. I was also informed that some treasure-seekers deemed it essential to sprinkle the blood of a black hen around the circle; but my friends regarded that ceremony as entirely superfluous.

'All ready,' I said to the swordsman, and in a twinkling the circle was closed. And at the next instant, pick and spade sunk into the earth at the spot designated as the exact hiding-place of the coveted treasure. It was a weird scene. The night was starless, and midnight was at hand. The autumn wind, sweeping the lone hill-side, moaned in dismal cadence in the branches of the pine. The lantern caused grotesque shadows to dance about us. Three of us hurriedly plied the pick and spade, while the fourth stalked grimly around us, cleaving the air with his magic sword, as if defying the spirits of earth or air to pass the boundaries he had set. Anon, he paused long enough to hold the mineral rod above the hole we were digging, indicating the exact location of the treasure, and at the same time giving us to understand, through the medium of signs, that the deeper we dug, the stronger became the attraction. Once our iron bar struck something that emitted a hollow sound. There was a quick exchange of significant glances, and excitement ran high. We worked with feverish energy, and presently a flat stone was turned up to our view, and nothing more. We went down several feet, and at length struck solid rock, covering the whole bed of the opening, and apparently as immovable as though it were a part of the solid base of the hill itself. After vainly trying to dig around it, one of the party, in sudden disgust, ejaculated: 'I don't believe it's there at all!'

'Now you've done it!' savagely growled the warrior and magician, who forthwith trailed his weapon and grasped the mineral rod. Surely enough, the other adventurer had done it. The rod, when held over the hole, pointed as calmly skyward as if there had never been an ounce of treasure hidden in the earth. The mysterious source of attraction had entirely disappeared!

We stared at each other in silence, and the man who had broken the magic spell by speaking was manifestly crestfallen.

'It's moved,' explained the holder of the rod, in answer to my mute inquiry.

'What—the money?' I asked in wonder. 'Do you suppose it has?'

'Yes—it's moved. We'll get the attraction again after a little.'

And we did. Within half an hour the mineral rod picked up its ears, so to speak, and became violent again. But this time it

located the treasure some half-dozen yards away from the spot where we had been digging. My companions had evidently witnessed just such a phenomenon before, as they exhibited no surprise whatever.

'We've got it again,' quoth one of them, and brought the pick down from his shoulder with a thud. Unfortunately, as it proved, he brought the implement down point first, and it penetrated the surface of the ground.

'There!' almost yelled the magician. 'What made you do that? You've done it again!'

Surely enough, he had done it again. By breaking ground before the magic circle was drawn with the sword, and other preliminaries attended to in due and ancient form, he had once more put the treasure to flight. For it is an established principle in the unwritten law of money-digging that no treasure worthy the name will for a moment tolerate bungling on the part of those who seek its hiding-place. The mineral rod, therefore, pointed skyward again, while the jaws of the party obviously drooped.

But the treasure was not implacable. On the contrary, it even appeared to manifest a degree of anxiety to stand revealed, if only the process of revelation were in due form; for ere long it put forth once more its subtle attraction, and roused the mineral rod to a sense of its presence. It had moved but a few yards farther away. There was no carelessness this time. The circle was drawn, silence fell upon the party, and work began. Everything went smoothly, the attraction grew steadily stronger, and hope revived. Alas! that it should have been my misfortune to be the cause of another collapse. In trying to remove an obstinate and troublesome root, I seized it with both hands, gave a mighty jerk—and went over backwards. The broken root flew from my hand, passed far beyond the magic circle, and for a third time the mischief was done. The treasure, to use a common phrase, took to its heels once more. The magician glared at me, as if meditating the propriety of running me through on the spot, but presently lowered his point and raised the mineral rod. The rod stood motionless.

This sort of thing was growing tiresome. It was evident that, unless a change occurred soon, we would be found there at daylight, and might possibly be called on to offer explanations to the owner of the buckwheat field.

'We'll find out where it went,' suggested one, 'and then go home for to-night.'

The suggestion found favour, for we were a little tired, and our ardour had perceptibly diminished. We waited perhaps half an hour. When the mineral rod once more located the treasure, our decision to go was not shaken; for this time the provoking and elusive thing had taken up a position almost directly under the huge tree. To get at it would require a tunnel.

There we left it. And there, for aught I have learned since, it may be still. I am informed that efforts have been made at different times to bring it forth; but inquiry has failed to show that there has been any sudden and inexplicable acquisition of wealth by any person or persons in that region. The old pine

still stands, and if it has a secret, appears to guard it well.

But before taking leave of the subject, there are some facts in connection with the use of the mineral rod that are worthy of attention. In the first place, this rod would work in the hands of only one member of our party. It remained absolutely passive in the hands of any other. Another singular fact was that beyond the range of the mysterious influence centred at the pine-tree, the rod in his hands was attracted by a silver watch or a silver coin, and would respond when either was placed reasonably close to it; but, under the tree, the silver might be thrust within half an inch of the rod and there was not a tremor.

I know these things, having witnessed them. Add also the fact that the attraction at the tree grew manifestly stronger as we dug, and ceased altogether when any rule of the party was violated. Whether the explanation of them all be physical or psychological, or both, must be left for others to decide. But they are facts. The magician of our party was a country blacksmith, and his companions were young farmers of his district. If it be alleged that the man was a humbug, the obvious reply is that humbugs do not drive many miles over rough country roads on gloomy nights to visit lonely graves in secret, or stalk about on bleak autumn hill-sides at midnight cleaving the air with naked swords.

WILT THOU BE LONG?

WILT thou be long? The workful day is o'er;
The wind croons softly to the sleeping sea;
At the old spot, upon the lonely shore,

I wait for thee.

Home to his nest the swift gray gull is winging;
Through the still dusk I hear the sailors' song:
Night to the weary rest from toil is bringing—

Wilt thou be long?

Wilt thou be long? The darkness gathers fast;
The daisies fold their fringes on the lea;
Time is so fleeting, and youth will not last—

Oh, come to me!

In the clear west a silver star is burning,
But sad misgivings all my bosom throng;
With anxious heart I watch for thy returning—

Wilt thou be long?

E. MATHESON.

* * * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed to the 'Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
 - 2d. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
 - 3d. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
 - 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.
- If the above rules are complied with, the Editor will do his best to ensure the safe return of ineligible papers.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 557.—VOL. XI.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1894.

PRICE 1½d.

EXPLORATION IN THE HIMALAYAS.

FROM time to time books of science and travel appear, which are not more remarkable for the courage and perseverance of the explorers than for the admirable literary style which marks their narration of the story of the expedition. Among this class of books is the one before us. It is entitled: 'Climbing and Exploration in the Karakoram-Himalayas,' by William Martin Conway (London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1894). Mr Conway is already the author of two books on the Pennine Alps, as also of numerous works upon art and artists. That his knowledge of art is not less remarkable than his success in exploration, is shown by a fact not generally known. When the new edition of *Chambers's Encyclopædia* was being arranged for, Mr Ruskin undertook to write the article upon ART. Ill-health, however, prevented that distinguished writer from fulfilling his engagement, but he referred the publishers of the work to Mr W. Martin Conway, who wrote the article as it now appears in the *Encyclopædia*. This was a compliment as to art-knowledge which any author might be proud to receive. The book before us is marked by the beauty of style which such a recommendation implies.

The district of the Himalayas known as the Karakoram is one with regard to which not much of a definite kind is known. Mr Conway tells us that there are only two previous explorers of any part of those snowy regions visited by him and his companions, whose work calls for attention. These were Colonel Goodwin-Austen and Captain Younghusband. The former visited the Karakoram Mountains in the years 1860 and 1861, and described his journey in a paper which was read before the Royal Geographical Society in 1864, and published by them in the *Journal of the Society* for that year. The other explorer, Captain Younghusband, was entrusted by the Indian Government to form a map or chart indicating the position of watersheds, peaks,

and main ridges, as also the limits of glaciers. He accomplished the work thus required of him.

When Mr Conway, at the instance and with the pecuniary help of the Royal Geographical Society, undertook the conduct of a new expedition, he was accompanied by the Hon. C. G. Bruce, Mr M'Cormick, the artist of the party, Messrs Eckenstein and Rondebush, Matthias Zurbriggen, a well-known guide, some Gurkhas, and other native attendants, with a number of coolies to expedite the luggage. The explorers spent in all eighty-four days on snow or glacier, and reached a height of 23,000 feet.

The explorers left London on February 5, 1892, reached India, and by March 11th their journey on land by rail was approaching an end. 'We were still in the plains,' says Mr Conway, 'about half-way between Jhelam and Rawal Pindi, but the rampart of the north was visible, and the sun presently rose from behind the hills, and shone down their hither slopes, revealing snow-beds and crests as of everlasting ice. The foreground was a strange maze of twisting gullies, cut about in all directions by torrents of the rains, and leaving little of the level floor of the plain unbroken. But farther away, the edges of the gullies were foreshortened against one another, and an effect of flatness was produced stretching to the foothills, over whose crests and through their gaps the higher snowy outlines of the Pir Panjal Himalayas were revealed. Here and there, cloud cataracts poured over the cold ridges, but only to melt away in the warm southern air. It was a fine scene.'

It would not be within the scope of this notice to give a detailed account of the journey of many days until, on the 25th of April, the watershed of the Himalayas was passed, and our travellers had entered the basin of the Upper Indus, the farther side of which is embanked by the Karakoram-Himalayas, which they had come to see. The

journey had been for many reasons a trying one—the way being mostly over soft snow, amid showers of hail and sleet, and blinding drifts of snow. When the last snow was left behind them, they sat down in the shadow of some big boulders, and were thankful, for the sun was hot, and the previous day had fatigued them all. After crossing the valleys that lay between them and the object of their journey, and climbing many a glacier and moraine on the lower spurs of the Karakoram Mountains, they found themselves, on the 28th of May, at a spot which they named Windy Camp, 12,610 feet above the sea. It was a small flat meadow of rank grass surrounded by winter snow, wherein bears had trodden their tracks.

‘We noticed,’ remarks Mr Conway, ‘that the tributary glaciers to the east were greatly shrunk, after the manner of the Alpine glaciers; but the main ice-stream at the Windy Angle was filling up and washing right over the moraine it had deposited in its present reduced condition. . . . We found no plants in blossom at the Angle, but there were plenty that would brighten the hillsides in a month’s time. . . . The weather began to mend from the moment of our arrival, and one by one the great peaks looked forth. The Burchi Peaks appeared first, then the fine Emerald Mountain which we had come to woo. Close before us were the sources of the Gargo glacier; beyond them the mighty wall swept grandly aloft to a height of upwards of 20,000 feet. The only visible outlet to the deep basin in which we lay was a narrow glimpse down the valley to the west.’

A few days afterwards, the travellers had crossed the glacier to the foot of the great icefall from the Emerald Pass, and here they beheld a huge avalanche-cloud descending over the whole width of the icefall, utterly enveloping both it and a small rock-rib and couloir beside it. The fall started from the very top of the Lower Burchi Peak, and tumbled on to the plateau above the icefall; it flowed over this, and came down upon the icefall itself. ‘We saw the cloud before we heard the noise, and then it only reached us as a distant rumble. We had no means of guessing the amount of solid snow and ice that there might be in the heart of the cloud. The rumble increased in loudness, and was soon a thunder that swallowed up our puny shouts, so that Bruce could not hear our roaring. Had he heard, he could easily have reached the sheltered position we gained before the cloud came on him.’ . . . Bruce and his company, ‘afterwards declared to us that they raced away like wild men, jumping crevasses which they could not have cleared in cold blood. When the snow-dust enveloped them, the wind raised by it cast them headlong on the ice. This, however, was the worst that happened. The snow peppered them all over, and soaked them to the skin; but the solid part of the avalanche was happily arrested in the midst of the icefall, and never came in sight. When the fog cleared, they were all so out of breath that for some minutes they could only stand and regard one another in panting

silence. They presently rejoined us, and we halted for a time on the pleasant grass.’

On a different occasion the travellers had another opportunity of seeing in safety the terrible effects of an avalanche. They were at this time at a height of 15,680 feet. As they were talking together, suddenly they heard a crash high up in the gorge, followed by the boom of an approaching avalanche. ‘A mass of ice had fallen from the cliff at the top, and was ploughing its way down to the glacier. It seemed ages before it came in sight. It passed in two streams of mighty flow. Suddenly one of the Gurkhas jumped up, crying, “Ibex! Ibex!” and sure enough there was one poor beast carried down in the resistless torrent. “Another! another! Two! Three! Four!” There was in fact a whole herd of them, all dead. They must have been passing under the ice-cliff when the fall occurred. One of them was ultimately pitched out of the side of the avalanche and left upon the snow-slope; but the others were carried to the foot of the couloir and buried, hopelessly beyond discovery.’ Zurbiggen and two others started down after the dead animal, and with some difficulty they managed to secure the doe, which they promptly cut up, delighted with the prospect of joints.

At the great elevation which we have just mentioned—higher than the height of Mont Blanc—every man of the party suffered from headache. Their pulses beat with more than usual rapidity. They all felt a disinclination to do anything that involved change of position, and it required an effort of will to get up and read the barometer and other instruments. ‘We had a tendency,’ observes Mr Conway, ‘to place ourselves in such attitudes as left the chest most free, and I observed that during the latter part of the ascent I walked more easily with my hands resting on my hips than hanging by my sides. Bruce desired to take occasional deep inspirations. My fatigue, and the feeling of weight in the legs, was immediately diminished if, in walking uphill, I breathed more deeply and rapidly than usual; but, to keep this up, one’s breathing muscles must be got into training, which takes time. We never afterwards experienced so much discomfort at so low a level.’

After many stirring experiences and adventurous episodes, all strikingly told, the travellers, on August 10, reached an altitude of 18,600 feet. Though at this great height, they felt little inconvenience from the rarity of the air as long as they advanced at a steady pace, and were not obliged to take up cramped positions or to hold the breath. On the following days, snow fell heavily, but still they pressed upwards. Again the party all suffered from the difficulty of breathing, which Mr Conway on this occasion regards as being connected with the stagnation of the air in the enclosed valley through which they were passing, and with the heat of the sun. That there is some reason for this opinion is evinced by the fact that this difficulty of breathing disappeared to a great extent when the sun was covered by a tolerably thick cloud, or if there was a wind. It utterly disappeared the moment they sat down.

On the evening of the 19th they witnessed a glorious sunset. 'All the peaks were clear, save a few in the west, which flew light streamers from their summits towards the south. The finest was the Mustagh Matterhorn. The red light refracted from the hidden sun made all these streamers flame against the sky, crimson banners flying from black towers. The effect lasted a few moments, and was gone; it was one of the finest visions of colour that the summer yielded us.'

On August 21st, the party had reached the height of 18,200 feet. Their camping-ground was mere open snow-field, and do what they would, snow insisted in creeping into the tent and making everything damp. Their provisions by this time were scanty, and there was nothing to drink but snow that refused to melt. The sky on this afternoon had been overcast and threatening, and the sun shone but fitfully. 'Just as we were settling down to sleep, at sunset we caught a glimpse, through a chink of the tent door, of a delicate pink light, and faint blue shadows on the highest snowfield of the Throne Peak. We hurried out to look towards the west, and beheld a sky of liquid gold, line beyond line of golden clouds in a bed of blue, just resting on the highest peaks—a wondrous and indeed an awful sight, beautiful but threatening. As the darkness closed in, and the night grew cold, we did our best to sleep. The heat and toil of the day left me with a dreadful headache, which did not take its departure till the early hours of the morning.' Next morning, clouds covered all the sky, which still retained its threatening appearance. They proceeded to make breakfast. 'The Rob Roy lamp was filled with spirit to boil the water, and instantly began to roar and rage, so that we all ran out of the tent as fast as we could. It requires some skill to work these lamps smoothly at high elevations. At home they burn as kindly as can be, but at 18,000 feet they put on all sorts of airs and graces. Perhaps Kashmir spirit is none of the best. At all events, it does not boil water, even at the low boiling-points of high altitudes, anything like so fast as lower down. Then the spirit seems always to be watching its opportunity to go out. Once well alight, however, it fumes and frets and sputters, scatters burning drops all around, and oozes out alight from any chink in the apparatus it can find, till the whole tent seems full of flame, and everything is more or less alight. Cooking under these circumstances has its excitements.' The storm, however, which had so ominously threatened to descend upon the travellers, passed off, and the air was once more fresh and the sky blue, with a few white clouds sweeping across it.

The travellers were now approaching a height of 20,700 feet, and suffered terribly from the snow and the extreme coldness of the atmosphere, and only saved themselves from being frost-bitten by taking off their shoes from time to time and vigorously rubbing the feet till life was brought back to them. Besides, the party all began to suffer from thirst, for the sun was not as yet powerful enough to melt snow for their drinking. They scrambled upwards, however, and after an hour and ten

minutes they reached an altitude of 21,350 feet. Here they were rewarded by finding, under a kindly rock, a pool of clear water, more precious to them than gold. As they advanced, they came to solid ice, and Zurbriggen's axe was heard to click! click! as he made the long striding steps which were to guide them upward. 'I mechanically,' says Mr Conway, 'struggled from one to another. I was dimly conscious of a vast depth down below on the right, filled with tortured glacier and gaping crevasses of monstrous size. Sometimes I would picture the frail ice-steps giving way, and the whole party falling down the precipitous slope. I asked myself upon which of the rocks projecting below should we meet with our final smash; and I inspected the schrunds for the one that might be our last not unwelcome resting-place. Then there would be a reaction, and for a moment the grandeur of the scenery would make itself felt.'

On August 25th they had reached a height of 23,000 feet, and there were still peaks above them, but separated from them by a deep valley. All the party were suffering dreadfully from the effect of the altitude upon them. Their breathing apparatus, rather strangely, was working well enough, but their hearts were being sorely tried, and Mr Conway's was, he says, 'in a parlous state.' They had all practically reached the limits of their powers. They might have climbed a thousand feet higher, or even more, if climbing had been easy, but Zurbriggen said that another step he could not cut. They all recognised the fact that the greatest they were going to accomplish was done, and that henceforward nothing remained for them but downwards and homewards. Yet they could hardly tear themselves away from the scene which lay below and around them, it was so magnificent and so rare.

A few minutes before four in the afternoon, they started downwards, when, as they were going down the steep ice-wall, they narrowly escaped an accident. 'Harkbir,' says Mr Conway, 'was leading, I was second, Zurbriggen was last. Bruce and Amar Sing were some way behind. Harkbir had no climbing irons, and, to make matters worse, the nails of his boots were quite rounded and smooth. He is not at all to blame for what happened. The ice-steps, small to start with, were worn by use and half melted off. The time came when, as I expected, one gave way, and Harkbir went flying forwards. I was holding the rope tight and was firm on my claws, and Zurbriggen had the rope tight behind me. The slope was very steep, but we easily held Harkbir. We were not descending straight down the slope, but traversing it diagonally. As soon, therefore, as Harkbir had fallen, he swung round with the rope, like a weight on the end of a pendulum, and came to rest, spread-eagled against the icy face. Now came the advantage of having a cool-headed and disciplined man to deal with. He did not lose his axe or become flustered, but went quietly to work, and after a time cut a hole for one foot and another for the other; then he got on his legs and returned to the track, and we con-

tinued the descent. At the time the whole incident seemed quite unexciting and ordinary; but I have often shivered since to think of it. The ice-slope below us where the slip happened was fully 2000 feet long.'

The book, as will be seen, is one to be read with pleasure not unalloyed with excitement; and when the scientific observations of the party—which are to appear in the future as a separate publication—are given to the world, this will form one of the most remarkable records of exploration which we have seen for many years.

THE LAWYER'S SECRET.*

By JOHN K. LEYS, Author of *The Lindsays*, &c.

CHAPTER XI.—'THERE IS A SHADOW ON MY LIFE.'

A YEAR had come and gone since Lady Boldon had been left a widow; the second year was more than half over, and still Hugh Thesiger had not a second time asked her to marry him. It was not that he loved her less now than he had done that winter afternoon when he had waited for her by the stile. But he was a proud man, and he could not bear to go empty-handed to his love, and practically ask her to endow him with the wealth of the man whom she had for her own reasons preferred to himself.

He had long ago faced the situation. He knew it was not what he would have wished it to be. But he had promised to Adelaide, and he had sworn to himself, that the past should not be remembered against her. He could not ask her to divest herself of her wealth to satisfy his sentimental scruples; but he could at least wait till he could earn an income sufficient to support his wife in comfort without having recourse to Sir Richard's coffers.

And now that nearly two years had elapsed since the treaty of reconciliation was made between him and Adelaide, his resolve seemed to be in a fair way of fulfilment. His practice was steadily increasing; he had saved money; and he told himself that now he might any day without shame ask Adelaide to marry him.

This delay, and the long absences which Hugh's devotion to his profession necessarily involved, caused Lady Boldon many a heart-pang. She had, to tell the truth, expected that Hugh would long ago have asked her again to marry him; and though she half dreaded to hear a declaration from him, she felt his silence to be a wound, almost an insult. Sometimes she feared that he did not really love her—that the compact of renewed friendship was in his mind one of friendship pure and simple, without any suspicion, or any possibility, of a warmer feeling taking its place.

And all the time the dark shadow of her promise to Mr Felix hung like a thunder-cloud on the near horizon. Three times he had come to see her, making business, of course,

the excuse for his coming to the Chase; and she had compelled herself to treat him in a polite, and even a friendly, manner. But she could not pretend to herself that she could see the slightest sign of any change of mind or intention on his part. He had more tact than to make love to her—and for this she was thankful—nor did he ever in so many words remind her of the agreement between them; but there were not wanting signs that he remembered it well, and looked to its being fulfilled. She shuddered when she noticed those indications of the trouble in store for her, and resolutely shut her eyes, declining to think of the future altogether.

Several times, during those two years, Terence O'Neil had accompanied his friend to the quiet cottage where Lieutenant Thesiger and his wife were peacefully spending the evening of their life's day; and Hugh noticed with some concern that Terence had fallen in love with sweet Marjory Bruce. Terence betrayed himself in this way. Whenever he went to Chalfont with Hugh, he became suddenly zealous of attending church twice at least on Sundays; and always found some excellent excuse for preferring the service at Woodhurst to that at the nearest church. Hugh was not sorry to go to the Rectory, for he had always a chance of seeing Adelaide there; but when the thing had happened two or three times, Hugh laughed in the young Irishman's face, and told him he was in love with the Rector's daughter.

'And what if I am, then?' inquired poor Terence sorrowfully. 'What good will it do either of us? We can't get married; for I've nothing in the world but a small stock of law that nobody wants to draw upon. Surely, Hugh, of all the professions in the world for a poor man, ours is the worst. Why, you can't even help yourself: you must sit still till you are asked—or pretend to do that same—and I may sit till the old house in the Temple falls on me head, before any luck will come to me.—You don't think, now, Hugh, I would be justified in proposing to the girl?'

'I'm afraid not just at present, Terry; but don't lose heart. The sun may shine some day,' said Hugh.

Terence answered him only by a groan.

It was that fairest of months, the month of August. The Long Vacation had begun; and Hugh Thesiger set off for Hampshire, his heart beating high with hope. For he had been reckoning up the gains of the past year, and found that he had done better even than he had supposed; and he felt that the way was now clear for him to speak to Adelaide. Terence O'Neil had gone to see his friends in Ireland; but he meant to find his way to Chalfont by the beginning of September.

The heat of the day was over, and a delightful warm haze, which made the sunshine seem more radiant and more tender, spread over copse, and lane, and meadow, when Hugh Thesiger set out to woo Adelaide for the second time. He remembered that other day as if he had spent it in a dream. Then it was winter, and he had waited for her till the sun went down; and— Hugh set his teeth and put the re-

* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

membrance away from him. He *would not* ruin the happiness of the present by dwelling on the past.

Lady Boldon was at home; and Hugh easily persuaded her to come with him for a short stroll in the park. There was a chaperon, it may be mentioned, a Mrs Embleton, established at Roby Chase; but she was a discreet person, and understood well enough that the lamb whose innocence she was supposed to guard, was not one who would brook much interference, especially where Mr Thesiger was concerned.

The pride of Roby Chase was a river—it was certainly larger than a brook, so that it might without any great impropriety be called a river. Sir Richard had constructed a dam at one point of its course, so as to make an artificial lake. It was one of several improvements he had made on the estate; and many a time had he taken his guests to admire the little sheet of water, and tell them what it had cost him per square yard of surface. Lady Boldon remembered this as she seated herself with Hugh on a bench that commanded a view of the lake—remembered it with an inward shudder, that was followed by a sigh.

'Adelaide,' said Hugh, 'I asked you to come out here to-day to tell you—what you know already—that I love you.'

Lady Boldon was taken literally by surprise. She started, blushed as vividly as she could possibly have done four years before, and hid her face in her hands. It had come at last, the hour she had dreamt of and longed for! It was sweet, passing sweet to hear the man who long ago had won her heart tell her that he loved her. For one delicious moment she revelled in the sweetness of it, before the black thought came into her mind—'But I cannot promise to marry him: what—oh! what am I to say to him?'

'I have not said anything of this to you before, dearest, because I wished to gain a position of—well, of independence, first. That is done now. I have no wealth such as yours; but if you were to lose your property to-morrow, we should not be quite poor, so I can ask you without losing my self-respect.—Adelaide, dearest, you know how long I have loved you. Will you be my wife?'

He tried to drag the tightly laced fingers from before her face; but she kept them there obstinately. She could not bear that he should see her face.

'Will you marry me, Adelaide?'

'I am afraid I can't—can't promise you that just now, Hugh,' she said at last.

He started back, and turned very pale. He had expected, not without cause, a different answer. A second time, after giving him decided encouragement, this woman had rejected him. The first time she was only a country parson's daughter; but now she was rich—so rich that she perhaps thought it presumptuous in him to address her.

He rose to his feet. 'I have made a mistake, I see—for the second time.'

Before the sentence was half uttered, Lady Boldon's quick ear had caught the altered tone. She seized her lover by the arm, and hiding

her face on her hands as they grasped him, almost forced him back to his seat.

'No, no, Hugh; don't speak in that way. You—you don't understand.'

'Do you really love me, then, Adelaide?'

'Yes; oh! yes, I do; I do! You know I do! You know I loved you even when'—

'My darling!'

'But I cannot marry you—not yet, at least.'

'Why not?'

'I cannot tell you—not just now. There is a shadow on my life, which'— She stopped abruptly.

'Adelaide, we agreed that the past was to be forgotten,' said Hugh tenderly. He thought she was alluding to her marriage.

'Forget the past! Will the past ever allow us to forget it? It holds us in its dead hand, as in a vice!'

'Let us put away from us, then, all that reminds us of the past!' cried Hugh. 'Why not go back to the Rectory, and resume your old life there, until the day comes when you will give yourself to me?—Why not even give up the estate, and all the property you have inherited, if they prevent your having peace of mind? A fine estate is a fine thing, no doubt; but heart's ease is better. So long as you stay here, so long as you are the mistress of Roby Chase, your thoughts will dwell upon—on what you would be happier to forget.'

For a second or two Lady Boldon's eyes searched those of her lover. Could he really mean this? How generous he was! For a moment she allowed herself to wonder whether this solution of the difficulty were possible.

'No, Hugh,' she said at length. 'That would be foolishly quixotic.' She did not dare to tell him that to do this would be to abandon the dearest wish of her heart. She desired above all things that hers should be the helping hand by which he should rise to the summit of his ambition.

'Of course, money and a place like this are very desirable things; I do not mean to deny that for a moment. But I hardly understand. There is no *real* obstacle to our marriage, is there?'

'Yes, Hugh, there is. I feel that I cannot answer you now. In another year, perhaps—but we had better make no promises.'

'You must give me an answer, Adelaide; you must not send me away in this cruel uncertainty.'

'Is it cruel?' she asked, a glad smile lighting up her face. She was glad to think that he still cared for her so much.

'Adelaide,' he said, 'I cannot understand you.'

'Nor can I understand myself. Only, do not press me for an answer to-day. Your telling me that you still love me has made me very happy; but if it is so—if you really love me, can you not wait for me?'

'For our marriage, yes; though I don't see the need of waiting, and I should think it a great hardship. But why can't we be engaged at once?'

'It is better not, Hugh—better that we should not be formally betrothed at present.—Let us talk of something else. How is your friend O'Neil?'

'Terence, poor fellow, is in a bad way. He is in love.'

'Really?'

'Yes—with your sister Marjory.'

'Are you sure? I am not surprised to hear it; but I had doubted whether it was really the case.'

The two had risen by this time, and were moving slowly round the margin of the lake.

'I have sometimes wondered, Adelaide,' said Hugh abruptly, 'whether you would care to do some good with your money—to play the fairy godmother, you know. If so, I would recommend Terence and Marjory to your kind notice. Terence is a thoroughly good fellow, and he really loves your sister; but he is afraid to ask her, being so poor. He has a gift of ready speech, which, with his natural shrewdness, would make his fortune at the bar, if he could only find an opening. He ought to take a room on the ground-floor in the Temple, buy a set of law reports, join one or two good clubs, and lay himself out to make friends. If he did that, I feel certain he would get some business in a year or two. It would not take very much money to launch him properly. Of course, it would be spending capital—still, if Marjory likes him—'

'I'm afraid I couldn't do that,' said Lady Boldon, nervously plucking a rose and picking it to pieces. 'I would be glad to buy Marjory's trousseau, or furnish her house for her; but I would not like Mr O'Neil to expect that I should give her a fortune.'

Hugh looked at the woman beside him with amazement. He had long thought of this way of solving his friend's difficulties. It seemed to him only natural that Adelaide should, out of her many thousands, spare a few for her sister. He had thought it likely enough that she might object to Marjory's fortune being spent by Terence in the way he himself thought necessary; but he never for a moment anticipated that Adelaide would grudge the money. With all her faults, Adelaide had never been mean. Had her wealth already spoiled her?

'Marjory is a good girl,' said Adelaide gently—'a thousand times better than I am.'

This was said so entirely in Adelaide's old manner, that Hugh glanced at her again in surprise. If she cared for her sister, surely she could do this much for her.

'You must not think me shabby,' she said with a blush, laying her hand timidly on her companion's arm. 'Indeed, I would do anything I could for Marjory; but I am afraid what you suggested would hardly be prudent.'

She could not venture to dispose of the few thousands she had saved; for she could not tell how soon Roby Chase and her large income might pass from her. Hugh expected that she would offer some explanation of her inability or unwillingness to give Marjory a dowry; but none was forthcoming. Lady Boldon, fearing that already she had said too much, hastened to change the subject; and not long after this Hugh took his leave.

He went home in a very dissatisfied mood. His hopes, that had been so bright that morning, were not, indeed, shattered; but he had been bidden to wait an indefinite time for no

particular reason. There was an uncertainty, an absence of clear and intelligible motive, in all Adelaide had said. Why should she confess her love, yet refuse to be betrothed? Why speak so kindly of her sister, yet refuse to give her a small share of her wealth? These unanswered questions raised a mist, as it were—a cold, vague, intangible, clinging atmosphere of doubt and distrust in Hugh's mind, which his utmost efforts were unable to dispel.

And Lady Boldon? That night she felt as if the burden were too great for her to bear. Then, for the first time, when the cup of happiness which she dared not taste was put to her lips, did she realise how far she had gone astray. Twice there had come a moment of choice between two ways, and both times she had chosen the left-hand path.

Oh, what madness, she cried to herself now, in the bitterness of her heart, to sell herself for money, an empty title, and position in society, and reject the man who loved her! And then—worse, more stupid madness still—when once more she was free, when the opportunity of doing right was offered her, she had allowed a feeling of resentment against her husband's injustice, and her ambition for Hugh, joined to a longing to be able to make up to him in some way for the wrong she had done him—she had allowed these feelings to blind her eyes, and had fallen into a trap which even a child might have avoided.

She saw now the real character of her consent to Mr Felix's suggestion. She saw that her wish that the new will should not be produced on the day of the funeral was no mere desire for delay. She no longer imagined that some flaw in the will known to Mr Felix, something that no one else could discover, might have the effect of preserving the estate to her in a legal way. She told herself with a shudder, that the lawyer had intended simply to suppress the will. And this—*this* was the man she had promised to marry! Marry him—No! Then, was she to break faith with him? The consequence of that, she knew, would be not poverty, merely, but dishonour.

A score of times the thought came to her—'Can I not even now break this hateful chain—tell Mr Felix I cannot keep my promise to him, let him produce the concealed will, and give up the estate?'

But the penalty was too great! Gladly would she have done this, if she could then have placed her hand with confidence in that of her lover, and gone with him to London, to lead the life which once she had so much dreaded, a life of poverty. But that Paradise—as it seemed to her now—could no longer be hers. The delay in producing the later will would have to be explained. Mr Felix would be terribly exasperated, and doubly anxious to throw all the blame on her shoulders. He would be able, she felt sure, to make it appear that it was she who had instigated the intended fraud, that he was only an unwilling tool in her hands.

And so Hugh would know all! He would even know that she had promised—how she hated herself at the thought of it!—when her husband's body was scarcely buried, to marry this man Felix. Hugh's love had survived one

great blow. Could it live after all this was made known to him? She could not expect it. How she longed to throw herself down at his knees, at his feet, and tell him all—all—all! But she did not dare.

And behind all this there loomed in her imagination the shadow of a prison. She knew that she had joined in a conspiracy of silence, one that the law was pretty sure to lay hold of and punish. A convict prison! She trembled; and the thought of confession died out of her heart.

ABOUT SHARKS.

It is happily not given to many Englishmen to make the acquaintance of Sharks, unless to view stuffed specimens of their remains in the glass cases of some museum. The writer has observed them in many different seas, for they swarm in all tropical parts, and even for a considerable distance beyond the tropics. Of course, allusion is made only to the fiercer and more voracious species, for there are some species of shark which are fairly common in the British seas, where the man-eater is rarely seen.

Many people have heard of Port Royal Tom. In the early part of the century, Port Royal, in the island of Jamaica, was an important naval station, there being always some British men-of-war in the harbour, and it was the general rendezvous of the squadron in those seas. Desertions were very frequent, as the ships were anchored close to land, and the temptation to the average sailor to swim ashore was often too strong to be resisted, even though his only object was to have a 'spree.' Sharks were pretty plentiful in the harbour, and the Government hit on the expedient of enlisting some of them in the service to act as sentries. Accordingly, every day a certain quantity of salt pork was thrown overboard from the men-of-war at anchorage. The rations thus distributed soon came to be recognised and appreciated by the ravening monsters of the deep, who, in expectation of these welcome supplies, would cruise continually in the vicinity. One of these sharks was conspicuous by his great size and the constancy with which he kept to his post in the neighbourhood of the ships, and soon became known to all the sailors by the sobriquet of 'Port Royal Tom.' The terror which he inspired was sufficient to prevent the boldest seaman from making a break for liberty, for the shark was more dreaded than the sentry's rifle.

Notwithstanding the above, although the writer has lived many years in the West Indies, he has never heard of any authentic case of bathers being attacked by sharks; and such cases, it must be acknowledged, are extremely rare, for a shark will not readily attack a human being, and the stories which have been told of them are much exaggerated. They are naturally cowardly animals, and are not at all particular as to the quality of their food, being the most indiscriminate and voracious of eaters. They will seize and bolt any object which they see moving in the water, like some of their smaller congeners, such as the mackerel, which

can be easily caught by trolling a red rag or any bright object in the water. They are the veritable hyenas of the deep, and everything is grist that comes to their mill; even the foulest carrion they will greedily devour. We are inclined to think that their vices have been much exaggerated, and that they serve a good purpose in some tropical seas by acting as scavengers in the harbours, where they devour all the garbage; and the benefit thus conferred will be readily appreciated by any one who has lived in proximity to the tideless harbours of the West Indies, where the refuse which collects and festers in the tropical sun is a fruitful breeder of yellow fever and other diseases.

The jaw of a shark is a perfect study. In some species the adult members have six rows of teeth in each jaw, each tooth being serrated and pointed, the points being directed backwards, so as to form a veritable barb. These teeth, which in their normal state lie flat against the jaw, are erectile at will, and when the animal darts on his prey, they start on end in the same manner that a cat's claws are protruded from their sheath. When a shark seizes his prey, he is forced to bolt it whether willing or not, for the arrangement of the teeth will not allow him to disgorge his food, which can only pass inwards to the stomach. When a shark is killed and dissected, the contents of the stomach are often of a most miscellaneous character. One which was opened in the presence of the writer contained, among other articles, a horse's mane, and several empty bottles! The latter articles had probably been thrown overboard from some vessel in the harbour, and were presumably seized and swallowed by the rapacious creature before he had ascertained their exact nature.

The tenacity of life in these animals is scarcely credible. It is stated that a shark's heart will beat for half an hour after it has been removed from its body. The following story—for the accuracy of which the writer does not vouch—has been told in illustration of this fact, as also of their well-known voracity and insensibility to pain. The crew of a vessel were engaged in fishing for sharks, the bait consisting of a large piece of meat secured to a strong hook and chain. A number of sharks had been captured and their livers extracted—the shark's liver yields a valuable oil—and the carcasses were then thrown back into the sea. On hooking a new victim, the sailors, after hoisting him on deck, were surprised to find that it was one of the same sharks whose liver had been extracted half an hour previously, and who seemed in no way incommoded by the loss.

The livers of sharks, as stated, yield a large quantity of oil, and the extraction of this is in some districts a profitable business. As to what use it is put, we cannot pretend to state with certainty.

In the West Indies and other tropical parts, shark-fishing expeditions are sometimes organised by local sportsmen. A small schooner is chartered, and the fishes are captured in the same way as the mackerel on the British coasts, except that the bait and tackle are much larger,

and the landing of the victim is often an exciting and perilous operation. The writer was once a spectator of the following novel form of sport. In one of the West Indian harbours much infested with sharks, the dead body of a horse was procured, and towed out into deep water. This, as was expected, proved a great attraction for the monsters, and in a few minutes the horse's body was seen to be violently jerked up and down as the voracious animals tore away the flesh in long strips. The rope was then gradually drawn in until the boat was only a few yards distant from the bait, and the sharks could be plainly seen as they turned belly upwards when making a dart on their prey. A few rifles and revolvers were then produced, and some excellent target practice was obtained by the different members of the party, and in a few minutes the carcasses of more than a dozen sharks were floating on the water.

A less legitimate mode of procedure is that related by an old sailor. Sailors, as is well known, consider these animals as their natural enemies, and take a fiendish pleasure in torturing them by every means in their power. In this case, a large shark had been seen following a ship for some time, and one of the sailors hit upon the following plan. A large brick was procured and heated to redness in the galley stove. A piece of salt pork was then carefully wrapped round it, and the whole was thrown into the water right in front of the shark, who at once accepted the invitation, and almost as soon as the morsel had touched the water, his jaws had closed on it. For a few minutes he continued to gambol playfully round the ship, but at the end of that time he seemed to have misgivings. His uneasiness rapidly increased, and he soon commenced to lash the water in a paroxysm of fury; but all was in vain, and in a few minutes more his lifeless body was floating on the waves. This method of killing must, however, be denounced as a very cruel one.

In some parts of the world, sharks' flesh is reckoned a great delicacy. On the coast of Yucatan, it is publicly sold in the markets under the name of 'cazon,' and among the Chinese, sharks' fins are reckoned an aristocratic dish; but probably few Europeans would consider this an inviting article of diet.

As already said, the shark is a gross feeder. His favourite haunt is the mouth of a large river, especially where this is in a calm or land-locked harbour, and he greedily picks up all the garbage brought down by the stream. In such a neighbourhood, the black triangular fin which betrays his presence is frequently seen just above the surface of the water, and natives will often be found bathing in close proximity to the same without the least alarm, asserting that the shark will never attack a man. Although it is a very rare occurrence for a shark to attack a human being in the West Indies, those on the Australian coasts seem to be somewhat fiercer, judging by the more authentic reports of attacks by them which the writer has received from those quarters; but the species in the two seas are probably different.

The opening of the Suez Canal has been

commercially of immense benefit to the world, but in one respect it has been a disadvantage. Prior to the existence of the Suez Canal, sharks were unknown in the Mediterranean; but since the opening of the great waterway, it is reported that they have appeared in large numbers in that sea, where their presence is much feared by fishermen. On more than one occasion they have wrought havoc among the fishermen's nets in the neighbourhood of Pola, in the Adriatic, from which it may be inferred that they are now pretty well diffused throughout the Mediterranean.

A TALE OF OLD EDINBURGH.

By J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAP. I.—THE LORD PROVOST HEARS A SOUND, AND SEES A WONDER.

It was in the days of the Great Marquis, in the year of grace 1645, when the fame and success of Montrose were at their height, that there took place the remarkable events which I am about to relate. It was a time when, as Sir Walter Scott says in his *Tales of a Grandfather*, Heaven seemed to have 'an especial controversy with the kingdom of Scotland.' The trained Scottish troops were in England, acting in concert with the armies of the English Parliament against King Charles I., and all the other available fighting-men on the Covenanting side were being hurried hither and thither about the Highlands and the bordering Lowlands, and were being regularly beaten by the Marquis of Montrose, acting for the king. That very year, 1645, Argyll, securely wintering in the Highlands, had been surprised by the daring Marquis and his Highlanders, with the snow on the ground, first at Inveraray, and then at Inverlochy. Threatened from the Lowlands in the spring by Generals Baillie and Hurry, Montrose had eluded them, and descending like a whirlwind on Dundee, sacked and pillaged it, and then conducted his famous retreat into the north, effected a junction with Lord Gordon from Aberdeenshire, beat the force of General Hurry in the battle of Auldearn, and a little later the combined forces of Hurry and Baillie at Alford, in the Gordon country.

The poor kingdom of Scotland was thus being drained of its capable men, its money, and its industry, to maintain the war in England and the suicidal strife at home; it was being wasted with sword and fire; its towns were sacked, its castles and homesteads burned; and then, as if these exhausting evils were not enough to endure, a raging plague, or pestilence, made its appearance with the heat of summer, and the hearts of men began to fail. The plague swept like a wind over all the country, leaving its seeds of death in all centres of population; but to the closes and wynds of Edinburgh it clung with an inveterate persistence. The dislocated Government,

represented by the Convention of Estates, fled to Perth from the awful presence of the plague, and Edinburgh was left to wallow in misery and fever, stripped of all protection, utterly defenceless save for the handful of soldiers that garrisoned the castle and kept watch over the Royalist prisoners secured there.

It was precisely at that crisis of wretchedness and horror that a new, an unexpected, an amazing misfortune befell the ancient city.

On a certain night in the middle of the July of that year, the hour of twelve was sounding and reverberating in the close and fevered air as two men emerged from the Greyfriars Churchyard. They were both soberly attired in such fashion of the time as marked them to be of the Covenanting party; but while the one wore a sword and a small ruff, the other wore Geneva bands and carried a staff. They walked slowly and pensively, and colloqued as they went. They had been attending the burial of one of their party who had been stricken down by the plague.

'Let us not be dismayed, good Master Wishart,' said he in the Geneva bands. 'Truly the Lord is trying His people in the furnace of affliction; but it is only as the refiner of gold, who is fain to purge out the fine gold and burn up the dross.'

'No doubt, sir, no doubt,' said Master Wishart, 'that is His will. I trust I may be found faithful in trial as any; but whiles, I confess, I am near to thinking that the Evil One himself must have a hand in the present troubles of this poor kingdom of Scotland.'

'O thou of little faith!' exclaimed the other, laying his hand on his arm. 'These be the doubts that weaken and destroy: the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines!'

'It may be so, sir—it may be so,' said Master Wishart. 'But I am doubly tried: I am tried both as magistrate and as father.'

'The more honoured are you, my worthy sir,' replied the other. 'Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth. When these troubles shall be overpast, and the cause of the Covenant shall have triumphed over all enemies, then our joyful souls will make us as the chariots of Ammi-nadib.'

'It may be so, sir,' said Master Wishart; 'I hope it may. But at the present my heart and soul are filled with darkness and sorrow. And, I pray you, let us hasten our steps, for I would fain be by the bedside of my daughter.'

'True, Master Wishart, true,' said the other; and they hastened their steps. 'I pray the Lord,' he added fervently a moment later, 'that the lassie may be spared, for she is a chosen vessel!'

As they continued their way in silence to the High Street, they met one, and then another, and after that a third victim of the pestilence, being hurriedly borne by friends to the burying-ground; for it had been ordered by the Town-council that all funerals should be conducted at night, 'for the sake of halesomeness and good order.' At the tail of the last party there straggled an odd, bandy-legged, barefoot, dwarfish creature, arrayed in ragged

garments, and grasping a cudgel as if it were a baton of office. He came and peered in the faces of the two who were passing by.

'Guidsakes!' he exclaimed. 'But it's the Lord Provost himsel', and the holy and reverend Mr Galbraith! But I thought, minister, ye'd be aff to Perth wi' Argyll and the bonny westland yearls, learning how to fight that deil o' Montrose by rinnin' awa' frae the pest!'

'You're an unmannerly chield, Wattie!' said the Lord Provost.

'Me unmannerly?' exclaimed the creature. 'Hoots, Provost, ye're haverin'! It's they that's unmannerly that are aff het-foot to Perth wi' the hail clinkum-clankum o' the Covenant and the Kirk, and the Convention and Estates, without saying to folk so muckle as "By your leave!"—though they leave me and you, Provost, a' the dirdum!—But I maunna bide.—I maun aff. This is the tenth the night,' said he, pointing after the funeral he had been following, and stirring his bare feet to be going.

'Ye'd better be going hame, Wattie, man,' said the Lord Provost.

'Hame? Me, hame?' said Wattie, moving off. 'I maun see after my business.'

'Your business, you rogue?' exclaimed the Provost.

'Weel,' cried Wattie, still drawing away, 'if yearls gang to Perth, and Provosts gang hame, wha is there but a poor fool like me to see that the dead folk are buried?'

'There's mair sense at times in the fool's folly,' said the Provost, 'than in other folk's wisdom.'

'He is a rude and irreverent creature,' said the minister, who had stood aloof and silent; 'there dwells in him a wicked spirit that the Kirk Session should exorcise.'

The Lord Provost and the minister continued at greater speed their course to the High Street by tortuous wynds and steep closes. Everywhere they were forcibly reminded of the plight the city was in—of its prevailing woe and its dearth of men. Late though it was, women greeted them sadly or brushed by them here and there, but never a man. Sounds of lamentation or of prayer echoed and re-echoed from the high, cliff-like houses, and hung drowsily in the thick, pestilential air; but the voices that uttered the sounds were all too plainly the weak voices of women—women without their natural protectors—women whose husbands, fathers, and grown sons were either with the Scottish army in England, or with the levies in futile pursuit of Montrose and his Highlanders, or dead—killed in battle, or, perhaps killed by the plague—women whose children, sisters, or mothers were probably then struggling for life with the terrible pest. Such thoughts as these flitted like night-birds about the Provost's head, and with a groan and a shiver of fear, he thought of his own daughter, his only child, upon whom also the plague had laid its hold, and he could not forbear a cry.

'Let us haste!' said he to the minister, and pressed up a steep close, wiping his brow.

They were in that steep and narrow way, pent as in a mountain gully between beetling cliffs of rock, when a sullen boom broke the

air overhead, and continued hurtling and rumbling between the tall, cliff-like houses.

'It is the voice of the Lord,' said the minister, 'speaking to us in the thunder!'

The Provost said nothing for a moment or two, till they had reached the top of the close and emerged upon the High Street. Then he looked up and away out to the open north, whence the light of day had scarcely yet disappeared, and where there was already a hint of the coming dawn. There was not a cloud in all the sky.

'More likely,' said he then, with a shake of the head, 'the cannon of that malignant and forsworn deil Montrose!'

'Montrose, Master Wishart?' exclaimed the minister. 'Montrose is among the hills ayont Perth!'

'And a fortnight ago, sir,' said the Provost bitterly, 'he was among the hills ayont Aberdeen! It might very well be the sound of Montrose and his red-shank Highlanders, dinging to bits the forces of the Covenant, as has been done already! And if Montrose and his red-shanks should come here, there's nothing to hinder their making their beds in Auld Reekie but the plague!'

'O ye of little faith!' exclaimed the minister. 'Even the stones of the High Street would rise up and oppose the forsworn malignant!'

'Maybe so, Maister Galbraith—maybe so,' said the Provost. 'But as chief magistrate of this ancient town, I can make no account of that likelihood; and as magistrate I ken there are not threescore men able to bear arms; and after the sprattle at Tibbermuir last September, it maun be plain to you as well as to me that our unexercised burgesses canna withstand the onset of half their number of Highland stots!'

"The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong," quoted the minister complacently.

'Strong here, strong there,' quoth the Provost obstinately, 'Auld Reekie is in no condition to endure either leaguer or onset; and I should tell that kens!'

'It's faith that's lacking, as I have tauld ye, Master Wishart,' exclaimed the minister fervently; and continued to improve the occasion to edification down the High Street, and into the Lord Provost's house, and up the stairs to a chamber, at the door of which the magistrate paused.

'Whisht, man—whisht,' said he. 'This is her chalmers, and aiblins she's sleeping.'

They entered softly, and approached the bed, by which, in the light of a single candle, sat two women—the one middle-aged, and the other very old, withered, and shrunken. The Provost took up the candle and went close to the bed, and there was revealed a very lovely female face, all hectic with fever, set in a disorder of dark hair, which was spread abroad upon the pillow. The weary sufferer rolled her head to the light, and moaned as she raised her dim eyes.

'My poor lammie!' murmured the father, bending over her, while the tears sprang to his eyes and sounded in his voice. 'It's a sair time for you. But it's the Lord's will that it should be sae!'

'As Eli said,' remarked the minister reverently, "'It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth Him good.'" And as David said, "Let us fall now into the hand of the Lord; for His mercies are great: and let me not fall into the hand of man."'

'My dear Lord,' murmured the old lady, with shining face, 'His mercies are ever sure!—The bairn has drunk her posset,' she added in a matter-of-fact tone, looking up in the face of the Provost. 'Ye'd better gang to your bed, my son, for ye maun be sair forfochten; and there will be a hantle to do yet when the daylight comes.'

'The bed's made in the blue chalmers,' said she who had not yet spoken, the Provost's wife, an upright, thin, severe-looking dame: 'you and the minister can turn in a while together. Granny and me will watch the night out here.'

The Provost set down the candle, and was turning obediently away, saying, 'We'll just streek us for an hour in our claites,' when he stopped and asked, 'Did ye hear a sound like a rumble of thunder a while ago?'

'Thunder!' exclaimed the Provost's wife. 'I daursay, and well it might, for it's het enough for thunder and lightning too!'

'Thunder there was, but no lightning,' said the minister solemnly; for in those days most men were not sufficiently instructed to know that that was an impossible divorce of phenomena.

'Like the lectures of the Reverend Mr Mac-Whapple,' muttered the Provost aside.

'I heard it,' murmured the old dame; 'but it sounded to me liker the bang of a cannon—and I should ken, for mony's the time I've heard the sound: the bang of a cannon,' she continued, 'and I thought it cam out of the north.'

'What did I say?' exclaimed the Provost to the minister. 'Granny has aye a shrewd hearing. If she grees with me, ye may make sure there'll be stirring news before the day is mickle aulder; so it behoves us, minister, to tak a blink of sleep while we may.'

The Provost and the minister retired, but not to the blue chamber. They went to the chief sitting-room of the Provost's abode, where a small lamp was still burning, and there in silence the one disposed of himself in the window-seat, and the other stretched herself on a settle. They had slumbered little more than an hour when the morning light began to stream clearly through the unshuttered window, and waked the Provost in the window-seat.

The Provost waked the minister, and proposed a walk to the Salisbury Craggs to breathe the fresh air, but more especially to note from so commanding a station if any threatening force were approaching the town. The minister declined the walk; he said he would prefer to spend the time in prayer with the watchers and the sufferer in the sick-chamber. The Provost led him to the sick-chamber. He inquired concerning his daughter, and was told sadly that she was just the same.

'I'm laith to go,' said he; 'but I conceive that my duty as the head of this unprotected

town calls me forth. Moreover, I can do nothing here for my poor smitten lammie. We must e'en wait patiently on the Lord.'

'The Lord is a buckler,' said the minister pointedly, 'to all those that trust in him.'

'He is that,' murmured the old dame.

And so in silence, in doubt and anxiety, the Lord Provost of Edinburgh descended the stairs and went out into the fresh morning air. He took his way towards the palace of Holyrood to reach the Salisbury Crags by the open route. The narrow Canongate lay in a kind of twilight, though it was bright sunshine high overhead; and the high houses on either hand looked to the Provost more sombre, silent, and unprotected than ever he had known them. There was no human being but himself abroad, and his solitary footfall echoed on the rough causeway, while now and then a furtive cat flashed silently across the way and disappeared.

The Provost had emerged from the Canongate into the sunshine, when his steps were arrested by the distant sound of music. He stood and listened: the sounds came nearer—of martial music—marching music—the music of fife and drum! Was it possible that Montrose had come so near the city without any premonition of his coming—other, perhaps, than the cannon-shot at midnight? Or, were the troops of the Covenant returning victorious? But, if they were victorious, why should they return? And if they were not victorious, why should they play such music? He listened again with attention, as the music came nearer; the air was not one he knew: it was neither song-tune nor psalm-tune. He might have puzzled thus much longer, had he not been surprised by the sudden appearance of the quaint and barefooted Wattie who had greeted him at midnight.

'Ye're out betimes, Provost,' said Wattie, 'but no before ye're wanted.'

'And whaur in the world do ye come from, ye land-louper?'—He was somewhat freer in his language now that he was unrestrained by the company of the minister.—'Whaur hae ye been a' the nicht, ye daft son of mischief?'

'Ow, Provost,' replied Wattie, 'just like him ye ken of—going to and fro on the earth, and walking up and down in it.—But ye maun rin, Provost, rin, if ye wouldna be ta'en by the men wi' dishclouts round their heads!'

'Run? What for should I run, ye donnert idiot?' demanded the Provost.

'We maun rin to raise the town, Provost!' cried Wattie. 'For we're invaded, man, attackit! Dinna ye hear the din o' their drums and fifes? Leith's surrendered, as the saying is, to the ships!'

'What ships, you hivering idiot?' cried the angry and bewildered Provost.

'And we'll a' be sackit and burnt, and drawn and quartered, ilk mother's son o' us! So let's on to raise the town!—Rin, Provost! Rin, man!'

'Stand still, you clavering gype!' exclaimed the Provost, laying hold of him. 'Or I'll give ye something to squaich about!—Stand still, and tell me what ye mean! Wha are they that are coming on?'

'Comin' on, Provost!' cried Wattie. 'They're here! Will ye tak a fool's advice for ance, Provost? If we rin, we may get clear o' them yet, and raise the town!'

But the Provost stood fixed in amazement. Turning into view, there marched a large body of armed men, dressed strangely, in front of whom rode a man in similar dress, a dress he had never seen before, though he had heard of it. He was wrapped in indescribable light-coloured garments, on his head he wore a white turban, and in his right hand he carried a long lance! The Provost stood and rubbed his eyes: could it be that he only saw a vision?—the effect of his anxious and sleepless night? If it was not a dream, but reality, that was before him, then strange things were coming to pass; for such men as these had never been seen on Scottish soil before!

EARLY IRISH SEPULCHRAL ART.

IN the county of Meath, between Slane and Netterville, on the left bank of the Boyne, there occur, within an area of two or three square miles, seventeen sepulchral cairns. The largest is known as New Grange; and about a mile to the east and west of it lie respectively two others, Dowth and Knowth. All three are of imposing proportions, and are visible one from another, the others being comparatively small. Only New Grange and Dowth have hitherto been explored in recent times.

After their historic spoliation by Danish invaders in the ninth century, the cairns remained undisturbed until 1699, when Llwyd, of the Ashmolean Museum, first described the inner aspect of New Grange. Soon after, it was again explored by Molyneux; and later on in the century, by Pownall, to whose description all later writers are indebted. The exploration of Dowth was carried out by the Royal Irish Academy in 1847, but only meagre Reports of the excavations have yet been published.

New Grange is a truncated cone of small loose native cogle stones, intermixed slightly with earth. It is erected on the flattened summit of a natural hillock, and its diameter at the point of contact is about three hundred and ten feet, that of the platform being one hundred and twenty feet. The total height was originally eighty feet, but ten feet have vanished before the wear of time. The weight of the cairn must be one hundred and eighty-nine thousand tons. A monolith formerly crowned the whole. There is a circle, originally comprising at least thirty freestone megaliths—of which ten only remain—at intervals of about thirty feet, in this respect closely resembling Stonehenge. About seventy-five feet from the outer rim, a rough funnel-shaped court leads to a slab of green micaceous slate, the threshold of a gallery leading to a chamber of a compound cruciform order, the centre being an irregular octagon, surmounted by a rude corbelled dome of a pattern common in Ireland. The masonry consists mainly of water-worn granite

boulders brought from the mouth of the Boyne, eight miles away. Some of the paving flags are basalt blocks, perhaps glaciated, resembling the rock of the Mourne Mountains. On three sides of the central chamber, side-chambers are built out, the gallery being on the south. Mammalian bones and deer-horn fragments are mentioned by Llwyd, and two entire unburned human skeletons by Molyneux. Some late Roman coins and gold torques may be regarded as proof of Danish spoliation.

Dowth is a cairn of loose stones, two hundred feet only in basal diameter, but more perfectly conical than New Grange. There are traces of a stone circle. A gallery leads to a small irregularly oval domical chamber with three side-chambers, of the pattern already described. The sloping roof of the apsidal chamber is just high enough for a sitting body. It is possible that there is a wing of small chambers near the circumference of the cairn. Fragments of a long-headed skull have been found, with burned bones, human and mammalian; besides unburned bones of the horse, pig, deer, fox, short-horn cattle, and birds. There were also globular sling-stones, a stone fibula, bone bodkins, copper pins, two iron knives and rings, a stone urn, glass and amber beads, and broken jet bracelets, probably not coeval with the first interment.

On the walls of these sepulchral chambers, and on one at least of the monoliths in the outer circle, there is a series of incised marks, which may have been picked out directly with a hammer, or else with a mallet and chisel. There is nothing in the engravings themselves to show whether the cutting-tool was of flint or bronze; but it was probably used with the free hand, without the aid of compasses. The New Grange designs are in the main a series of variously combined spirals of two types. A few are complex, and most skilfully done. In some instances, zig-zags and lozenges are associated with them. The single-line spiral is a pattern well known in Greece and Tuscany; but the double spiral, which begins with a loop, and generally makes seven turns, is distinctive of early Irish art. Large elegant instances of this form have been laboriously wrought in relief on the threshold of the gallery. In the west side-chamber there is a leaf-form which is claimed by some to be a palm-leaf of a pattern common in Phœnician art. But the pinnæ are opposite, and not alternate, and the general outline is—to be more precise—that of a fern-frond, resembling, in fact, one found on a monument of the same description near Carnac, in the Morbihan.

A more advanced group of designs has been held to be a mason's mark; while others have claimed it as a range of Phœnician numerals, incised on a stone which was prepared for use in another building, but found unsuited for its purpose. This presumption is based upon the apparent uselessness of sculptural design in the darkness of a sepulchre; but this view cannot be maintained, as art-work is associated with chambered barrows in many other places. The presence of the workman is vividly suggested by rows of smooth transverse marks on some of the uprights, which may have been produced by some primitive cable; while other marks seem to point to the use of the lithic surface as a whetstone.

Small mortices suggest the use of wedges for splitting or lifting the huge masses of stone which were held by the cairn-builders to enhance the majesty of the tomb.

In some instances the incisions are overlapped, and must therefore have been produced before the structure was finally put together. Some surfaces, recently brought to light by the dislodgment of stones which hitherto concealed them, exhibit the fresh track of the graving-tool. But it is not likely that engravings uniform in style and purpose are the work of different epochs, brought together from the remains of older buildings, though one may perhaps hazard the conjecture that, on the decease of a chieftain, the more distinctive architectural details of his residence were incorporated in the sepulchre wherein his remains were enshrined.

The Dowth sculpturings are richer than those of New Grange, and of a more delicate treatment. There is no reason for the assumption that they are on this account the work of a later hand. The spiral pattern, although frequent, is replaced in a large measure by natural outlines. The gallery wall here and there is lined with circles, curves, and zigzags, and the lithographic details of New Grange are reproduced on several of the uprights. There are, besides, rotate ornaments, concentric circles with centrifugal rays, and parallel right lines suggestive of oghams. Some high-reliefs represent liliaceous leaves sufficiently well to have been mistaken for fossil organic forms.

The origin and meaning of these early Irish engravings are obscure. It may be conceded with M. Joly that simple decorative ideas are intuitive and universal. Rude plain combinations of curves and right lines cannot be claimed as the art property of any one race, and there is on that account little room for conjecture in the circumstance that a double spiral of the New Grange pattern is to be observed on a frieze at Mycenæ. The Boyne cemetery resembles another at Lough Crew so perfectly in its cruciform chambers, its inset façades, and its curvilinear designs, as to lead to the belief that both were established by the same race. The presence of the bones of the Irish elk both at Lough Crew and at Dowth serves to localise the cairn-builders in a period when that animal was still extant. The double discontinuous spiral of New Grange contrasts strongly with the divergent spiral which is a feature of later Keltic art. This fact, combined with their lack of metals and of alphabetic writing, as well as their general relationship to the ancient tombs of Brittany, may be considered to prove the cairns pre-Keltic. The tradition of a dark Aryan or Iberian race—the Firbolgs—as preceding the first Keltic bronze-smelters—Tuatha de Danaan—acquires at this stage a measure of significance. The interments, as already seen, point to those dark-skinned, long-headed neolithic men whose descendants still inhabit the remoter districts.

It may be useful to examine the evidence on which a Semitic origin has been claimed for the Boyne sepulchres. The admitted Asiaticism of the earliest Irish design is capable of a twofold explanation. The men who tooled these engravings, coming as they did from the East, must have brought with them reminiscences of their earlier

life. Did they set out from the graven rocks of Tartary, or from the hewn dwellings by the shores of the Levant? Did they cross the cold dark northern path, or were they those who reached Britain from the south, after North Europe had acquired a settled population? Were these archaic engravers neolithic or Keltic? To this question, in whatever form it may be propounded, the reply of written history is altogether harmonious with that of archaeology.

Early records have claimed a Phœnician origin for the Irish people. This assumption is futile, as in any case the Tyrian could hardly have been dominant in Ireland at any time. Extant remains may indeed prove the existence of Semitic commercial factories, or of missionary colonies of Syrian magi, along the coasts of Britain. But there are many arguments against the theory that the Meath cemetery is the product, direct or indirect, of Phœnician colonisation.

Tyrian colonists must always have known the use both of iron and of alphabetic writing, in traces of which the engraved tombs are wholly lacking. In regions admittedly Phœnician, such as the Sidonian Tyre and Candia, Rhodes and Malta, Carthage and Marseilles, no similar remains occur; while those which do occur present art-types wholly divergent from those of the Boyne. There is a distant likeness to certain coiled and spiked types occurring in the Maltese temple of Crendi, ascribed to Punic influence. But while, on the one hand, these do not resemble the rougher British work, their Punic origin, on the other, is still matter for doubt. Further, remains similar to those of the Boyne are found in parts of Britain which could never have been within the sphere of Tyrian influence; while within that sphere the most thoroughly colonised regions present no antiquities of the kind. Argyllshire and the Orkneys afford numerous examples of these engravings; but they are entirely absent from Devon and Cornwall.

The extreme theory that the Boyne incisions mark the rite of Baal may be dismissed, as Phœnician sources supply no evidence that a spiral form was sacred to that deity. The points of coincidence in structure which subsist between New Grange and Memphis do not argue in favour of an Egyptian origin for the ruder tombs, any more than the same points of coincidence with the pyramids of Mexico argue in favour of an Aztec origin. The flat roof of the dome of New Grange resembles the dome of the Treasury of Atreus at Mycenæ, as well as the barrows of Tartary, which even Herodotus described.

It would be interesting to have the power of reconstructing the life of this early people. The supremacy of the larger cairns proves them to have pertained to chieftains of high rank. This fact of a somewhat settled political order is consistent with the recognition of the right of property, and, in consequence, the pastoral, if not even agricultural habits of the race. Light is shed on this question by the presence in the corridors of Dowth of bones of cattle and domestic animals. The existence of handicrafts is undeniable, and with that such primitive civilisation as would be involved in the notions of the division of labour and of commercial exchange. Speculation, however solidly based up to this point, could scarcely be carried further without

grave risk of error. When the antiquary has brought to light all that may be known of the story of the human past, a clearer picture will be drawn than may be drawn at present of the men who of old sculptured with rude hands the boulders of the Boyne, and of the faith and purpose by which they were impelled.

THE CHAPARRAL COCK.

Of the many different birds which possess to a marked degree the power of reasoning, there are none more intelligent than the Chaparral Cock, or 'road-runner,' as it is commonly called in Southern California and the northern provinces of Mexico, where it makes its home. It is a bird of which the Mexican peons and Indians tell the most marvellous tales, and one which is held by them in almost religious esteem. Yet it is not a showy bird—far from it; the colour of its plumage is unostentatious to a degree, being a sombre olive green intermingled with gray. In shape it much resembles our common English magpie, and is perhaps half as large again. It carries on its head a slight crest, somewhat similar to the jay's, which, while running, it keeps in constant motion. Though supplied by nature with a pair of wings capable of sustaining it in a long flight, it but rarely uses any other means of progression than its legs.

As the traveller leisurely drives along the sandy roads of Southern California, raising in his wake a cloud of dust, his attention will be drawn to one of these birds, which has suddenly appeared on the scene from the cactus of the surrounding plain. Dropping into a steady business-like gait, it will keep ahead of him some twenty-five or thirty yards without any apparent effort. It matters not whether he urges his horse forward, or keeps it quietly jogging along, he will always notice this bird running about the same distance in advance; and under no other condition than that of his horse being pushed into a gallop, will it take to flight. For miles this strange bird will lead him in Indian file over roads dusty and uninviting in the extreme, upon which the sun beats down, with no tree, save here and there an isolated palm, to shade from its fierce rays. At last, when he has become so accustomed to seeing it in front of him, that he expects to arrive at his journey's end still conveyed by his strange companion, it will vanish from the scene to be lost in the cactus whence it so suddenly appeared miles behind. Owing to this peculiar habit, it is called and more commonly known as the road-runner.

When the writer was a new arrival in Mexico, he regarded the numerous stories told of its cunning by the natives with ridicule, and considered himself wise in taking them *cum grano salis*. Nor was it till after personally becoming acquainted with the strategy it

brings to bear in the destruction of the crotalus (rattlesnake), that he likewise became one of its enthusiastic admirers.

It happened thus. The day was hot and sultry; the thermometer registered one hundred and four degrees in the shade, where such was to be obtained; and I, overcome by fatigue and heat, crawled under a manzanita bush to seek some protection from the sun. A good restful slumber it was impossible to obtain. Alternately, I was awake, then dozing off again. It was during one of those intervals, when the stifling atmosphere prohibited sleep, that I became conscious of a loud chattering close at hand. Inquisitive as to its cause, I rose to my knees and peered through the bush. Beyond it, I saw, on a little hillock near by, a pair of chaparral birds, with crests erect and wings beating the ground, in the act of circling round a large rattlesnake, at such a distance as to be out of reach, yet near enough to present from their actions a very formidable appearance. The latter was coiled in the position such reptiles always assume when on the defensive. The tip of its tail stood erect behind its head, giving forth that ominous rattle, at all times a certain signal of danger. For several minutes the birds kept up their dance round it; then one of them left, to return immediately, carrying in its bill a little ball of cactus. This it placed at a short distance from the snake, and again left to return with another. For the space of fully twenty minutes the two birds kept it coiled, one staying near at hand while the other went in search of cactus. At last they had encircled their victim with a barrier beyond which it could not pass, and behind which it was held as securely a prisoner as the convict in his prison cell. Having accomplished this, they stopped to rest.

The rattlesnake, confident in its death-dealing power, lay coiled, its wicked, restless eyes watching every movement made by its tormentors. Even then, it did not appear to appreciate the full extent of its danger, for had it not a hundred times before slowly mesmerised the birds of the desert, and would not a single stroke of its venomous fangs be sufficient to end the conflict then and there, as far as one was concerned? Little did it think, in all its self-confidence, of that bristling circle which encompassed it, and effectually cut off retreat on every side.

It was not until the short respite granted by its foes was concluded, and they commenced their attack, that it found itself hemmed in beyond all hope of escape. Presently, one of them hopped inside the ring. With feathers bristling and head near the ground, it approached the coiled snake much as one gamecock advances to give combat to another.

'Foolhardy bird!' I said to myself; 'your days, nay, your very moments, are numbered.'

Quicker than the thought had time to pass through my mind almost, the rattlesnake sprang towards it, and lo! the bird I had expected, to see lie quivering in the sand, bitten to death by those awful fangs, lightly hopped outside the barrier unharmed. Before the snake had time to coil again, the bird's companion like-

wise hopped into the circle from the other side and pecked it in the rear. Then the battle waxed fast and furious. Time and again the rattlesnake coiled and darted at its nimble foes, but without avail. Their agility in getting out of harm's way was simply marvellous, neither did any fear of danger seem to be evident in their demeanour. On the contrary, they appeared to have calculated distances as nicely, and with as much coolness, as a Spanish bull-fighter ere he delivers his *coup*.

It soon became evident that the struggle could not last much longer, for the snake, owing to its great exertions, rapidly became weaker. From incessant striking and missing the mark, but never in turn being missed by the implacable chaparrals, it at last became so completely worn out that it had not the strength to coil. It then lay listlessly on the sand, limp and powerless. Bleeding from a score of wounds, it presented the aspect of a thoroughly beaten foe. Helpless though it was, it faced its enemies to the last. Its eyes were settled in a vacant stare, and its tongue moved slowly from side to side. Finally, one of its relentless antagonists, rising to the occasion, rapidly descended upon its skull, by plunging its powerful bill through which, it quickly put an end to what had become an uneven struggle. Thus, with one convulsive shudder, the most venomous of all North American snakes lay dead at the feet of birds which, under ordinary circumstances, it might treat with impunity, but which, by the exercise of a truly wondrous strategy, had proved its master.

Strange to say, the plan of action they had adopted to cut off their victim's retreat, and likewise for their own safety, was very similar to the means used by cowboys and frontiersmen, when sleeping on the plains, to ward off the approach of rattlesnakes. So well is the latter's antipathy to anything bristling known, that before retiring for the night, the traveller who is compelled to sleep in the open takes his lasso—which in that country is made of horse-hair rope—and stretches it round him in a circle. Safe within, he goes to sleep without fear of molestation, for he knows that no snake can pass the barrier thus made. Curious as this seems, it is nevertheless a fact, for the irritation which the stiff, projecting bristles cause on entering the interstices between the scales, proves too great an obstacle to be overcome. To a much greater degree is this the case with cactus; and thus these strange birds of the desert have by observation arrived at the same conclusion, and wage war on their deadly enemy by following similar tactics to those employed by man in his own defence.

For some few minutes after all was over, I watched the two birds perched on the bough of a manzanita bush, loudly chattering to themselves a psalm of victory. As I did so, I thought how much is that vague thing styled instinct akin to human nature.

A walk to the scene of the late combat showed me the snake lying dead within the circle of cactus. Its tormentors had made no effort to devour it. There it lay just in the same position as when one of them had administered to it that final blow which had

penetrated through the skull even to the ground beneath. Its foes had been no mere pot-hunters; no; they had had a duty to perform, and nobly they had accomplished it, as the mutilated carcass of their victim, drying under the fierce rays of an almost tropical sun, was abundant testimony.

A NORTH DEVON PARADISE IN LATE AUTUMN.

THE charming little watering-place on the North Devon coast, which has a dual existence as Lynmouth and Lynton, is a recognised favourite with Londoners and towns-folk in general, who flock to it for their annual summer holiday. In the first place, it is very quiet and secluded. It is far removed from the noise and bustle of the world. No railway train with hideous shriek and stifling smoke comes within eighteen miles of it. Then it is situated amidst some of the loveliest scenery of lovely Devonshire: on the one side, the purple moors; on the other, the blue sea; and the village—for it is little more than a village—nestling in the wooded cleft through which the Lynn leaps in waterfall and cascade, to lose itself in the pebbly beach and amid the wild breakers which chafe and churn around that rocky coast. And the place has a distinctive literary history of its own. As the Highlands of Scotland were first discovered by Walter Scott, with whom, in fact, originated the cult of landscape, so the beauties of North Devon were first described by Charles Kingsley; and the neighbourhood of Lynmouth in particular was opened out to an appreciative public by the author of *Lorna Doone*.

And if Lynmouth is beautiful in the summer season, it has a special character of its own, and is still an artist's paradise when the annual tourist has departed and the summer season is over. Nay, from personal experience, I may assert that it is not seen in its utmost charm of beauty until then. The spring tints are doubtless fair and fresh; for after the gloom of winter, the spring clothing of our trees comes with a sort of sudden surprise to the unaccustomed eye. But the glory of the Lynmouth woods is to be found in the variety of colours with which late autumn transmutes the summer greens into gold and orange and vermilion. In this respect, Devonshire has the advantage of Derbyshire. The dales between Matlock and Buxton are tame in comparison with the Lynn Valley and its brilliant and varied foliage. Moreover, there is one autumnal tint which I have never seen in perfection anywhere else: the yellow aspect of the withering fern, which breaks in patches through the short emerald turf of the hills, and flushes the under woods with colour.

After a somewhat dreary drive over the moors from Barnstaple, the traveller to Lynmouth finds himself at dusk beginning the long

and steep descent into the Lynn Valley. The road has been hitherto shut in on each side, like most of those in North Devon, by stone fences, on which are planted dwarf beech-trees, a necessary protection against cutting winds. Now it winds precipitously downwards through a wooded valley. The little Devon horses, bred on the moors, trot merrily along, making no account of the steep declivity. So we soon reach our destination, the electric lights dazzling our eyes, like constellations of stars in the darkness, shining high up in the Lynton woods, and down in the valley below where Lynmouth nestles; and in our ears the rush of the rapid river, which will be a sound heard night and day henceforth, so long as we remain in the place.

It was a lovely morning in early October when we got down to the beach next day. We call the month 'Chill October;' but in truth it is sometimes one of the loveliest in the year—a month of soft melting skies and hazy distances, as if Nature had donned a bridal veil of mist, to greet the approach of her rough bridegroom, Winter. And the view from the beach of Lynmouth on this fine autumnal morning was unrivalled of its kind. The morning haze gave a purple bloom to the hill-sides, a thousand feet high, which formed the background of the landscape, and lay in deep and solemn shadow. But long, quivering drafts of tender sunshine poured down through a ravine on the right, and lit up the several rounded masses of amber and orange foliage which crept from crag to crag down to the narrow glen through which the river winds. The houses of the little town which follow the windings of the stream were hearsed in mist, from out of which the Lynn leaped down to the sea with the multitudinous laughter of its tiny waterfalls. It had come with many a bound and leap from Exmoor, a thousand feet above, gliding beneath the banks in dark deep pools of indigo and umber, which reflected the oaks and beeches overhanging the still depths of the river. It swirled and chafed in chrysoprase and dazzling veins of snow around the moss-grown rocks which choked the current and barred the way of its escape.

Many an artist's white umbrella was to be seen in some quiet nook in the rocky bed of the river, and from dewy dawn till the amber glow of evening, the happy occupant of the camp-stool is portraying, with more or less of ability, some bit of scenery which has caught his fancy. Whosoever looks upon the results of these various artistic efforts can scarcely fail of having the aphorism brought home to him that

We receive but what we give,
And in ourselves alone does Nature live.

This, in fact, constitutes the glory and the charm of art; but it is at the same time too often the purgatory of the artist who fails to realise his ideal, and on whose canvas no charm of Nature lingers, no witchery of skill appears, to arrest the attention of the spectator.

But if the Lynn can charm us with beauty in its more peaceful moods, it knows how to be both savage and dangerous when the strong

sou'-wester has been blowing wildly through the night over the wild moors above. Such a morning I remember well, for it had an element of human tragedy in it. All through the night, the gale had blown strongly, lashing the trees with tempest and rain on Lynton cliffs and in Brendon Valley; bending stout branches to the ground and snapping them off, and driving the autumnal leaves slantwise in its furious onset. Then the little brooks on Exmoor became chock-full; and white runnels leaped down the hill-sides; and the valley was flooded by the swollen current, chocolate-coloured, dashing madly over rock and bank, and sweeping all before it in its wild career. Woe betide whosoever or whatever shall fall into its channel then! Tree trunks are rolled along like twigs. Dead sheep are whirled over and over, and lost in the deep pools, or borne away to meet the angry breakers on the shore. Little children often meet their death when Lynn is in spate. And what is the sudden excitement to-day which has called half the population out of doors, headed by the coastguard, who are gazing up and down the banks of the river as it debouches to the sea? A messenger on horseback has just brought word down that at Brendon—five miles off—the mother of a family has been swept away by the current as she was stooping over to draw water, and has been carried down and down, rolled over and over—in the very sight of her children—by the dark and swollen stream, till at last she disappeared from sight. A few hours afterwards, her body was found, three or four miles from her home, caught and wedged in the roots and rocks in one of the deep pools of the river, and so rescued from the cruel sea for Christian burial. There, up above, a thousand feet or more, on Countisbury cliffs, she will be laid to rest in the churchyard of 'the little gray church on the windy hill,' one of the few unrestored primitive little churches still left to remind us of times and customs and modes of worship that have passed away within the ken of the present generation.

But if the artist cannot sketch on the morning after a heavy gale, he is not left without resources when he has put aside his camp-stool and easel. Most artists are fishers as well, especially those who resort to Lynmouth. And the recent fresh, which has brought down the waters of Lynn in a muddy torrent, has doubtless brought up some sea-trout, and possibly a salmon or two, from the sea on the way to their spawning-ground in Brendon River or Badgery Water, and the river this afternoon will be in first-rate order for the worm. Where shall we take our stand as a likely place from which to hook Mr Salmo Fario in his upward course? We will not linger in the lower reaches, where a dozen anglers at least are busy already with rod and line. We will get above the rapids which rush through the village, past the village school and the rustic bridge. Farther up, we shall find a deep pool hemmed in with gray crags, over which the gnarled oak-trees bend their fantastic arms, bearded with moss and fern. There, if anywhere, we shall have the best chance of a big fish, the last of the season; for the close-time for salmon will begin

in a day or two. We let the bait, well leaded, roll over and over in a likely pool, just beneath a large overhanging boulder. Was that a nibble? We feel a pull, and the line is trembling. Pshaw! The hook has caught in some impediment at the bottom—a broken branch, perhaps, or a moss-grown rock. There is nothing for it but to break the gut. Well, another hook and bait are soon found and fixed. This time, there is a pull and vibration which sets our hearts beating. We strike gently. Then comes a steady rush and swirl, which tells that a fish is on. We wind up and raise the rod, to keep him out of the rapids; for that fish must be played and killed within the circuit of the pool, or he will be lost. He rises to the surface and springs into the air, once, twice, showing his silver sides. He plunges down again! He is drawing perilously near to the broken water now, and we must give him the butt. The rod bends double, but the strain holds; and we guide him gently and persuasively to the bank, when our attendant gaffs him with a skilful hand. And soon he lies gasping on the moss-grown bank, a bar of molten silver, a fresh-run fish of eight or nine pounds weight. Look at him well, the beauty! It is the last fish of the season!

LOVERS STILL.

His hair as wintry snow is white;
Her trembling steps are slow;
His eyes have lost their merry light;
Her cheeks, their rosy glow.
Her hair has not its tints of gold;
His voice, no joyous trill;
And yet, though feeble, gray, and old,
They're faithful lovers still.

Since they were wed, on lawn and lea
Oft did the daisies blow,
And oft across the trackless sea
Did swallows come and go;
Oft were the forest branches bare;
And oft, in gold arrayed,
Oft did the lilies scent the air,
The roses bloom and fade.

They've had their share of hopes and fears,
Their share of bliss and bale,
Since first he whispered in her ears
A lover's tender tale;
Full many a thorn amid the flowers
Has lain upon their way;
They've had their dull November hours
As well as days of May.

But firm and true through weal and woe,
Through change of time and scene,
Through winter's gloom, through summer's glow,
Their faith and love have been;
Together hand in hand they pass
Serenely down life's hill,
In hopes one grave in churchyard grass
May hold them lovers still.

MAGDALEN ROCK.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 558.—VOL. XI.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1894.

PRICE 1½d.

THE INDIAN MINTS.

WE British are a peculiar race. At times we excite ourselves over the most trivial and transient events; while at others we calmly retain our seats in our easy-chairs, and without even taking an extra pull at our pipes, read with equanimity of some startling discovery, or some sudden change of international relationships which threatens to revolutionise no inconsiderable portion of the world. When, a little more than twelve months ago, the announcement was made that the Government, acting on the advice of their financial and political advisers in India, had resolved upon closing the Indian Mints to any further public coinage of silver, there was just a little flutter among those immediately interested, or in some way likely to be affected; but as far as the general public was concerned, they took no more, perhaps less, notice than they would have done of the announcement that henceforth no more florins, but only half-crowns, would be issued from the Mint on Tower Hill. And yet that simple act was one likely to have far-reaching effects upon two hundred and fifty millions of people whom we regard as our fellow-subjects, and perhaps indirectly upon the welfare and prosperity of the whole civilised world.

Considering the pride we feel in the possession of India, and the immense benefits we are, in one way or other, supposed to derive from it, it is astonishing how little the average Briton knows about its affairs or cares about how it is governed. It is notorious that the Indian Budget, dealing with the vast revenues of our great Eastern Empire, is always introduced at the fag-end of the Parliamentary Session, propounded to almost empty benches, and rushed through in the course of a few hours. For many reasons, it is perhaps just as well that the British public should be content to leave its interests in the hands of those officials in whom they feel confidence, as it is practically impossible, without long experience,

to understand the prejudices and requirements of native races absolutely foreign to us in blood, habit, and religion, and in extending to them many of the privileges to which we have become attached, we should be conferring a very doubtful boon. But at the same time it is our bounden duty to watch the course of events and of legislation with sufficient closeness to know when any act of injustice is being done which will alienate the loyalty and check the progress which we all desire India to participate in as well as ourselves. It is most likely that such an act has just taken place in the attempt to change the currency of that country; and the very fact that it has been done by men answerable for its welfare, and thoroughly desirous of promoting its interests, rather than any personal ones of their own, naturally tends to induce the belief that what has been done must be for the best. It is therefore all the more necessary that we should attempt to grasp the situation for ourselves, and clearly understand not only the circumstances which have led to such a radical change, but what the outcome of it is likely to be.

Every one knows that the finances of India have of late years been greatly disordered by the heavy fall in the value of silver, and the consequent depreciation of the rupee, which in that country is the monetary standard, just as the sovereign is with us. How this has come about can be very easily explained. A considerable part of the cost of governing India is annually incurred in London. In the first place, a great deal of money has been borrowed in this country for public works there, such as the construction of railways—the dividends of which the Government guarantees—irrigation works, and many others of a nature which are always looked upon as remunerative expenditure. India has therefore to find the money to pay the interest on these loans, very little of which, however, can be regarded as a tax upon the natives. Then, again, an expensive establishment has to be kept up at home to conduct

the affairs of our great Eastern Empire, which has to bear some portion of the cost. And finally, large quantities of stores of all descriptions for the use of our officials there, and the proper conduct of the Government, such as telegraph wire, stationery, and hundreds of other things, which can either only be procured at all or to much greater advantage in this country, have to be paid for. When all these items are added up, the result is a little bill of over fifteen million pounds sterling, which in some way or other India must pay to England.

Formerly, the arrangement of this was a matter of extreme simplicity. The rupee was worth just two shillings, and ten of them, therefore, went to a sovereign. The Indian Finance Minister knew that, if fifteen million pounds had to be remitted, he would require one hundred and fifty million rupees for the purpose; or, as he would call it, fifteen hundred lakhs. But as silver and the rupee became depreciated, the amount of indebtedness did not grow any smaller, and it took a great many more rupees to meet it, so that if the value of the latter was only one shilling instead of two, it followed that he would require three thousand instead of fifteen hundred lakhs, as formerly. On the other hand, the revenues which he had to draw showed no corresponding expansion, because the rupee maintained its value in India itself, and was only depreciated when it came to be exchanged outside; consequently, this additional fifteen hundred lakhs, or whatever the amount might be, became an increase in the annual expenditure. It has been accumulating gradually over a number of years, and has not taken place all at once, and had to be raised either by additional taxation or by fresh borrowing, which in the end only tended to make matters worse.

This, then, was the state of affairs when the United States, by threatening to repeal the Sherman Silver Act, brought about a panic in the silver market, which carried the price down to a figure which made the rupee worth only about tenpence-halfpenny of our English money. The Indian Government officials insisted that it was impossible for them to raise sufficient to go on paying the now enormous amount of rupees necessary to meet the sterling indebtedness of the country, and that some steps must be taken to prevent its depreciation any further. The only way to do this was, as they thought, to stop the public any longer taking silver to the Mints and demanding its coinage into rupees; and this is what was done, after exhaustive investigation and inquiry by a Committee presided over by Lord Herschell.

Now, up to this point there seems no ground whatever on which to raise an objection. The Government of India was clearly in a difficulty, and it was said to be highly dangerous to

attempt to impose any further taxation upon the natives to enable them to get over it. What course could be wiser than, by closing the Mints, to artificially raise the value of all the currency then in circulation? But it was one thing to stop coining, and quite another to raise the value of what was already coined. The Government decided that for the future the rupee should be worth 1s. 4d., and they might just as well have passed an Act of Parliament at the same time to say that a sovereign was worth twenty-five shillings. They further said that any one lodging English sovereigns with the Presidency treasuries should receive in exchange coined rupees at the rate of 15 to 1. It proved, however, no more possible to keep the exchange at 1s. 4d., than to attract to the Mints the hoards of gold which are known to exist in India, and which competent authorities say exceed two hundred and fifty million pounds in value.

The policy, in fact, has proved a failure; and although the India Council in London held out for months, in the hope of starving the community into purchasing its rupees, it had at last to give way, and after vainly offering to take 1s. 3½d., to accept the best offer it could get, which is now round about 1s. 1d.; and the principal result so far has been to increase the sterling debt of India by nearly ten million pounds, on which interest will have to be remitted in the future. It is nevertheless persisted in, on the principle adopted by the late Mr Micawber that Something will turn up; and the very lame apology is offered that, after all, it has proved of some partial benefit, inasmuch as the rupee is worth three-halfpence more than the value of the silver in it; but those who offer this excuse apparently overlook the fact that one reason why silver remains so low is, because it can no longer be coined in India. But whatever justification there may be for a continuance of it from a purely English and official point of view, there is absolutely none from that of the natives, whose interests we are bound to protect; and where the two conflict, there should not be a moment's hesitation in the mind of any Englishman as to the course this country ought to pursue. The only pretence upon which the natives could have benefited has been falsified by the result, and the increased taxation which was declared to be impossible has since had to be imposed, so far, at any rate, without any of the uprisings so confidently predicted.

There is another way of partly meeting the difficulty, but one which is always unpopular with officials—a reduction in expenditure; but it is nevertheless one upon which public opinion should insist, because there is little doubt that economies could be introduced in many ways, without in the slightest degree interfering with the efficiency of administration. And although no irreparable mischief has yet been done by the closing of the Mints, the possibilities, nay the probabilities of future trouble are so serious, that the reversal of the policy ought to be insisted upon while it can be done without financial sacrifice or loss of prestige.

Were the English Government to refuse to

coin any more sovereigns, we might not suffer any immediate inconvenience, because there are plenty in circulation to meet present requirements; but we know that any such proposal, which could only be designed to give an artificial value to our currency, would not only be contrary to every sound principle of political economy, but would prove most disastrous to all our commercial relations with foreign countries. What is true of England is true of India also, and we should not permit the light of great principles to be obscured by some passing cloud of expediency.

Quite apart from the intricacies and difficulties of exchange operations which concern the merchants and traders of India, who are well able to take care of their own interests, and into which we need not here enter, a great wrong is being done to the native peasantry of that country. Scarcity of gold, which means money, is believed to be one of the most important of the many causes which have brought about such an immense fall in the value of agricultural produce in the Western hemisphere; and yet, with this fact staring us in the face, an attempt is made to create a similar scarcity of money in India by preventing the coinage of any more silver, which is abundant. If successful, it must have just the same result there as with us; so that while we are contriving and scheming to increase the quantity and active circulation of money in Europe, we are doing our best to stop its issue and prevent its circulation in Asia. But beyond that, it is a well-known fact that the savings-banks in India take the form of private hoards, not in old stockings, because hosiery has not yet become popular there, but in all sorts of silver ornaments, fastened about the persons of their women and children so securely, that they can often only be removed with the aid of the village blacksmith; and when the quantity becomes too large for this, the remainder is buried in some hole in the ground near the hut or habitation of the owner. Sometimes the silver may have passed through the mints and become rupees; often enough it has been used in its simple state of bullion, with the knowledge that when the necessity arose it could be converted without loss into money equivalent to its weight. And although wealth changes hands much less frequently than in Western countries, there are certain periods when families and individuals have to dispose of amounts, small perhaps by themselves, but amounting to a large sum in the aggregate. In a year, for instance, declared by the priests as propitious for marriages, much money is spent not only in festivities, but in providing the brides with dowries, and savings, painfully scraped together over a long period, are quickly disseminated. Or something more serious—a famine—overtakes the land, and the people inhabiting large territories find themselves suddenly deprived of food. The construction of railways and canals has done much to enable the Government to cope in future more successfully than ever with such a calamity; but the people themselves, before taking to the relief works, will in many instances spend everything they have to maintain an independent existence;

just as many of our own poor will exhaust every resource before going to the workhouse. But when they come to part with their treasure, which they have all along regarded as money, they will be told that it has ceased to have any value as such, and that they must first go to the village money-changer or usurer, and take whatever he will give them for it, before they can obtain the rice or other food they so much need.

Let us imagine, if we can, a corresponding state of things at home. Instead of the Post-office Savings-bank, in which the savings of the artisan and small shopkeeper are deposited, they have grown accustomed to secreting in their own dwellings, or about their persons, small pieces of gold, which they know can always be exchanged for their weight in sovereigns, and that for every ounce they possess they can always get exactly £3, 17s. 10½d. A great strike breaks out, involving perhaps several hundred thousand hands, and these men with their families, have to fall back largely on their accumulated savings. They take their gold to exchange, but are told that the Government has stopped buying it, and that the most they can sell it for elsewhere is three pounds. Would they stop to consider that the Government had a perfect right to regulate the currency of the country? Or would they not rather imagine that they had been grossly defrauded, and create disturbances leading very likely to riot and bloodshed?

How much more likely, then, are such events to happen among a down-trodden and ignorant people, ruled by an alien race, if it is brought home to their minds by agitators, who are always on the lookout for grievances, that they have been robbed—a charge only too likely to be believed when the price of food, in consequence of scarcity, has risen to a high figure, while that of silver, owing to the great pressure to sell it, has fallen heavily.

Even were this the only ground of objection, it is sufficiently important to make us ask, whether the Government has not made a huge blunder, which may some day land us in the most serious difficulties? This is no party question, and whichever side had been in office last year, the circumstances of the moment would have compelled them to yield to the pressure brought to bear. But the danger is now past, and the worst has happened. America has stopped purchasing silver, and the price has fallen so low, that the chances of a further decline are remote; and if the Indian Mints were once more thrown open, it is more than probable that instead of the rupee falling to the level of silver, silver would rise to the value of the rupee, and cause not the slightest disturbance in the national finances. Intricate and uninteresting as questions of currency are generally considered, we have here one of so much importance to the welfare of our vast Indian Empire, as well as of our own, that it becomes the duty of every citizen to think the matter out as carefully, and decide upon it as conscientiously, as he would upon one on which he has to record his vote at the poll. Without a decided and determined expression of public opinion, no Government will be strong enough

to resist the influence of Indian officials, who, in this instance, at any rate, appear to be acting directly contrary to the interests of the country they govern.

THE LAWYER'S SECRET.*

CHAPTER XII.—MR FREDERICK BOLDON COMES TO ROBY A SECOND TIME.

THE days glided by; and little by little a sort of tacit engagement sprang up between Lady Boldon and Hugh Thesiger. She could not help herself. She could not deny herself the sweet comfort of those little signs of love that he offered her—a familiar word, a pressure of the hand, a tender glance. He had persuaded himself that his fears were vain, that Adelaide was only shy, fearful, perhaps, of what the world might say of her second marriage; and he thought that all she needed before she formally promised him her hand was to become accustomed to regard him as her lover. So he went often to the Chase; and the little world around them began, not unnaturally, to speak of the two as being either actually engaged or on the point of becoming so.

A few days before the end of August, Thesiger received a letter from Lady Boldon. It was an invitation to make one of a party which was to assemble at Roby Chase for the partridge-shooting. The party had been planned and talked of some time before; and Hugh's coming was taken as a matter of course. This letter was written partly to invite, through Hugh's intervention, Mr Terence O'Neil, whom Lady Boldon had met several times at the Rectory.

'It is good-natured of Adelaide to ask him,' said Hugh to himself, when he read the letter; 'but it is not wise to throw him and Marjory together, circumstances being what they are.'

However, Hugh could not refuse to forward the invitation to his friend; and of course it was gladly accepted.

Marjory and her mother, as well as two or three old schoolfellows of Adelaide's, and three or four distant connections of her family, were to be of the party. There was also one relation of her late husband invited, the only one whom Lady Boldon knew, even by name—Mr Frederick Boldon. This invitation was not given wholly from disinterested motives. Adelaide felt that her future was dark and uncertain; and she thought that it might be a good stroke of policy to make friends, if possible, with the man who might one day reign at the Chase. Yet she shrank from seeing him, and almost hoped that he would not come.

Frederick Boldon, however, was a man who never allowed sentiment to interfere with his interests or his pleasures. He had by this time partly got over his disappointment. His threat about disputing Sir Richard's will had of course resulted in nothing. Frederick Boldon was far too shrewd a man to throw away his

money in fighting a lawsuit without a solid ground-work of evidence. When he received Lady Boldon's invitation, he told himself that though it might be unpleasant to stay as guest in a house of which he ought to be the master, nothing could be gained by refusing Lady Boldon's advances; while something might be gained by responding to them. Possibly he might be able to make love successfully to the widow, and gain his cousin's estate by that means. If not, there was at least ten days' or a fortnight's shooting to be had, and that was a thing not to be despised.

So Frederick Boldon journeyed down to Woodhurst for the second time. He was accompanied on this occasion by Louis Ducrot, his French valet; for Mr Boldon was determined to appear in his favourite rôle of a man of fashion.

Lady Boldon's guests amused themselves as people generally do in an English country house in September. The men went shooting in the morning; and most of them spent the afternoon in the billiard-room. The girls spent the forenoon in gossiping together, and walked or rode out after lunch. But it soon became evident that the party was not going to prove a success. Its members were too miscellaneous in their characters and dispositions: they did not hang well together.

The failure of Lady Boldon's party was due in great measure to the presence of Mr Boldon and his servant. Boldon was selfish and arrogant in his manner—nobody liked him. He soon discovered that he had no chance of becoming Lady Boldon's second husband; and it was not long before he noticed the preference which she had for Hugh Thesiger. His demeanour to Hugh after this discovery was so wanting in courtesy, that Hugh had the greatest difficulty in avoiding an open quarrel with him. In fact, it was only at Lady Boldon's special entreaty that he consented to stay a few days longer under the same roof with a man who all but openly insulted him.

Ducrot, as well as his master, was a source of trouble to the lady of the house. He carried on a strong flirtation with Mrs Bruce's maid, a country girl whom the Rector's wife had brought with her to wait on herself and Marjory. He then transferred his volatile affections to Lady Boldon's own maid, a foolish, pert, London girl called Julia Stephens. Mrs Bruce, who felt that her maid was under her protection, and that the girl had been badly treated, was of opinion that Ducrot, or Julia, or both of them, ought to be turned out of the house; and Lady Boldon, who was averse to such extreme measures, had some difficulty in preserving the peace.

At length the time fixed for the breaking up of the party was at hand. It was the morning of the thirteenth; and most of the guests were to leave that afternoon, only Hugh Thesiger and the members of the Rector's family remaining until the following day.

For several days Lady Boldon had been complaining of neuralgia; and she had remained a good deal in her own room. On this, the last day of her friends' visit, however, she forced herself to come down to breakfast as usual.

* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

There was no regular breakfast-time at the Chase. Everybody rose early—at least the men did—on account of the partridges; and breakfast was served in the great dining-room between eight and ten.

Letters were delivered during the breakfast hour; and it was an understood thing that every one might open and read his or her letters without apology. On this particular morning, Lady Boldon opened one of her letters without first glancing at the handwriting on the envelope—opened it, read a few lines, and turned as pale as if she were going to faint. Indeed, Frederick Boldon, who sat near her, thought she was going to faint. She looked up, cast a half-timorous glance round the table, and saw him watching her curiously. Immediately, her eyes dropped. She folded up her letter, and put it back in its envelope, though she was forced to keep her hands below the level of the table, to prevent any one seeing how they trembled. The other guests, busy with their own letters or newspapers, did not observe that anything was amiss; but Lady Boldon knew that her husband's cousin was watching her. And, looking at Hugh a moment later, she saw that he, too, had noticed her agitation. She made a great effort, and thrusting the letter into her pocket, went on with her breakfast—or seemed to do so—without saying a word, or casting another look either at Hugh or at Mr Boldon.

As soon as the meal was over, and the guests had dispersed, Mr Frederick Boldon went up to his own room and rang for his servant.

'I am not going to shoot this morning, Ducrot,' he said. 'See that my things are packed in plenty of time for the afternoon train.' He gave a few other directions, and then, as the man was leaving the room, called him back. 'By the way,' he said, 'I think it likely that Lady Boldon may write a letter to-day of—er—of some importance. Do you think you could find out for me who her correspondent is?'

'Very likely, sir,' said the Frenchman, with a grin.

'Do: I'll give you five shillings. Stay—it's possible that Madame may telegraph. Now, if she does, I want to know who the telegram is addressed to. Can you find that out for me?'

'No doubt, sir,' said the valet, with a bow and another grin.

'That will do, then. I leave by the four o'clock train.'

The hours passed, and Mr Boldon hung about the house, waiting to receive Ducrot's report. He was determined to find out the origin of the letter that had affected his cousin's widow so strangely. The Frenchman, however, made no sign; and luncheon time was drawing near.

The luncheon bell had rung, and Boldon was wondering whether it would be possible to invent an excuse for postponing his departure, at least until the evening mail had gone, when Ducrot made his appearance, and with rather a crest-fallen air, said that a telegram had been sent off by Lady Boldon shortly after breakfast.

'You scoundrel! And you only tell me this now!'

'It was of no use,' said the valet, with a sub-flavour of impudence in his tone. 'The telegram was sealed up in an envelope addressed to the postmaster at Woodhurst.'

'Ah! And yet?'

Mr Boldon fell into a brown study, during which his valet slipped out of the room. He was debating with himself whether he could not find out something about that telegram, or whether he were not pursuing a phantom. It certainly looked as if Lady Boldon had a secret, and a very serious one too. It could not be a mere money difficulty—she had three times as much money as she wanted. Suppose she had been married already, when she married Sir Richard, and this was a blackmailing letter from her first husband, her real husband? Mr Boldon had heard of such things. If anything of that kind were the case, of course she would not be Sir Richard's widow, for she could not have been his wife; and as the property was left to her as his wife, the bequest would be void, and the estate would fall to him, Frederick Boldon. If any such secret existed, it would surely be worth while to unearth it!

Such were the thoughts that were passing through Mr Boldon's mind, when the door opened, and Ducrot re-appeared.

'Lady Boldon has just gone down-stairs to lunch, sir,' he said; 'and before she went into the dining-room, she dropped some letters into the post-bag hanging in the hall.'

'Can't you bring the addresses of them?' said Mr Boldon angrily.—'Stop; no. You needn't mind.'

He waited five minutes longer, and then, feeling confident that everybody would be at lunch, he went down-stairs, walked boldly up to the letter-bag, and taking out the letters, glanced hurriedly at their addresses. The only name he recognised was that of Mr Felix; but Mr Boldon could not feel by any means certain that this was the correspondent whose letter had terrified Lady Boldon. It seemed unlikely that a respectable family solicitor like Mr Felix, his uncle's solicitor, should be the depository of a guilty secret of Lady Boldon's. Yet it was possible.

Mr Boldon went in to lunch; and after a time he bade his hostess farewell, declaring his intention of walking to the station, while Ducrot followed him with the luggage.

Having arrived at the village, Mr Boldon did not at once turn up the road which led to the station, but made his way to the post-office. The postmaster's son, a smart lad of nineteen or twenty years of age, was behind the counter.

'You attend to the telegraphs, I think? Ah—I thought so. I called to ask whether a telegram Lady Boldon sent in this morning was properly addressed.'

'We're not allowed to say anything about the telegrams, sir,' began the youth nervously.

'I'm not asking you anything about it,' said Mr Boldon with mild surprise. 'I only want to know whether it was properly addressed.'

'Oh!'

The young man turned to a file. 'What was the name, sir?'

'Felix—Mr Felix—from Lady Boldon.'

'Here it is. Felix, 9 Norfolk Street, Chancery Lane, W.C.'

'That's quite right. Thank you,' said Mr Boldon, quitting the office.

'So the letter was from that old rascal of a lawyer, after all!' he thought to himself, as he walked slowly on to the station. 'I half wish I had made some excuse for leaving Ducrot behind—or staying behind myself. I might have tried to get a peep inside my lady's letter to the lawyer. But that might have been a dangerous trick to play; and very likely the real answer was in the telegram, not in the letter.—Well; there's a secret between these two—no doubt of that. If ever I read terror in a human face, I read it in Lady Boldon's face this morning.'

The majority of Lady Boldon's guests drove off to the station at the appointed hour. The lady of the house bade them a smiling adieu, and then turned to Hugh, who was standing near, with a weary sigh of relief.

'Thank Heaven they're gone,' she said, under her breath.

'Will you say the same when I say good-bye to-morrow, Adelaide?' he asked with a half-smile.

'No; how can you ask such a question, Hugh? But these people have bored me so, especially that man Boldon! He shall never come here again. He is odious.'

'I confess I think so too,' said Hugh quietly.

'It made my neuralgia worse even to look at him. The tones of his horrid, rasping voice made my nerves tingle.—I think I will go and lie down for a little,' she said, moving slowly towards the staircase.

Hugh made her take his arm and lean upon it, and went with her to the door of her room. He was sorry that she was suffering, and disappointed too, for he had hoped that, now that the house was restored to its usual state, he would be able to have a little quiet chat with her, and perhaps get her to tell him the cause of the grave trouble he had seen in her face that morning.

As it happened, Hugh held a brief in an arbitration which had been fixed for the 17th of September; and he felt that it was time for him to get back to the Temple, and set to work on his papers. So he arranged to go straight to London on the 14th, the following day, without returning to Chalfont.

Lady Boldon did not appear again that evening; but next morning she came down to breakfast, and declared that she felt better.

'You go by the eleven-forty, don't you?' she said to Hugh.

'Yes.'

'Oh, then you may be my escort, if you like. I want to take a run up to town; and that is the train that will suit me best.'

'Do you think, Adelaide, you ought to travel when your nerves are in such a tender state?' put in Mrs Bruce.

'It's precisely for that reason that I am going, mamma. I want to consult a doctor about my neuralgia.'

Mrs Bruce was a little startled at her daughter

proposing to travel to London alone, except for the companionship of a young man who was regarded as her lover. However, Adelaide was her own mistress, and very well able to take care of herself, so she said nothing.

She was going to see Mr Felix. The letter she had received from him had been filled with bitter, passionate reproaches. It began with a threat to send Sir Richard's later will to Mr Frederick Boldon, confessing the whole plot. He would rather run the risk of punishment, he declared, than live to be defrauded of her hand. He could not believe, he said, that she really meant to marry him in a few months' time. It did not look like it. He was not well: anxiety about her real intentions had made him ill. But he was able to be up, and he insisted on seeing her. He must see her, and learn from her own lips what she meant to do.

Lady Boldon had found herself compelled to obey this summons. As she sat in the railway carriage, glancing now and then at her lover as he sat opposite, she felt that she was in reality a slave, bound hand and foot. The lawyer held her as by a chain of iron. She could not escape him, and she did not dare to defy him. She felt that he was capable of disclosing the part she had played, for the mere pleasure of revenge; and exposure would mean the loss of Hugh's love, shame, ruin. She forgot, for the time, that she had herself to blame for yielding to the lawyer's suggestion. Her uppermost feeling was that she hated James Felix with all her heart.

Hugh saw reflected in her face something of the sorrow and despair which tortured her.

'Adelaide,' he said gently, 'I wish you would tell me what it is that is troubling you so much. Have you had bad news of any kind?'

Lady Boldon started, and answered quickly: 'I have had no bad news. How should you think so?'

'Yesterday morning, at breakfast, when you opened one of your letters, you turned so pale that I feared you were going to faint.'

'Oh, I remember. I had a dreadful attack of neuralgia just then. It comes and goes so suddenly. I fear there is an attack coming on now.—And that reminds me: I have heard of a specific for tic which they say is marvellously rapid in its action—works like a charm. I have the prescription for it here; and I meant to buy some in London. Perhaps you wouldn't mind getting some for me when we reach town?'

Hugh took the piece of paper which Lady Boldon put into his hand, and glanced at it with a doubtful air.

'What is this stuff?' he asked.

'Oh, it is a new drug, I believe—quite a specific for neuralgia.'

'As you are going to consult a doctor, wouldn't it be better to wait and ask him whether it would be a good thing to take?'

'How tiresome you are, Hugh! All men are, sometimes, I believe! I want the medicine to take home with me, so that I may have something to fall back upon, if the physician's remedies fail. But don't let me trouble you; I can easily'—

'Oh, I'll get the stuff for you if you really wish to have it,' said Hugh; 'but take care how you use it. Those new drugs are not very well understood; and I fancy this one is dangerous.'

'Have you anywhere else to go in London?' asked Hugh, half absently, after a pause.

'Yes; I wish to go as far as the Temple. I have to make a call in Chancery Lane.'

The next instant Lady Boldon regretted her frankness, for Thesiger not unnaturally rejoined—'Chancery Lane! Are you going to see Mr Felix again?'

There was a troubled look in Lady Boldon's eyes. She did not speak, but merely nodded.

'I know Mr Felix by sight,' said Hugh. 'He met you in Fleet Street, I remember, when you and I were in London together two years ago.'

'Yes,' answered Lady Boldon; and then, feeling that it was better in every way not to make a mystery of the matter, she went on to say—'Yesterday he wrote to me saying it was necessary that he should see me, and that he could not come to Roby, as he is not strong enough to leave the house. He lives in chambers beside his office, he tells me.'

'Don't let me pry into your secrets, Adelaide,' said Hugh gently, after a little while; 'but I can't help thinking that you are in trouble about something. You can't hide that from me; I see it in your face.'

Lady Boldon said nothing; for she felt that if she tried to speak she should burst into tears.

'Adelaide, my darling,' said her lover yet more gently, taking her hand in his, 'can you not tell me what is making you so sad?'

She shook her head.

'Has this visit to Mr Felix something to do with it? If so, I beg you to let me see him for you. Let me go to him and tell that you are my promised wife, and'

'No—oh, no! You forget, Hugh; I am not that—yet.'

'I can't understand you, Adelaide. We are not formally betrothed, it is true; but—Never mind that now,' he said, breaking off suddenly. 'Let me go with you as a friend. You ought to have a male friend with you, to advise you in business matters. I may go then?—What do you say? You dare not take me?—Adelaide! Can it be that you are afraid of this man? It almost looks like it! Has he dared to terrorise you—to make you imagine that somehow you are dependent on his goodwill?'

Lady Boldon would have replied if she had been able to speak; but she was unable to breathe a syllable. Her nerves, weakened already by neuralgia, were completely unstrung by her mental trouble and anxiety. She trembled from head to foot, and suddenly burst into tears. The sobs came thick and fast; she hid her face, but clung to Hugh with one hand, as if he had power to save her from some impending calamity.

'Adelaide,' he said, when she had become a little calmer, 'you really must let me see this Mr Felix in your place.'

'Oh, no—no. You cannot do that.'

'Then let me accompany you.'

'No; that would not do either. You are very kind, Hugh—far too kind to me. And I am very foolish. I have been troubled about something. Don't ask me what it is, for the secret is not altogether my own. But perhaps I am making more of it than there is any need for. I am ashamed of myself—crying and sobbing like a child who has broken a toy. I will—control myself—better. I am not usually a cry-baby; so you must set this exhibition down to the credit of that horrid neuralgia.—See! I am better already;' and the poor thing tried hard to smile.

Once again, before they reached Waterloo, Hugh begged to be allowed to go with the woman he loved to the lawyer's office, even if he waited in the clerks' room while she was closeted with Mr Felix; and again his offer was gently but firmly refused.

A crowd of doubts, surmises, and fears oppressed the young barrister's mind. What could this secret be that lay between Lady Boldon and the solicitor? What was the cause of her tears, her anxiety? And, above all, why should she not confide in him?

SOME REMARKABLE ARTESIAN WELLS.

SCHNEIDEMÜHL is far from being an important place. The ubiquitous English tourist knows it as a sort of half-way house on the railway route from Berlin to Danzig. It is to him a convenient centre from which to explore the kaleidoscopic civilisation of Prussian Poland. From many points of view there is, however, but little to repay the traveller for any efforts he may make in this direction. The country around is flat and uninteresting, tracts of level arable land alternating with dreary marshes or stretches of uninviting woodland. The human components of the picture are for the most part in perfect harmony with the landscape. The stolid agriculturists and spiritless peasants who possess this region pursue the even tenor of their way, in utter ignorance of the great world beyond them. In the dull monotony of their existence, an occasional trip to the neighbouring market town stands out in the boldest of reliefs. Typical of these provincial centres is Schneidemühl. Quite recently, however, this semi-German town has established a claim to public attention other than that which might belong to it as a small town in an agricultural district of Prussian Poland.

It happened in this wise. The twelve thousand inhabitants of Schneidemühl ran short of water. In the autumn and spring months they frequently suffer from an over-abundance of that liquid necessity. Then the neighbouring Kuddow—one of the lesser tributary feeders of the Oder—is apt to inundate the low-lying lands through which it flows. What was wanted, however, was a thoroughly reliable supply of pure drinking-water, which would not fail during the most scorching of droughts. To secure this, the assistance of scientific experts was requisitioned. A little study of the geology of the district showed that the rocks underlying Schneidemühl contained a

vast storehouse of water, which only needed tapping to yield its liquid treasures to the thirsty townfolk. The water, however, was far removed from the surface, stored in a pervious rock walled in by impervious strata. To allow of the water reaching the surface, a means of communication had to be made through the superincumbent rocks. In short, an artesian well had to be sunk. The necessary plant was obtained; the most likely spot for operations was selected, and workmen skilled in well-sinking were engaged, and for a time splendid progress was made. The fate which has overtaken many artesian borings was not to be experienced in this case. Water there was in abundance. When the boring reached it, a rapid rise was observable up the duct, followed by a large overflow.

So far so good. Water had been struck, and in enormous quantities. How to control it was, however, quite another matter. The good people of Schneidemühl did not require, comparatively speaking, a vast amount of water; yet here was a supply forced upon them which accumulated at an alarming rate, and quite defied their efforts to cope with it. The pent-up stores that had so long lain dormant in their underground cisterns could no longer be kept in check, now that communication was effected with the outer air. The peaceful inhabitants were appalled with the magnitude of the force which they had summoned from the depths of the earth. The horrors of flood began to stare them in the face. Nor were there wanting the presence of other and perhaps more disquieting phenomena. Earth-tremors were frequent. Confused and mysterious subterranean rumblings were heard, clearly indicative of subsidences in that section of the earth's crust underlying the houses of the good folk of Schneidemühl. The ever-increasing flood of water created a new vent for itself, and vast quantities of mud and sand were ejected along with the water. Expert opinion said that the town need fear no danger; the waters would soon go down, and the risk of flood would be over. This supposition was mainly based upon the fact that between the storehouse of waters and the surface there was a solid bed of clay, some forty yards in thickness. This, it was thought, would prevent anything like a continuance of so alarming an outflow. The hope, however, was doomed to disappointment. Earth-shakes became more frequent. Some of the inhabitants experienced many of the phenomena usually associated with a seismic disturbance. The foundations of their houses sank; great cracks formed in the walls, and many a dwelling-house was hastily abandoned on such a peremptory notice to quit. About a week later, the final catastrophe came. After many alarming shocks and subsidences of the ground about the mouth of the well, a violent movement of what might be called the crater of the boring took place. Amidst the rush of the escaping water and the thunderous roar of the subsiding land, the whole boring and pumping plant disappeared from sight. Fortunately, no loss of life took place. The final collapse was heralded by rumblings and tremors which placed the engineers upon their

guard, and they very wisely removed the workmen from proximity to the shaft.

It seemed at first as if this refractory well was now contented with the mischief it had wrought, for the waters began to subside. The respite, however, was but short-lived. Soon the underground torrent once more made a way for itself, and the scene of the subsidence was speedily buried beneath a pond of water, in the centre of which the monster artesian foamed and bubbled. The pond soon attained the dimensions of a small lake, and that part of the town which had hitherto escaped damage was threatened with inundation. In time, however, this danger was averted, for a trench or cutting was made to carry the overflowing waters into the adjacent Kuddow.

After these unpleasant experiences, it is no wonder to learn that the burghers of Schneidemühl are resolved in future to be content with an inadequate water-supply, rather than again risk an appeal to the vast but masterless reservoirs which lie pent up beneath them.

While these events were transpiring in this out-of-the-way corner of Posen, an artesian boring was being made nearer home, which has given marvellous but satisfactory results. At Bourn, in Lincolnshire, an artesian well was sunk to supply the town of Spalding, some ten miles away, with water. Such wells have been sunk in this district from time immemorial, and rejoice in the vernacular denomination of 'blow-holes.' Scientific engineering has now made even the sinking of a deep well a matter of comparative ease. In the present case no difficulty was encountered, and a boring thirteen inches in diameter was satisfactorily sunk. As the well was made, it was lined with ten-inch tubes; and to guard against unwanted water finding its way downwards between the pipe and the sides of the bore-hole, the tube was tightly encased in cement, packed between it and the sides of the well.

At a depth of sixty-six feet, water impregnated with iron was encountered, but this chalybeate liquid was excluded as the tubes were carried deeper. Some twelve feet lower, the main spring was tapped, and the water rose very slowly up the tube; and it was twenty-four hours before the water overflowed. As the depth increased, so did the volume of the ascending current; and by the time the well had reached the depth of one hundred feet, the outflow was thirteen hundred gallons per minute, or 1,872,000 gallons per day. Although this was an enormous flow, yet the engineers thought, by going a little deeper, a still larger supply would be available. Numerous cases are on record where, under similar circumstances, the deepening of the well has resulted in complete failure. It will be readily understood that in such instances increased boring has carried the well through the non-porous rock upon which the water-bearing layer rested, thus allowing the water to escape. With the Bourn well, however, the deepening of the bore-hole had the desired effect, for, at a depth of one hundred and twenty feet, the outflow increased to eighteen hundred gallons per minute, or no less than 2,592,000 gallons per day.

While we may be disposed to regard so

splendid a piece of engineering skill as the Bourn well as a mere matter of course, it must be remembered that well-sinking in the past was a work of the utmost difficulty. Without discussing the vexed question of the means employed in sinking the wells of ancient Egypt, or the artesian bores whose overflowing waters nourish the oases of the Sahara, we will just allude to two other monster artesian wells whose story has become historic.

The first of these is that at Grenelle, near Paris. This well was commenced in 1834, to supply the French capital with water. When a depth of 1254 feet had been reached, a length of 270 feet of the boring-rods broke off, and fell to the bottom of the hole. Nowadays, the laborious rod-process is quite obsolete. Fifteen months were taken up in fishing up the broken rods, and then work was resumed. When the boring was carried down to fifteen hundred feet, the French Government wished to stop the work, on the ground that further expense was simply throwing good money after bad. The savant Arago, however, urged them to exercise a little more faith and patience. His advice was followed, with the result that, at a further depth of three hundred feet, water was encountered; and those who had laboured at the enterprise from 1834 to 1841 were rewarded by seeing a stream of six hundred gallons per minute escape from the orifice of the well.

In 1855 another well was commenced in the Paris basin. Water was tapped at a depth of 1920 feet, and this enormous boring, which is two feet four inches in diameter at the bottom, ejected a stream of water to a height of fifty feet, and at the enormous rate of five and a half million gallons per day.

These are among the more remarkable specimens of artesian wells. But well-sinking has now attained the dignity of a science, and the increase of our population and the development of our manufacturing industries has resulted in these underground water-supplies being tapped to such an extent that in many parts of England the rocks are literally riddled with these ingenious borings.

A TALE OF OLD EDINBURGH.

CHAPTER II.—THE BARBARY CORSAIRS.

'WEEL, aweel,' muttered Wattie, 'if we're to stick here like pease-bogles, we maun e'en brazen it out!' So he ranged himself by the side of the Lord Provost, and awaited the coming of the strange troops. 'May be,' he murmured, 'when they see us like this, they'll be scared awa', and rin back to their ships, and so the town'll be saved after a.'

When the approaching company saw them thus stand, the leader put his horse to the gallop, and the dozen horsemen behind him put their horses to the trot, to keep up with him. Then the spell upon the Provost was broken, and he turned as if he would escape.

'Stay!' cried the leader, in quite intelligible human speech. 'On your life, stir not!'

'Rin, Wattie!' then whispered the Provost

to his companion. 'Slip awa', man! Ye're light on your feet! And tell the Waiters to keep the Nether Bow Port closed—letting you in first! And gang to Jock the Drummer, and turn him out to beat his drum, to rouse up the Council and the town! Awa' wi' ye!'

'Deil a bit o' me will stir without your honour's sel'!' said Wattie.

'I canna rin!' said the Provost; 'I'm ower auld and heavy!—Awa' wi' ye, or ye'll be ta'en!'

So Wattie slipped from his side and fled; and though one or two of the advancing vanguard fired after him, his wild leaps and gambols as he ran kept him free of their shots. No pursuit was made—probably because he appeared a creature of no consequence—and he got clear away on his errand. Meanwhile, the Provost was surrounded by the vanguard of horsemen, and confronted by the leader. Two or three dismounted, and were for searching the Provost for pistols, but their leader bade them let be, in a foreign tongue.

'I am weaponless, sirs, ye see,' said the Provost, raising his arms and his cloak and showing his belt.—'And now,' continued he, addressing the leader, 'I'm fain to hear who ye are and what business ye come upon this gate!'

'Auld Reekie all over!' exclaimed the leader. 'He's more curious about our persons and business than he is anxious about his own life and property!'

The Provost stared hard to hear such familiar speech come from one arrayed in an outlandish white mantle and a turban.

'Your bonnet and your cloak, sir,' said the Provost sharply, 'should speak you an outlandish heathen or a Turk; but your speech, sir, bewrayeth you: you're a Scottish man, or, at the least, a Borderer!'

'"Scottish man," quoth he!' said the stranger. 'And must every one who knows a tag of your uncouth speech be a native of your barbarous, bigoted country?'

'You will not deceive me, sir,' maintained the Provost confidently. 'I ken ower weel the accent of the Luckenbooths and the West Port. This maun be but a ploy, or a heathenish masque, sir. Come ye for Argyll and the Convention, or for that deil Montrose and the king? Are ye for the Covenant, or for the malignants and prelatists?'

'What the pest names are they?' said he in the turban. 'A plague on both your parties, say I. If I were king, I would forbid all separating names. As for me, I am neither for Argyll nor for Montrose—no, nor for the king—but just, like Harry Wynd, for my own hand.'

'And who are you, then, sir,' stoutly demanded the Provost, 'that speak of Harry Wynd and your own hand?'

'I am one,' said the other, 'that you will know more of before you have done with him. I serve under my own banner, and I call no man master save and except His Sherceefan Majesty, the Soldan of Barbary, the renowned, warlike, and kindly Muley El-Valid.'

'Guidsakes!' exclaimed the Provost. 'Whatna mulish, heathenish name is that?'

'I am here on a special mission, worthy sir,'

he added abruptly; 'but before I say more, inform me of the quality of the person whom I address.'

'I am Lord Provost,' said the other with simple dignity, 'of this ancient city of Edinburgh.'

The face of the stranger very evidently flushed—though he was a dark man with a tanned skin—and his eye flashed, but whether with pleasure or anger was not plain. 'Now the Lord be praised!' he exclaimed. 'You are the very man whilk of all others I welcome the sight of! My business this day is with the Lord Provost and the Town-council of Edinburgh!—I opine you apprehend my meaning, Provost?'

The two men looked each other straight in the eyes. 'You tell me you are for your own land,' said the Provost; 'and so I opine you come with intent to plunder and spoil.'

'It is well, Provost, to speak out soon as syne; and you set the example. I must e'en levy a contribution on Auld Reekie for auld sake's sake; but failing that, I must visit in person the dwellings of my Lord Provost, and the Town-council, and other citizens of substance.'

'You'd find us something ill redd up, worthy sir,' said the Provost grimly; 'but we might make shift to give ye kitchen, for the auld town has aye had a welcome for a returned prodigal.'

'Returned prodigal, sirrah?' cried the stranger, frowning, but seeming somewhat put out. 'A truce to compliments. The day wears, and my business will not brook delay; nor am I a man to be trifled with.—So lead on, Provost, and bring me to speech with the Town-council, that I may lay my requisition before them.'

'What needs ye have speech with the haill Council?' said the Provost, gaining time by all means. 'I'm the head of the Council and the town, and I'm here. Can ye not lay your requisition before me?'

'My requisition is twenty thousand pieces of gold, and a modicum of victualling for my ships,' answered the stranger without hesitation.

'Twenty thousand gold-pieces and victuals!' exclaimed the Provost. 'But ye're a bold cock to crow so crouse! Whaur do ye think so many gold-pieces are to be come by?'

'That's your affair, Provost,' said the other.

'Well, my birkie,' said the Provost, putting a bold face on it, 'ye've come to the wrang shop: it cannot be done.'

'You had better perpend, Provost,' said the stranger. 'I bring you that peaceful offer of a ransom in the one hand; but in the other I bring war and spuilzie.—Interrupt me not, sir. Your hard, bargaining Scots eye asks me, How can I make that threat good?' With a twist of his hand and a touch of his heel, which showed he was familiar with the art of the *manège*, he made his horse plunge and turn. Then he uttered an order in a foreign tongue to his following, and the soldiers opened out and disclosed two cannon. 'There, sir,' said he with a proud fling of his hand, 'is part of my answer to your question. There you see over two hundred as brave and desperate carles as

ever flashed scimitar or burned powder. They are ready to burst your gates open. They are trained and indured by incessant practice to all the points of war both by sea and by land; and when they are let loose, they are the very hounds of the Nether Pit of Gehenna for blood and rapine and ravishment; for, sir, they bear a name that would blench the cheek of the bravest merchantman that ever put to sea with a fair wind: they are Rovers of Saltee!'

And the name did indeed make even the cheek of the stout Provost turn pale; for all men—and especially those who did any business with foreign countries—had heard of the piracies of the famous Sea-rovers, who, nominally Moorish, were recruited from among the ruffianly, the desperate, and the outlawed of every nation. And it is chronicled concerning them that so early as the closing years of James I. they were the terror of 'all the Straights,' of the European side of the Atlantic, and of 'the narrow seas of England;' and it is certain that oftener than once they even descended on the west of Ireland and raided the country. The title, therefore, of a Rover of Saltee smote on the Provost's ear even more fearfully than would have sounded to his like a century and a half later the name of Paul Jones.

'I am their chief *reis*, or admiral, on this cruise,' continued the stranger. 'I have four well-found ships riding at anchor at this precise moment off the end of the pier of Leith; and they have on board as many men again as ye see behind me, all armed to the teeth, and broadsides of cannon loaded to the throat—waiting my word to ding the township of Leith about the sharp ears of its rascally traders; and then to come on, and do the like, if need be, for Auld Reekie. It rests with you, Provost, and your Council to settle if that shall be done or no.'

'My certie, sir,' said the Provost, putting a good face on it, 'ye're gleg. While you were dinging at our ports and shaking our dames' crockery, where would our burgesses be, trow ye, sir, and where would the castle be—that has been where it is for hundreds of years?'

'You think to come on my blind side, Provost,' said the stranger. 'But—without undervaluing the valour of the citizens and of the garrison of the castle, whilk is doubtless as ancient as you maintain—I opine that neither town nor castle has any resistance to fling away. I know that you have not at this precise moment in the town fifty men fit to bear arms, and not one that has any skill even in a street-tuilzie, and that if the garrison of the castle is able to fire a cannon-shot over our heads, that's all that they can do.'

'Ay, man, is that so?' was all the poor Provost could find to say; but he said it with as full a touch of irony as he could command. 'But ye're a wise chield to ken, a' about a town ye make out ye hae never seen before.'

'I have my information, Provost,' said the stranger composedly, 'from the Bailies of Leith, who are fain to beseech you to yield even as they have done, and save their town from sack and ruin. Like wise men, they think it better to lose their coat than their skin.'

He turned again and uttered an order in the

foreign tongue, and there were led forward two men, with their hands tied behind them. They were dressed much like the Provost, and he readily recognised them as they were led near to be Bailies of the port of Leith, whom he knew by name.

'These honest Bailies are here with me, Provost,' said the leader, 'to tell you that their eldest sons are on board my ships as pledges for the payment of the small ransom which I have demanded of their township, and to plead with you to help them to fulfil their contract and to redeem their pledges, who else will be carried away into Moorish slavery.—Tell the Provost,' said he, addressing the unfortunate citizens, 'whether that be true or not?'

'It's ower true, Provost,' said they sadly. 'There was naething to be done but tak' what terms were offered. Beggars canna be choosers.'

'So, Provost,' broke in the leader, 'let us waste no more time, but lead on to the town, and consult with your fellows whether you will pay me my contribution or have your old town sacked.'

'I must e'en bow to needcessity,' said the Provost.—'But, saul o' me, man, I had rather fight ye with my bare nieves!'

So he led on back to the town, surrounded by the vanguard of horsemen. As they entered the Canongate, the rapid, alarm roll of a drum was heard from the town; and as they advanced between the high houses, windows were flung open and heads were protruded to survey in silent amazement the strange troop of armed men, like people from another world, who were marching up to the Nether Bow. The afflicted Provost cast up his eyes to the windows of his own house as he passed, but they showed no sign of life; and still the drum rolled, and the hum of excitement grew within the city, and the strange, turbaned men marched steadily forward to the gate, while the sun, which now shone almost directly up the Canongate, flashed on the bright weapons of the strangers—their lances, swords, and musketoons.

When the Nether Bow was reached at the bottom of the High Street, the Provost knocked at the postern for admittance. The Waiters, or porters, demurred to opening the gate for anybody: their orders were, they said, to keep it closed.

'If the gate is not opened before I count a score, I'll blow it in with my cannon!' roared the turbaned leader, and gave orders that the two pieces of artillery which his men dragged with them should be brought to bear on the gate.

After a word or two from the Provost, the gate was opened wide, and revealed a sulky, angry, amazed, but wholly obstinate crowd, chiefly of women, stretching away up the High Street. They stared at the regular armed ranks of the turbaned strangers, and scowled sulkily at the threatening cannon; but they kept their ground in silence. With orderly promptitude, the leader of the strangers posted some of his men at the gate, chose the twelve horsemen to be with himself, and drew up the remainder square-wise, with the cannon looking up the High Street. The twelve horsemen, on the requisitioned horses, gathered within the gate

about their leader, who with the Provost awaited the hurried approach of the Town-councillors. The Bailies and Councillors came fluttered more with astonishment than with fear. They made for the Provost with unrestrained demonstrations of their feeling. 'Eh, but this is a sair trial of faith, Provost!' said one. 'But whaur do they outlandish carles come frae?' demanded another.

'It would be mair seemly and conformable, friends,' said the Provost, who regretted the want of dignity shown by his colleagues of the Council, 'if we postpone the discussion of these matters till we were in the Council Chamber.'

'If you are for the Town-house, Provost,' said the leader of the strangers, 'I must e'en go with you.'

To that the poor Provost could not choose but assent; and the Council therefore led the way to the Town-house, followed by the Provost and his guardians. The crowd hustled and jostled in the narrow street; but the dark turbaned strangers looked so fierce, so warlike, and so well armed, that the boldest men and women of the crowd held their hand. Had Auld Reekie, however, had its proper complement then of fathers and sons, the strangers might have had a very bad quarter of an hour in the High Street; for the Edinburgh mob had had much experience of street-fighting, and was known to be the fiercest and most formidable of any town in Christendom. The leader of the turbaned cavaliers was probably aware of that; for he kept a shrewd, sharp eye roving restlessly round. Though there were few proper men to be seen in the crowd, he yet had the caution, when the Town-house was reached, to order two-thirds of his small troop to wheel outward and form a semicircle about the door with their lances threateningly advanced against the crowd, so that none should enter save the Council, the two Bailies from Leith, and himself and his bodyguard of four. The minister, Mr Galbraith, who had heard what was forward, hurried up to pass in, but the leader refused to admit him.

'There is no need for a clergyman, or divine, here,' said he.—'A friend of the Lord Provost? That may be; but I trow the Provost will do better in this kittle business without the Geneva bands wagging at his jowl.'

Both the minister and the crowd marvelled to hear the turbaned stranger utter such familiar speech, and they set themselves to discuss the matter. Meanwhile, the strange leader had given the Provost and Council half an hour to find him an answer, and they had retired into the Council Chamber, while he remained in an outer room in the company of his bodyguards.

'Achy!' murmured a voice at the leader's elbow, as he stood waiting and looking out of window. 'Woo'; fine woo—finer than Cheviot; and weel wove; worth a merk the ell, belike.' The leader felt a slight tugging, and turned—to see a quaint, dwarfish, barefoot creature, in a broad bonnet, fingering the material of his mantle with great interest.

'Hallo, Jockey!' exclaimed the leader, 'where have you come from?'

'Nae mair Jockey than ye're John, for a ye may think o' yoursel!' said Wattie; for it was he. 'An' ye're a gran' chield enough, I'll

allow, and weel put on.—“Jockey,” quo’ he, ruminated the creature. ‘I should ken the ring o’ the voice: an’ Embro’ voice, I’ll be sworn. Whaur the deil?’—And the leader caught him trying to get a good view of his face. He turned again and gazed full in Wattie’s eyes; but Wattie was the natural, wild kind of creature that cannot endure a direct and sustained gaze, and he turned his head sharply away with puckered brows, and seemed to look busily from the window. ‘Here’s a bonny dirdum ye’ve brought on the auld town, Captain,’ he continued. ‘But the splore would hae had another guess-look if our gutter-bloods hadna been a’ killed aff wi’ the plague.’

‘The plague, say you?’ demanded the leader. ‘Is the plague in the town?’

‘Did ye no ken?—Hoch, ay! The plague’s been haeing a gran’ time o’t in Auld Reekie: ten o’ them buried last night on the chap o’ twal: I saw to them mysel’. Your carles in the big white bonnets down at the Nether Bow, Captain, may be getting smitten at this verra minute!’ The leader again glanced at him, and again found him earnestly perusing his features. ‘Guidsakes!’ exclaimed Wattie, as he again quickly turned his head away. ‘A hereawa’ chield, I’ll be sworn! But whaur the deil?’—And his fingers burrowed in his thick mat of hair to aid recollection. ‘There’s been a rowth o’ roaring loons and scattergoods that hae loupit the law in the auld town, sin’ I can mind,’ he murmured, and again he brought his earnest scrutiny to bear on the leader’s face—who was again anxiously looking through the window—and considered it this way and that. ‘Mony and mony a loon I mind. There was Wattie Wabster had to rin for dirking a chield in the Lawnmarket; but na: he was red-headed. There was Franky Balfour, a lad frae East Lothian, had to rin for a saucy quean; but a’body kens he gaed to France in a collier, and he had tint twa front teeth in a college ploy.—Na, na. It’s no there: it’s langer syne than that.’ And again his fingers burrowed in his mat of hair, while he pondered and viewed this way and that the appearance and bearing of his tall neighbour. ‘I daursay it’s as lang syne as ten or twal’ year come Martinmas. Hech! but that was a bonny splore! Ay, and he was a black-avised loon, o’ gentle birth, if I’m no mista’en, and his name was—odsakes! what was his name? His name—ay, his name was Andrew Gray!’

At that the leader started from his anxious reverie, and demanded: ‘Andrew Gray? What’s that about Andrew Gray? Oh, ay, Jockey, I’ve heard something of an Andrew Gray. What’s the tale you have about him in the town? Out with it now, before the Council comes, and—hark ye, Jockey!—neither add to nor abate from the truth as you remember it.’

‘I see nae good it would do me to tell ye aught but the truth, John,’ answered Wattie.

‘John?’ queried the other.

‘If I’m Jockey, ye’re John,’ answered Wattie in grim offence.

‘So like the obstinate old town!’ murmured the other. ‘But go on: to your tale.’

‘Weel, ten or twal’ year syne come Martinmas—ay, it’ll be twal’ year—there was a grand

splore about the Kirk and the Bishops, and the King and the Titulars—I canna mind what it was a’ about, for there’s been sae mony splores and tuilzies about a’ that kind o’ business—but it was a grand splore—ay, man, a mighty splore and a mickle bleeze; for what did the loons and the clamjamfrie led on by Andrew Gray do but mak’ a raid on the Lord Provost’s house? Ay, guidsakes! they attackit, and sackit, and brunt the Provost’s house!’

‘Well? well?’ said the other impatiently.

‘Andrew Gray, you tell me, did that?’

‘I’ll no say that Andrew Gray did that wi’ his ain hand—for it would do me nae good to tell ye aught but the truth—but Andrew Gray was the head and leader o’ the rabblement and the wild loons that did it. And he was ta’en and judged in the Court o’ Justiciar, and he was sentenced to be hangit. But he got awa’, man—he got awa’! It was a sair mishanter; for he’d ha’ made a bonny corp’.

‘But how did he get away?’ demanded the other.

‘Ow,’ answered Wattie, ‘he just disappeared frae the Tolbooth—wowf! flisk! and awa’!—and there was the wuddie (gallows) without him! And there’s been neither word, smell, nor snift o’ him since!’ And Wattie gave his listener a very sharp, sidelong look.

‘And that’s all—is it? Was it never kenned wha—was nobody ever suspected of helping him to escape?’

‘Deil a body! A lot o’ gentle and half-gentle folk banged their loudest at the doors o’ the judges to get him aff; but, na’—

‘I’ve heard,’ said the other, ‘that—that Andrew Gray was just a wild, hot-headed loon that meant no harm, and that there was one or two even in the Town-council who thought he should not have been so severely sentenced.’

‘Ay, troth, ane there was, I mind! Nae mair than ane, as I’m a sinner! And that was Baillie Wishart: him that’s now the Lord Provost. What the deil’s come to me that I should hae forgotten that?’

‘Now Lord Provost, is he?’ exclaimed the other.

He had but uttered the words, when the door of the Council Chamber opened, and the Lord Provost came forth, followed sadly by the Council.

A FISH WITH A HISTORY.

THE Reptile House at the Zoological Gardens in London contains many creatures which have no claims or even pretensions to be considered reptiles. Among these is the African ‘Protopterus,’ which, even on the most liberal interpretation of the term, cannot be called a reptile. It is, however, undoubtedly one of the most interesting of the varied inhabitants of that institution. Though not a reptile, it is hard to say exactly what it is. It looks like a cross between a fish and an amphibian, with a strong flavouring of something altogether nondescript. That is perhaps the fairest definition that can be given. Its exterior is on the whole fish-

like; but its interior is as decidedly built on the plan of that of a newt; while its weak and thread-like fins are like nothing at all in particular. The *Protopterus* has a more interesting cousin in America, which enjoyed the distinction for some time of being at least semi-mythical; for this reason it collected round itself a variety of legends, which are still hardly dispelled. The animal in question is known technically as the '*Lepidosiren*;' and to some naturalists it was a kind of zoological Mrs Harris. Its very existence as distinct from the African Mudfish was denied. Lately, however, it has been discovered that in certain parts bordering on the river Paraguay, in South America, the fish is, and has been for long, an article of food not by any manner of means *recherché*. This being so, it is probable that the African fish at the Zoo will soon be reinforced by the arrival of its American relatives. So rare, however, was the American *Lepidosiren*, that in the year 1887 only four specimens were known in European museums; and on the principle that no prophet has honour in his own country, there were none at all in the Museum of Rio de Janeiro.

But though there were not any individuals in museums in South America, there was an immense amount of floating information respecting the creature. In some of the deep lakes in Brazil a monster was reported to exist 'black, short, but of an enormous thickness.' This description, though alluring to the naturalist, is calculated to appal the average person who is not a savant. And besides, the habits of the mysterious animal were on a par with its apparently gloomy and ferocious aspect. Like the celebrated 'Snapping-turtle,' it was said by the natives to seize and devour horses and horned cattle. The unfortunate beasts, when swimming a river or drinking at the margin of a lake, suddenly and quietly disappeared; the fish gripped them beneath, and never showed itself above the surface.

There is a fell American fish which really does do a considerable damage to such large animals; this is, of course, the Electric Eel; but everybody is agreed that an eel can have no possible relations to a *Lepidosiren*; confused though zoological classification is apt to be, and changeable, this much is certain. Still, the eel in question may have afforded a part of the whole, which is termed the '*Minhocao*.' The mythical creature is very probably a kind of mermaid, constructed from diverse elements of the more deadly inhabitants of the rivers and lakes of Brazil. The word *Minhocao* applied to the reputed fish really signifies, in the Portuguese language, 'large earthworm.' The name probably gave a different turn to the legends; for a story was told, some few years since, that in the same part of the South American Continent a huge creature was heard and seen to force its way through the dried-up mud of the margin of a swamp, its progress being rendered

audible and visible by the tearing-up of such trees, of whatever size, as happened to come in its way.

Now, even this behaviour does not by any means put altogether out of court the possibility of a great fish like the *Lepidosiren*. In tropical Africa, the *Protopterus* has occasionally to suffer the apparent inconvenience of a complete drought. It often lives in rivers which the torrid sun of Africa dries up for a part of the year. Nature, however, has provided the fish with an excellent way of coping with this seeming difficulty to its continuity as a species. When the water supply begins to fail, and its failure begins to be felt, the fish calmly proceeds to fabricate for itself, out of a mixture of slime and mud, a case which has been called a 'cocoon.' Within this cocoon the fish can live securely, free from any persecution by enemies, who would at once pounce upon such a fish out of water. It can breathe, though probably it does not breathe very much during this estivation, through the chinks and crannies of its manufactured home; but the air thus used does not supply the gills which it has in common with all other fish; the beast has lungs like those of the higher animals in general, and of the simple amphibia in particular. When the welcome rains descend, and the mud is again diluted, the fish wakens up from its enforced torpor, and swims freely about, a fish in reality.

It requires no great amount of theory to suppose that the American *Lepidosiren*, which is very near, indeed, to its African connection, has a similar capacity for triumphing over the general defects of the piscine organisation. If so, we have at once an explanation of the subterranean monster which terrified the imported negro. Start with an animal six feet long, and add a trifle for fear, and another trifle for natural exaggeration, inherent in the Caucasian mind, and possibly also in that of the negro, and at once a very respectable creature is created. So entirely at their ease are the Mudfish of Africa in their extemporised dwelling-place, that a number were lately exported, and arrived safely at the Zoological Gardens in London, where, on being placed in water, they crawled out and began to swim about.

Descending from the regions of sheer imagination to those of sober fact, it is a matter of the highest interest that these two peculiar types of fish—if we may so call them—occur on both sides of the Atlantic. The only explanations of this fact are either intense conservatism on the part of the fish, or extreme mobility on the part of the continents of Africa and America. We must either call in the aid of a vanished Atlantis, or believe that the fish slowly journeyed by a kind of North-west Passage from one continent to the other. Scientific opinion happens to be just at present in a convenient state of flux; either hypothesis would secure adherents. On the one hand, we know well that the fish is of ancient lineage and conservative in its characters; it has come down to us from very early times, with many of its present characteristics. On the other hand, opinion is growing in favour of a passage of land from Africa to South America by way

of the Antarctic Continent, about which we have been hearing so much lately—a far better way of transit than the roundabout route by the North Pole.

THE BEAUTY OF VOSS.

By CHARLES EDWARDES.

I.

SIEGFRIED NANSEN was known as 'the Beauty of Voss' far and wide. Even in Bergen, they would have known whom you meant, if you had so referred to her. She was twenty-one, and just orphaned. Her eyes were of the common Norwegian blue: a clear honest colour. She was, besides, tall and well shaped, almost stately in her demeanour, and with a complexion that many a fashionable lady would have given thousands of crowns to be able to rival for even but a year.

She was as good a girl as most Norwegian dale-bred damsels. Her career had been uneventful and happy. She was duly confirmed, like other girls, and on that most solemn occasion her eyes had overflowed with simple tears of happiness. Her gratitude for the privilege of living was very sincere. In her heart, while the Prost gave her his blessing, she solemnly made a vow that she would thwart her parents in nothing. They had done much for her. She was ready and eager to do all for them that she could. This was when she was sixteen, and already notorious for her beauty. What cared she for such fame at that time? She meant to be good and dutiful. The manner in which the young men of the valley looked at her on Sundays when she approached the church with the other girls of the village, rather confused than delighted her.

And so for the next three years she milked her father's kine, worked among the hay of the Voss meadows—fine and deep with grass, some of them—and enjoyed winter and summer alike.

Once her father mentioned marriage in her presence. But Siegfried's mother, a masterful woman, cut him short. 'Don't put notions into the lass's head,' she exclaimed somewhat angrily. 'I've plans for her—by-and-by.'

Fru Nansen was not a very tender mother. She had come from Bergen, where she had been maid-servant in an hotel. With other things, she had learned in the town that a pretty face can be turned to excellent account. She had not the least idea of allowing her husband to marry Siegfried out of hand to Olaus Christisen, just because the lad declared he loved her better than his own mother, and would live and die for her if she would let him. Olaus was a worthy young fellow, three years Siegfried's senior. But he was only the third son of his father, who had a small farm; and his position in the world was yet to make.

Mrs Nansen reckoned she had a better match in store for Siegfried in Henrik Pegner, the rich bonder under Swartefjeld; and she meant it to come to pass. Pegner was forty, and already twice a widower. But what of that? He had seen Siegfried at village festivals, and,

greatly enamoured of her, like the shrewd, sensible fellow he was, had straightway won the suffrages of her mother. Fru Nansen was a vain, headstrong, and rather ill-tempered woman, and she could not resist the sly blandishments of Bonder Pegner, or the gold brooch with a pearl in the middle which he had ventured to offer her at Yuletide.

As for Siegfried, do what she could to keep her heart absolutely impartial and indifferent to mankind, she could not help being terrified when her mother left her alone with Herr Pegner, and being strangely glad when Olaus and she were alone.

Pegner was not an elegant wooer. He was too old, he said, for that sort of thing. He had spent all his nice phrases and pretty smiles upon his two deceased wives. Would Siegfried take them for granted? he asked. Nothing contented the girl better than to do this: and she hoped he would take himself off afterwards. But no; the man must needs tell off on finger and thumb the worth of his farm, the number of his cows (with their names), and the quantity of milk and wool which he thought a fair average income of produce from his various quadrupeds.

'No doubt about it,' he would then exclaim, with a chuckle and a satisfied stroking of his long red cheeks, 'but there's a good living for a woman in my place.'

The odd thing was that, though he beat about the bush in this coarse way, he did not ask Siegfried outright to marry him. Most men, with his opportunities, would have done it, despite Fru Nansen's wish that he should bide his time till the girl was two-and-twenty.

On the other hand, one June night, when all Voss was *en fête*, and the meadows were full of pleasure-seekers, at eleven o'clock in the mild light of a midsummer gloaming, young Olaus could not control himself. 'Siegfried,' he said to the tired girl, 'I will accompany you home, and you shall go to bed and sleep; but first— Oh, how I wish I were as rich as—as—Bonder Pegner, whom I detest.'

'Why do you detest Henrik Pegner, Olaus?' asked the girl, with some surprise.

'Because he—he loves you, Siegfried,' stammered the lad; 'and because I do too, though I am so much poorer than he is, and therefore not at all likely to gain your mother's consent.'

The girl hung her head and felt warm all over. Then she looked up sideways. 'You love me, Olaus?' she whispered, with a crimson face, to which the midsummer twilight gave a saintly beauty.

'I shall die if I cannot marry you—or at least I shall go to America, which is 'the same thing,' exclaimed the lad.

The girl said nothing. They walked on until they had distanced all the others, and were in the pine forest just to the north of Voss. Then, when Olaus's feelings had nearly overmastered him, Siegfried again peeped at him sideways. 'Olaus,' she said quietly, 'you need not go to America for me.'

He hesitated a moment, and then, well, he took Siegfried in his arms and kissed her again and again. As for Siegfried, she felt that her

cup of happiness was full. And of this she was convinced when the next day she told her father what had happened, and Nansen said that Olaus was a good lad, and he had no objection to him. Siegfried's father was not a very strong-minded man. He did not, in the face of the girl's sweet illusion (as he feared it might be), like to mention her mother and the scheme that was concerned with Herr Pegner. He was a bit of a domestic coward.

'I tell you, Siegfried, I think very well of Olaus—a fine strong fellow as ever was. I'd say "Yes" with all my heart, by-and-by.'

That was enough for the girl; she whispered not a word of it to her mother, and lived in a maiden vision of felicity for just four-and-twenty hours. Then they brought Nansen home on a couple of turf creels bound together. He had had a fit in the fields. That night he died, without having spoken an intelligible word. The people of Voss were always of opinion, they said, that Nansen was not sound in health. His sudden death was not, therefore, surprising. It was a sad affair, of course—very. But it would have been a deal sadder for the 'Beauty of Voss'—of whom they were so proud—if it had been the mother instead of the father. Fru Nansen was as rare a woman as Herr Nansen had been unobtrusive and unsuccessful (speaking comparatively) as a man.

The funeral was, for Voss, almost a grand spectacle, and the pastor, good man, spoke many comforting words at the grave-side, where Fru Nansen shed more tears than she had ever shed in her life. There was not much genuine sorrow at the source of these tears. Still, she could not help missing the man over whom, for more than twenty years, she had exercised a rule of iron.

A week later, young Olaus, who had been in Bergen to see if he could anyhow become partner in a herring-boat, paid the dame a solemn visit.

'Well, Olaus Christisen,' said Fru Nansen, as she whisked a fly from her nice widow's cap—'what have you got to say so very special?'

The lady's manner oppressed the young man. He meant to be diplomatic, and set his hopes before her in convincing array. He had almost succeeded in getting hired by a Tromsø man with a fleet of five 'hearty boats.' Upon the strength of this, he already saw himself a rich Bergen merchant, with a comfortable banker's balance, due to stock-fish and cod-liver oil.

As it was, however, Bonder Pegner's disagreeable, prosperous form came to his mind, and the sense of humility by contrast made him look and feel foolish. 'I want,' he said, 'that is, I should like, dear, honoured Fru Nansen'—

'Come, come!' interrupted the dame. 'I can see through you like glass. You may as well say you want Siegfried, and get it over.'

'That is it,' cried the young man, elatedly.

'The more fool you, Olaus Christisen, and so there's an end of it. I don't bring only children into the world to give them in marriage to young men with nothing to speak

of.—Good-afternoon to you—I have my bread to see to.'

'But'—began the youth.

'There's no "but" in it; and that's all I have to say to you on the subject.'

As Fru Nansen went out of the room, leaving Olaus alone with a tobacco plant, a tame magpie, and a cat, which seemed considerably afraid of the magpie's bill, there was no rejoinder possible. Olaus therefore snatched up his cap, and went into the open air at enmity with the world.

'She won't hear of it,' he blurted out to Siegfried, who was waiting for him under a cherry tree.

The girl looked sad for a moment. Then, seeing tears in Olaus's eyes, she quietly offered him her handkerchief. 'We must hope for the best,' she whispered; and somehow, when the young man heard her, he felt that all was not lost. There was a decision about the girl's voice that declared her her mother's daughter.

II.

Six months passed—for Olaus, six cruel months of doubt and despair in alternation. Voss was white, instead of green. The mountains and the lake, and the valley which ran from the lake toward Stalheim, were all deep in snow. One day the weather was bright and nipping, and the mild sun just peeped over the mountain tops to look at the snug little village by the lake-side. The next, the snow was driving as in Norway it well knows how to drive. The people attended church in sledges, and great was the concourse of goloshes, of Scotch manufacture, usually to be beheld in the church porch on Sunday mornings. In short, winter was in full swing, and the villagers who were so unfortunate as to die were not even able to be buried; they were stacked stiff and stark in their coffins in the little mortuary house adjacent to the church, there to stay until the frost went out of the ground, and the snow lifted its deep mantle therefrom.

To Olaus it seemed that his hopes were no nearer fruition than ever they had been. The widow Nansen was ice-cold and contemptuous whenever she was obliged to say a word to him. Nor had Siegfried much positive encouragement to offer him. Again and again he had said, 'I shall go to Tromsø in the spring.' But though his sweetheart could not announce that she had won her mother to her and his side, the smile with which she was wont to urge him to be patient yet a little longer, gradually became more confident.

'I cannot think, Siegfried,' said Olaus one day in a pet, 'how you can take it so easily.'

They had met by sweet chance at the apothecary's shop, and the apothecary, who was a sympathetic young man, and quite understood Olaus's wink of entreaty, had left them and his drugs together.

'No!' rejoined Siegfried with the far-away look in her blue eyes which at times vastly annoyed her lover.

'No, I cannot. And that beast Pegner always in the house! I heard his sledge-bells this morning when I was chopping

wood, and the wickedness of Cain swelled in my bosom at the sound. I believe, Siegfried dearest, if he had come my way at that moment, I should have cleft his skull.'

'That would have been murder, and they would have imprisoned you for life.'

'I do not care.'

'But I do, you mad-minded fellow. Pegner is still in the house.'

Olaus raised his hard-palmed hands to his forehead, as if to keep his brain from bursting out of its bone mansion.

'With my mother,' added Siegfried.

'May the devil'—began Olaus.

But the girl put her mittened hand to his mouth. 'Hush!' she whispered. 'You are certainly not so clever at understanding things as some young men would be. How is it, Olaus?'

'How is it? How the plague can I tell! Let me go and slay him out of the way.'

'And break my mother's heart?' said Siegfried, with a sweet coquettish smile on her pretty red lips.

'And yours too, I begin to think!' sighed the thick-headed young man. After which he plodded into the snow again, and left the girl ungallantly to find her way home by herself.

But Siegfried understood Olaus, and she would not really have exchanged his stupidity for all the learning of a University Professor of Christiania.

She re-entered the house, and stole away to the back, where the cat was seen washing its paws on the doorstep and looking discontentedly at the snow; while the magpie jerked its tail up and down as it fluttered from chimney-pot to roof-line and exchanged remarks with another magpie not yet domesticated. Here she did much household work, singing gently to herself all the time. Now and then, her mother's laughter could be heard; and occasionally such explicit words as 'Oh, dear Herr Pegner, how entertaining you are! I never met so agreeable a man as you.' She also said, more than once, 'My late man, Nansen, was a fool to you, Herr Pegner!' But Siegfried did not hear this remark, which would not have pleased her.

Pegner stayed till supper, and Siegfried waited on them both. At times, the honest bonder might have been seen looking from Fru Nansen to Siegfried, and from Siegfried to Fru Nansen, in a curious manner.

The dame noticed it, and asked what he was thinking of.

'I was confused-like,' he said. 'It is so difficult for a plain man like me to know which is the mother and which the daughter.'

'That's capital, Herr Pegner,' laughed Siegfried.

As for Fru Nansen, she looked as pleased as a baby with its first rattle.

At parting, the bonder kissed Fru Nansen on the cheek, and would have saluted Siegfried in the same manner, only she avoided the courtesy. The girl was very happy.

'You guess,' said Fru Nansen afterwards, not without embarrassment, 'what has occurred, do you not, Siegfried?'

'I think so, mother. A thousand felicita-

'Thank you, child.' He is a worthy fellow, and in such excellent circumstances. His other wives did not manage him properly, I fancy. We shall see what we shall see. But there's one thing I am a little distressed about. It would hardly do, my dear child, to have you in the house. I think you will be very happy with your uncle Jens at Eide.'

'No; I should not, mother.'

'Bless the child, what a positive tone she has!'

'I think I am in the right of it, then. You have deprived me of Pegner'—

'I deprived you! Why, my dear Siegfried, he was never seriously taken with you.'

'O—h! I tell you what, mother; I am going round to the Christisens. I know it is late; but poor Olaus has had so much disappointment lately, that I can't help giving him this good news as soon as possible.'

Fru Nansen sat and pursed her lips meditatively. It was wonderful what a strong spirit this pretty daughter of hers had developed of late. Such a spirit was not to be tolerated in Pegner's household—that was positive. Then her thoughts centred upon the Eide uncle. The man was fond of corn-brandy—too fond of it, by far. After all, Olaus was a broad-shouldered, steady-going lad. Besides, Pegner was wanting a steward for his little milk-farm by Tvinde. There was a snug cottage to it and some good mark-land into the bargain. Why should they not have it? How charming it would be to have both weddings on the same day!

'Very well, Siegfried—if the snow isn't too bad, run and fetch him in,' said Fru Nansen.

That day month the name of Nansen became extinct in Voss, and the 'Beauty of Voss' was led beamingly to Tvinde amid the usual gala ceremonies.

VILLANELLE.

Down the dear old lane where we always meet,
With its hedges tall and its grassy way,
Comes Ethel, blushing, her lover to greet.

The bracken is tall and the wild-rose sweet,
And the air is scented with new-mown hay,
Down the dear old lane where we always meet.

In a simple frock, so pretty and neat,
With a face as fresh and fair as the day,
Comes Ethel, blushing, her lover to greet.

There's an old gray stone makes a mossy seat,
With a bank behind where butterflies stray,
Down the dear old lane where we always meet.

Daintily tripping on dainty wee feet,
With an innocent haste that brooks no delay,
Comes Ethel, blushing, her lover to greet.

There's a thrill that quickens my heart's quick beat,
And I fain would think 'twill ever be May:
Down the dear old lane where we always meet
Comes Ethel, blushing, her lover to greet.

HOLT SHAFTO.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 559.—VOL. XI.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1894.

PRICE 1½d.

AN OLD ENGLISH SPORT: HAWKING.

THE pursuit of Hawking may be said to have become well-nigh as extinct in England as the nobler varieties of hawks themselves. Occasionally, indeed, the pastime is taken up for a while by some one possessed of the requisite leisure and capacity for training the birds, with the result that a reasonable amount of amusement is obtained. But whether from the scarcity of herons—owing to the better drainage of the country—the absence of professional falconers, the difficulty of securing trained falcons, or from some other causes, the fact remains that this fascinating recreation of the middle ages has practically died out in England; nor does there seem to be any prospect of it ever regaining a permanent footing amongst us. This is much to be regretted. How much of the charm of outdoor life in medieval times was connected with the sport! The baronial castle, with its bright assemblage of knights and ladies thronging forth to pursue the wild heron or fleet hare—the excitement of the chase—the pleasure derived from noting the keen swoop of a falcon or the wily turning of the quarry: such is the scene again and again presented to us in the earlier literature. How many of Shakespeare's and Chaucer's expressions are only intelligible to us from a study of the terms used in hawking! Many of our every-day English and French words, as every reader of Skeat and Brachet will recognise, are derived from this sport, although they may have travelled far from their original meaning. Only to quote, amongst crowds of others, such words as *haggard*, *hire*, and *mews*, in the first language; and *acharné*, *déluré*, in the second. The word *mews* has indeed entirely transferred its meaning from a place where hawks are kept, to a building set apart for horses. The royal mews, where the king's hawks were formerly kept, stood once on the ground now occupied by the National Gallery, close to Charing Cross.

As early as Saxon times, hawking seems to have been established in our island. In a letter addressed to St Boniface, Archbishop of Mayence, King Ethelbert writes, asking for two falcons to fly at the crane, 'for there are very few birds of use for this flight in our own country' (Kent). An historian of the time says of King Alfred: 'His felicity in hunting and hawking, as well as in all other gifts of God, was really incomparable, as I have myself often seen.' William of Malmesbury thus describes Edward the Confessor's love of hunting and hawking: 'It was his chiefest delight to follow a pack of swift hounds in pursuit of their game, and to cheer them with his voice; or to attend the flight of hawks taught to pursue and catch their kindred birds. Every day, after divine service, he took the field, and spent his time in these beloved sports.' It was during Saxon times, too, that the monks of Abingdon found it necessary to procure a charter from the king to restrain the practice, in order to prevent their lands from being trampled on.

Every Welsh chieftain kept a large number of hawks; and in the tenth century the sport seems to have been greatly in favour in that kingdom. The 'master of the hawks' was the fourth officer in rank and dignity, and sat in the fourth place from the sovereign at the royal table. He was permitted to drink no more than three times, lest he should neglect his birds; and when more than usually successful, the Prince was obliged by law to rise up and receive him as he entered the hall. It is said that a British chief, Galfredus, was struck on the head and killed by an angry woman, because his hawk had seized one of her fowls. The Princes of the Norman dynasty pursued hunting with great enthusiasm. In the Bayeux Tapestry, Harold may be remarked with a sparrow-hawk on his wrist. From the date of Henry I. and during many subsequent reigns, offences against the Crown were punished by a fine of many

hawks. In Stephen's reign, a noble was fined one hundred Norway hawks and as many gerfalcons, of which four of the former and six of the latter were to be white. Laws were passed making it felony to steal a trained hawk, and subjecting offenders to fine and imprisonment. It was also an offence to take the eggs of the bird. In the time of Henry VII. it was enacted that no one should fly a native hawk; but if he wanted a hawk, must import one from abroad. Frequently hawks were given as presents by our kings to foreign Princes, and also received in return. Edward I. received, in 1276, eight gray and three white gerfalcons from the king of Norway, some of which he seems to have sent to the king of Castile, since a letter of his to that sovereign runs: 'We sent you four gray gerfalcons, two of which are trained to fly at crane; and having already lost nine white falcons, we have none of these at present to offer. Meanwhile, we have sent some of our people to Norway to fetch some.' In 1517 we find the Muscovite ambassador having audience with the king, and bringing presents of furs and hawks, with coats embroidered with pearls. Pepys, describing the entry of the Russian ambassador into London, writes: 'I could not see the ambassador in his coat, but his attendants in their habits and fur caps; very handsome, comely men, and most of them with hawks on their fists, to present to the king.' Many anecdotes of the English kings' love of hawking are extant from the earliest times. We read that when Henry II. was at Pembroke, on the way to Ireland, he chanced to see a fine falcon on a crag, and let loose upon it a half-bred Norway hawk. The falcon, however, became in turn the assailant, and stooping from aloft with great fury on the king's hawk, laid it dead at Henry's feet. From that time the king used to send every year for young falcons from the cliffs of South Wales.

Richard I., when in the Holy Land, amused himself with hawking on the Plain of Sharon, and is said to have presented some of these birds to the Sultan. Later on, while passing through Dalmatia, he carried off a falcon which he saw in one of the villages, and refused to give it up. He was attacked so furiously by the justly incensed villagers, that it was with the utmost difficulty that he managed to make his escape. King John used to send both to Ireland and to Norway for his hawks. We are told by Froissart that when Edward III. invaded France, he had thirty falcons, and every day either hunted or went to the river for the purpose of hawking. Henry VII. imported goshawks from France, giving four pounds for a single bird—a much greater sum in those days than at present. Henry VIII. whilst hawking at Hitchin was leaping a dyke, when the pole broke, and the king was immersed head

first into the mud, and would have perished, in all probability, had not his falconer dragged him out. Elizabeth and James I. were much interested in the sport; the latter sovereign, indeed, expended considerable sums on its maintenance. Aubrey, in his *Miscellanies*, says: 'When I was a freshman at Oxford, I was wont to go to Christ Church to see Charles I. at supper, where I once heard him say that as he was hawking in Scotland he rode into the quarry, and there found the covey of partridges falling upon the hawk; and I remember his expression further, "And I will swear upon the Book 'tis true."'

It was said that not long before the death of Charles I., a sparrow-hawk escaped from its perch and pitched upon one of the iron crowns of the White Tower, where, entangling its leash in the crown, it hung by the heels and died. This was regarded at the time as a very ominous circumstance. The last member of the royal family who is said to have received hawks from abroad was Frederick, Prince of Wales, son of George II., who occupied the palace of Durdans, near Epsom, now the residence of Lord Rosebery. The quarry at which the hawks were flown varied with the breed of falcon employed. The peregrine was generally used to attack rooks, crows, or magpies; the gerfalcons would be flown at herons and cranes; while the goshawk, a more sluggish bird, would suffice for partridges and rabbits. The tiny merlin, which was the ladies' favourite bird, would be used for smaller game, such as black-birds or larks. Further information about hawks and hawking may be found in Mr Harting's interesting book and lectures, from which we have largely quoted; whilst an excellent account of the 'History of Hawking in Norfolk,' down to the present century, is given by Professor Alfred Newton in a pamphlet on Lubbock's Fauna of that county. The latter writer gives an amusing extract from Blome's 'Gentlemen's Recreation,' which quaintly describes the way in which the kite—itsself a species of hawk—was assailed by the falcon: 'There is a pretty way for the flying of a kite which affords good diversion; it is thus performed: Get an owl, and tie a small fox-tail, or some such device, to one of her legs, that she may not give you the go-by; and, being in the field, the day being warm and clear, you will soon discover a kite cooling herself in the air; then let your owl fly, and the kite will not fail to make haste to gaze upon her; and when the kite is descended pretty near her, then let fly your hawk, and the kite, perceiving the surprise, doth endeavour to preserve herself by mounting up and winding the most she can; and here the combat begins; but oftentimes none can see when it ends—both mount out of sight. But in the end the hawk becomes

victor, and by main strength and courage beats down the kite, yet not without many turns and wrenches in the air; to the great pleasure of the spectators.'

THE LAWYER'S SECRET.*

CHAPTER XIII.—FOUND DEAD.

POLICE constable Q99 (known as Pirret to his friends and acquaintances) was often heard to say that he considered his beat in Chancery Lane one of the best in London, certainly the best in the Q Division. At night the pavements were deserted, save in one or two small side-streets, inhabited chiefly by office-cleaners and their families. All through the day the streets were filled with lawyers and lawyers' clerks, patent agents, and clients, who never gave policeman Pirret any trouble, except by calling on him to act as arbitrator in the case of a disputed cab fare.

On the evening of Thursday, the 14th of September, Constable Q99 was pacing down Norfolk Street in his usual leisurely manner. It had been an unusually quiet day—quiet to dullness. There was a sunset somewhere, far beyond those smoke-grimed walls and lofty chimneys, and a reflected radiance shone through the stifling, smoky air. It was not hot; but there was no vitality in the air; it seemed to have been breathed over and over again until the oxygen had gone out of it; and the policeman felt tired and languid, though he did not know why.

He was just thinking that it was possible for a beat to be too quiet, when he noticed a woman, a stout, elderly woman, a few yards ahead of him, come hastily down the steps of the block of buildings known as No. 9. She was behaving in a peculiar way—running (when she got to the street), and then stopping short in an aimless fashion, uttering incoherent cries, and moving her hands, clasped in front of her, up and down, as if they were being worked by a machine.

In another moment she had caught sight of the policeman, and began running towards him. Constable Pirret did not quicken his pace by a fraction of an inch per second.

'Well, my woman, what's up now?'

'Oh dear me, it gave me such a turn!'

'What gave you such a turn?'

'It's that sudden. To be took off like that, without, you may say, a moment's warning! And him so well this morning, ever so much better!'

'I can't make out what you mean to be at. Speak plain, can't you? Is anybody dead?'

'Yes, he's dead. Oh dear! Oh dear me!'

'Who is dead?'

'Mr Felix, as lives at No 9. I went in to get him his dinner, as he wasn't able to go out, and I found him lying on the couch, stone-dead! Oh deary me!'

'Show me the way,' said the policeman sternly.

Already a few messengers and junior clerks

on their way home had collected to listen to what the woman had to say; and they followed at a respectful distance, knowing that if they pressed too close, they would be driven off.

'I seem to know your face,' said the constable to his companion.

'Bird is my name,' answered the woman. 'I've been laundress to Mr Felix, and done for him, this fifteen years past o' Chrissmiss; and now, to think of him lying there dying all by hisself'—

'There—that'll do,' said Mr Pirret, who was superior to irrelevant sentiments.

Mrs Bird had left the door of the lawyer's office open. She and the constable passed through the clerks' room and the solicitor's private room to the dining-room. The fireplace was on the left-hand side of the room; and on the right hand was a small table with a tray containing dishes, among them a water carafe and a tumbler. Between this table and the fireplace was a writing-table with a tall back, containing pigeon-holes for papers. Close to the writing-desk the constable noticed a japanned tin-box, closed, but not locked.

Beyond the writing-table, and nearly opposite the fireplace, was a small, old-fashioned 'claw-foot' table, large enough to hold a tray for a meal, or writing materials. And beyond that, again, on the other side of the fireplace, was a couch—a couch with the form of a man on it, apparently sleeping.

Mrs Bird remained near the door. The policeman advanced, and touched the man's face. It was already cold.

'We must send for a doctor,' exclaimed the policeman. 'We must have a doctor, even if he can't do no good, for there must be a hink-quest, that's plain.—Where's the nearest doctor, Mrs Bird? Run and fetch him—take a cab, if it's any distance. I'll stay here till you come back.'

In less than a quarter of an hour the doctor had arrived—a toilworn, careworn man of fifty.

'I am Dr Macleod,' he said to the constable. 'Where is?—Ah! I see.' He bent down over the prostrate form on the couch, and made a short examination. 'I should say it's all over with him. Overdose of some narcotic, I fancy. But we must try and bring him to. I'll do what I can at once, and then you had better take him to a hospital. He can't be properly treated here.'

A stretcher and an ambulance were fetched; and the lifeless body of Mr Felix was taken to the Great Northern Hospital. It was not long, however, before the surgeons desisted from their labours. It was useless. James Felix had gone to his account.

Dr Macleod had left some of his belongings in the room where the body was found, and he went back for them on his way home. He found a small crowd outside the door; and upstairs another smaller crowd was lingering near the door of the office. Inside, Constable Pirret was standing on guard. An Inspector of Police had just arrived. He was making a tour of the room and of the bedroom beyond, poking here and there. Dr Macleod and he had met over police cases before, and they nodded each other a greeting.

* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

'Any hope of restoring him?' asked the Inspector.

The doctor shook his head. 'He's as dead as ever he will be,' was the answer.

'What do they make out he died of?'

'An overdose of some preparation of cocaine, I fancy.'

The Inspector started, straightened himself up, and looked straight at the doctor. 'Sure of that?' he inquired.

'I fancy there's little doubt of it. But why do you ask?'

'We must find out who gave it him—that's all.'

'He took it himself, most likely.'

'No; he didn't.'

'How do you know that, Clarke?'

'Because there isn't a phial here with any trace of such a thing about it, as far as I can see. There's a tumbler over there with a few drops of water left in it. And there's a cup that has had soup or beef-tea in it. Of course, what is there must be analysed. But I can find no phial with any narcotic in it. That shows that somebody must have given him the drug, doesn't it? If he had taken it himself, the phial would have been here.'

'He may have sent out for some, and the clerk or servant who fetched it may have taken away the empty phial.'

'Oh, that's possible enough. I only mean that we must make some inquiries, and find out how it actually happened.'

During this conversation, the two men had passed through the office and gained the door. A few clerks and loungers, with a number of women employed to clean offices, were gathered in the passage.

'Are any of you clerks in this office?' demanded the Inspector.

'No, sir,' promptly responded a voice.

The police-officer looked sharply round, and his eyes met those of a boy of fourteen who stood almost at his elbow. The boy had a small, pale face, without a particle of shyness or reserve—the face of an eager, restless, precocious London youth.

'What do you know about it?' said the Inspector roughly.

'I know wot you asked, and I give you an answer,' answered the boy, in a tone of injured dignity. 'I'm a clerk in there, Touchpenny & Diggs—he pointed across the passage as he spoke—and I know the clerks belonging to this office—Father Matthew, an' Lardy Dardy Dan. They ain't neither of 'em 'ere.'

'Do you know where they live?'

'No.'

'When did they leave?'

'Lardy Dardy Dan'—

'Speak a little more respectfully, my lad.'

'Dan O'Leary's away on his holidays.'

'Well—he isn't the only clerk, I suppose?'

'There's only one more, old Matthew Fane. He was out part of the afternoon, but he left about five o'clock, as usual.'

'Is that the usual time for closing solicitors' offices?' This was said with a sidelong look of deep cunning, as if the Inspector was convinced that the lad was trying to deceive him.

'It is, about here, in the middle of September.'

The Inspector threw an inquiring look at the constable, who nodded a corroboration of the boy's statement.

'There was a lady come about 'arf-past three'—continued the lad.

'How do you know that?' interrupted Clarke.

'If you like, I'll show you,' said the boy; 'but will you let me go to the hinkwest? I heard them say there's sure to be a hinkwest.'

'You'll be called as a witness, if you have anything to tell the jury,' answered the police-officer diplomatically.

'Get her to open the office then—Touchpenny's, I mean—and I'll show you how.' As the lad spoke, he nodded in the direction of one of the office-cleaners; and the Inspector beckoned to her to open the door of Mr Touchpenny's office.

Once inside, the boy went straight to a small airless den, not quite four feet by three, furnished with a high narrow desk and a high stool. This box was separated from the passage outside by a partition, the upper part of which was of glass, painted white, so as to prevent any one outside seeing into the office. The office-boy, however, had scratched a tiny hole in the paint at such a height above the level of his desk that, while apparently bending over his work, he enjoyed a view of the passage outside, and could amuse himself by watching the various visitors as they came and went. This hole in the paint the boy pointed out to the Inspector; and the policeman saw at once that a person might have visited Mr Felix and thought himself unobserved, while the lad's sharp eye had been upon him all the time.

'Well, I can't stop any longer now,' said the Inspector. 'Mind you're here at half-past nine to-morrow morning.—What's your name, by the way?'

'Atkins, sir—Edward Leopold Atkins.'

'Very good, Edward Leopold Atkins. You give the policeman your address, and see that I find you here at half-past nine to-morrow morning.'

Master Atkins, who now found himself a public character, and the object of envy to all the junior clerks of the street, was punctual next morning. He overtook Inspector Clarke just as he reached the landing at the top of the stairs. 'Oh, you're there, are you?' growled the Inspector. He had a rooted dislike to boys in general, and to sharp lads like Mr Edward Atkins in particular. 'I hadn't time to talk to you last night; but I want you to give me an exact account of the people who came to see Mr Felix yesterday, as far as you know. Now the clerk, you said, left about five?'

'Yes, sir; and here he is, to answer you himself.'

Fane came up-stairs at that moment. He carried a newspaper in his hand, and seemed very pale.

'Ah, your name's Fane?' said the Inspector, stepping forward. 'You know what's happened here, I suppose?'

'I've just read an account of it,' said Fane, holding up the paper in his hand. 'As I was coming along the street, I saw on the placard of

the *Telegraph* "Mysterious Death of a Solicitor;" so, out of pure curiosity, I stopped and bought a copy. Little did I think it was my own employer, sir. The thing has quite upset me; so sudden it was!

'You may say so, very sudden. When did you see Mr Felix last?'

'About half-past three, I think it would be; he came to me in the outer office, and sent me on a message to the City.'

'Ah, well; you'll have to tell all about it at the inquest. You give me your name and address, and you shall get a summons to attend.'

COOLGARDIE.

It was at one time generally believed that the unexplored regions of the vast Eastern Division of Western Australia consisted merely of sandy desert or arid plains, producing at most scrub, and spinifex or 'poison plants.' In recent years, however, a faith that the interior would prove rich in various mineral resources began to dawn, and rose in proportion as each report of a new 'find' was made to the Government. But only a few ventured to cherish a hope that tracts of fertile country were lying beyond their ken, awaiting the advent of the explorer whose verdict upon the nature of the soil, or possibilities of obtaining water, would result in settlement, and prosperity, and civilisation.

By the opening up of the country surrounding Coolgardie—situated at a distance of three hundred and sixty-eight miles inland from Fremantle, the port of Perth—it has been proved that not only thousands of square miles of auriferous country are contained in these once despised 'back blocks,' but also large areas of rich pasturage and forest-lands.

Very little is known in England of the extent and importance of the five great gold-fields already proclaimed within the boundaries of what it was once the fashion to call the 'Cinderella of the South,' but which is now more generally spoken of as 'The Coming Colony.' This is, however, less surprising than that similar ignorance should exist in the sister colonies. A few months ago a Sydney paper published the following piece of information: 'Coolgardie is not a continuation of the Murchison; Southern Cross is. Coolgardie is four hundred miles east-by-north from Perth, from which you rail it to York only. It is about one hundred and fifty miles from Esperance Bay.' This is a truly astonishing blunder. On the map which lies before me, both Coolgardie and Southern Cross are found within the proclaimed limits of the Yilgarn gold-field, which, roughly estimated, covers an area of forty-six thousand square miles, and is situated in the Eastern Division; whereas the Murchison, a totally distinct gold-field, is in the Gascoyne, and lies to the north of Yilgarn.

Little more than eighteen months have elapsed since Bayley's sensational discovery of gold at Coolgardie attracted world-wide attention

to the hidden treasure of Western Australia. Yet in this brief space of time, settlement has been carried far into the interior. Even within the last few months, the hardships of the journey to Coolgardie have been considerably lessened, as the Yilgarn railway has already been pushed on as far as Southern Cross, two hundred and forty-four miles from Fremantle. This town was the centre of the field until the discovery of Bayley's mine laid the foundation of its rival's future supremacy. The remainder of the journey may now be made by coach; frequent camel trains and teams of horses carry provisions of all kinds to Coolgardie; but hundreds of the poorer seekers after fortune are obliged to 'hump their swags'—as they would themselves describe carrying their loads—and tramp along the track through the bush.

After leaving Southern Cross, the first camping-place is reached at a distance of eight miles. Here a small tank, made by Government labour, is surrounded by a good fence, and belongs to the Warden and police. These stations are called 'soaks,' or 'rock-holes,' if made—as they usually are—in the vicinity of granite rocks. Above the level plain of desert vegetation towers a peaked or round-backed mass of granite. Some rise to the height of one hundred feet, and may cover an area of many acres. Down their bare, brown sides courses the infrequent rainfall, and is absorbed by the soil at the base, which, as a rule, is well grassed, and in its deeper places probably contains a surface spring, which constitutes 'the soak.' Or, perhaps there is a tank-like hollow in the rock—sometimes several—and these are the 'rock-holes.'

The next important stage is called Yellow-dine Rock, and is between nineteen and twenty miles on the road to Coolgardie. Around this spot there is abundant evidence that much labour was lost before the water was lured from its hidden springs. Numerous trial-shafts and bore-holes break the ground. But perseverance was at length rewarded, and a fair supply was obtained. Several of the wells are fenced round, to preserve the water from pollution, and troughs constructed for the use of stock.

The track next leads through country which is described as metamorphic. Having traversed this region, the traveller is refreshed by the sight of a placid lake; but, alas, a draught of its deceptive waters means more maddening thirst than before, for it is salt. Then on for seven or eight miles, through forests of morrell and salmon-gum, to Morlining Rock. Here, beneath the shade of lofty trees, abundant grass can be obtained by the stock, and the soil is particularly rich and suited for agriculture.

About three miles farther on, at the rock Karalee, a magnificent view of the Koolyanobbing Hills, which lie about thirty miles to the north-west-by-north, is to be seen. The country passed through in this last short stage is said to be very good land, more or less sandy, and interspersed with thickets. But in Australia the fact that soil is sandy does not mean that it is poor; when irrigated, it is

highly productive, as has been proved by the returns from that already under cultivation in the settled districts.

The forest is again entered on leaving Karalee; then for a short distance the track leads across a sand-plain, with occasional patches of rich-looking soil, till Kooralyee is reached. Starting from the latter place, the worst part of the route begins. All around, as far as the eye can reach, stretches an arid and apparently sterile plain. For miles and miles nothing but the cruel spinifex or the 'poison plant' grows, unless where an impenetrable thicket breaks the monotony of the view, looking like a desert island in this shimmering bluey-white ocean of desolation. Beside the track lie the bones or the putrefying carcases of horses or sheep that have died from eating the poison scrub; or of exhaustion, from dragging their burdens through the burning sand; or perished for want of water. But once safely arrived at Boorabbin Rock, beneath the grateful shade of a clump of sheoak and salmon-gum, the weary traveller and his jaded beasts may rest and quench their thirst. A rather sandy soil is observable in the next five miles of country; then, for a dozen miles or so, the track passes through forests alternating with brief intervals of sand-plain. In the wooded parts the soil is exceedingly rich, and grass is plentiful.

As Coolgardie is approached, the country becomes more undulating; and in the distance Mount Burgess makes a bold and striking feature in the landscape, isolated from the neighbouring low hills. A few miles to the south lies the vigorous little town, surrounded by a halo of tents. It is situated thirty-one degrees south, one hundred and twenty-one degrees east; the climate is therefore temperate, though very hot during the dry season. It has been judiciously laid out, and promises to be one of the prettiest inland towns in the colony. In the principal street, all is bustle and activity: teams arriving from Southern Cross; camels unloading or being driven out by picturesque Afghans; diggers and prospectors setting out for distant 'rushes'; black piccaninies rolling in the dust, or playing with their faithful kangaroo dogs—their dusky parents lolling near with characteristic indolence—and men of every nation and colour under heaven combine to give the scene a character all its own.

There are good stores, numerous thriving hotels; and a hospital has lately been started in charge of two trained nurses. The spiritual needs of the population are supplied by Wesleyan services and Salvation Army meetings. As yet the public buildings are not architecturally imposing; the principal one is a galvanised iron shed which does duty for a post-office. When the bi-weekly mail arrives, the two officials, with the aid of an obliging trooper, vainly endeavour to sort the letters and newspapers quickly enough to satisfy the crowd, all eager for news from home. During the hot dry months, Coolgardie has been almost cut off from the outside world. It was found necessary to limit the traffic between it and Southern Cross, owing to the

great scarcity in the 'soaks' and wells along the road. Condensers have been erected at various stations close to the salt lakes, and the water retailed by the gallon; by this means the road can be kept open till the wet season sets in.

Prospectors are energetically exploring the country in every direction around Coolgardie, and from all sides come glowing accounts of the quality of the land, which, besides being auriferous, is undoubtedly suitable for agricultural and pastoral purposes. To the eastward lie many thousands of acres of undulating pasture-land, wooded like a park with morrell, sandalwood, wild peach, zimlet-wood, salmon-gum, and other valuable timbers. The soil is a rich red loam, which with cultivation should equal the best wheat-growing districts of Victoria. So green and abundant is the grass, that it has been described as looking like an immense wheat-field before the grain has formed. Several kinds of grass are to be found: the fine kangaroo variety; a species of wild oats; and a coarse jointed grass, all of which stock eat with relish, and thrive, it is said.

A Water Supply Department has been formed by the Western Australian Government, and measures are being taken to obtain supplies of artesian water as well as to construct a system of reservoirs and dams on a large scale. For the latter purpose the soil is said to be well suited; and during the rainy season there is no lack of surface-water. In many parts of Australia this method of maintaining a supply is considered more reliable than that of well-sinking or boring.

It is evident that the natural conditions are favourable for attracting a permanent population of traders and agriculturists, the produce of whose industry should supply the demands of the mining community. There is undoubtedly a great future for reefing operations on this field, where, it may be mentioned, Bayley's Reward Claim is by no means the only valuable property. Leases have been taken up for miles along the chain of hills. Mr Bayley's discovery of Coolgardie might serve as an apt illustration of 'the early-bird' theory. While on a prospecting expedition in September 1892, he went one auspicious morning to look after his horse before breakfast. A gleaming object lying on the ground caught his eye. It was a nugget, weighing half an ounce. By noon, he, with his mate, had picked up twenty ounces of alluvial gold. In a couple of weeks they had a store of two hundred ounces. It was on a Sunday afternoon that they struck the now world-famed Reward Claim, and in a few hours they had picked off fifty ounces. Next morning they pegged out their prospecting area. But whilst thus profitably employed, they were unpleasantly surprised by the arrival of three miners who had followed up their tracks from Southern Cross. The discoverers worked on during the day at the cap of the reef, and by such primitive methods as the 'dolly-pot,' or pestle and mortar, easily obtained three hundred ounces of the precious metal. The unwelcome visitors stole two hundred ounces of the gold, a circumstance which

obliged them to report their 'find' sooner than they would otherwise have done, fearing that, if they delayed, the thieves would do so instead, and claim the reward from the Government.

On condition that they would not molest his mate during his absence, Mr Bayley agreed to say nothing about their having robbed him, and set out on his long ride to Southern Cross. He took with him five hundred and fifty-four ounces of gold with which to convince the Warden that his discovery was a genuine one. The field was declared open after his interview with the authorities.

No one will dispute that this mineral wealth must prove a source of immense prosperity to Western Australia; but of no less importance is the fact that the soil is rich and productive. The ultimate and enduring development of a country must depend on the labour and thrift of a different class of settlers from those who compose the majority of a rush to the gold-fields. Miners are usually only eager to 'make their pile,' so that they may return to the haunts of civilisation, taking with them the riches they may have amassed. That the country surrounding Coolgardie is suitable for permanent settlement is of vast importance, not alone to Western Australians but to Englishmen, to whom it should open up a fresh field for enterprise and colonisation.

A TALE OF OLD EDINBURGH.

CHAPTER III.—THE ELIXIR.

THE leader of the Sallee Rovers turned, and waited for the Lord Provost to speak.

'Sir,' said the Provost, 'we see no way of winning out of this trouble ye have brought upon our town save and except by submitting ourselves to your very hard and burdensome requisition. I speak in the name of the haill Council.'

'And look ye, Captain-rover,' broke in the Town-clerk hurriedly, 'we must hae time granted to pay the contribution: that's but reasonable in law and equity, as I tauld my Lord Provost; and forbye, it would be baith conformable and gracious in a son of the auld town, as I understand your roving honour to be, to remit or postpone a guid whang of that same contribution.'

'I have not acknowledged, sir,' said the Rover-captain loftily, 'that I owe aught to this ancient town; nor, in sooth, do I.'

'I may have been deceived, sir,' said the Provost with a simple, pathetic dignity, 'in thinking ye must be in some sort a son or a friend of our auld town; I hope I may, if you are to maintain a hard, cruel heart. But, sir, if ye have any humanity, ye'll abate your requisition; not that we would have you spare fat purses, but that ours are at the present time something of the leanest. In truth, sir, I know not where we should collect you twenty thousand gold-pieces in a twelvemonth; for our town is wasted by requisitions for our

army in England, and for our levies with the Lords of the Convention, and now with this plague that the town is smitten with. Our purses are well nigh empty, and our families are dying; and I pray ye, sir, take that into your account.'

The Rover-captain was plainly touched with the Provost's dignified plea. He frowned, looked down, bit his lip, and considered; and when he looked up to speak, the Town-clerk declared afterwards that 'a tear was in his e'e.'

'I have had in my time,' said he, 'a friend or two native to this town. For their sake, sirs, I will reduce my requisition to one-half; but I must demand hostages for its payment on noon of the third day, at the end of the pier of Leith.'

'Three days!' exclaimed the Town-clerk, while the rest looked blue, and cast glances of dismay on each other. 'Ye might as well say three hours!'

'Wowns, sirs!' cried the Rover-captain, 'have I not been easy enough for ye in dividing the sum by two?—Three days, I say,' he repeated, in the tone of one who is not wont to be questioned or contradicted: 'no more and no less. And the Lord Provost and the Bailies will deliver to me instanter each his eldest son, to be held by me as hostage for the stipulated sum.'

'My son?' exclaimed the Provost. 'Alack! I have no son! I have but a daughter, and she lies sick of the plague!'

'Sick of the plague!' exclaimed the Rover-captain with a new, a singular, a sprightly kind of interest. He had given his attention to the discussion of the terms of the ransom with a dull, obstinate, business-like persistency, of which he seemed half ashamed; but now all that was changed, and his eye sparkled and his voice rang with hope and vivacity, insomuch that the whole Council wondered, and listened in silence, with a sure instinct that here somehow was a new turn of the business. 'Is she your only daughter, Provost?'

'The only daughter or bairn,' said the Provost, almost in tears, 'that I ever had.'

'Ay,' broke in the Town-clerk, 'an' she was a blithesome and a bonny ane.'

'Was, sir?' exclaimed the Rover-captain. 'You speak as if she already had passed!'

'Na, na,' said the Town-clerk; 'I'm not ane to cast down any man. But there's not a single body ance smitten that has got ower this plague yet.'

'Tut!' exclaimed the Rover-captain. 'Ye make this wark about the plague because ye are so little acquaint with it. In the towns of Barbary we have it, like the poor, always with us. I've been myself smitten with it twice, and I always carry with me an elixir that is potent to drive it out. If it be not too long since the maiden was smitten, I will engage myself to cure her.'

'I am obliged to ye, sir,' answered the father; 'but she has already been waited on by a worthy leech and chirurgion, and my ain mother sits by her, who has as great a knowledge of simples as any.'

'Nay, but, sir,' pleaded the Rover-captain with a singular earnestness, 'the treatment of

the plague is a special knowledge which I have had from a very learned Arabian doctor; and all men know that none have ever attained to such medical skill as the Arabian doctors of Spain.—How long is it since the maiden was smitten?

'She was smitten about six of the clock yester e'en,' said the Provost.

'There wants yet two hours of the prescribed limit of twelve. I will send with all speed to my ship for the elixir; and, with your permission, Provost, I will administer it on the instant it is brought.—Decide, sir,' he urged; 'for there is no time for further parley.' Then, seeing the Provost still hesitate, he exclaimed, as if on a new thought: 'If I cure the maiden, then I shall claim her only as a hostage for the ransom;' and he glanced at the Provost's colleagues with a contemptuous smile of expectation, for he guessed that they would now readily back his desire. And they did.

'Hoot, neighbour Wishart,' said one of the Bailies, 'let the Captain but try. If he disna prosper in his task, there will be nae harm done belike. And after a', the issue is with the Lord.'

'But if the lassie should die under his hand?' exclaimed the father.

'We are all in the hands of God, Provost,' said the Captain. 'If the maiden die, she will but be as she would be sure to be without my elixir, according to the testimony of your colleagues.'

'That she will,' said the Town-clerk and the Bailies promptly.

'But,' said the Captain, 'I am ready to stake the ransom on her cure. If I fail to cure the maiden, then I abandon my requisition, and I sail away no richer than I came!'

'That's a noble offer!' exclaimed the Clerk and the Council in chorus. 'Now, Provost, there is but ae thing to say to that!'

'Ye all press too hard on me!' cried the Provost. 'But be it as you will.'

In an instant the Rover-captain was out of the room, with the supremely interested Wattie at his heels; and in another second or two one of the horsemen was riding down the street to Leith, with Wattie trotting by him as guide. Then the Council all left the Town-house to provide some refreshment for the Rovers; and the Provost went to his own abode to prepare for the coming of the Rover-captain. When the news of the undertaking spread, and that the ransom of the town was now dependent on its success, the excitement of the crowd grew to fever-height, and the curiosity about the Rovers and their Captain became dangerously friendly. There was only one found denouncing the arrangement, and that was the Rev. Mr Galbraith. It was a sinful thing, he declared, and a blasphemous, that an outlandish, heathenish man should be permitted to administer drugs and incantations to a Christian lassie; and to put her life on the wager of the ransom was no better than casting dice, and was as bad as selling her to the Evil one. But his listeners, though respectful, were in no mood to give heed to his lecture. The interest of the ransom of the town and the life of the Provost's daughter both hanging in the balance, touched them far

more closely both in their business and their bosoms.

The unintelligible strangers were fed with whangs of bannock and kebbucks of cheese; and the citizens, while they looked on, were surprised that such a piratical, ruffianly crew would drink nothing but water. Ale and strong waters, they heard the strange Rover-captain say, were forbidden by their religion; and they gazed with new curiosity and amazement both on the outlandish leader, who spoke their own speech, and on his following, who only jabbered barbarously. Women and children—for, though it was still very early morning, all were now astir—craned their heads from the high windows of the Canongate and the High Street to see the fearsome men in strange coloured garments and white bonnets, eating and chattering in the street below, while the morning sun glinted on their weapons; and there gradually rose even to them in their eyries the news that the Captain, who still sat on his horse, was waiting to cure of the plague the daughter of the Lord Provost, and they wondered if there would be any of the medicine left for poor plague-smitten folk, after the Provost's daughter had had all she might need.

After more than an hour, the horseman who had gone to Leith was seen returning up the Canongate. He was met by the Rover-captain, who took from him a case-phial, and hastily entered the house of the Lord Provost, while his bodyguard of horsemen surrounded the door. The Provost led, and the Captain followed straight to the sick-chamber. There the Provost's wife and mother were waiting—in some prepared anxiety, evidently; for they rose immediately on the appearance of the turbaned figure and came forward eagerly to question the Rover-captain on the potency and compounding of his elixir.

'What will be the effect on the lassie?' whispered the mother.

'Aiblins,' murmured the grandmother, 'I would ken the cordial, if ye would let me put it to my lips.'

'It is not a cordial, madame, in your sense,' said the Captain. 'It is an essence, a refined spirit, and a few drops are potent for this purpose.—But permit me, ladies, to wait upon the suffering maiden'—and he bowed in a very courtly fashion—'for this elixir must be administered within twelve hours of the smiting, and the time, I am given to understand, is well-nigh expired.'

He stepped over to the bed, where the lovely Madge was still tossing her fever-wrought head, and bent over her earnestly. He took her hand and laid his finger on her wild pulse. He pushed back the drawn curtains from the bed as far as they would go, so that the light might enter freely into the recess where she lay, and again looked earnestly upon her; and the strange head and face and the strange head-gear seemed to arrest and hold the attention of the maiden's fevered and distracted eye. Then he rose, sniffed the air of the room, and went without hesitation and flung wide the window of the room.

'Eh, sirs!' exclaimed the two women, and held up hands of horror and affright. 'It'll

be the death of her!' And they appealed to the Provost himself, who stood aloof and silent, but quickly observant.

'It is a proper rule,' said the Provost, 'if you have entrusted a man with an affair of moment, not to meddle with the way it may seem good to him to fulfil his business.'

The Captain said nothing to the criticisms on his procedure, but asked for water like one who is wont to be obeyed. The water was brought; he poured a little into a cup, and into it he counted so many drops of the elixir. 'Raise the maiden,' said he, glancing at her mother.

The maiden was raised, and the Rover-captain put to her lips the cup with the watered elixir. She was made to drink, and then she was laid back on her pillow. The Captain demanded with his hand that there might be complete silence in the chamber; and he sat down by the bed to watch the effect of the medicine. The maiden at first rolled her fevered head as she had done any time for hours; then gradually her eyes drooped and closed, gradually and gently her head ceased its movement, and at length she sank to sleep like a tired child. The Captain took her hand to feel the pulse; but when the pulse was counted, he still kept the hand—a beautiful, long, nervous girl's hand—in his own, and let his eyes dwell on the lovely head with the dark hair all spread abroad on the pillow, and on the gently heaving chest—heaving like the long swell of the sea when a storm has abated. He sat thus silent and watchful for a good while, and what he thought of I may not try to say. At length he laid his hand gently on her brow: it was moist. He turned to the Provost who was by him.

'Go, sir,' said he, 'and get a litter ready.'

'A litter?' exclaimed the Provost. 'For wha, sir? For what?'

'It is a rule, sir,' said the Captain, repeating the Provost's own words, 'if you have entrusted a man with an affair of moment, not to meddle with the way it may seem good to him to fulfil his business.'

And the Provost bowed and went out.

The Captain sat on patiently by the bedside. The Provost returned after some time, and said that the litter was ready; and the Captain said it was well, but that they must wait. And still he sat on and watched the face, while the parents and the grandparent, overdone with want of sleep and anxiety, dropped to sleep in their chairs.

After a little while the Provost woke, and came and sat over against the Captain. And as they thus sat in silence, watching for the waking of the sleeping maiden, the Provost began to regard the other with a more and more friendly eye.

'Think ye,' asked the anxious father at length, 'that the elixir is doing its work?'

'The elixir, sir, is acting as it ought,' said the Captain. 'It has brought back to the skin its natural function of moisture, and anon it will have expelled, or driven out, the plague poison, with the help of certain wrap-pages to promote heat.'

'If the lassie be indeed snatched frae the

jaws of death,' said the Provost with feeling, 'then, sir, I will be owing you more than I can ever pay, not even excepting my component of your requisition.' And he laid his hand friendly-wise upon the Captain's knee.

The Captain took the hand in his own and squeezed it with a surprising warmth. 'There's no need to say that, Provost,' said he. 'The pleasure of curing the maiden—your daughter—is enough to a man that has occupied the deplorable situation I have occupied all these years.'

'Ye like not, then, your trade of rover and pirate?' asked the Provost, with a quick touch of compassion. 'Spite of your disclaim, Captain, I have it more and more borne in on me that you are a Scotsman, and hae the tongue of the auld town. Now, if there be aught in remeid of your condition that the official head of the town can do, or aught in the past needs setting straight'—

'Let us not speak of it, Provost,' said the Captain, resuming his reserve. 'If a man makes his bed, he must e'en lie in it. And, speaking of beds, the litter is ready, I think ye told me?'

'The litter?' exclaimed the Provost, reminded that this man, towards whom he was beginning to experience a friendly feeling, was virtually in possession of the town, and was truly an enemy to be suspected. 'Ay, sir, the litter is ready. And I would fain inquire at ye now, sir, wha the litter is about to contain?'

'To contain?' replied the Captain. 'The maiden here—your daughter. Who other?'

'I doubt, sir,' said the Provost, shaking his head, 'that I have been mistaken in ye. This is not in accord with the profession ye have made but this instant; for ye must have a heart as hard as the nether millstone to insist at this preceese moment on the pact that she is hostage for the ransom, and to take her out of her bed and carry her aff when she is only belike winning out of the dead-thraw, as ye may say.'

'Troth, Provost,' answered the Captain, 'if you'll believe me, I had clean forgotten that the maiden is my hostage: it was to complete her cure, not to hold her as hostage, that I designed to carry her off.'

'Cure her by carrying her off straight frae her bed? Cure a cat by drowning it? What havers is that, man?' exclaimed the Provost.

'Hut, tut!' exclaimed the other with composure. 'Don't mistake me, Provost. If her cure is to be speedy, perfect, and complete, we must take her out of this pestiferous air.'

'Where to, may I inquire of ye?' asked the suspicious Provost.

'On board my ship, where she will have the free, caller air of the Firth.'

'On board your ship, to be sure! Whaur other, man?' said the Provost ironically.

'On Arthur's Seat, if ye will, Provost. If the haill bourach of your townfolk, Provost, could be camped out upon Arthur's Seat for a while, ye'd soon have done with the plague. But ye maun perceive, man, that it is not possible for me in my situation to wait upon the maiden to Arthur's Seat.'

'There are others, I doubt not, sir,' said the

Provost, becoming more and more suspicious and angry, 'would be fain to wait on her to Arthur's Seat, if it were necessary.'

'Sir,' said the Captain, losing patience, 'you are ungrateful. I have begun this cure, and there is no other but myself can carry it through. If ye refuse to believe in my goodwill, ye must submit to my authority. And ye remind me yourself that there is not only the life of your daughter at stake, but also, in accordance with the pact I foolishly made, the ransom of the town, which is of the greatest consequence to my comrades.'

That was somewhat rashly and cruelly said; but it must be admitted that the Rover-captain was provoked. Their voices had been unwittingly raised considerably higher than the whisper in which they had begun, and their sound appeared to disturb the sleeping maiden. She stirred softly and sighed, and both the Captain and her father were on the instant silent and attentive. That pause gave both the opportunity to abate their temper, which had gone previously near an explosion. The Provost noted the ready tenderness with which the Captain felt the pulse and the brow of the patient, and was ashamed of his suspicion and his petulance; and the Captain thought: 'After all, he's an old man and her father: I must be patient and easy with him.'

'Believe me, Provost,' whispered he earnestly, 'if she's to recover speedily and perfectly, I must take her out of this instant. And I should wish her mother to go with her, for, of course, we have no women-folk on board of us. You may come yourself, too, if it please ye, Provost, and if it would set your mind at rest.'

'Na,' said the Provost; 'I maun bide and gather in the ransom.'

'Troth, I had forgotten that again,' said the Captain.

'But,' continued the Provost, 'if her mither may gang—what for did ye not say that before, Captain?'

'Because,' answered the Captain with a smile, 'as we were wont to say when boys, ye did not speir, sir.'

'Weel, weel,' said the Provost, smiling in return, and patting him on the knee in friendly fashion.

And so the unconscious girl mediated between the two and saved them from a dangerous rupture.

'Her mother, Provost,' said the Captain, 'will be needed soon: she had better be preparing herself.'

The Provost, therefore, went over to his wife and mother and waked them, and disclosed to them the news. After some argument, his wife accepted the situation, though with fear and trembling, and rose to prepare to accompany her daughter on board one of the pirate ships.

'The Lord will be with you, my woman,' said the Provost's mother, to cheer her. 'He is a very present help in time of trouble. Trust in Him, my dochter.—And the Captain-child seems a sonsy, canny lad, after a'. He has a hamely look, and a hereawa' tongue, for a' his being a pirate in a white turbant.'

At length—full three hours after the elixir

had been administered—the sufferer woke gently, and yawned with a long, audible breath. She opened her eyes and fixed them languidly on the Captain, but with the strange and simple speculation of a child. A flash even of something like recognition passed over them; and then the Captain sprang to his feet, and prepared and administered a second dose of the elixir; and again in a little while she sank off to sleep.

'Now, quick!' said he. 'Ye must aid me to wrap her in all the bedclothes, and to put a piece of old sail, old canvas, or anything impermeable to damp, round all.'

The most impermeable thing that could be produced was a cloak of thick homespun; and thus swathed and wrapped, the maiden was raised and carried forth in the Captain's arms; for, as he said, he was the youngest and strongest to bear the burden.

'Eh, sirs,' exclaimed the Provost's mother, as he departed, 'but he hauds her as featly and saftly as a mither would carry a wean!'

WHERE GENIUS WORKS.

ALL that concerns the men and women who give distinction to their day is of interest to those who admire, criticise, and perhaps envy their achievements. A special and legitimate curiosity is felt in reference to the conditions under which success is won. Glimpses are occasionally given into the methods of eminent toilers, and a wonderful variety is revealed. It is at least plain that no guide-book to great performances—the anxious author can have his choice of several—will determine the point where exactly the best results are to be obtained. One man's help is another man's hindrance. Many famous writers, for instance, have only been able to perfect their thoughts in silence and seclusion. But there have also been those who could work in the midst of babel and defy distraction. Jane Austen, whose unpretentious canvases are full of some of the most life-like portraits in fiction, was never in the habit of seeking solitude to compose. She wrote sitting in the family circle, and under perpetual risk of interruption. It was the same with a successful lady novelist happily still living. Mrs Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote her best-known story on a plain pine-table, by the aid of an evening lamp, in a tiny wooden house in Maine. About her were gathered children of various ages, conning their lessons or at play, and never guessing what a treasure-mine of excitement was coming into existence for other young people in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' A large part of the 'Roman History' of Dr Arnold was composed under similar circumstances. Dean Stanley has sketched the Rugby study, where Arnold sat at his work, 'with no attempt at seclusion, conversation going on around him—his children playing in the room—his frequent guests, whether friends or former pupils, coming in or out at will.' Thomas Lovell Beddoes, a poet of luxuriant fancy and true genius, though much neglected, also found a stimulus to the creative faculty of his muse in working in playful and even noisy company. Such cases recall the story of the learned man

of Padua who assured Montaigne that he actually needed to be hemmed in by uproar before he could proceed to study.

Fastidious order and dainty surroundings have been essential for some eminent *littérateurs*. Douglas Jerrold was a writer of this stamp. His soul seemed to abhor every trace of study slovenliness. A cosy room was his in his home at West Lodge, Lower Putney Common, and his son's pen has given the world a welcome peep at the interior: 'The furniture is simple solid oak. The desk has not a speck upon it. The marble shell upon which the inkstand rests has no litter in it. Various notes lie in a row between clips, on the table. The paper basket stands near the armchair, prepared for answered letters and rejected contributions. The little dog follows his master into his study and lies at his feet.' And there were no books maltreated in Douglas Jerrold's study. It gave him pain to see them in any way misused. Longfellow had the same sympathies with neatness and exactitude. Method in all things was his rule. He did not care to evolve fine thoughts and poetic images at a desk fixed like the one stable rock in an ocean of muddle.

But other distinguished writers have been as careless as these were careful. Carlyle gives us a curious sketch of Leigh Hunt's *ménage*. In one room—the family apartment—a dusty table and a ragged carpet. On the floor, 'books, paper, egg-shells, scissors, and last night when I was there, the torn heart of a half-quarter loaf.' And above, in the workshop of talent—something cleaner—'only two chairs, a book-case, and a writing-table.'

There was much that struck a stranger as confusion in Dr Johnson's chambers in Inner Temple Lane. Boswell describes a visit, saying: 'I found a number of good books, but very dusty and in great confusion. The floor was strewn with manuscript leaves in Johnson's own handwriting, which I beheld with a degree of veneration, supposing they might perhaps contain portions of the "Rambler" or of "Rasselas." I observed an apparatus for chemical experiments, of which Johnson was all his life very fond.'

Partly by reason of his hobbies, 'Christopher North's' favourite study resembled a recently ransacked lumber-room. To a casual eye its contents were a chaos, and there seemed no chance of finding a clew to any article not immediately in sight. Professor Wilson had varied tastes, and his snugger was crammed with the belongings of one who was sportsman and naturalist as well as poet and philosopher. The fittings of the room matched the general contents. Book-shelves rudely knocked together of unpainted wood held rows of books, tattered, and often wanting backs. But the famous writer was at home there, and content, and from those uncouth surroundings came many a brilliant essay and exquisite poem.

The acme of luxury in a retreat of genius was surely reached by Bulwer-Lytton. Dr Charles Williams, who had to see the author of 'Zanoni' professionally soon after the publication of that novel of mystery, found Bulwer in a Park Lane house. He reached the interior

through waves of perfume, ever growing stronger, and oddly blending with tobacco-fumes; and 'on a divan' at the remote end of a noble room, 'through a haze of smoke, loomed his lordship's figure, wrapt in an Oriental dressing-robe, with a coloured fez, and half-reclined upon the ottoman.' A different picture this from the old Grub Street type, where, in dismal garrets, immortal tales were told. It contrasts effectively with the 'miserable, dirty-looking room, in which there was but one chair,' wherein Bishop Percy found Oliver Goldsmith, hard at work on his 'Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning.'

Genius has frequently had remarkable workshops. Robert Burns once went galloping over a remote Scottish moor. His horse on this occasion was not much troubled with the guidance of the rider. Burns was busy, brooding over a glorious theme. His lyrical powers touched one of their highest points. The result of the journey was the impassioned national lyric, 'Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled.' J. S. Mill framed his 'Logic' as he walked from his home to his office and back again. Sir Matthew Hale composed his 'Contemplations' as he rode on horseback about country on his circuit journeys. While travelling in the same fashion on his numerous and prolonged preaching tours, John Wesley contrived to accomplish a vast quantity of literary work. Byron composed the larger portion of the 'Corsair' in a London thoroughfare, as he walked up and down Albemarle Street, between Grafton Street and Piccadilly; and states himself that he composed 'Lara' not in the study, but at the toilet table. 'The Revolt of Islam' took form in Shelley's brain as the poet apparently frittered away summer hours lying in a boat on the bosom of the Thames at Marlow.

Sometimes there is a touch of humour about the story of where genius works. Victor Hugo was living in the Place Royale, at Paris, in the revolutionary year 1848. His neighbours knew him as more or less of an eccentric, and gradually they discovered that he was a great poet and dramatist who selected queer working-places. Victor Hugo called one day on a hair-dresser named Brassier, who had a saloon in the vicinity. Seating himself in the barber's chair, he asked to be shaved. But just as the lathering-brush approached his chin, the poet called out 'Wait!' The shopkeeper obeyed; and his customer seized a loose sheet of paper from an adjacent stand, glanced at it to see that its back at any rate was blank, and after fumbling in his pocket for a pencil, commenced to scribble. He went on heedless of the hair-dresser's impatience, and seemed wholly lost to his whereabouts. It was a ludicrous scene, and it ended as strangely as it began. A gentle reminder came that a business-man could scarcely be expected to wait even a poet's convenience indefinitely. 'Ah! you are in a hurry; so am I,' was the unexpected answer; and taking his hat, the poet retreated unshaven. Unluckily for the barber, he carried with him his scribbling paper, and a list of patrons' addresses was afterwards missed, which it was hard to replace. The top of a Paris omnibus was a favourite working haunt of Victor Hugo;

and in later years, the dramatist informed his intimates that much of 'Marion Delorme' was composed while pacing the pavement of a covered footway between noisy and inferior shops.

Many eminent word-artists have either found or shaped their material out of doors. It was so with Robert Browning during the earlier part of his career. Like Charles Dickens, he chose night as the season of his most stimulating wanderings. He frequented a lonely wood in the neighbourhood of Dulwich. In this retired workshop—traversing these dim aisles—great thoughts came thick, and the real preparation was made for the mechanical task of putting poem or play on paper. Whole sections of 'Strafford' and of 'Paracelsus' sprang first into being in the Dulwich woods.

To a considerable extent it was the same with Ralph Waldo Emerson. He worked best and with greatest ease when he was free to forsake great American cities—visited in his capacity of lecturer—and give himself to high thinking amidst the loved sights and sounds of the country. Wordsworth delighted to work abroad, in the lovely byways of Lake-land. When a traveller, calling at the poet's house, once requested to be shown his study, a domestic answered: 'Here is Mr Wordsworth's library; but his study is out of doors.' Washington Irving had a select working retreat by a stile in some dewy meads. Here that most English of all transatlantic authors, with writing-block upon his knee, produced as charming essays, histories, and tales as readers east and west could wish. In the quiet Hampstead lanes, young Keats, the Edmonton surgeon's apprentice, prepared the witchery of his exquisite 'Ode to the Nightingale,' 'at once vague and particular, full of mysterious life.'

The desire to avoid interruption, rather than a wish in the abstract for isolation, has probably been the first factor in numerous cases of withdrawal from the busy ways of men. The choice has sometimes been made of a fortress in a garden. Buffon, the naturalist, while in residence at Montbar, took refuge every morning at sunrise in an antique tower in his ornamental grounds, and here he wrote and sketched with a grateful sense of security from importunate lion-hunters of his day. Being in his tower one day during a violent thunder-storm, the people of Montbar trembled for his safety, and prevailed on the mayor, when the worst was over, to come and see if the reckless scientist were still a living man or a calcined victim. Samuel Richardson, in his then country-home at North End, Hammersmith, used to write in a secluded summer-house or 'grotto' in his garden. As he went to his tasks, before any one in the house was up beside himself, his quiet was perfect. At breakfast he would detail the day's progress of the particular novel then on the stocks. In the grotto was a simple wooden seat, and by its side an inkhorn was slung. In this way 'Pamela,' 'Clarissa Harlowe,' and 'Sir Charles Grandison' were written.

Painters work under the same limitations as authors, and are subject to the same worries. Sometimes the studio has too many visitors. There are artists with a happy gift of abstrac-

tion in the centre of a throng. Gustave Doré was one. He would give a curt nod to callers, and go on working with single-eyed attention to his task, as if they were miles away. But others have to scheme for self-protection. A quaint summer studio with this special advantage of shutting out curiosity was devised at Magnolia by Mr Hunt, a well-known American artist. His comrades called it 'the Old Ship.' It stood in a sequestered and maze-like corner, and the second storey was appropriated by the painter. His plans constituted the refuge a veritable castle. The tenant's own means of access were a set of steps leading to a trap-door. There was no other ingress. When he meditated a bout of stiff work, the artist had merely to hoist the steps into the studio by aid of ropes and a pulley; and then, with the door closed, communication was cut off, and he was secure, and able to snap his fingers at the possible bores of Magnolia.

Workshops for authors are sometimes deliberately selected on board ship. Mr William Black has been known to shut himself up with pens, ink, and paper, in the stuffy fore-castle of a seven-ton yacht labouring along under full sail. He has cheerily defied squally weather in quest of realism. The novelist has been weaving his fictions 'while the *débris* of the fore-castle was rattling around him and the ropes whistling above his head.' The truth and charm of his sea-sketches show that there is a reward for such fidelity and enthusiasm. He has been able to describe ocean storm and calm as one who knows; and an old salt does not smile with derision if he comes across the narrative. Anthony Trollope often had his study on shipboard, and was a very methodical occupant, turning out his daily quantity of manuscript even under most trying conditions. On one occasion Mr Henry James was his travelling companion during an Atlantic passage, and he reports that Trollope gave a magnificent example of stiff perseverance. The season was bad, the vessel was overcrowded, and the trip detestable from beginning to end, yet the English story-teller stuck gallantly to his task. Says Mr James: 'He drove his pen as steadily on the tumbling ocean as in Montague Square. And as his voyages were many, it was his practice before sailing to come down to the ship and confer with the carpenter, who was instructed to rig up a rough writing-table in his small sea-chamber.' Trollope worked also continuously and systematically while travelling by train. He fitted up a contrivance by which the mischiefs of oscillation were reduced to a minimum, and many of his novels were thus composed.

It may be said, indeed, that genius is always and everywhere at work, hewing stones in the quarries of research and observation, or building up its structure of fame with them. The great inventors are the men who notice and interpret and use facts trivial in common estimation. The great bookmen are those who gather stores in all quarters. Many a nook and corner of the Scottish shires and of the Border hills and dales Sir Walter Scott searched for traditions of the people. Wherever a good story was to be

heard was his workshop, and there a fragment of poem or novel was practically fashioned. Macaulay roamed Cumberland and Northumberland on foot in his student days, and went into the cotters' houses, and gleaned all he could bearing on old times and a vanished literature. He made it a point never to leave a cottage until he had won from each country gossip some legend of the district or a bit of some ballad. The ingle nook was his workshop. There the brilliant essayist and historian was in the making. The variations of genius are many; but this law is common, that it appropriates its material and shapes its tools betimes for coming occasion.

SECRET NORTHERN DESPATCHES.

By W. H. NEEDHAM.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

At the time when I made my first Northern journey, the incidents whereof I am about to relate, my private income barely reached three hundred pounds a year; so, although that sum sufficed to render life fairly comfortable, I was not at all dissatisfied whenever, as sometimes happened, I was enabled to increase it by my own exertions. One of my cousins held a very good position in the Foreign Office, and as I had travelled much on the Continent, and, from occasional residence there, become a fairly good linguist, my cousin succeeded once or twice in enrolling my services, when extra messengers had been suddenly wanted. I received one morning a note from him to the effect that he had recommended me to a certain Embassy requiring a thoroughly trustworthy man on special service with despatches, and arranged that I should call on the Chancellor of the Embassy at his private residence in Bute Square to receive instructions and the despatches. At the appointed hour I found myself seated with Mr Bronskoff, a short, stout man, wearing his hair closely cut, and an extensive beard, which seemed to invade the whole of his visage, leaving but two little shoals to represent his cheeks. He wore glasses, and the eyes behind them wore an expression which at once convinced you that their owner was neither dull, slow, nor stupid. He had gathered together in the room in which we sat many little souvenirs of his native land: in one corner, before a picture of the Madonna and Child, a lighted lamp was suspended by gilt chains; and opposite, hung a fine portrait of the Emperor; the floor was partly hidden by bear and wolf skins, which, with the furniture of foreign manufacture, combined to give a most peculiar appearance to the room.

'Glad to see you, Mr West. Your cousin has no doubt given you a hint, and I will give you details. We want you to carry a very important despatch to headquarters. We will pay your expenses, and give you a honorarium of fifty pounds.'

My lips parted to speak, but Bronskoff nimbly found the words for me. 'You think that the task is very easy, and the remuneration very liberal: it is, however, open to

question. There are some contingencies to be considered. In the first place, you may never reach the capital, but possibly be shot or stabbed on the road. Will that deter you?'

'If it were a question of certainty, there might be food for reflection,' I replied; 'but you only referred to contingencies.'

'Which we will do our best to render harmless,' interrupted Bronskoff with a laugh. 'You don't speak our language, nor have ever been in our country, I believe?'

'No; but I speak French and German fluently, and I imagine'

'That they will prove useful. Quite right. But you will find many of our officials know English. I must now, in strict confidence, tell you that the queer lot of political refugees we have to deal with are cunning to an extraordinary degree, and, in spite of all our precautions, contrive, in some mysterious fashion, to know what we intend doing—almost of what we are thinking. For this reason, we have chosen you, as an outsider, wholly unconnected with ourselves, and I receive you here rather than at the Embassy, and have had'—glancing at a mahogany box placed near him—'the necessary seals and stamps brought over. You will therefore readily understand that you must be excessively cautious and prudent, and with whomsoever you deal, even if with our own officials, whatever their rank or uniform, you cannot be too careful and guarded in what you say, and the least said the better.'

I promised not to forget his recommendation, and the result was— But I must not anticipate events.

Then Bronskoff took a sheet of note-paper, opened it and turned each side up before me—manifestly wishing me to observe that nothing was written thereon—this he folded, and placed within a rather large square envelope, which he fastened with a red wax seal as big as a half-crown, bearing the Imperial arms. 'There,' said he, handing me the envelope, 'is your despatch.'

I really did not know at the moment whether to give way to laughter or anger, and stared at him in perplexity without offering to accept the proffered envelope. He smiled amusedly, and quietly said: 'This is a little ruse of my own invention. Don't you understand that it is to serve as a safeguard?'

'I see. You mean that if I am hard pressed or in a difficulty, I can allow myself to be relieved of it?'

'Just so. Now, tell me, do you sometimes carry, as I do, an odd letter or two in your pocket?'

'Yes,' I replied, divining his object; 'here are some.'

He quickly espied that one of the envelopes bore a printed address on the corner, and taking it in his hand, read out, 'Leaf & Sons, Tobacco and Cigar Merchants.' Then withdrawing the enclosure, he asked, 'Is this of any value?'

'None whatever.'

'Very well; it can go there,' said he, dropping it on the fire. Then, from his blotting pad, he produced a sheet of ruled paper bearing words in foreign script, and said: 'This is the

despatch. I will translate it to you—"Nilikofski has decided to pass the winter in London. The report that he would try to reach the capital on Wednesday night is false."

As I listened, gazing at the fire, I certainly failed to detect anything so highly important in the communication to render necessary my special journey and the outlay of fifty pounds. I refrained making any comment, and felt that Bronskoff's eyes were watching me.

'Now, if we put this in the tobaccoconist's envelope, and you carry it loosely, with those other letters, it will not be so badly hidden.'

'I agree with you.'

'But you don't confess that you are not quite satisfied,' rejoined Bronskoff.

'I am calculating probabilities.'

'On the supposition that you are tracked?' said he.

'Yes. Say, now, that I am summoned to deliver up my despatch. I bluster, pretend to show fight, but in the end hand over the sealed envelope, and so keep my skin whole and the real despatch safe—that is, provided those concerned get away—which they would, no doubt, arrange to do as quickly as possible—without first breaking the seal. But if they opened the envelope, eager to learn the contents, how then?'

'You can fight for it, I suppose,' replied Bronskoff, smiling cheerfully.

'Certainly. I know I must at any risk keep the real despatch out of their hands—if possible. But if they killed or overpowered me, they would soon unearth it.'

'I hope so,' coolly rejoined Bronskoff.

'What!' I indignantly exclaimed.

'It is the fact, my dear Mr West, that we do actually want this despatch to be read, if, as we hope, there be some people anxious to see it; so you can keep up your little comedy right through, and after resisting sufficiently to avert any suspicion, let them get the information.'

This seemed to me such a topsy-turvy proceeding, that I exclaimed, laughing: 'The despatch, then, is not really for headquarters at all?'

'A pardonable but hasty conclusion, Mr West, as I will now demonstrate to you.' Then Bronskoff took a second sheet of paper in which divers apertures were cut, and superposed it on the despatch, with the result, of course, that the only words visible were those beneath the open spaces.

I was aware of the existence of this secret method, and said: 'Yes, I understand.'

'Now,' continued Bronskoff, 'when our people apply their duplicate key, this is what they will read: "Nilikofski has decided to try to reach the capital on Wednesday night." You now see plainly our object, which is to kill two birds with one stone. We warn headquarters through you, without any risk of betrayal; and if Nilikofski's friends do think it worth while to read your despatch—should they be clever enough to discover you carry any—then it will only encourage Nilikofski to risk the attempt, as he will conclude that any special precautions, as far as he is concerned, will have been relaxed. This despatch you must yourself place in the hands of General Doravitch, the

head of our police, as soon as you arrive on Wednesday. I do not think you require any further instructions or explanations; but remember, my last words to you are: deliver the despatch yourself; and at any risk or cost get through without fail or halt.'

As I turned out of the square on my way home, saying to myself, 'If the refugees are wide awake, Bronskoff is not quite asleep,' a man suddenly stopped me and inquired the way to Bute Square. 'There it is,' I replied abstractedly, too busy thinking about the refugees to bestow a thought on my interrogator.

After an early but excellent dinner—as I knew I would get nothing but indifferent food at irregular intervals until I reached the end of my journey—I drove off to the station to catch the night mail-train. I found a carriage in which were two vacant seats. I entered, and as I did so, I became aware that some one was following me, and when I seated myself, a man took the opposite place, whom I instantly recognised as him who had inquired for Bute Square. I was now aware that I was being followed. On the journey, I opened my coat to look at my watch, and, as I anticipated, the man caught sight of the dummy despatch, which my breast coat-pocket could not entirely take in; so it proved already useful to me.

I reached Dover, crossed the Channel, and got to Cologne without any untoward event. After taking some slight refreshments at the buffet, I passed on to the platform. For some reason or other, the train had rapidly filled up, and I regretted that I had delayed so long at the buffet; luckily, a guard said to me: 'Can't find a seat, sir? I can give you one; this way, sir.' He led me to the rear of the train, and opened the door of a carriage in which sat three men, muffled in fur coats and caps, and hardly visible in the smoke-laden atmosphere which pervaded the dimly lighted carriage. The men were all seated on the same side, so I had the choice of any of the places opposite. On entering, I put some newspapers I had bought on the first seat, and so sat down for the moment in the next, the middle one; then I lighted a cigar, and began scrutinising my fellow-travellers, whose language I could not understand. They spoke with animation, and appeared to be in earnest discussion, while they glanced occasionally at myself. Presently, as the train sped along, my *vis-à-vis*, addressing me in German, said: 'Have you seen the telegram, sir, about this new abominable plot? Those rascals won't leave our noble Emperor in peace. Confound them! I only wish I could hang the lot!'

It instantly occurred to me that Bronskoff had hardly reckoned on my falling into the company of such loyal folks, and I could not refrain from smiling.

This the man perceived, and immediately angrily added: 'I don't think it is a matter to provoke a smile, sir. I hope you are not, too, an enemy of His Majesty?'

'Dear me, no,' I hurriedly replied—'far from it.'

'You would rather render him a service than do him an injury?'

'Certainly,' I answered quite sincerely.

'Perhaps you would carry a despatch for him?' Then I knew that Bronskoff would not be disappointed after all, and sitting up stiffly, I curtly retorted: 'What has that to do with you?'

'Oh! a great deal; so much so, that I am about to put the matter to the test. You needn't look so fierce; we are three to one, and it will be only giving way to superior force if you pass me your despatch.'

'But,' said I, 'how can I pass it if I have not one?'

'True, my friend; but we happen to know you have it in your breast coat-pocket.'

I made no reply. The man snapped his fingers; and the other two instantly threw themselves on me, seized my wrists, and pinioned my arms very easily, as, of course, I only made a feint of resisting. The third man then drew from my pocket the dummy despatch, smiling as he examined for a moment the big official seal. I was highly amused with the little comedy I was playing, and the more so that it was part of my cue to let the men be aware of it. Still holding the envelope, the man eyed me curiously, and evidently suspiciously; then, after exchanging a few words with his companions, he exclaimed: 'You don't seem over-concerned about losing your despatch, nor over-careful in carrying it;' and he glanced again at the envelope. 'I begin to suspect that this is nothing but a worthless blind,' and he chucked it contemptuously on a seat. 'I think we must see if you have not some other better hidden.'

'Oh!' I replied, endeavouring to show anxiety, 'you have the despatch, and can be content. I am not going to let you treat me just as you choose;' and I began to struggle with my captors.

The man instantly exclaimed: 'Oh! just what I thought. You have, then, another. Better keep quiet. We have not followed you up all this way to let ourselves be balked.' As I ceased struggling, his hand again dived into my pocket, and he quickly found the real despatch, which he began reading to himself, but suddenly bursting out in laughter, read it off aloud; and his companions promptly joined in his merriment. They all looked at me, and I did my best now to appear angry and annoyed.

'You don't understand?' inquired the man.

'No.'

'Well, the reason we are so much amused is because we find that we have made an extraordinary mistake. Your despatch is everything that we could desire, and we shall be delighted to give you any help to deliver it. Pray, excuse us if we have had to be a little rough with you; we could not possibly foresee that things would so shape themselves.' With marked politeness the man returned me my papers, while his companions resumed their seats. Then, observing the dummy envelope, he picked it up, saying, as he handed it to me with a smile: 'You should really be more careful with your despatches—especially important ones like this,' he added with a chuckle.

'You may keep it,' I—intentionally—testily replied.

'Oh dear no! You must have all your papers in good order, and nobody will then be any the wiser about our chance meeting, as of course you will have no desire to mention it. And if you will permit me to offer you a bit of friendly advice, you will even take the greatest care not to say a single word on the subject.'

The men then resumed, with renewed animation, their conversation, and took no further notice of me.

Feeling glad that I had now got through the first and most irksome half of my business, I moved into a corner seat and fell into a doze, until a man's voice crying out, 'Change foot-warmer, sir, please,' awakened me; and I found we had pulled up at a station, and that my late companions had disappeared. As it was now all easy running right on, without risk of further complications—at least, so I then believed—I took things coolly, looking forward with a traveller's curiosity to getting over the Northern frontier and seeing a new country.

UTILISATION OF WASTE PRODUCTS.

A MARKED, and, in some of its results, a very astonishing feature of modern industrial enterprise is the successful introduction of economical methods of working undreamt of a few years ago. Many industrial processes necessarily throw off considerable quantities of refuse, the only thought with regard to which is, frequently, how best to get rid of it. If it is solid matter, the increasing accumulations encumber the ground. If it is fluid, it most likely flowed—at least, until it was made illegal to discharge such matters into streams—into the nearest river or canal, polluting the water and destroying the fish; while waste gases and smoke vitiate and poison the atmosphere. It is in dealing with these unpromising materials that chemical and scientific skill has in some cases been remarkably successful, encouraging the hope that, in the future, much more may be accomplished in the same direction.

Of the successful treatment of solid Waste Products, gold-mining probably furnishes the most notable example. The waste heaps, or 'tailings,' were known to contain a fraction of the precious metal, even after the most searching process of extraction by the best machinery. But as there was no known method by which this residual fraction of gold could be profitably extracted, the tailings were thrown aside, and regarded as practically worthless. With the discovery of the M'Arthur Forrest or cyanide process, it has, however, become possible to recover large quantities of gold from these discarded tailings, and gold-mining companies have become alive to the actual commercial value of an asset hitherto neglected, or looked upon as an inconvenient encumbrance on the mines. The success of the industry may be inferred from the fact that during last year more than £1,250,000 in gold bullion was recovered by this process from tailings in the gold mines of South Africa alone. Such results have naturally led to its introduction into other parts of the world, and it has been found possible to

apply it profitably to the silver mines of Mexico.

The problem of utilising the waste heat and gases in connection with blast furnaces has long engaged attention and pressed for solution. In the Middlesbrough iron district, the heat from the furnaces has been turned to good account in the salt industry which is springing up there. By means of the enormous heat the brine is evaporated as a 'by' process, and the economic advantages thus secured have given the east-coast salt industry benefits in this respect denied to the Cheshire trade, where no such blast furnaces are available. With a low-priced mineral like salt, it is obvious that much depends upon economy in production.

The Caledonian Packet Company's steamers are now being fitted for the permanent consumption of liquid fuel—a kind of tar—which is recovered along with ammonia from blast-furnace gases in the Clyde district. Here, of course, the object again is economy, for tar at three-halfpence per gallon—the average price—is considerably cheaper than coal. A considerable number of the locomotives on the Great Eastern Railway are similarly fitted with a patent—the result of many years' experiment by the chief engineer of the company—for the consumption of liquid fuel. Vessels on the Caspian and Volga use the refuse from the petroleum industry in the Caucasus. It has a high calorific power—1·6 times that of good coal. The fires are automatically fed, and under perfect control, and the fuel requires little space for storage, leaves no ashes, clinkers, or dust, and is economical.

The refuse from the puddling furnaces in the South Staffordshire iron district—locally known as 'tap-cinder'—is a prominent if not very picturesque feature of the landscape of the Midlands. Hundreds of acres of land have from time to time been acquired in the vicinity of large iron-works upon which to deposit this, as it was regarded, worse than worthless material. It was a source of trouble and cost to the owner, who was glad to give it to any one who would cart it away. An eminent German chemical analyst, experimenting on tap-cinder, discovered that it contained a percentage of phosphorus, which rendered it valuable as an ingredient for the production of basic steel. The result was that it was bought in large quantities for the German market; and now, among steel-makers, tap-cinder has a recognised use, and has acquired a commercial value of from four to five shillings a ton.

Many schemes have been proposed to deal with the smoke nuisance of London and other large towns. At the Birmingham Mint a smoke and fumes annihilator is in successful operation, and serves the double purpose of destroying the smoke, while it at the same time recovers the valuable constituents in smoke which are usually wasted. The smoke is thoroughly washed, and its noxious ingredients are thus prevented from escaping into the air. The residual products accruing from the process are carbon—used for the arc light—and a liquid that has valuable properties as a disinfectant. Statistics have been compiled to show that London smoke would yield £3,125,000 annually

under such treatment; and Sir F. Knowles has stated that the ammoniacal products alone would yield sufficient manure for the growth of six million quarters of wheat a year.

The fluid refuse in connection with the waste liquors from manufactories is of very variable constitution. That of the flannel industry of Newtown, in Wales, has been found to be of considerable value to the agriculturist. It forms excellent manure, one hundredweight of it being worth, for this purpose, more than a ton of London sewage. Yet it was formerly drained off into the nearest streams, where its fertilising properties were wasted, and became a source of pollution.

More than two years ago, Professor Forbes expressed his opinion that if town refuse were properly burned, the amount provided by any population is as much as is required to supply one electric lamp per head of that population. The desirability of accomplishing this double object—the disposal of waste matter and the economical production of power—is obvious enough. It is now further claimed that at Halifax an invention is in practical operation which overcomes difficulties hitherto found insuperable, and works satisfactorily. The rubbish of that town has become a valuable asset, for, in nursery phrase, it feeds the furnace that heats the boiler that creates the steam that drives the dynamos that generate the electricity that lights the streets and buildings of the city. No sifting is necessary—ashes, dust, vegetable refuse, boots, and hats in the last stages of dissolution—everything which in the ordinary course finds its way to the dust-bin, is fit and profitable fuel for this furnace, and without the escape of the unsavoury odours, gases, and smoke-fumes which have hitherto been the inevitable products of such processes.

If this—the Livét system—answers the expectations of its promoters, we are within measurable distance of a time which will bring changes in the direction of greater economy, and an extended use of electricity in lighting all our large towns—a prospect full of hope and promise to the long-suffering householder, who will welcome such a condition of things all the more from a long experience of the obstinate tendency of gas bills to increase.

MIDNIGHT.

MIDNIGHT! So deep the stillness, I can hear
The long-drawn breathings of the summer night;
The moon has fled; tall lilies, gleaming white,
Amid the slumb'ring darkness, fill the air
With fragrance sweet; no living creature stirs.
Anon, into the silent east, there steals,
A veil of gray; one after one, it chills
The silent stars; then, spreading swiftly, blurs
The lilies, which, with one long shiv'ring sigh,
Pass out of sight. Unseen, meanwhile, on high
A lark has soared; and now its vein of song,
Faint through the shadowy stillness breaks; ere long
That song of faith unto a chorus grows,
And earth anew with morning's beauty glows.

M. C. C.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 560.—VOL. XI.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1894.

PRICE 1½d.

SCOTTISH STUDENT-LIFE.

ENGLISH people, and the others whom a well-regulated Scottish mind insists upon regarding as foreigners, often find it hard to understand the exact place which the four national universities hold in Scottish life. The Englishman, whom no multiplication of University Colleges will easily wean from his habit of regarding Oxford as the unapproachable ideal of university aims, regards the academic claims of Edinburgh or Glasgow as little better than those of so many day-schools; just as the German mildly finds it difficult to believe that a Professor can seriously attempt to impart knowledge to a class of three or four hundred young men, which nevertheless does happen. These diverse points of view undoubtedly have their use in nature, stimulating as they do that local spirit of self-questioning which periodically blossoms into a Universities Commission. But misapprehensions among neighbours are never desirable, and it seems worth while to attempt to give some impression of what life at a Scottish university really is like.

Although the four northern universities all agree in the main points of their methods and aims, they have each many distinctive local peculiarities. In Glasgow and Aberdeen, for instance, they wear the scarlet gown with which Mr Lang's graceful verses have made all the world familiar at St Andrews, but which Edinburgh has steadily refused to adopt. Indeed, as the first care of the Aberdeen 'bejan' usually is to dim the splendour of his blushing scarlet by spilling ink upon it, trailing it in the gutter, and tearing it down the middle, and otherwise displaying hostility to its distinguishing principle, Edinburgh may possibly be in the right. St Andrews, the oldest of the Scottish universities (founded 1411), has under 300 students; Edinburgh, the youngest (founded 1582), has well over 3000; Glasgow (dating from 1450) has 2000; and Aberdeen (from 1494) educates some 900. Within the past two or

three years, the masculine monotony of the quadrangle has, in Edinburgh and Glasgow especially, been diversified by the presence in the same classrooms, both in the Faculties of Arts and Medicine, of not a few women students. In Glasgow there were last year more than 150 ladies. And St Andrews has instituted a special degree, LL.A.—understood to mean, 'Lady Liferate in Arts'—for women who pass in seven of the subjects in Arts. At St Andrews there is said to be far more social intercourse among students, Professors, and townsfolk than at any of the larger universities. One advantage of this is that the phenomenon of a ripe Greek scholar talking in the Doric of the plough-tail is less common there than elsewhere. But, on the whole, the ways and manners of each university are like enough to those of its sisters to allow a description of any one to apply, with the necessary modifications in detail, to all the four. Of late years, indeed, there have been much chopping and changing in the courses of study and regulations for the taking of a degree. These, say experts, have greatly widened the somewhat hide-bound curriculum which was the only avenue along which one could wander to the M.A. when Plancus was consul, and have brought the system of medical study more into touch with the requirements of modern science. Like Herodotus, 'we prefer not to say what we think of this matter;' however, it is safe to assert that the ordinances of the Commissioners have not greatly interfered with the general spirit of Scottish student-life, with which we are for the moment chiefly concerned.

It may be profitable to glance at the experiences of a lad of sixteen or seventeen coming up from somewhere in Scotland or England to enter at a Scottish university—in many cases direct from a village or elementary public school. When he arrives, his first care will probably be, according to his habit of mind, either to enrol his name in the Matriculation Album of the university, or to

provide himself with suitable lodgings. It is said to have been observed that the Scottish student usually attends first to the former business, the English lad to the latter. It is while he is engaged upon it that the novel sense of his independence usually comes with a sudden freshness upon him. Perhaps a boarding-school has taught him to do without the pleasures of the domestic circle; but to chaffer with a buxom landlady about attendance, and to learn that fires and washing are extra, very frequently form his first glimpse of the realities of life. As to this matter of lodging, there are two courses open to the new-comer, whom of course we assume not to be in the comparatively simple position of having a home, or at least an aunt by marriage, in the town.

He may choose either the independent and somewhat cheerless life of what he speedily learns to call 'digs;' or he may prefer the greater luxuriousness of boarding with a cheerful family, tempered by a latchkey. In the latter case he will have to pay rather more than life in lodgings, usually costs, but he will avoid the loneliness of the existence which a shy and sensitive lad often has to lead for his first year or two. In Edinburgh, it is true, there is now a third course open, which, while freer and less expensive than that of boarding, gives most of the advantages of companionship and social intercourse that come from college life at Oxford. One of the best things that has been done in Edinburgh University of recent years is the foundation, by the energy and public spirit of Mr Patrick Geddes, of what is known as University Hall. Some five or six boarding-houses, clustered in the most historic and picturesque part of the Old Town, are here carried on by the students who inhabit them, on the most approved co-operative principles. They have taken root slowly, and even now hold less than a hundred students; but their appearance is among the most pleasing signs of the times in the university which has given birth to them. It is to be hoped that the other universities will before very long see their way to follow so excellent an example.

When our student has found a place wherein to lay his head for the next one hundred and fifty nights or so, his next concern is probably an examination. If he is in 'Arts,' it is either an entrance or scholarship trial; and if he has any pretensions to fame, probably both. If he is medical, he may have already passed some of his 'Prelim,' and now proceeds to complete it. All the northern universities have four or five Faculties; but two of these, Law and Theology, are confined to those who propose to settle in Scotland, and are almost always preceded by a course in Arts. The Faculties of Arts and Medicine, with the recently established Faculty of Science, as they contain the great majority of the students in all the universities (with the possible exception of theological St Andrews), so are also the most cosmopolitan in their character. It is exceedingly rare to find a 'foreign gentleman' who is anxious to become proficient in Scots law or eligible for the Scottish Church. But nowadays quite a large proportion of the Arts students in Edin-

burgh and Glasgow come from the schools of Northern England, drawn by the cheapness of the course as compared with that of Oxford or Cambridge: men of the calibre of Lord Kelvin draw science students from all the ends of the earth to their laboratories; and the medical school of Edinburgh is equally well known in Shetland and India, Australia and the Cape.

Thus our typical student, whether he comes from a distant colony or a Scottish parish, is likely to find himself within reach of some one hailing from the same part of the world whilst he hangs modestly about the outskirts of the university buildings in the interval of his examination. Naturally, and especially if he comes from a 'far countrie,' he hails these new acquaintances with a delight that is quite unproportioned to his previous knowledge of them. And it must be said that a good deal more than most people think, least of all the students themselves, depends upon the kind of acquaintances that the freshman makes at this outset of his university career. As Diderot has observed, one falls, *bon gré, mal gré*, into the tone of the society in which one lives. This is especially true of a lad entering upon his first term at the university. If the old school-fellows who welcome him, or the first friends that he makes, find their ideal of life in the cricket-field or the lecture-room, the billiard saloon or the laboratory, it is highly probable that, unless he be the rare exception with a strong backbone, he will make a habit of imitating them. As a rule, it may safely be said that the general public opinion of the Scottish students is healthy, and even strenuous, in its moral tone. There are black-sheep, and amiable but helpless 'wasters,' everywhere, of course, but they mostly have the grace to be obviously ashamed of themselves. The Scottish student in nine cases out of ten has come to the university by his own choice for work, and he is not very tolerant of any one who, with the best intentions, proposes to hinder him. This is lucky; for there is scarcely any provision made for the control of the course of study, which is practically left in every respect to the free-will of the student, who can use or abuse his time at his liking without encountering either praise or blame, save in the official and abstract form of medals and places in the honours-lists on the one hand, and repeated 'spinning' on the other.

This fact, indeed, will speedily make itself apparent to our student when he proceeds to the work of his first session. If he is a candidate for the M.A., he may have won an exhibitionship, or 'bursary,' as we prefer to call it in Scotland; with a recollection of our Latin days. He is naturally somewhat elated, and will get a moderate shock when he finds that the academic world does not seem to be especially impressed with the fact of his existence. There is nothing here of the interest which Trinity or Balliol might show in a man who promised to shed lustre on his college. There are no colleges, and consequently, none of that amiable rivalry which makes Oxford so agreeable to the owner of a first-rate Latin style. Till lately, it was the fashion for the student to pay the fee for each class direct into the

hands of each Professor, which often afforded an opportunity for a word or two of welcome that might in special cases prove the foundation for a personal acquaintance between teacher and taught. Now that kindly custom is abolished, and all fees are payable to the university in the abstract by the hands of the Clerk to the Senatus.

Such intercourse as there is in the larger universities between Professor and students comes nearer the end than the beginning of the curriculum, through the medium of occasional supper or breakfast parties for selected students. There are, indeed, extra-mural ways for the two sets to meet through the agency of the Athletic Club; the Representative Council, and the Smoking Concert; but for the great majority of the students the Professor only exists as a lofty abstraction or a lecture-giving and examining machine. The truth is that it is extremely difficult for a Professor to know even the names of the three or four hundred students who compose his classes, though they say that some, like Cæsar, do this, and more. In the Medical Faculty, the hospital wards and laboratories do more for the promotion of mutual intercourse, though even here there is something left to be desired. But the discussion of this matter would involve the question of large *versus* small classes, which is not to be disposed of so briefly.

As a set-off to this absence of intercourse amongst the members of the body academic must be placed the extreme freedom, both of thought and action, which the Scottish system allows, and indeed requires. The Scottish student is left absolutely to his own devices in these matters, to an extent which his brother of Oxford or Cambridge can scarcely conceive. The university simply prescribes certain examinations and the necessary preparation for them as the avenue to its degrees, and provides courses of systematic lectures, giving the needful instruction with the irreducible minimum of tutorial assistance. Attendance upon the prescribed lectures may be of the most perfunctory kind, and yet the degree may follow in due course, or be found unattainable, without any one having the right to interfere on behalf of the university. In matters of conduct, the rule is the same. The Proctor is unheard of, and would not be tolerated for a single moment. Only grave offences against discipline within the academic walls, such as very rarely arise, are under the academic jurisdiction.

To an English critic, it often seems that such complete liberty must result in much neglect of work and many irregularities of life. As a matter of fact the system has always been found to work exceedingly well, and no serious attempt has ever been made to change it. Independence is a plant that has always flourished in the soil of Scotland. And the Scottish system has one great advantage over that of England. By being thus left to himself, and taught to be his own moral and intellectual censor, the student learns some invaluable lessons, that the carefully guided and guarded Oxford man has to wait for until he goes out into the world. Often, no doubt, the lad who is thus suddenly thrown upon his own resources has

to take Experience for a teacher, often stern, and always inexorable. Possibly a good deal of time is wasted in ways that less liberty would make impossible, and the keenest students have a harder battle to fight than if the path to learning were made smoother for them. But on the whole the gain will always appear greater than the loss to those who remember that the ideal of a university is to supply not only Greek and Mathematics and Anatomy, but also a preparation for Life itself.

One of the most notable facts to a student of the recent history of the Scottish universities is the rise and development in the last few years of a spirit of academic fellowship, an *esprit de corps*, which was for some time distinctly wanting. Among the outward and visible signs of this growth are to be reckoned the creation in all the universities of Representative Councils and Unions, the organisation of athletics, and in Edinburgh that movement for the establishment of co-operative boarding-houses of which mention has already been made. The Representative Council—of which perhaps greater things were hoped than have actually been accomplished—is elected by the whole body of students annually, and is supposed to afford a means of communication between its constituents and the governing bodies of the university. It also gives the students who belong to it a certain opportunity of exercising themselves in debate, and of playing at the work which they may one day be called upon to do in a civic capacity. There are also in existence many independent debating societies, amongst which the highest place should be given to the Union debates, which are open to all members of the university, and at which a Professor in evening dress occasionally helps to defend the Constitution of the country or the university from the young lions of Radicalism, who exercise their sprouting claws on Blue-books or the Reports of the Universities Commission. A wave of enthusiasm for Unions began to run through the universities some ten years ago, and the efforts of the students and their friends have endowed them all with these useful and pleasurable institutions, which combine the rôle of the club with that of the debating society, and are chiefly modelled on Oxford.

Athletics, too, play a large and increasing part in the life of the Scottish student. Within the last twenty years the general athletic movement in the land has made itself felt within the walls of the universities, which now boast a very fair share in all the games of the country, and maintain a keen rivalry amongst themselves, though, for obvious reasons, it never approaches that between Oxford and Cambridge. Still, the runner, cricketer, or football player of parts is sure speedily to win himself a favourable share of reputation at any Scottish university, with the exception, perhaps, of St. Andrews, where golf, the royal and ancient game, admits no rival near her throne. Scottish students, as a rule, have less time and money to spend on amusements than their brethren in the south, and perhaps it is just as well that this should be so. One result of the fact is that athletics are kept in

due subordination, and cases of their being allowed to spoil a man's work are exceedingly rare.

A particular form of athletics, peculiar to the Scottish universities, which must not be omitted here, is the Rectorial election. This occurs once every three years, early in the winter session, and in the time of the present writer was a sort of excuse for a carnival of misrule. A week or two of vigorous electioneering, in which speeches were not the only weapons employed—the curious may consult the twenty-third chapter of *Alfred Hagar's Household*, a half forgotten novel by the late Alexander Smith, for a vivid account of these exercises—preceded the actual day of election, when the quadrangle was turned into a battle-field by the opposing parties, armed with flour of various colours, pea-shooters, dried flat-fish, and similar weapons. Nowadays, the warfare is of a much milder character, though the election literature is more virulent in type. No doubt this, like the abolition of the historic snowball fights outside the quadrangle of Edinburgh University, of the festival of Kate Kennedy at St Andrews, and of the town-and-gown rows in Glasgow, points to the appearance of a milder public spirit; but there are still a few who regret the older state of things.

These, after all, are but straws upon the steadily advancing current of Scottish student-life. The most essential character of life in the northern universities is to be found in their democratic nature and the independence which they teach. These no reformer will ever alter whilst Scotland stands where it does. Every Scotsman is rightly proud of the fact that a university education is within the reach of every lad of parts, however poor his circumstances. There is a custom in Edinburgh of having a holiday on a certain Monday half-way through the winter session, which is still called by its ancient name of 'Meal Monday.' It was then that in days of yore the poor student went home for the second supply of meal, ham, and potatoes, on which, like Carlyle, he might board himself through his half-year of plain living and hard work. The student who, like the one whom Shairp celebrated, works in the fields one half the year to gain the wherewithal to pay his college fees in the other half, is rarer than he used to be, but by no means extinct in any of the universities. He more often nowadays works in a school than at the plough-tail; but he is still to be found, especially in Aberdeen. An Edinburgh Professor not long ago gave serious offence by assuming the majority of his readers to spring from this class. Perhaps the young gentlemen who then gave vent to their indignation were not quite so wise as they thought. It is no small matter to belong to a country in which no degree of poverty debars the lad of strenuous mind from attaining the best education that is to be had within its limits. It has always been the boast of Scotland that all classes rubbed elbows on the benches of her class-rooms, and the son of the village innkeeper could, as Scott tells us, offer his friendly help to the darling of the best society in the land. There is great sociological wisdom in such an arrangement, by which the

rich benefit even more than the poor. And it is not for nothing that our Scottish universities can take for their motto Napoleon's boast: 'La carrière ouverte aux talents.'

THE LAWYER'S SECRET.*

CHAPTER XIV.—THE INQUEST.

A LIVING dog is better than a dead lion; how much more is a living dog better than a dead dog? This, apparently, is the principle on which justice is administered in England. If you have a dispute about a bill of lading, or about the soundness of a horse, you shall have a highly trained lawyer, an educated gentleman with a salary of five thousand a year, for your judge. He sits in a building set apart for the purpose; and the trial is conducted with all possible decorum, not to say solemnity. If the matter in dispute is only a cook's claim for wages, or a milkman's bill, you have again for judge a man of education, legal ability, and knowledge of the world, a separate court-house, and orderly and decorous procedure. But if the inquiry concerns only the death of one of the Queen's subjects, a respectable person who may have some legal knowledge or none, elected by popular vote, is the judge; the jurors are twelve fellow-creatures whose only qualifications are that they must belong to the male sex, and have plenty of time to spare. The court-house is generally a room in a tavern, where jury, witnesses, and spectators sit almost together, and where the dignity proper to a court cannot possibly be maintained.

The inquest on the body of James Felix was held in a room in a large public-house in Fetter Lane. Everybody supposed that it would be merely a formal affair, and that a verdict of 'Death by misadventure' would be returned. Even Inspector Clarke did not doubt that Mr Felix had himself sent for the cocaine, and had accidentally taken an overdose. Still, it would be necessary to discover who had supplied him with the drug.

The body having been duly 'viewed,' the witnesses were called. The first to give evidence was Dr Macleod, who said that when he first saw Mr Felix he was, he believed, dead, and had been dead for some time. Death was, in his opinion, due to a dose of cocaine. The doctors who had performed the autopsy quite coincided in this opinion; and they added, that a basin containing some dregs of beef-tea, and also a wine-glass containing a few drops of water, which had been handed to them by Inspector Clarke, showed unmistakable traces of the same drug.

Mrs Bird was next brought forward. She described the finding of the body, and strenuously denied having fetched any medicine for her employer, either on that day or for some weeks past. She had not seen Mr Felix, she said, since the morning of the day on which he died. She had never noticed any little bottles of drugs about his room, nor, so far as she knew, was he in the habit of taking opium, or sleeping-draughts of any description.

* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

Matthew Fane was the next witness. After stating that he and the young man O'Leary were all that were employed in Mr Felix's office, and that O'Leary was then absent on his holidays, he was asked, 'When did Mr Felix become ill?'

'He was never regularly ill,' he replied—'never confined to bed; but he was looking ill, and complained of having no appetite, and of pains about his heart.'

'How was he on the day he died?'

'Better. But he stayed mostly in his own room—I mean, the room behind his private office, the dining-room. He lay on the couch a good deal.'

'When did you last see him alive?'

'About half-past three in the afternoon, or it might be twenty minutes to four. I had been extra busy that day, and didn't get out for dinner till a quarter to three. I got back about half-past three or twenty to four, and I hardly sat down when Mr Felix came to me.'

'He was able to come to the outer office, then?'

'Oh dear, yes, sir. Only he was weak, and didn't go out.'

'Well?'

'He came to me and sent me on an errand to the City.'

'Was there anything unusual in that?'

'I thought it a little odd, as I was the only one in the office. He didn't generally like to be left with no one in.'

'You did your errand?'

'Yes, sir. I got back in half an hour, or perhaps three-quarters. I didn't take particular notice. I don't think it was after half-past four when I got back. I went to Mr Felix's room to report what I had done. He wasn't in his private office, so I went to the dining-room door. The door was open a little way. I peeped in, and saw him lying asleep on a couch near the fireplace.'

'Now, stop a moment. Are you certain he was asleep, or might he have been dead?'

'I didn't go near enough to look into his face.'

'Had you any doubt at the time that he was merely asleep?'

'Not the least in the world, sir. I thought a sleep would do him good, and I went away quietly. Then I waited till five o'clock, and left for the night.'

'Now, Fane, attend to me.—Did you fasten the outer door of the office after you that evening?'

Fane passed his hand across his forehead. 'I'm afraid, sir'—he began.

'Come, now; yes or no?'

But the witness was not to be hurried.

'The door fastens with a Chubb lock,' he said; 'and I have a key for it. When I leave at night, I always lift the little spring-catch, so that the door is fastened when I shut it behind me. That is my regular practice. I had no doubt that I did the same as usual, till'

'From what you have heard since?'

'Yes, sir. From what I have heard since, I believe I forgot to move the catch.'

'That will do, Fane.'

The clerk had retired to the back of the room, when the coroner, who had been exchanging a word or two with Inspector Clarke, called out—'One more question, Fane. You needn't push your way back. Just tell me, did you notice a tray on a small table, when you looked into the dining-room?'

'No, sir. It may have been there, but I didn't take any notice. As soon as I saw Mr Felix was asleep, I went away from the door.'

'So you never were in the room at all—the dining-room, I mean?'

'No, sir.'

'I ought to have asked you—Did you either that day, or at any time, procure any drug or medicine for your master?'

'No, sir.'

'Was he in the habit of taking narcotics—sleeping-draughts, or anything in the shape of opium?'

'Not so far as I know—he may have been.'

'Did you ever see phials about his room that might have led you to suspect that he was in the habit of dosing himself with such things?'

The clerk pondered for a moment or two. 'No, sir; I don't think I have,' he said at length.

This ended the clerk's evidence; and then the lad Atkins was produced. He said: 'Some time after three, when Fane was at his dinner, a lady called at Mr Felix's office. Mr Felix came to the door and let her in.'

'What was she like?'

'She looked like a swell.'

'I mean, was she tall or short, dark or fair?'

'Pretty tall, she was; and she was very handsome. Rather fair.'

'Would you know her again?'

'Yes; I'd know her if I saw her.'

'How long did she stay?'

'It might be an hour, or a little over an hour.'

'Did you see her come out?'

'No, sir. Mr Felix's room has a door opening on to the passage—the outside passage, I mean. She came out that way, for I heard the door open and shut. But from where I was, I couldn't see her.'

'So you couldn't say whether Mr Felix went to the door with her?'

'No, sir.'

'What happened then?'

'Mr Fane got back about a quarter past four, and left about five.'

'Had you seen any one else about the place in the meantime?'

'No. I'm certain no one had been at the office since three o'clock, except only the lady, and Fane. But a gentleman came later on.'

'When was that?'

'About half-past five, a gentleman came to the door and knocked.'

'Did any one answer?'

'I can't say. I fancy so, for he opened the door and went right in.'

'How long did he stay?'

'Maybe a quarter of an hour.'

'Which door did he leave by?'

'The office-door, the same as he went in by. That gave me a good look at his face.'

'What was he like?'

'He was tall, rather dark, a dark moustache, and short whiskers. He didn't wear a black coat; he had on a suit of dark gray tweed stuff.'

'Did you notice anything peculiar in his manner?'

'Yes, sir. When he first came, he seemed in a hurry. And when he went away, he was in a bigger hurry, and his face was as white—as white as that paper.'

'He looked alarmed?'

'Yes, and scared like.'

'Should you know the gentleman again if you saw him?'

'I'd know him quick enough—I'd pick him out of a thousand.'

Atkins was dismissed, and Inspector Clarke took his place. This officer stated that he and Constable Pirret had made a thorough search of the office and living-rooms belonging to Mr Felix—that they had found the basin and wine-glass which had been handed to the doctors for analysis; but that no phial of any description had been found in the rooms.

This completed the evidence; the coroner summed up; and the jury said they wished to retire. Half an hour afterwards they came back into court with a verdict of 'Wilful Murder against some person or persons unknown.'

The coroner exhibited some surprise. 'I don't say I disagree with you, gentlemen,' he said. 'But,' he continued, 'I confess I expected that you would simply say there was no evidence to show how the poison came to be administered. However, I shall not quarrel with your verdict.'

An hour or two after the inquest, Mr Inspector Clarke made his way to the office of the Solicitor to the Treasury, and asked for Mr Arthur Perowne, who had the charge of criminal prosecutions in their first stages.

'Well, Clarke, anything fresh to-day?' he asked, as the Inspector appeared.

'Yes, sir; I think I may say there is. That case of Mr Felix, sir, the attorney in Chancery Lane—at least, Norfolk Street'—

'Yes, I know.'

'The jury have brought it in "Wilful Murder against some person or persons unknown."'

'Indeed!' exclaimed the young lawyer. 'Was there any real ground for such a verdict?'

'I hardly think so; and the coroner seemed surprised. But the public will expect us to do something.'

'Yes. Some boy calls with a letter. The old gentleman is in pain, and wants some relief. He gives the boy sixpence to fetch him some narcotic. Takes an overdose, and having a weak heart, let us say, dies. Then some fool of a juryman persuades his fellows there's murder in it. The boys cry "Murder!" all over London. Then, a week afterwards, some newspaper fellow in want of a subject remembers the verdict, and sits down to denounce the department as idle and useless, because they don't discover a criminal that never existed!'

'Just so, sir. Still, there are one or two

points about this case—one which I didn't think it worth while to mention to the jury.'

'First of all, read me your notes of the evidence given to-day.'

This was done, Mr Perowne paying the closest attention, and occasionally taking a note.

'Perhaps the clerk, Fane, might have some idea who the lady was,' said Mr Perowne.

'No, sir; he had no idea who she could be. I asked him. And there was no mention of any lady's name in Mr Felix's diary. I asked Fane about it, and took a look at the diary before the inquest.'

'Then, what was the point you had noticed?'

'Only that'—

At this point a messenger entered, and said that a gentleman who had followed Mr Clarke from Scotland Yard wished to see him immediately.

'I'll be with him in a moment,' said the Inspector.—'The little circumstance was this, sir; that there was a small tin box half full of papers standing on the floor close to Mr Felix's couch, almost within reach of his hand. It was open. I locked it up in the safe; but I first took a look at the papers. They had to do with a Sir Richard Boldon. I only mentioned it, sir, because I thought that if there had been any foul-play, we might do worse than look for the motive among these papers.'

The lawyer smiled incredulously. 'A very slender thread, Inspector. Wouldn't bear a fly's weight. The poor man may have been at work on the papers, most likely he was, at the time of his death. I see no clew there. But I'll think over the case. Look in to-morrow, unless you are too busy.'

Clarke took his leave, but returned in a minute or two, bringing with him a short stout man, who looked like a tradesman. Both wore an excited look.

'A witness in the case we were discussing, sir,' said Clarke.

The newcomer was told to sit down and tell his story, which he did. His name, he said, was Jonathan Davis. He kept a chemist's shop in Holborn. On the afternoon of the 14th of September, about three o'clock, he was at dinner, having left his son Herbert in charge of the shop. The boy, who was ill at present, had told him that a tall, good-looking gentleman, dressed in dark tweed, had come into the shop about three, or a few minutes past three, and had bought some cocaine, which he said he wanted for neuralgia. But, unfortunately, the youth, though qualified to dispense medicines, had forgotten that it was necessary, when selling cocaine, to enter the purchaser's name and address in the poisons-book.

Mr Perowne angrily struck his fist on the table.

'I know it's a fault, and my poor lad's dreadfully cut up about it,' said Mr Davis. 'But I will say this for him, he told me as soon as I came back to the shop. And as soon as ever I heard the name of the drug mentioned in connection with the case of Mr Felix, I came straight to Scotland Yard.'

'Yes, you have done what you could, I admit. Would your son know the gentleman again?'

'Oh yes, sir. He says he is sure he would. And I forgot to say, the gentleman came in a cab—a four-wheeler.'

'Then there is a chance yet,' said the Inspector.

'Yes,' said Mr Perowne to the Inspector; 'your men must do their best to find that cabman, and trace through him the gentleman in tweeds.'

NATAL, BY ONE WHO KNOWS IT.

SOUTH AFRICA is coming to the front 'at home.' The northern and eastern parts especially are attracting much attention in the 'mother country.' Mashonaland, Matabeleland, and the wonderful 'Randt'—on which stands the large and well-built town of Johannesburg, a town and district appropriately named 'Goldopolis,' have drawn attention to this portion of Her Majesty's Empire. The 'Garden Colony' of Natal is at length coming into notice, with its little European population of about forty-five thousand, almost as many Indian coolies, and nearly half a million of natives, Kaffirs. The writer, knowing *this* part of South Africa best, now offers to the reading public a short history of the rise and progress of the colony. Such has appeared in print repeatedly, and sometimes the details have not been correct, for the simple reason that the author never lived there, or wrote an account of impressions made upon his or her mind during a flying visit.

Passing over the discovery of the port by a Portuguese navigator one Christmas day some centuries ago, and the occupation of the colony by the Dutch Boers about fifty years ago, the writer purposes dealing with the settling of Natal, in and about the year 1850, by the British colonists, some five or six thousand of whom came out under what is known as Byrne's Emigration Scheme. Joseph Charles Byrne had become entitled to large tracts of land in this beautiful country, and so tempting were the baits he threw out, coupled with descriptions of the place from other pamphleteers, that large numbers of people, dissatisfied with England, were tempted to try their fortune in the land. Nor did the promoter of the scheme bring these people out under false pretences; the mischief was that numbers of the emigrants were quite unfit for colonising any country; hence, as in every colonisation scheme, there were to be found here, as elsewhere, people who would give this or any colony a bad name.

Soon after this colonisation in 1850, the gold-fields of Australia attracted large numbers of people to those shores: the prosperity of the Natal settlers who elected to remain in the country, or who, perforce, having locked up their small capital in various adventures, were compelled to remain, has in many cases been assured. Many have been gathered to their fathers, and the 'old colonists' are shuffling off this mortal coil one by one. Meanwhile, a

second and third generation are taking the place of these old settlers, and entering into their labours. The way for these has been wonderfully smoothed and prepared by the efforts of the sturdy pioneers who found a wilderness, many being permitted to live to see towns built, homesteads founded, and said wilderness smiling on every side. Byrne and others who had visited Natal some year or two prior to the advent of said immigrants, represented it as a land of wondrous fertility and great natural beauty, well watered throughout, well wooded on the coast, and also on parts of the mountain ranges. These descriptions were true. Of course, the settlers afterwards found out that some portions of the country were sterile and deceptive; and to this day, settlers who will not take the advice of old colonists often make grievous losses, and involve themselves in trouble which might have been avoided, could they but have discarded those English notions and methods of working which are naturally turned upside down in the southern hemisphere.

When the writer landed about the time that Byrne's emigration scheme was completed, the town of Durban consisted of a few houses, stores, and canteens, scattered among the bush and sandhills, with a few hundred white inhabitants, who employed about the same number of native servants. The houses were mostly constructed of wattle and daub with thatched roofs. All these dwellings have disappeared, or become merged in the handsome structures now composing a *real* town. In the background lay wooded hills, called the 'Berea.' The corporation of Durban was fortunate in securing many thousands of acres of this 'Berea Bush'; and the suburbs of Durban now are certainly unequalled for beauty and beautiful residences in South Africa. The Cape Peninsula of course covers more ground; and at Port Elizabeth no expense has been spared in the erection of homes for their merchant princes; but for natural beauty, good roads, good lighting, water, beautiful gardens and grounds, terraces, courts, and magnificent trees and streets, tram-cars and conveniences of life, the suburbs of Durban, the seaport of Natal, are very hard to beat.

The climate—so often before described—is perfection from April till October. December, January, and February are hot; a cool sea-breeze generally tempers the heat. The rains fall principally during the hot months; and November and March are frequently wet.

A few miles from the coast, the land rises, and continues to rise in steps, the temperature falling until the Drakenberge are reached, some five or six thousand feet above the sea-level, where the nights are very cold. Thus, a dweller in Natal, if he has the means, can choose his own climate, or at least temperature. The city of Pietermaritzburg, seventy-two miles by rail, and about fifty inland from the port, lies about two thousand five hundred feet above the sea-level. There the temperature is variable, hot in the daytime, and cold at night. The city lies in a large basin, and the sun's rays seem to focus down upon it, and yet it is cool and pleasant on the shady side of the street.

There are some good buildings in the city, and a fine town hall. The Legislative Assembly and the Legislative Council are now in session. This is the first session under the new form of Government, and the new Ministry is composed of hard-headed, intelligent, and energetic colonists of tried integrity and experience, and the working of responsible government promises well.

The water-supply to the city is splendid. In cases of fire, its own momentum through the pipes will send a jet of water over the tallest building. The way trees grow in and around the city astonishes all nursery-men from colder climes. The corporation are planting trees, principally the Australian black-wood, in the streets, close to the footpath kerbstone; and in four or five years from planting, as a result large trees are throwing their grateful shade around.

The fruits in the uplands are all the English fruits, excepting gooseberries and currants. Pears and Orleans or blue plums require an altitude of four thousand feet or more; but apples and peaches, apricots, and 'mirabile' plums, grow in a profusion that temperate climes know not of. The coast fruits are too numerous to enumerate. Pine-apples, sixpence a dozen when the season is at its height, and even cheaper. Bananas and plantains all kinds; these two kinds of fruit are obtainable, more or less fresh, all the year round. When the railway is opened through to Johannesburg next year, the coast fruit-growers will make that high market *tum*. The coast grows, of course, the East and West Indian fruits, excepting the cocoa-nut, mangoes, avocado pears, custard-apples, pawpaws. Guavas, &c., abound on the coast. The reader may wish to know what an avocado pear is like. Well, the writer can only say with the greatest reverence that he trusts it will form one of 'the twelve manner of fruits growing on the Tree of Life.' Oranges, naartches—a kind of mandarin orange—lemons, limes, grenadillos, &c., grow and bear prodigiously all over the colony.

Thirty years ago, the coffee-plantations flourished on the coast-lands; but the 'leaf and bark disease' which devastated Ceylon was equally destructive in Natal.

Tea is now a great 'industry' of the coast, and the tea-plantations are extending on every side. Sugar is the principal coast product; and the factories all along the coast are turning out yearly, and increasingly, vast quantities of sugar, the quality of which can, if requisite, be almost brought up to best refined sugar. In fact, nowadays the best of machinery and appliances must everywhere be used, in order to compete with the world's market. The sugar estates extend about seventy miles north and south of Durban, seldom reaching inland more than a distance of six or eight miles from the sea-line. It is found to pay best when the planter and manufacturer each takes his own share of the risk and labour—that is, large central mills crush the cane grown by planters within a radius of a few miles. In some cases, the north and south coast lines of railway form an easy means of transit from field to mill. The trucks are

loaded with the sweet canes in an inglorious fashion, so as to carry as many tons as possible in one truck. The usual terms are that the grower receives two-thirds the produce of his cane. Many planters and pioneers at the outset were ruined through ignorance as to the machinery required, high rates of interest for same, and initial expenses. The growing of the cane was easily learned by men who knew how to cultivate land, nature in Natal being wonderfully kind, and the soil prolific. But when it came to erecting machinery in expensive buildings, the pioneer frequently succumbed to his difficulties. Now, the division of labour is working well for the benefit of both grower and manufacturer.

If this fragment is acceptable to the reading public, the writer might find time to forward to the *Journal* further and more interesting details pertaining to life in South Africa, especially as touching the natives, their manners and customs, or, rather, their state of mutation, for civilisation is now in their midst and no mistake.

A TALE OF OLD EDINBURGH.

CHAPTER IV.—CONCLUSION.—RANSOM.

It was the morning of the next day, while the sun still hung in the haze between the Isle of May and the southern shore, and poured his beams directly up the Firth upon the four pirate craft, anchored stem to stern between the island of Inchkeith and the port of Leith. The ships lay broadside to the harbour, and the cannon looked out of the portholes in warlike threatening. All appeared grim and ready for fight on board of every ship except the westernmost of the four, the raised poop of which was marked by a striped unwarlike awning, while under the awning was a low trestle-bed, by which sat a man and a woman.

The man was the Rover-captain, the admiral of the little squadron; the woman was the Provost's wife; and the occupant of the bed was the Provost's daughter. The maiden was completely and wonderfully rid of her fever—the elixir, the captain said, had driven out, and the wrappings had drawn out, the plague-poison. She had perspired profusely, and now she lay clothed afresh by her mother and in her right mind, gathering strength as rapidly as she might in the open, fresh air of the Firth. The patient's mother was asleep in the warm sunshine—she had slept little all the night—and the Captain sat on a cushion and talked in low tones with his patient, who had already learned from her mother the condition of the Captain and what he had done for her. She considered him with a curious, searching interest.

'It seems to me,' she was saying, in that soft, caressing Lothian tone which went about his heart and warmed it, 'that I hae kenned ye before.'

'Ye saw me twice in your father's house, when ye were in the grip of the plague,' said he.

'Ay,' said she; 'but I mean lang years ago.'

'Four-and-twenty hours would seem lang years in the state you were in,' said he.

'Nay, nay,' said she. 'It was, I'm sure, when I was a bit lassie. I'll mind in a blink.' She closed her eyes and drove her memory back, referring to him now and then with a half-open casual glance, which he did nothing to avoid. 'I trow,' she said, 'I saw ye ance in a blue bonnet with a cock's feather in't, betokening ye were of gentle birth, and ye were wearing your first beard;' and she blushed for having said that. 'But— No; I can mind nae mair. It puts me in a dwam.'

'Ye mustna tire yourself,' said he. Then he added on an overpowering impulse: 'Let me aid your memory. Ten years ago'—

'When I was twelve year auld,' said the patient.

'There was in the strong-room of the Tolbooth a young man condemned to death. His case was hard, for he had been condemned only in respect of being concerned in a foolish riot wherein some damage had been done to the Lord Provost's house. But he had been said to be the leader in the riot; and so he must be hanged. He was awaiting execution in a most desperate frame of mind, trying to think on some way of escape—though the ashlar work and the iron stanchels of the Tolbooth gave little promise of yielding to a pair of bare hands—when one of the magistrates wha had been trying to win mercy for the young man came to visit him, and brought in his company a little dark-haired, black-e'd maiden of twelve or so.'

'Oh, ay, I mind it!' said the patient quickly, her face flushing—'I mind it weel!—And I put a file into the lad's hand without my father seeing! I had been reading some book about prisoners, and I could think of nothing other to do! I mind it weel!'

'And the lad could not guess for a while what to do with the file. But at last he be-thought him of the wide chimney which was barred across at about the height of a man. One of the bars he filed through in the night, and then clomb out upon the roof, and dropped into the street in the dark, and so got awa'. Some friends helped him on board a ship at Leith, and he left the country.'

'But he cam' back ten years after,' said she with another blush, 'as a Captain of Rovers! For ye're that lad!'

'I'm that lad,' answered he, flushing in his turn. 'And now ye can guess the reason that has fashed ye till now what for I should hae ta'en the care and responsibility of curing ye of the plague. It was just giff-gaff: one good turn deserves another.'

'And now I mind,' said she after a pause, 'the lad's name was Andrew Gray.'

'His name was Andrew Gray, and is the Reis Mohammed El-Valid.—And now, ye must talk no more.' And he rose, drew his Moorish *haik* about him, and over his head, to shade him the better from the sun, and walked away.

All through that day the Provost's daughter lay and mused, while her mother knitted by her side. The great heat was shaded by the awning and tempered by the constant breeze

from the water, promoting that mild and pervasive condition of ecstasy which marks a pleasant convalescence. The maiden mused on the strange events of the past day and a half since she was stricken down with the plague, on her own marvellous recovery, and on the turbaned man, no longer mysterious to her, whom she saw moving here and there about the ship. She was grateful, humbly grateful—grateful to him for his devoted and generous treatment of her, and for his remembrance of the little service she had long ago done him; grateful for being alive and able to think and plan—and she longed to make him show more generosity still—to prevail on him to forgive his own and her own native city; and to remit, to abandon, the demand he had made of an enormous ransom. When the sun was sinking towards the head of the Firth, they met and talked again. They talked of the Edinburgh of ten years before, of the men and the women who had then been spoken of, and of the religious and political factions which had divided it and had set neighbour against neighbour. The Provost's daughter knew of the factions which then existed, though she could remember but little of those of ten years before, and she agreed with her companion in lamenting that the strength of faction was so strong.

'But is it not faction brings you into the Firth with your ships?' she asked.—He looked at her; and she continued with a sweet smile: 'Have ye not come to punish the auld town for that ane of its factions tried to take your life ten years ago?'—He admitted that there was some truth in that view.—'And will ye do that?' she urged. 'Ye have a generous heart; that I ken for certain. Ye hae been kind and generous to me; be kind and generous to the auld town.'

'I owe you the life that Edinburgh tried to take from me,' said he: 'I owe Edinburgh nothing.'

'Do ye not owe Edinburgh your birth and upbringing?' she asked.

'When all is said and done,' he answered, 'I only require of Edinburgh a bag or two of gold. I owe it to my comrades, who have come with me a' this gate on the quest to insist that the ransom be paid.'

'The town can never pay so much as ye demand,' said she. 'It is exhausted and spent with the wars, and wasted now with the plague: poor auld town, it can never pay ye.'

'We must wait the three days and see,' he answered.—'Meanwhile, mistress, I must insist that ye now compose your mind to rest, or else this same recovery of yours will be slow.'

He withdrew, and paced the lower deck—paced it in agitated meditation till darkness descended and enwrapped all things. At length he paused—paused abruptly and looked around him, as if he would for once demand the meaning of all things that met his eye. He saw his wild, foreign crew at his feet, asleep, wrapped in their *jelabs*, with the hoods drawn over their heads, all save the one or two keeping watch. They were mostly Moors; but yet among them were renegadoes of all nations. Why was he in their company?—Why had he been one of such

company for the past ten years? He looked away over the water to the southern shore: the light was still sufficient to show where the snug township of Leith lurked behind its ships and its pier; while behind it the rock crowned with the old castle and the craggy bulk of Arthur's Seat marked where Auld Reekie lay, the gray, hard, dour town, always at war with itself on some earnest point of politics or religion, then weltering in its own helplessness and unwholesomeness. He pitied the brave old town, and was ashamed that with so small a force he had been able to bully and humble it. The poor old town! The dear old town! With that gush of pity and shame in him, its gross faults of conduct appeared humorous foibles, as they always must in those we love; and he loved the old town, after all. With that there returned to him the vision of the little maiden which had haunted his imagination all the years of his exile, and which had found its ripe fulfilment in the lovely young woman under his care; and he thought that surely the barest, hardest portion among his own folk, in his own land, would be better far than the highest advancement and the greatest wealth in the distant land of the stranger and the infidel. But no; he must not think of it. Had he not been proscribed?—outlawed? And was he not bound to that ship on which he stood, as much as a slave was to his galley? Yet—and yet—that was a troublous time, and in Edinburgh there appeared to be no government to speak of: might not his outlawry be forgotten, ignored, pardoned, or condoned? But no; he must not think of it.

He turned away and looked across the waters to the northern shore. There something was seen which drew his eyes from meditation: the north-western horizon was red and lurid with fire and smoke rolling eastward over Fife. The man of action in him was at once on the alert. He was certain that the signs of conflagration on the horizon marked the track of war. He had heard there were two armies in the field northward—that of Montrose for the king, and that of Argyll for the Covenant: upon the sign of which was he looking? Whichsoever army it might be, it was of moment to him to be aware of its progress; for if the passage of the Firth and a descent upon Edinburgh should be aimed at, then his contribution from the town would be in danger of confiscation. He ascended the poop to have a fairer view of the phenomenon, and having ascended, he looked under the awning to see if his patient were asleep. He bent over the little bed, and was surprised to have his hand grasped.

'Forgive the auld town—will ye not?' came from the bed.

The soft, low tone of the voice and the gentle pressure of the hand took him quite at unawares, and precipitated feeling straightway. 'I'll forgive the auld town anything for your sake!' he answered fervently.

'And,' she continued, 'will ye not give up your wild, roving life with these terrible men of strange speech and strange faith? The poor auld town and poor auld Scotland have need that all her sons should be faithful and strong in her cause to bind her bleeding wounds and

assuage her bitter strifes! The poor torn country that she is!' And there sounded something like a sob.

His head was in a whirl and his heart in a turmoil. 'I cannot answer ye at once,' said he. 'There are weighty and difficult questions to answer; but, God helping me, I'll try to answer them as ye would like.—But now, Mistress Madge, ye'll ruin my cure if ye greet. Ye must sleep. But first tell me this, if ye can—which army is like to be burning and reiving in Fife?'

'Montrose and his Highlanders,' she answered at once; 'for the folk of Fife are a' on the side of the 'Covenant.'

She had barely answered, when there was heard the splash of oars. The Captain instantly strode to what may be called the Fife side of the ship, from which, he conceived, the sound came. There, less than a cable-length off, black upon the shining water, which reflected the lingering twilight, he saw a boat with two men. At the same instant it must have been seen by the Rover on guard, for he shouted his challenge, 'Balak!' and on the boat still coming on, he fired his piece. Then a voice rang over the water.

'Row, man, row!'—And then in a louder tone—a tone of appeal: 'Andra Gray! Andra, lad! Gar your fause loons lay down their musketoons, and help me on board your ship! For I'm a frien' to ye, man—I'm Wattie, ye ken! Him ye ca' Jockey! And I hae a maist preceese and important word for your private ear!'

The Captain gave orders not to hinder the approach of the boat, and in a little while Wattie was on board.

'How's a' wi' ye, man?' was the strange creature's greeting. 'And how's the lassie?' And he tried to peep beneath the awning.

But the Captain restrained him. 'Come, sirrah—Wattie—what seek ye with me on board my own ship at this untimorous hour?'

'His ain ship!' exclaimed the unabashed Wattie. 'Hoity-toity! Sae preceese and formal as we hae grown! We might be the maist high and mighty Argyll oursel!—But here, man!' And he drew the Captain apart to the ship's side. 'That donnert wild chield Montrose is marching down to the Firth wi' his Red-shanks: ye can see the bleeze o' him.' And he swept his hand towards the conflagration still visible in the north-west. 'He means to mak' the passage at Queensferry in boats at skreigh o' day. I ken it weel, man. I heard them speak o't. His foreguard, or frontguard, or vanward, or whatever the de'il ye ca't, is on the shore already getting the boats together!—Now, thinks I to mysel': "I trow Andra winna like that; for it would play 'coup the crans' wi' his business if that de'il o' Montrose jinkit into Embro' at this preceese time." And sae here I am, man; and it's for you to stop the passage wi' your ships and your cannon; and I se warrant Embro' and the Lords o' Convention'll be gey muckle obleeged to ye.'

'And I'm obleeged to you, Wattie,' said the Captain, and gave the strange creature his hand.

'Y'are—y'are!' exclaimed Wattie, returning

his grasp.—'But I like ye, man—I like ye! I kenned ye langsyne, and I aye approved the visnomy o' ye!—And ye'd better hae dune wi' roving, man, and come back to your ain kintra and your ain kin. The ploy o' ten year syne is a' blown awa'; there'll be nae upcast; and ye can get nae vivers across the seas like the collops and pease-brose o' the auld town.'

To hear even that strange creature speak of the auld town smote him to the heart with an acute longing of affection. 'No more of that, Wattie; I have other things to think of now.'

He had quickly resolved what he would do. He saw his opportunity of making himself more agreeable to 'the auld town' than he had yet done, and he seized it. He passed the order to pipe all hands, and to pass the order on to the other ships. In a second or two all was orderly bustle on board the ships—which spoke well for the discipline maintained among the Rovers—and in a few minutes the anchors were weighed, the sails were set, and the ships were standing up the Firth, tacking off and on towards Queensferry. He arrived off North Queensferry just in time to prevent a large flotilla of boats from starting across the Firth. He fired a shot or two into the water near the boats, to give notice of his intention to dispute the passage, upon which the preparations were abandoned, or at least seemed to be. He anchored there till morning, and upon the coming of full day he saw plainly that his interference had been successful, for the army of Montrose could be descried marching westward along the northern shore of the Firth towards Stirling. The Captain got himself rowed ashore to see what traces the army, or its foreguard, had left. He found a boat sunk—probably by one of his cannon-shot—and lurking in some brushwood a Highlander seriously wounded, whom he carried on board in token of the event of the night. That done, he weighed again, and returned to his anchorage before the port of Leith, on the pier of which it had been arranged that he should meet the Lord Provost of Edinburgh at noon to receive the ransom of the town.

It was necessary that the Provost's daughter should accompany him ashore to be surrendered to her father as hostage for the ransom; but before anything was done toward that end, he and Madge exchanged some significant words of conversation. He was restlessly pacing the deck of the poop, now looking towards the shore, and now glancing at her.

'I ken—I'm sure—there'll be no full tale of ransom for you this day,' she said, when he chanced to halt by her. 'What will ye do? Ye'd best prepare yourself.'—There was a pause, during which he did not stir, but looked hard across the water at Arthur's Seat and the castle. —'Will ye not forgive the auld town?'

He turned at once; he scarcely looked at her, but it was clear that a crisis was reached. 'That,' said he, 'is a serious question for me to answer—more serious than ye trow. If I forgive the auld town, if I abandon the demand for ransom, my life would be no longer safe in any of these ships. If I do as you require of me, when I go ashore I must not return. I

must cast myself on the mercy of the auld town.'

'The town will receive ye gladly; and my father will protect ye!' exclaimed the Provost's daughter.

'But,' he continued, with a severe control on himself, 'I shall have to leave what has been my home with these comrades'—

'My father's house shall be your home!' she said.

'I shall have to leave these comrades, some of whom have been my staunch friends—shall I find any friends in the auld town?'

'Many friends, leal and true.'

'But,' he urged, 'ae friend will be enough for me, could I have her; and having her, I carena wha else I have or what else may betide. What say ye, Madge Wishart?'

'I canna feign, sir, to misunderstand ye,' she replied. 'If ye'd wish me, I'll be, with God's help, leal friend and true wife to you, Andrew Gray; and ye may tak' my hand on it.'

He pressed and kissed the proffered hand, and a laboured sob escaped him. In a little while thereafter they talked of what would be the most prudent order of procedure on landing, in order to avert all difficulty and disturbance either with the townsfolk or the Rovers. It was agreed that the Provost should be allowed to see and converse with his daughter before the ransom was mentioned, and that she should tell him all, and that the Captain should manage the rest.

The Captain chose half-a-dozen renegade English and Irish whom he could trust from the company of his own ship, and by these and two Moors, he and the Provost's daughter, the Provost's wife, Wattie, and the Highland prisoner, were rowed ashore in two boats: an armed boat from the other three ships followed as guard. As the boats approached, a party appeared on the pier to receive them. The Captain's boats rowed in first, and while disembarking his patient, he ordered the other boats to hang off and on. His party landed, he still forbade the other boat-crews to land; but he looked for the Lord Provost, and saw him come with bowed head and sad visage. 'She was right: he has not been able to collect the sum!' he thought to himself.

'My Lord Provost,' he cried, 'ye may come and speak to your daughter before business is entered upon.'

The Provost came with alacrity to his daughter's side, while Wattie with the captive Highlander went and mingled with the Council in the background, and told his wondrous tale of the baffled descent of Montrose. Then the Captain turned to the Englishmen and Irishmen of his company whom he had prepared for the event, and called to them to stand by him, while he stepped forward and addressed the crews who had not been permitted to land.

'Comrades,' he said in their own speech, 'I do not return with you; I put off the authority of your commander, your Reis. I am in my own land again, and I intend to stay. Ye can receive no ransom from my native city; if you did, I could not stay.'—There were murmurs among the crews.—'I surrender you all my

property, both in my ship and in Sallee: that ought to be sufficient compensation for the loss of your share of ransom. These countrymen of mine remain with me. For the sake of our safety, I give you notice that if you have not begun to row away before I have counted ten, I shall fire upon you. Farewell.—Go!’ said he to the two Moors on the pier; and they descended into their boat.

Those in the boats could decide on no course of action except flight, and so, before the Captain had counted ten, their oars were at work, and the boats were leaping through the waves. The Captain stood silent and looked after them: the reversal was complete.

The Provost came forward and wrung his hand. ‘My son! My son!’ he murmured.

Before sunset, the Rovers of Sallee were standing out of the Firth with all their sails set.

In the fullness of time, Andrew Gray married the Provost's daughter, and dwelt in the Provost's house; and in memory of his long sojourn with the Moors, he set in the forefront of the house an effigy of the Sultan of Morocco, where it long stood, bearing silent witness to the truth of this story.

MARITAL CEREMONIES.

WELL has Selden said, ‘Of all the actions of a man's life, his marriage does least concern other people; yet of all actions of our life 'tis most meddled with by other folks. Marriage is a desperate thing: the frogs of Æsop were extreme wise; they had a great mind to some water, but they would not leap into the well because they could not get out again.’ Notwithstanding this adverse opinion, the most of people yet enter the connubial state. Such being the case, a study of the origin of wedding customs is not inappropriate. To begin with: the word ‘marriage’ is said to be derived from *maritus*, which in its turn is said to be obtained from Mars, the god of war. ‘Wedding’ comes from an old word *wad*, or ‘wed,’ a pledge or token, still used in Scotland to denote a bail or surety. An early English author, one Robert Brunne, writes of laying his glove to ‘wed;’ also Geoffrey Chaucer says: ‘Let him beware his nekke lieth to wedde.’ Furthermore, the poet Gower enlightens us on the use of the word ‘wedde’ as follows:

But first 'er thou be spedde,
Thou shalt leave such a wedde,
That I will have troth on honde,
That thou shalt be myn husbunde.

Anglo-Saxon custom ordained that, when the betrothal of young people took place, the youth gave the maiden certain ‘weds,’ one of which was a ring. It was put on the right hand then, being subsequently removed to the left on marriage. This is apparently the origin of our modern engagement ring.

The giving of money is assigned to the time of Clovis, who, when married to Princess Clothilde, gave her a ‘sou’ and a ‘denier.’ Since then, these have become legal marriage offerings even to this day in France. Of course, the value of the coins depends on the status of the contracting parties. Formerly, a like custom existed in Eng-

land. The bride or her attendant carried a bag, often handsomely embroidered, to receive the donation for the bride. This receptacle was called a ‘dow (from ‘dower’) purse;’ and this custom long lingered in country parts. Evidently from it originated the bridal gift of parents or bridegroom called a dowry.

The ancient ‘Morrowing Gift’ or present given to the bride by her husband the morning after marriage, was akin to the ‘dow.’ Our national records refer to it, as instanced in the gift of the castles of Dunfermline and Falkland to Anne of Denmark by James VI. of Scotland. The deed, dated November 23, 1589, runs accordingly: ‘Grant by the king to the Queen's grace of the lordships of Dunfermline and Falkland in morrowing gift.’

At present, in some parts of Cumberland the bridegroom brings money to church, and at the words ‘With all my goods I thee endow,’ having first deducted the clerical fee, hands the rest to a bridesmaid, who is ready, handkerchief in hand, to receive the dole in trust for the bride.

The ring was considered a badge of servitude by some, and was for that reason given by the man to his wife, like our forefathers, who were accustomed to give the future son-in-law one of the bride's shoes as a sign of authority over her. It was reputed to be accompanied by a tap on the head of the bride with the said shoe by the husband, in order to assert his prerogative. The ring was used in ancient times as a sign of contract, and from that fact, according to the antiquary Brand, it was nearly abolished by the Puritans of Cromwell on account of its heathenish origin. Butler in his ‘Hudibras’ refers to it:

Others were for abolishing
That tool of matrimony, a ring,
With which the unsanctified bridegroom
Is married only to a thumb.
As wise as ringing of a pig
That used to break up ground and dig.

The circlet of love withstood the assaults of the sanctified Roundheads, and Cupid's yoke did and does still have sway. An old Latin writer thus describes the ring: ‘(1) It is circular, because its form importeth that mutual love and hearty affection should always exist between the giver and wearer. (2) Its rotundity exemplifieth that the loving joys of courtship and matrimony should be for ever, their continuity remaining as unbroken as the circlet itself.’

The bridal veil is evidently of Eastern origin, being a relic of the bridal canopy held over the heads of the bride and bridegroom. Among the Anglo-Saxons a similar custom existed, but if the bride were a widow, it was dispensed with. According to Sarum usage, a fine linen cloth was laid on the heads of the bride and bridegroom, and not removed till the benediction had been said. The old British custom was to use nature's veil unadorned—that is, the long hair of the bride, which was so worn by all brides, royal, noble, and simple. Only then did all behold the tresses of maidenhood in their entirety, and for the last time, as, after marriage, this badge of virginity was neatly dressed on the head. Among some, the tresses were cut and carefully stowed away on a woman becoming a wife. It is customary in Russia for village brides to excise their locks on returning from church.

The peasants of that country have a pretty song, the gist being the lamentation of a newly-married wife over her golden curls just cut off, ere she laid them low.

Wedding cake is a remnant of the Roman confarreation, the breaking of bread as a solemn act or ratification of union. Consequently, the eating or sending of wedding cake is a symbol that ancient friendships shall not be broken.

Jewish custom ordains man and wife to drink out of the same cup at marriage, and the vessel to be immediately dashed to pieces, to remind them of the utter fragility of earthly joys. The old English custom of carrying the bride-cup before the bride on her return from church was similar.

Throwing rice on the newly-married couple leaving the church and on their departure for the honeymoon may have originated from the custom of strewing corn of some kind, generally wheat, over the bride's head on entering her husband's house. Herrick pens a few lines on the custom :

While some repeat
Your praise, and bless you, sprinkling you with wheat.

A peculiar custom exists in Yorkshire—namely, a part of the wedding cake is divided into many small pieces, and thrown over the heads of the happy couple, and finally passed nine times through the wedding-ring. Should a portion be obtained and put under a bridesmaid's pillow, she would surely dream of her lover that night.

Every country has its own peculiar custom. In Sweden, if the bride could at the altar place her right foot in advance of the bridegroom, she would secure future supremacy—in fact, 'wear the breeches.' Again, if she see him first, before he can her, on the wedding morn, the bride retains her husband's affection.

Marriage vows have sometimes been a stumbling-block to unlearned and conscientious people. A sailor (Dissenter) in the Eastern Counties came to be married. He gave the ring to the parson without demur ; but at the next clause cried out, 'Hold hard there, parson ! I'll worship none other than my Maker ; that I won't.' With difficulty the service proceeded. On another occasion, a man marrying a woman older than himself for lucre, at the clause, 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow,' very candidly cried out without ceremony, 'But I woant, though. I'll ha' she's.'

SECRET NORTHERN DESPATCHES.

PART II.—CONCLUSION.

I WAS the sole occupant of the carriage when we reached the last German station, but here a little wizen-faced man with lynx eyes jumped in. He began talking in German with great volubility ; and almost before I was aware of it, had learned that I was going on ; and confided to me how dearly he loved the English, their liberty and liberal Constitution, and led me to saying, rather unguardedly, some strong things about foreign, and notably the Northern system of government. Perhaps, had we not still been on German territory, I would have been more

careful in my remarks. It was quite dark when at last we steamed into the frontier station, and our passports having been collected, we were all marched into the building. While I gazed around me, interested in the novelty of the scene, I observed a policeman, as I guessed him to be, beckoning me ; and I advanced. He led me into a sort of office, where stood an officer, who said in good English : 'I am afraid, Mr West, I must know a little more about you before I can let you go on, as I am informed that you are a determined adversary of our Government.'

I was greatly taken aback at this announcement. 'I am quite at a loss'—I began.

'Hardly so, I should think,' he broke in, and called out, 'Max.' Instantly the wizen-faced man stepped in.

'Oh ! it's that wretched little rascal,' I involuntarily exclaimed ; and observing a smile on the officer's face, I continued : 'I daresay we English are often a little too outspoken ; but I shall easily and completely reassure you, when I tell you that I am going on to the capital under instructions from Mr Bronskoff, Chancellor of your Embassy in London.'

'You will, I know, pardon my saying that simply telling me that does not completely reassure me.'

His answer nettled me, although I was unable to gainsay his assertion, and I sharply retorted : 'You had better, then, ask Mr Bronskoff himself.'

'I will—I will telegraph at once,' he replied, sitting down and beginning to write a telegram ; then, with a wave of the hand, he said : 'We will let things so stand for the present, Mr West.'

Divining that he wished me to understand that our interview had terminated, I went back to the waiting-room. I felt slightly uneasy, and afraid lest I might have been too hasty ; but I did not regard the threat to detain me for a few casual words as seriously meant ; and remembering Bronskoff's strict injunctions to exercise the greatest caution, I thought it prudent to see how things developed, and only reveal anything concerning my mission when circumstances might absolutely compel me to adopt that course. Presently the passports, duly examined and viséd, were returned to every one but myself ; the station doors were re-opened, and, with the other travellers, I passed out on to the platform and seated myself in a carriage ; but in a few moments the officer appeared at the door, saying, laughingly : 'It won't do, Mr West. Without your passport, you cannot go on ; quite useless to attempt it, even.'

I stepped out, beginning to fear that matters were getting serious, and walked down the platform, thinking as to my next move. When I got alongside of the locomotive, I heard a voice exclaiming, 'Beastly coals !' and I called out, 'You are a countryman.'

The driver looked up and nodded. 'Yes ; my name is Briggs.'

Then it struck me I might perhaps get away on the locomotive, and I continued : 'I want to see something of the working of the railways in these parts. Can you let me ride

through on the engine? I will give you a ten-pound note.'

I saw the man perched on the engine was looking away over my head as I spoke. 'Gainst the regulations, sir,' he replied; and instantly from behind me came the words: 'A nice little plot, Mr West.' I turned round to find myself face to face with the officer, who had stealthily followed me.

'You had better have a little more patience. I have, you know, wired to London, and I daresay shall soon learn that your statement is correct. In fact, it is really because I am inclined to take that view that I am desirous to avoid causing you any discomfort, and have not ordered your confinement in the guard-room. You will always be able to continue your journey by the morning mail-train.'

As he turned back, I followed by his side, for I saw that unless I wished to spend the night there, I must proceed to take energetic steps, and I began: 'The fact is'— But I thought it well to know to whom I was speaking, so I broke off, saying: 'You will forgive me, as a foreigner, being unable to recognise your rank.' 'Captain of gendarmerie, Captain Vanovitch,' he briefly replied.

I slightly raised my cap, and he returned my salute military-wise; then firmly persuaded that I was about to remove every difficulty, I exhibited my dummy despatch and resumed: 'The fact is, Captain Vanovitch, I am carrying this most important despatch to General Doravitch, and it is a matter of extreme urgency that he should receive it to-morrow.'

'Oh! I can make that all right. I will send it on for you by one of my men,' quickly exclaimed the captain, holding out his hand.

This unexpected proposal naturally only put me in a greater fix. I was therefore greatly at a loss, for the moment, what to say or do.

Noticing my hesitation, the captain promptly said: 'It will go quite as safely as if you took it yourself—perhaps even more safely.'

Finding no alternative course, I handed him the sealed envelope.

As he took it, he said: 'Why didn't you mention this earlier, Mr West?'

I instantly drew the conclusion that he now regretted having been forced, by my own act, to deal with me with so much strictness, and replied: 'I must confess, captain, I think that it would have been wiser on my part. I hope, however, that matters are now put straight, and you no longer harbour any suspicions, nor consider it still necessary to detain me.'

My countenance probably betrayed the anxiety which I really felt, as the captain looked keenly at me, and slowly replied: 'Probably I could accede to your request; but as your despatch will be duly delivered, it is quite unnecessary that I should do so. You seem to be so excessively anxious to get away, that I prefer you should await Mr Bronskoff's reply.'

I saw him enter the station, and very soon a gendarme came forth, carrying a leathern despatch box, swung by a broad strap over his shoulders, and entered the train.

The time before the train's departure was getting short, and I was getting desperate. Bronskoff's last words, 'Get through at any

cost or risk,' came back to me. Seeing that the captain had not returned to the platform, I hurried off again up to the engine. 'Look here, Briggs,' said I; 'it's all right. I am really on important Government business; but these stupid police here mistake me for some one else, and won't let me go on. I will make it twenty pounds if you let me ride with you. I will jump down in front of the engine, run round, and get up on the offside, and hang on the step until you are clear of the station.'

The increased recompense tempted Briggs, who replied: 'It's very risky, sir; but if you'll promise to pull me through, if need be, I'll agree. I'll open the furnace an instant, while you jump down in front.'

Nobody troubled themselves about the engine, so five minutes later Briggs was able to call out, 'All clear now, sir.' Then I got up, and at once recognised that three men on the engine would certainly attract attention sooner or later. I thought I saw how to turn this difficulty, and asked Briggs if he could not manage to get rid of his mate. 'You can talk to him, I suppose. Tell him I will exchange my topcoat and cap for his, and give him five pounds besides, if he will let you put him down on the way; and then,' I added, 'I will be your stoker.'

Briggs explained my proposal, to which the man agreed; and I put on his sheep-skin coat and cap, rubbed a little coal-dust on my face and hands, and was ready for a spell at stoking.

Says Briggs: 'We shall presently run through a bit of forest; there's a sharp curve as we get out where we slows down a bit, and the engine as she runs round can't be seen because of the trees, from the train. I'll go slow enough to let my mate jump off, and he'll just hide 'mongst the trees, so if a guard should rush up he won't be seen. There's some houses about half a mile away, and he'll be all right.'

Briggs dexterously carried out his plan. Whether any one noticed that the train almost pulled up, I don't know; anyway, nothing occurred, and the rest of our journey was uneventful, excepting at the first station at which we stopped. I kept as much out of sight as I could, while Briggs leaned over the hand-rail. I perceived considerable commotion on the platform, and that the whole train was being inspected. When we were again running, Briggs told me he had asked what was up, and heard that a telegram from the frontier station had been received reporting that an Englishman without a passport was in the train, and was to be detained. Fortunately, the instructions sent were so precise that only the train was suspected, and of course, as Briggs exclaimed, laughing heartily: 'If it's the stoker yer wants, it's no good looking for him in a first-class carriage.'

Recalling to mind how the captain had overheard my first confab with Briggs, I felt rather interested, and said: 'It's curious, Briggs, that the captain sent no instructions about overhauling the engine too.'

Briggs looked alarmed, and nervously answered: 'I suppose, sir, they thought that I would never have dared to risk bringing you away with me.'

During the journey I laid my future plans.

Briggs informed me that when the train was cleared of passengers and luggage, he would have to put it on a siding, and then run the engine into the shed; and that done, he would manage to pass me out of the station yard by the workmen's entrance, and pilot me to the ministry of police.

I saw that this little delay was inevitable; but there was no alternative, and I knew that the gendarme in the meanwhile would have delivered, in post haste, my dummy despatch.

Perhaps, to keep my narrative clear, it will be well to relate at once the result of the gendarme's mission, as I subsequently learned. With the dummy despatch, Captain Vanovitch sent a report stating that it had been delivered up by an Englishman whom they had detained as a suspected person. The General, a very quick-tempered man, fell into a towering passion at the sight of the blank enclosure, and instantly telegraphed to the captain to send on the Englishman under escort. Captain Vanovitch had no choice but to wire back that the Englishman had escaped. The General then became furious, put the captain and his men under arrest, and ordered up a relief company to take over their duties.

This was the position of affairs when I found myself at last in the streets of the capital with Briggs, who judged it prudent to take a cab. 'Now, sir,' said Briggs, 'you can't talk their language, but you can give some tips; you will see how they will make all clear.'

I alighted in front of a fine palatial building, and Briggs drove off. Ascending a few steps, I entered a large marble-paved hall, in which a policeman was pacing to and fro. He eyed me with surprise. I felt that my grimy hands and visage and grease-stained, blackened, sheep-skin coat were not calculated to produce a favourable impression on him; so I smartly advanced, saying, 'General Doravitch,' and held out a half-sovereign, indicating with my finger that he was to put it in his pocket. His eyes glistened at the unwonted sight of a gold coin; and motioning me to follow, he led me into a corridor, where I found a second policeman, seated at a small table alongside a pair of folding-doors. He had pens and ink and an open book before him. My guide said a word or two and left us. Straightway, I discreetly placed another half-sovereign on the table corner. The man, pretending not to observe it, offered me a pen and pointed to the open book. I guessed it was a register of callers, and wrote in the first column, 'Richard West,' then 'London,' and, across the remaining columns, 'With despatch for General Doravitch.' The man looked at the writing, which was Greek to him; then he scratched his ear, and suddenly snatching up the book, went in at the door close by. He reappeared in a few seconds, and held the door open to allow me to pass in. I found myself in a spacious well-furnished room, and saw a handsome young man, in uniform, advancing to meet me, his countenance plainly revealing that my uncouth appearance amused him.

'So, Mr West, you have brought a despatch from London,' said he, in excellent English. 'But surely you cannot have found it neces-

sary to travel in that curious'—he paused, seeking a word—'disguise,' he added.

'Not quite from London, at any rate,' I replied.

'The General,' he resumed, 'has already received a despatch from London this morning which seems to have greatly displeased him. I hope your despatch will prove more acceptable; otherwise, I am afraid it may prove a little awkward'—and he added maliciously, with emphasis—'for you.'

'Oh! I have no fear that my despatch will create any difficulties'—and I continued, imitating him—'for me.'

'I will take it in to the General,' said he, extending his hand.

I had to tell him that Mr Bronskoff had strictly enjoined me to deliver it personally. 'You will not, I am sure,' said I, 'desire to force me to disregard my instructions.'

Thereupon, he passed into an adjoining room, and returned, accompanying a gray-bearded man, whom I guessed was the General.

'You desire to hand me, yourself, your despatch,' he said, in my own language.

I bowed, and in my precipitation to get to the end of the business, handed the despatch as it was in the tobacconist's envelope. The General's eye first caught sight of the printed address, and he read aloud, 'Tobacco and Cigar Merchants;' then, with a look of thunder, he roared at me: 'Explain—instantly.'

Naturally, I was only too ready to do so, and as the quickest mode, cried out: 'Inside; look inside, General.'

He hesitated a second before withdrawing the enclosure, then instantly passed into his own room, followed by the young officer, and the click-click of the telegraph speedily reached my ears. I had little doubt that orders were being hurriedly sent to keep a sharp lookout for Nilikoffski; and I began to feel a little compunction. I knew nothing of the fellow; still, he had never done me any harm.

The General shortly re-entered the room, and instantly I addressed him, saying: 'I want to tell you, General, that Mr Bronskoff's parting words to me were, "Get through without fail at any risk or cost." I have done so; and I hope with your approval too.'

'You have done admirably well, Mr West. Your despatch gives me highly important information, which a few hours' delay would have rendered wholly useless.'

'Then, General, I must make a short confession;' and I rapidly told him of the incidents at the frontier.

He laughed; but I thought I detected that he was not quite content that I should have contrived to elude his men's vigilance; so I candidly told him I half suspected that Captain Vanovitch had tacitly facilitated my trip on the locomotive.

The General reflected a moment, and, evidently better pleased, exchanged a few words with his companion, who left the room, and again I heard the click-click of the telegraph.

'You may possibly be right,' said the General; 'and I have just wired Captain Vanovitch not to trouble further about you.—But really, Mr

West, it was a very strong proceeding to break through our frontier. But we will be lenient,' he continued, smiling, 'and not shut you up in a fortress this time.'

'Your Excellency's clemency will, I trust, be extended to the engine-driver and his mate. As I was the tempter, I should be much grieved if I thought any harm would befall them.'

'You may rest satisfied, Mr West. I will see that they are not molested by any one.'

Just as I was seeking some suitable words of leave-taking, the General cried out: 'We can't let you, a perfect stranger here, venture forth alone in that guise. I am afraid you would very soon get again in trouble. We will send one of our men with you to the Grand Hotel, and put you safe.'

Highly satisfied that my mission was now satisfactorily accomplished, I stood again on the steps, escorted by a policeman, who hailed a cab. One smartly drove up; and as soon as we were seated, off the driver started, only, however, instantly to pull up as the policeman shouted vigorously at him. I caught the words 'Grand Hotel.' The driver appeared thunder-struck, and whipped up his horses. I guessed that there was something droll in the matter, and was curious to get an explanation; so, on reaching the hotel, and finding an interpreter, I had the policeman questioned, and learned that the driver concluded the policeman was taking me off to the jail, and thought it unnecessary to ask where to drive; and naturally was astounded to be told to go instead to a hotel hardly frequented by fellows such as I outwardly appeared to be.

On my return journey to London, when I again reached the frontier, up stepped Captain Vanovitch, who, saluting me, cried out: 'You have come to surrender yourself at last, then, Mr West.'

'Yes, captain; but only, I hope, for a quarter of an hour. General Doravitch has pardoned me, and I am sure you will be equally lenient.'

'Do you know, Mr West, that the General has been terribly angry with me?'

'Well, I think I may assure you that he is no longer so, as I contrived to give him a broad hint that my engine ride was most probably accomplished by your tacit consent.'

To my surprise, the captain frowned as he replied: 'Now I understand how things have since turned out. You no doubt meant well, Mr West; but certainly, in implicating me, you attempt to prove that I am capable of most serious neglect of my strict duty.'

'I can only re-echo your own words, captain. I meant well, and regret exceedingly if I have unwittingly displeased you.'

The captain bowed stiffly, and went away. I confess I was somewhat puzzled; but, as my conscience was clear, I dismissed the matter from my thoughts.

As soon as I arrived in London, I sent word to Bronskoff, and got an immediate interview with him. I was in high spirits, eager to recount to him the events of my journey and hear his comments, feeling sure that he would be as much elated as myself with the success of my mission. You can imagine, therefore,

how much I was startled when I met him, noted his lugubrious visage, and heard him exclaim in a most doleful voice: 'A nice little business this, Mr West.'

'It's all right,' I ventured to say.

'It's all wrong,' he retorted with a groan.

'I don't understand in the least. I have been quite successful, and I did everything possible to help'—

'We know it,' he interrupted. 'You even stoked the locomotive.'

'Well, what if I did?' I exclaimed, quite bewildered.

'Only this—you helped to take Nilikoffski on to the capital.' Bronskoff's grave countenance told me convincingly that he spoke in earnest.

'How was that possible?' I asked in amazement.

'I will tell you. Nilikoffski appears to have cunningly dogged your steps; and while you were being detained at the frontier, on a got-up pretext, Nilikoffski, with the connivance of the captain of gendarmerie stationed there, secured your passport, and went on in the train as Richard West, in your place.'

'That captain was really a puzzle to me,' said I. 'Now, his conduct is easily understood. His punishment will, I suppose, be heavy?'

'Oh, the rascal! He took good care to show us his heels in time. I need hardly say,' Bronskoff continued, 'that we do not impute the slightest blame to you, Mr West; but it has proved a most unfortunate mission.'

'It has, indeed,' said I; but as I was at that moment occupied in neatly folding up the Embassy cheque for fifty pounds plus my expenses, no doubt my words were only applicable from Mr Bronskoff's point of view.

BROKEN FAITH.

THOUGH the careless turns of fortune

Bring us nearer, and we stand

Changing coin of old remembrance,

Chilly hand enclosing hand—

Never while the sun is shining,

Never in eternal hours,

Can the broken faith be mended,

Can the ancient love be ours.

Once the sombre day was morning,

Once the bloom was on our youth;

But the glamour melting showed us—

Was it Death, or was it Truth?

Bitter the unvoiced reproaches,

Bitter the delayed Good-bye;

Bitterest the silent scorning,

When we parted, you and I.

Passionless the sombre present,

Gentle every glance, and yet

Though the words convey forgiveness,

Never may the heart forget;

So, though kindly fall our voices,

Hush them, lest they draw a wraith

From the daisied mound between us,

Where we left a younger faith.

C. AMY DAWSON.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 561.—VOL. XI.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1894.

PRICE 1½d.

ART SURGERY.

WE had been talking about old pictures and the business of picture-cleaning—talking as people do across the dinner-table, expressing opinions formed on slender grounds, and criticising the methods of the picture-cleaner, as we understood them, with the breezy freedom of ignorance. Only one man took no part in the conversation; an elderly man, with an interesting and handsome face, who listened to our remarks with what might have been intelligent interest, but which I now suspect must have been amusement. If I had known who he was, I, for one, should have been less ready with criticism, and I rather think the rest would have been more restrained too: we did not know he was a Royal Academician, and a very distinguished R.A. at that. I had heard his name, but it is not an uncommon one, and it never occurred to any of us that he might be *the* Mr ——. We all make mistakes of the kind at times; and though I did feel rather small when I learned who our fellow-guest was, I cannot regret it, because it led to a particularly interesting talk in the drawing-room after dinner.

We had been, as I said, discussing the business of picture-cleaning, or 'restoring,' as those engaged in the trade—or art, it may fairly be called—describe it. Everybody knows the orthodox 'sign' of the picture-cleaner: a painting—portrait for choice—of unquestionable antiquity and dinginess, but of dubious value, one half of which retains the subduing pellicle of dirt acquired by age, and the other brilliant in what purport to be the real original tints. I said at dinner, and say again now—since it was the only remark I made which the Royal Academician did not afterwards prove quite wrong, and of which I am therefore rather proud—that the 'restored' moiety of most of these specimens was very much restored indeed, owing their freshness, in fact, far less to any process of removal of grime than to the simpler

and speedier operation of applying, or misapplying, fresh paint. Mark Twain frankly confessed his preference for the copies of Italian Old Masters; and though all amateur patrons of medieval art have not his courage, I own to the belief that the copies fall more within the range of amateur appreciation than originals whose details are toned down almost to extinction by the accumulated dust of centuries.

It is a fortunate phase of the artistic tendencies of the middle ages that the subjects were of a nature which indicated cathedral or church as their appropriate resting-place. As everybody knows, a very large proportion of the famous pictures by the Old Masters of Flanders, Italy, Spain, and Germany, are to be seen in, or have been taken from, the churches. These, although they appear to have suffered more than pictures of equal antiquity which have been preserved in private galleries and elsewhere, are really much more amenable to the art of the cleaner. The heavy smoke of the candles so largely used in the ritual, while seeming to blacken out the colours of pictures which hung within its influence, by comparison with other sources of dirt, is actually the easiest discoloration to remove. This was the first thing we learned from the Royal Academician, who, with infinite tact, appeared to have heard absolutely nothing of the ignorance we had been parading, an hour before, at dinner. He went on to tell us that one of the most important duties of those in charge of the National collection in Trafalgar Square occurs in connection with this matter of picture-restoring, on which we had been pouring the vials of contempt. When a valuable work seems to be very 'far gone,' it is a question for careful consideration by experts whether it is safe to attempt restoration; it is such a delicate operation that a painting may be ruined in the effort to freshen it. There are only two men whom the National Gallery authorities employ on a task of this kind.—No; not artists, said the Royal Academician in answer

to a suggestion that only a painter of acknowledged repute would be allowed to touch them: they were professional restorers, whose business was restoration, and nothing else.

'It can't be a very lucrative profession,' somebody observed.

'It is, though,' said the Royal Academician. 'They are the only two men in the country that I know of who can really be trusted, and they have just as much work on their hands as they can do.'

'Are their terms very high?' asked a young lady with some interest. 'A relation of mine picked up a picture at Venice the other day, and several people who know something about it think it's a valuable one. It is painted on a panel which is one piece with the frame, such as it is, and that, in conjunction with its artistic qualities, as well as they can be seen under the dirt, made some one who saw it attribute the picture to Botticelli or Lippo Lippi.'

'Both are known to have painted on that peculiar style of panel,' said the Royal Academician cautiously.

Then did the Royal Academician think that Mr D——, or the other restorer, Mr M——, would inspect the picture with a view to cleaning it? Its condition was really awful.

The Royal Academician, not having seen the painting, could not say; but in regard to the cost, he could state that if Mr D—— went down to the country to look at it, he would expect his fee of five guineas, even if he came to the conclusion that nothing could be done.

We began to have more respect for picture-cleaning. A man who expects five guineas—and gets it—for telling you he can't do anything, is entitled to respect; and we began forthwith to make inquiry about methods and results. The Royal Academician was quite willing to satisfy our curiosity: he had had many opportunities of seeing Mr D—— at work, and spoke of his methods with a reverence that bordered upon awe. He began by explaining that in the old days it was generally the artist's custom to give a finished picture a thick coating of mastic varnish.

'Perhaps the early substitute for glass,' suggested somebody with the air of one struck with a valuable idea.

'Perhaps,' assented the Royal Academician dryly, 'perhaps with the idea of preserving the colours from the action of light. Anyhow, they almost invariably did so; and we may be thankful for it. This film of mastic naturally received the particles of dust which would otherwise have settled on the paint itself, and in course of time became the foundation of that coating we all know which dulls the pigments to sombre uniformity.—Well, the great object of the restorer is—or should be—to remove the layer of mastic with its superincumbent dirt without injuring the pigments below. Solvents are commonly employed, but, as you will understand, are not very easy to control, so that the actual paint shall escape their action.'

'Is that so very difficult?' I asked.

'Not when the picture is thickly painted, though even then it may do harm. But a

thinly-painted work inevitably suffers if a solvent be used upon it, no matter how carefully. Now D—— uses no solvents.'

The Royal Academician smiled to himself, and we waited for him to go on.

'It's the strangest thing you can imagine,' he continued after a pause. 'He sits down before the picture, after examining the surface carefully, and begins to rub it with his finger-tips.—No; he uses no resin or anything else; he works with perfectly clean hands. He begins with gentle pressure, and increases it gradually, though he never rubs very hard. After he has been rubbing for a few minutes, you see a trace of blue-gray dust coming out under his fingers, and this increases till it lies like a thick powder. He dusts this off; and—there you are!'

'The picture is cleaned?'

'Yes. It looks like magic, to us outsiders,' said the Royal Academician modestly, as though we all had been of the sacred Forty, and he the latest elected. 'The secret lies in his wonderful touch; in working off that coat of mastic and dust which covers all these old pictures. But when you see the original paint below as fresh as the day it was laid on, the effect of such a simple-looking operation is really extraordinary.'

'I can understand how that can be done on a smoothly painted picture,' said one of his listeners; 'but some of those Old Masters look so rough and lumpy. How does he manage with them?'

'On those, of course, he can't do it all with his finger-tips,' confessed the Royal Academician. 'A Titian or Tintoretto, for instance, requires different treatment. Their work was very rough, as you know.'

I don't think any of us *did* know; but we all murmured a cordial assent.

'Dealing with a picture of that kind, he manipulates the ridges and all he can reach with his fingers in the same way; but he has to use a solvent to restore the little nooks and valleys; he does it and the necessary touching up afterwards with wonderful skill. I assure you I myself could not tell where his brush had been.'

'Do you consider a restoration in which the brush and palette play a part as satisfactory as one done by the fingers only?' asked the lady who had mooted the subject of asking Mr D—— to inspect her relative's purchase.

'Perhaps not quite,' replied the Royal Academician. 'But the man is an artist, though he does not profess to be one; and when the choice lies between a picture smothered in dirt and one which shows the painter's work, we must not be too critical. I call D—— an artist because he works so sympathetically.'

'Supposing he comes across a blister,' said somebody speaking as one who puts a regular poser, 'how does he manage that?'

'Ah!' said the Royal Academician with gusto, 'that's another thing worth telling you about. The difficulty is not so much in cleaning the blister as laying it.'

'Laying it?'

'Yes. It's a beautiful process: quite a bit of artistic surgery. You can guess that on an

old picture these unsightly bubbles are quite hard. Well; first D—— softens the bubble very slowly and carefully with oil. It takes a good deal of time. When he has got it to a workable consistency, he pricks it with a needle, and inserts a very small dose of a special cement. When he has got in as much as he requires, he sets to work with a little ivory implement, and coaxes the blister down against the cemented canvas till it lies perfectly flat and smooth; and you would never guess there had been a bubble there at all. It's a very nice operation, that of laying a blister; it wants most delicate workmanship.'

The Royal Academician nursed his knee, and remained lost in silent admiration of this example of 'artistic surgery.'

'How do you proceed when a picture is cracked all over, as one so often sees?' I inquired.

The Royal Academician threw out his hands, and his face fell. 'You can't do anything,' he said sadly. 'It must be left alone. I believe D—— could repair cracks, if any man could; but no means of doing it have been discovered yet, and for my part, I don't believe any ever will be.—Of course, they can be painted over. But that—with scorn—is mere journeyman work.'

Consideration of the hopelessness of cracks seemed to depress the Royal Academician, so, recollecting something another artist had once told me, I threw a suggestion delicately, as you throw a fly over a feeding trout.

'I suppose that these very old pictures which have hung for generations on the walls of damp churches are not always in good enough condition to withstand Mr D——'s mode of cleaning? Is not the canvas on which they are painted often very rotten?'

The Royal Academician recovered himself at once. 'Yes,' he said, 'very often. I have seen pictures of which the canvas was rotted simply to shreds.'

'You can't clean them by rubbing?'

'I was going to tell you how they are treated; it's worth knowing, as a curiosity. They have to be repaired before they can be touched.'

That sounded like a 'bull,' but nobody noticed it, and the Royal Academician went on.

'It's an interesting process, though a bit heroic, and only practicable with a picture that is tolerably thickly painted. You lay the picture face down, and strip the old rotten canvas off thread by thread till you have nothing but the naked skin of paint by itself.'

'It must demand a great deal of care,' said somebody; 'one would think there would be more holes than paint left.'

'Of course, it must be done very slowly and cautiously; but it is a recognised process, and is often employed. Once the whole of the original canvas is removed, it is a simple matter to apply a fresh one.'

We could quite believe that. To take the paint off a canvas is orthodox enough; but to take the canvas off the paint is an inverted way of doing things, worthy of a place in *Alice through the Looking-glass*, where you reached the

spot you wanted by walking in the opposite direction.

'If it isn't a secret, how much does Mr D—— charge for cleaning a picture by the hand-rubbing process?' I asked.

'It all depends on the size of the painting and the amount of work to be done—in fact, on the length of time required to clean it. You may see a picture in the National Gallery which has been quite recently hung, though it has been in the possession of the authorities for some time. D—— cleaned that. It's a small thing, and did not want much doing to it—that is to say, it was smooth and even, so that he did all that was necessary by hand alone. He was paid twelve pounds fifteen shillings for the job, if I remember rightly.'

It was on my lips to ask the Royal Academician about the manufacture of Old Masters, an industry which must be a thriving one, judging by the number of pictures attributed to the great painters of the early and middle ages—but it struck me that a Royal Academician was hardly the man to furnish information on that department of art, and perhaps would not consider an appeal to his acquaintance with it in the light of a compliment; so I refrained. I mean to find out something about that business, if I can. Mr Burls, the dealer in the *Golden Butterfly*, you will remember, converted a brand-new picture into an old one by simply shaking the door-mat over it before the paint had had time to dry. This simple expedient furnished the approved 'tone' of extreme antiquity. But it seems to me there must be something more to learn about the creation of cheap Old Masters.

THE LAWYER'S SECRET.*

CHAPTER XV.—UNDER ARREST.

THE measures taken by Inspector Clarke for finding, among all the cabmen of London, the one who drove the purchaser of the cocaine to Mr Davis' shop were well chosen—in other words, the reward offered for information was sufficient. On the following day, one of the fraternity came to Scotland Yard, and told the sergeant on duty that on the 14th of September he had driven a lady and a gentleman from Waterloo terminus to Oxford Circus, and then from the Circus to Chancery Lane, passing through Holborn. On the way they had stopped at a druggist's shop, stayed there a few minutes, came out, and got into the cab again. They then drove on to Chancery Lane, where both the lady and the gentleman got out. He got his fare, the cabman added; and that was the last he saw of them.

Asked whether he would know the lady or the gentleman again? he answered that he would not know the lady, but thought he would recognise the gentleman if he were to see him again.

On receiving this information, Inspector Clarke had an interview with a superior officer, and obtained permission to engage the cabman and a detective to keep a watch at Waterloo on the

* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

chance of the purchaser of cocaine turning up there. It was a slender, a very slender clue, but it was the only one the police possessed.

Some days passed without the watch leading to any result, when one Saturday afternoon the cabman, who was languidly scanning the groups of people in the booking-office, suddenly started, and then, throwing a significant look at the policeman near him, walked up to a tall gentleman of prepossessing appearance, and then went on, looking keenly at him as he passed. After going a few steps farther, the cabman made a circuit and returned to his companion.

'That's 'im, Grainger,' said he laconically, nodding his head in the direction of the person he had been inspecting.

'Make a better shot next time, cabby,' said the detective, in an indifferent tone.

'I tell you that's the man I drove, that time you know of; and you may make what mull of it you like, for me,' said Jehu, turning sulkily away.

The policeman, who was of course in plain clothes, looked a little uneasy at this. He sauntered over to the booking-office, and watched the gentleman pointed out to him go up and take a ticket for Chalfont. Then Mr Grainger likewise took a ticket for Chalfont.

Arrived at the little road-side station, Grainger loitered about till the man he was shadowing had got a few yards ahead, on his way to the village, and then approached the station-master.

'Can you tell me who that tall gentleman is?' he asked—'the one carrying the Gladstone bag?'

'That's Mr Thesiger, a nephew of old Captain Thesiger, as they call him, that lives at Hope Cottage.'

Several more questions were put and answered; and so intent was the detective in gathering information about Mr Thesiger, that he did not notice that Mr Thesiger himself had returned to the platform, and was standing a few paces off, waiting, apparently, till the station-master should be at liberty to speak to him.

Grainger, on observing this, retired at once, and waited until Mr Thesiger had again taken his departure. The detective expected that the station-master would now be suspicious and reserved in his answers, and he was not mistaken. At length he pulled out a card that vouched for his official character; but the worthy station-master at sight of this card broke into a loud laugh.

'So you're a thief-catcher?' he said. 'I thought as much. Well, you're on the wrong track this time, my lad. The Thesigers are about the best respected people in ten parishes round—quite gentlefolks; and that gentleman you saw just now is a lawyer up in London. The idea of a thief-catcher coming here to look after Mr Thesiger!'

'There's worse things than thieving folks have to be looked after for,' said Grainger, as he walked away. It was an imprudent utterance; but the detective was nettled at the epithet the station-master had applied to him. Having left the station, the police official put up at the village inn, and telegraphed to London for further instructions.

On the next day, Sunday, Mr Grainger walked over to Hope Cottage, and satisfied himself that

the gentleman he was watching was staying there; and on Monday morning he followed the young barrister up to town, traced him to his chambers at No. 16 Garden Court, Temple, ascertained that he lived there, and then went to Scotland Yard to report progress.

Two hours afterwards, Inspector Clarke and his satellite Grainger came to No. 16 Garden Court, and asked for Mr Thesiger. They were shown into a small but well-furnished sitting-room, the walls of which were closely covered with books.

'Good-morning,' said the young barrister, as he came out of an inner room, which served as his bedroom. 'Can I do anything for you? I am rather busy, in fact very busy to-day. You will excuse my mentioning it?'

'Oh, certainly, sir. I am from Scotland Yard,' answered Clarke.

'And this is one of your men?' said Mr Thesiger, glancing at his other visitor. 'I saw him down at Chalfont on Saturday. He was making inquiries about me, I was told; and I have been a little curious to know what it was all about.'

'I'm really ashamed to trouble you, sir, about such an apparent trifle; but I wanted to ask whether you have had occasion to use any cocaine lately?'

'Any—what?'

'Cocaine, sir—it's a drug.'

'No.'

'You are quite sure? Not on the 14th of this month? Think, sir. Of course, I needn't tell you, sir; being a barrister, that you don't need to answer unless you please.'

Mr Thesiger shook his head. 'I never tasted the drug in my life,' he said.

'There must be some mistake, then. We were told that you had driven from Waterloo that day, the 14th, with a lady, to Oxford Circus, and so on to Chancery Lane, and that you had stopped at a shop in Holborn and bought some cocaine there.'

The barrister was silent.

'Is it not the case, sir?'

'I didn't say'—began Hugh, and stopped himself. 'You said a little ago,' he continued after a moment's pause, 'that I need not answer your questions unless I chose. I think I had better avail myself of the privilege.'

The Inspector looked surprised.

'I'm afraid, sir, I must ask you to come with me,' said the Inspector.

An indescribable change came over Thesiger's face. 'Very good,' he said; 'I will go with you at once. I'll be with you in a moment; and he turned to re-enter his bedroom.'

But the officer by a swift movement barred his way. 'Excuse me, sir; but really it is my duty not to let you out of my sight.'

The barrister stared, frowned, and then drew himself up. 'You should have told me plainly that I was under arrest. Have you got a search-warrant?'

'Here it is, sir.'

'Let us go, then.'

They set off immediately, and soon reached the police headquarters. As soon as they arrived, Thesiger was searched—in a rather perfunctory manner—and the contents of his

pockets were taken from him and locked up. He was then turned into a room where there were perhaps a score of men of various sizes and complexions, and of all ranks. While he was there, a red-faced man came in, looked from one to another, looked harder at Mr Thesiger, smiled, and passed out. The barrister changed his position; and he had hardly done so when a youth of seventeen or eighteen years of age entered the room. An anxious look was on his face. He peered into the countenance first of one, then of another, till he came to Thesiger. Then the look of anxiety passed away; he went quickly through the other occupants of the room, and vanished.

Once more Mr Thesiger walked away a few paces, and tried to amuse himself by studying the faces of those around him. As he did so, another lad, younger and keener-looking than the other, came in, went from man to man till he came to Thesiger, and then stopped.

Thesiger stared hard at him, and the boy stared hard in return.

'What do you want with me? I never saw you before,' said the barrister.

'I've seen you before, though,' answered the lad coolly. He silently drew the attention of a constable who was in the room to the fact that he identified Mr Thesiger, and then he, too, left the room.

The process was over. The prisoner had been satisfactorily identified by three witnesses.

'Can I see the Superintendent on duty?' asked Thesiger, as he was taken back to the office.

'In one moment, sir,' said the constable. 'The Superintendent's busy just at present; and he showed the prisoner—for such Thesiger knew he already was—into a small waiting-room.'

The Superintendent was at that moment listening to the report of the officer Grainger, who had remained behind to execute the search-warrant by searching the prisoner's chambers.

'I found the bedroom was a small apartment with only one door—that opening into the sitting-room,' said the man. 'On the floor I found a portmanteau, not locked, but packed with clothes, books, dressing-case, and so on. In it I found a bundle of share certificates in various railways, which I produce—also a pocket-book with a bundle of bank-notes, which I also produce.'

'It certainly looks as if you got there just in the nick of time,' remarked the Superintendent.

'Not a doubt of it, sir. And I found these under the empty grate in the bedroom.'

The man held in his hand a number of fragments of glass.

'It has been a phial, sir; I'm sure of it. The label has been removed; but you can see there has been one. See! There are two corners of it left on these two bits of glass!'

The Superintendent struck a bell. 'Send that lad Davis in to me,' he said to the constable who answered the bell.

'Look at these morsels of paper,' he said to the lad when he entered the room. 'Are the labels you use like that?'

'They are the same, sir! I'm certain of it,'

cried the youth, flushed with excitement. 'I'll bring you one from our shop; and you'll see for yourself that the border is exactly of the same pattern!'

'What a fool the man was to leave the fragments in his fireplace!' muttered the Superintendent, when the lad had gone out again; 'but then criminals, even the most intelligent, do continually do the most stupid things.—Yes, Grainger; you may have him sent in now.'

A moment later, Thesiger, strictly guarded, walked into the Superintendent's room.

'I think it right to tell you,' said the official, 'that you are going to be taken to Bow Street. You may wish to send for your lawyer, or telegraph to your friends. Any message you please to send will be despatched at once.'

'No; I have no message to send.'

'Not to a solicitor?'

'Not even to a solicitor.—What am I to be charged with?'

'With the wilful murder of Mr James Felix.'

The prisoner drew a long breath and made no reply.

(To be continued.)

ON GOOSEBERRY CULTURE.

THE Gooseberry is essentially a plebeian fruit, common and cheap; almost every one can buy it in its season, and there are few gardens in which it cannot be grown successfully. Compared with the aristocratic grape, the gooseberry is far behind in appearance; but in respect of flavour, there are many competent judges accustomed to eat both fruits who prefer the fruit of, say, the 'Whitesmith' gooseberry to the finest hothouse grape. Indeed, if gooseberries were always scarce and dear, they would stand a good chance of being the more fashionable of the two fruits.

In spite of its being abundant and within the reach of every one, the gooseberry had, till quite recently, been declining in popular favour. Several reasons may be assigned for this. Mostly grown by the less wealthy classes, the gooseberry generally found its place in their gardens near the vegetable break, the sunniest position being usually assigned to flowers. In ordinary gardens the vegetable break is sure to contain a plantation of some members of the Brassica or Cabbage family. How these should attract the magpie moth, which is greatly destructive to the foliage of gooseberry bushes, is not very plain, but the opposite. The fact is, however, well known that where no cabbages are grown, magpie moths are rarely seen; but where cabbages are grown, magpie moths are frequently abundant, and do great damage, by eating the leaves of gooseberry bushes, as a consequence of which, the fruit attains a smaller size, and its flavour is deteriorated. The caterpillars certainly may be destroyed by the application of hellebore over the foliage; or they may be picked by the hand from the leaves and killed, the easiest way of doing this being to throw them into a pail of water, where they soon perish. But most people refuse to apply hellebore, from a natural dislike to handle poisons, and from the idea that traces of the poison might be found on the berries when

they became ripe. And people in general dislike to touch caterpillars; even boys would require to be liberally bribed to do such a thing. Hence, as the bushes grew old and were rooted out, people have thought it not worth while to replace them, and gooseberries have in many cases completely disappeared from gardens.

Another reason for the diminished cultivation of gooseberries is the greatly increased and growing taste for flowers that has spread through all classes of the community, the consequence of which has been that no room in many cases could be found but for the floral favourites, the culture of which engrossed entirely the time and attention of the owner of the garden. Further, for a long time there had been little improvement or change in the varieties of gooseberries in general cultivation. Those mostly found in gardens were: the Early Sulphur or Golden Lion, a favourite variety of Scotch origin, much used for preserves, and a pleasant eating sort, besides being the earliest kind to ripen; the Hedgehog, a very excellent eating sort; various sorts of red gooseberries, small in size, and used in making preserves; the Red Warrington, an English variety, keeping a long time on the bush when protected from birds, and fitted for dessert as well as for jam. Other varieties were: Crown Bob, a large red berry; the Gascon, a small green fruit, mostly grown for children. These sorts, with a few local favourites, made up the list of varieties usually found in gardens. The Whitesmith, a delicious berry, of great size and first-rate quality, was well enough known, but not much grown, being a bad keeping sort, the berries requiring to be eaten the same day they were picked, unless stored in some cool place.

The popularity and cultivation of this useful fruit has in late years been much increased by the introduction of a new sort known as Whinham's Industry. This is a vigorous growing kind, producing fruit in extraordinary abundance, and, when the berries are fully ripe, of the highest quality. A large grower in the north of England, discovering the value of this gooseberry, increased his plantation of it till he had many acres of this kind alone. As he made a large amount of money by the sale of this particular gooseberry, the notice of other growers was drawn to the value of the Industry, and the consequence has been that enormous numbers have been planted. More than two million bushes of this gooseberry are computed to have been sold by nurserymen within the last ten years, and the number propagated by other parties must also be very great. No other gooseberry can show, or is ever likely to show, a record like this. Though the fruit is of the highest quality when fully ripe, yet in some years, the fruit before being fully ripe is of very inferior flavour.

This fact is illustrated by the following story. A gentleman travelling a few years ago in the month of July in the north of England, had his attention drawn to a new sort of gooseberry as being an excellent kind for dessert. Upon trial, he found the fruit deserved all the praise it got, and he made up his mind to have a break in his garden filled with young bushes of this grand

new sort in the following autumn. This was done; and for two or three years the results were watched with the keenest interest by the gentleman and his head-gardener. Both were perfectly satisfied with the new gooseberry as deserving all that had been said in its favour. But it slowly dawned upon the gentleman's mind that the flavour, colour, and size of the new gooseberry were not new to him, and that it was just an old sort that he had directed his gardener more than twelve years before to root out and commit to the flames, on account of its inferior flavour. Upon comparing notes with his gardener, he found that the same idea had fixed itself in his mind also, and both were perfectly satisfied that this new gooseberry was just the outcast of a dozen years before. This was verified when the gentleman compared his new bushes of the Industry gooseberry with some bushes of the same old outcast variety which were in existence in the garden of a cottager who had purchased them at the same time as the gentleman had bought his original bushes, and from the same nurseryman.

The drawback that the fruit of the Industry is unpalatable when ripening until that process is complete, when it is of most enticing excellence, is only partially a drawback, as people are kept from partaking of the fruit till it is at its very best.

Those who feel inclined to go in for gooseberry culture on a small scale cannot do better than follow the example of those who have bought and planted the two millions of Industry bushes already mentioned; and if they do not confine their selection to this single variety, they will certainly do well to include it among the sorts they select for planting. As the fruit is large, it is recommended to ease the bushes when the fruit is green by removing a considerable amount of the crop for cooking purposes. In doing this, the berries on the branches nearest the ground ought to be taken. If it is allowed to remain, it is certain to get dirtied and spoiled, owing to the weight of the fruit bearing the branches to the ground. When the fruit has thus been thinned, the remainder grows to a greater size.

In planting gooseberries, care should be taken not to put the roots too deep. This is frequently done, as, when the planter considers the stem too long, he will make the hole for the new bush a few inches deeper, and in this way have his plant above ground at the height he prefers. But he will find that his bush will for some years carry little or no fruit. In these years, nature is working out her own way; a set of new roots is being formed about six inches above the original ones; and when these have grown numerous and strong enough to support the bush with proper food, it will then bear fruit, but not before. Such a plant, if lifted out of the earth, presents a strange appearance with its two tiers of roots. It is best in such a case to cut away the under tier altogether, closely below the upper tier, then to replant the bush, and cover up the roots with fresh soil, if possible. In planting young bushes, it is best to procure four or five year-old plants; these will cost a little more than

the three-year-old bushes commonly put in, but they will give more satisfaction in the long-run. Having been trained to a proper shape in the nursery-grounds, they will require little further training for years. These, put in from the middle of October to the middle of November, ought to bear a fair crop of fruit the first year. When they begin to make extra vigorous growth, do not prune them, but lift the bushes and replant them. This gives them a check, and keeps them from making strong growth. If they continue to bear good crops, and make only moderate growth, pruning should not be resorted to; only care should be taken that the thin straggling branches should be removed, as well as the other branches which need to be taken away to admit air and sunshine. The bushes should be kept in fertility by manure laid on the surface of the ground above the roots; it should never be dug in. Fresh strong soil would do as well as manure, and a top-dressing of soot over this would improve the quality of the fruit, and keep away noxious pests of the caterpillar tribe.

The leaves of some sorts of gooseberries are infested by red-spider, which, partly destroying the leaves, prevents them from performing their due functions in assisting the ripening of the fruit. The best way of dealing with this insect is by imparting extra vigour to the foliage, which can be done by watering the soil around the bushes with a moderately strong solution of nitrate of soda. This renders the foliage vigorous and of an extra dark-green hue; and the destructive work of the red-spider is stayed to a great extent. With strong healthy green foliage, the berries are increased in size, and their flavour improved.

The Whitesmith has been already mentioned as a berry of delicious flavour. The style of growth of this gooseberry lends itself naturally to wall-culture; when so trained, the fruit is ripened earlier. Another sort that may be specially recommended for wall-culture is called Queen of Trumps. It is inferior in flavour to the Whitesmith, but it surpasses the latter very much in size. This kind deserves to be grown in every garden for the pleasure it invariably gives to children to get a few of its enormous berries. Its size is so great, that instead of eating it at once, the little ones prefer to find their pleasure in admiring the fruit, putting it again and again to their lips, withdrawing it, looking at it, and repeating these manœuvres times without number before swallowing it. The advantage of growing the Queen of Trumps on the wall is, that there the fruit is least likely to burst in wet weather, which often happens when the bush is grown in the open ground.

The value of gooseberries eaten uncooked when fully ripe has not been referred to. They are, when partaken of freely, a valuable agency in repelling indigestion. In the busy town and the crowded city, Paterfamilias could give no better treat to the youngsters on Saturday afternoons in summer than to take them a walk of two or three miles out into the country, where, in some cottage garden, young and old could pick the fruit for themselves, and enjoy it with a zest unknown to them when confined to the

enjoyment of berries purchased in fruiterers' shops in town. Opportunities for this would be freely given by cottagers in the country, in return for a small sum; and these treats—a source of great enjoyment at the time—would often come up to their minds in winter, as the great events of the summer.

THE HEIRESS OF GOLDEN FALLS.

By HEADON HILL.

THE ramshackle coach, whose only claim to dignity lay in the fact that it carried the United States mails, pulled up with a jerk in front of the 'hotel.' The place was welcome as the first habitation we had passed for miles; otherwise, it didn't amount to much. So far as I could see in the gray gloom of scarce broken dawn, it consisted of a log cabin with an inverted hog's head set in the doorway as an *al fresco* bar, round which some half-dozen miners were clustered for a morning dram.

While I was wondering whether a cup of decent coffee was within the capabilities of the hostelry, the guard came to the door and addressed me. 'If you're bound for Golden Falls, Judge,' he said, 'there's two ways open to you. Some of the boys have come in from there with a load of dust for us to take to the Bank at Parson's City. You can either go back with them in the mule-cart—a matter of fifteen mile—or you can go on in the coach, and we'll drop you at Blackman's Corner. From there it's a roughish tramp of ten mile to Golden Falls.'

Without a moment's hesitation, I decided to go on in the coach, and walk the ten miles. I merely changed my position from the inside, where I had spent the night as sole passenger, to the box seat next the driver. This would be preferable, I thought, to a fifteen-mile drive in a jolting mule-cart in the company of roughish strangers, who were showing an inclination to celebrate the despatch of their precious earnings by frequent rounds of rye whisky.

The boxes of gold-dust were soon hoisted into the coach, and, amid cheers from the assembled miners, we started on our lonely road again. The route lay for a few miles through rugged boulder-strewn country, thickly interspersed with pine-trees. At a spot called Blackman's Corner it debouched into an open plain, and it was at this juncture of the rocky ground with the prairie that I was to be set down. The one-eyed guard, with whom I was by this time pretty friendly, had just announced our approach to the Corner, and I was rummaging for my valise, with a view to departure, when two masked men stepped quietly out of the rocks, one on either side of the road, and with rifles levelled, shouted the dreaded cry of 'Hands up!'

'Road-agents, by thunder!' said the guard, holding his arms high above his head.—'It's no go, Mike,' he called to the driver; 'they've got the fair drop on us; better pull up and save our skins.'

The horses were pulled almost on to their haunches. One of the men kept his rifle levelled at the driver's head, while the other advanced to

the side of the coach and shouted: 'Now then, guard, look alive, and hand out the dust; sixteen packages. You see I've got the office straight, so it's no good your trying to come the bluff.'

'If I hadn't laid down my gun to help the passenger with his baggage, you'd never have got the drop on us, I guess,' said the guard ruefully. But he did as he was bid, and one by one the sixteen little oilskin packages were thrown on the ground in front of the robber. He gathered them into a sack, while the other robber kept his rifle ready. There was no chance for any of us to get to our pistols, though I saw the guard's fingers twitching and the whites of his eyes glisten as his glance turned downwards to his belt. It was all over in no time, and the sack was removed to the road-side. I was beginning to congratulate myself that I was not personally to be a victim, when the man who had filled the sack returned to the coach and dispelled my illusion by saying: 'Now, mister, your dollars, please. Don't put me to the trouble of coming up there to go through you.'

There was nothing else for it but to submit. I took out a roll of notes and handed them down. There was no use in trying to conceal any of them with that pair of sharp eyes searching me from the slits in the mask. But the proceeding had the effect of leaving me practically penniless in a strange land, two thousand miles from a friend. With the exception of a ten-dollar bill, which I remembered was in my waistcoat pocket, I had no resources nearer than New York.

'Better help ourselves to a nag apiece, Bill,' said the more active of the two to the one at the horses heads. 'See here; keep your shooting-iron handy while I do the trick.'

In a moment the two leaders—one a dappled gray, and the other a bald-faced chestnut—were detached from the team. The sack was flung on the back of one of them, and the two horses were led away behind a bluff. They were no sooner out of sight than the other man, who had watched us the while, began to retreat backwards in the direction his companion had taken. He, too, disappeared; and then for the first time for ten minutes we knew what it was to exist without the sensation of a loaded Winchester threatening us at point-blank range.

The driver and the guard set about adapting the cut harness to the two remaining horses; which done, the lumbering vehicle started at a crawl to return to the hotel to replace the stolen steeds, leaving me alone to make the best of my way to Golden Falls. The guard's directions were very simple: 'Point your nose to the west, and keep right on till you git thar.'

And while I am taking my lonely tramp, it may be well to explain how it was that I, Arthur Saltmarshe, a young English barrister, came to find myself in the wilds of the Black Hills, where 'road-agents' and 'shooting-irons' were quite commonplace affairs. Just before the commencement of that Long Vacation, I had seen an advertisement in one of the newspapers which informed the next of kin of the

late Leonard Saltmarshe of New York that he would 'hear of something to his advantage' by applying to Wilkins & Crowdy, attorneys-at-law in that city. To the best of my belief, I was that individual, Leonard Saltmarshe having been my father's only brother. We had never heard of his marriage, and, to the day of his death, my father had asserted that his brother Leonard would have a pile to leave behind him some day. All I knew of my uncle was that he was an eccentric young man, who had gone to America years before I was born. My father and he seldom communicated.

I wrote at once to Wilkins & Crowdy, and by return mail received a civil reply to the effect that my uncle had died suddenly without a will, leaving property to the amount of two million dollars behind him. They were quite prepared to entertain my claim, in the absence of any other applicant; all they wanted was to be furnished with the necessary proofs; and they hinted that, considering the amount at stake, it would be worth my while to run across to New York in person. The idea of spending the vacation in this way pleased me. My father had left me well off; so, whether the inheritance proved to be mine or no, I could well afford the holiday jaunt. I took the next Cunard boat, and on landing, went straight to the offices of the attorneys.

But here a surprise was in store for me. The very morning of my arrival in New York, Messrs Wilkins & Crowdy had received a letter putting in a claim to the property from another applicant. The letter was dated from Golden Falls, which the lawyers believed was a mushroom mining camp in the Black Hills district; and it purported to come from one Luke Saltmarshe, who said he was a son of Leonard Saltmarshe as the result of a marriage contracted by the latter when 'out West' twenty-eight years before. His mother, he went on to say, was dead, and he was the only child. In the face of this new claim, Messrs Wilkins & Crowdy, though thoroughly recognising my position, very properly determined to know more of this latest applicant before coming to any decision. They had written to Mr Luke Saltmarshe for proofs, just as they had written to me, and expected to get an answer any time within six weeks. It was impossible to say how long a letter would take in reaching such an out-of-the-world place as Golden Falls.

I chose my own course at once. I explained to the attorneys that I was well off, and only desired that justice should be done. If this young man were really my uncle Leonard's son, by all means let him have the property. But I had no relations living, and quite apart from the matter in hand, it would please me much to make my cousin's acquaintance. My time being my own, I therefore proposed myself to go to Golden Falls and see him, quite in a friendly way, and thoroughly prepared to recognise his claim. My legal training, I said, might even be of some use to him in helping him to procure the proofs which were necessary.

Messrs Wilkins & Crowdy confessed that they did not like my project. A trip to the Black

Hills was no joke, they said; and if by any chance Luke Saltmarshe was an impostor, my life even might not be safe in that wild region. Better, at any rate, wait for his reply. These objections I over-ruled, and started for the West that same evening.

Thus it was that on the day the Parson's City mail-coach was robbed I was approaching Golden Falls with nothing but a change of clothes and a solitary ten-dollar note. At the end of ten miles the path suddenly dipped over the brink of a ravine, down the centre of which a mountain torrent was brawling. Perched among the rocks below on the brink of the stream were some twoscore log cabins, with a few tents here and there, to denote that Golden Falls was a thing of to-day, but not of yesterday. All down the course of the brook were the 'cradles' for washing out the gold, and I could see the various claims with their heaps of dirt on either bank. But they seemed to be all deserted. Spades and picks were lying here and there, as if cast aside in a hurry.

It struck me as strange—this abandonment of work in the middle of the day—the more so as I could hear the hum of men's voices raised, I thought, in angry discussion. Looking again, I saw that there was a crowd round the largest of the cabins about the centre of the row, above which a flag floated bearing the device, 'Ben Baldwin's Saloon.' It flashed upon me in a moment. The miners had heard of the robbery of their gold-dust.

When I reached the saloon, I found that I was right. Three of the miners whom I had seen at the wayside 'hotel' had just arrived with the news of the coach's forlorn return. Round the doorway of the saloon an excited throng of slouch-hatted, red-shirted miners were lamenting and vowing vengeance. I elbowed my way into the saloon, and, having been posted in the customs of the West, pulled out my ten-dollar bill to 'treat the crowd' inside. This method of self-introduction left me with only a dollar or two in my pocket.

The excitement was increased when it became known that I had been the solitary passenger in the mail-coach. Many were the questions I had to answer as to the appearance of the masked robbers; but I could throw but little light on that. Almost any of the men before me would have resembled them, given the addition of a crape mask.

It was not for full half an hour that I was able to think of my own affairs. Then I asked the landlord if he knew where Luke Saltmarshe was to be found.

'I guess he's totin' around somewheres jawing about the road-agents,' he replied.—'Any of you boys seen Luke this morning?' he added, turning to the throng before the bar.

'Luke started for Parson's City at sunrise,' said one of the miners. 'Expect he'll be back by supper-time.'

I explained to the landlord that I had come from New York to see Saltmarshe on a matter of business.

'Well,' said Mr Baldwin, 'I reckon you'd best get along to his shanty; it's fourth from here as you go down stream; maybe his sister

will fix you up something to eat while you wait.'

Here was a revelation! Luke Saltmarshe with a sister! I distinctly remembered that he had described himself in the letter to the lawyers as an only child. Was there something wrong about my unknown cousin, after all?

I thanked the landlord, and turned my steps towards the cabin he had indicated. It was larger than most of its neighbours, and there was an air of neatness about it which would have suggested woman's presence, even if I had not heard of it. A dusky half-breed Indian boy of about fifteen was just entering the cabin with a bucket of water as I approached, and at the same moment a white arm appearing in the doorway relieved the boy of his load.

I cannot describe Naomi as I saw her then for the first time; I only know that I looked upon the most beautiful woman my eyes have ever seen. Tall and fair, and with a stately dignity of her own, the picturesque simplicity of her frontier dress in no way clashed amid those surroundings with her natural grace. There was an air of refinement about Naomi which the roughest setting could not negative. She invited me in; and without going into the object of my visit, I told her that I had reason to believe I was a relative.

To my wonder, a look of harassed fear came into her eyes. 'Tell me,' she said, 'is my father, Leonard Saltmarshe, living?'

'Is it possible,' I exclaimed, 'that you do not know? Your brother Luke knows. It is in consequence of a letter from him that I am here. Leonard Saltmarshe died two months ago.'

'Ah!' she said as if to herself, shuddering the while, I thought; 'that explains it then—that explains it. It is as I feared.' Then she went on: 'Mr Saltmarshe—or may I call you cousin?—there is a story which I must tell you before—before Luke returns. I am Leonard Saltmarshe's only child. Luke is neither his son nor my brother. He is my dead mother's nephew. But I was brought up to believe myself his sister, and it is only the other day that I learned the truth. He has known it all along.'

'But how is it,' I asked, 'that you are out here in the wilds? Did not your father and mother live together?'

'Only for two years after their marriage, which took place in Chicago. My mother always said that his temper was so violent that she could not stay with him. So she ran away, taking me with her, and supported herself as best she could by her needle. Luke was her sister's child, and mother took him when my aunt died. Then my mother died when I was twelve years old; but first she gave me a little box, which I was not to open till I was twenty. I was twenty last May; and when I opened the packet, I found a letter from my mother telling me that Luke was not my brother. I had no one to protect me, and she wanted me to think myself his sister. That was the reason she gave; and she added, that when I was twenty, it would be right for me to know the truth.'

'So Luke has always known that you were not his sister, but you have only lately discovered it?' I said.

'Yes,' she answered; 'I have not told him yet that I know.'

'Am I right in supposing that you are afraid of Luke?' I asked.

She hesitated, and turned the question aside. Seeing the absolute necessity of gaining her confidence, I told her exactly how matters lay, and asked her what I had best do under the altered circumstances. We both agreed that the only safe course would be to treat Luke as if he were a genuine claimant for the present, and as if I and Naomi were still in ignorance of the truth. I was powerless to aid Naomi, or move myself, till I had obtained a remittance from my bankers in New York.

'Even without his knowing that we are aware of his designs, you will have to be careful,' said Naomi. 'Luke is dangerous if thwarted, and this is a lawless place.'

There was a firm step outside, and a young man strode into the cabin. He was of medium height, with sandy hair and complexion. He had a furtive look, and paused on the threshold to eye me askance.

'Luke, here is a cousin from England,' Naomi said; 'won't you bid him welcome?'

For a moment he hesitated, as if making up his mind. Then he came forward and gave me his hand. 'Glad to see you,' he said. 'Guess you've come over after the old man's dollars—that so?'

'Yes,' I said; 'but as I find another claim with more right than mine, I shall go home again quite contented.'

'That's all right, then,' said Luke; 'stay as long as you like, and make yourself comfortable. Naomi will fix you up.'

After this, he became more and more hospitable. He listened with an air of interest to my story of the coach robbery, and offered to lend me a few dollars till I heard from New York. But I said not a word to enlighten him as to my knowledge of his having claimed Leonard Saltmarsh's money for himself alone, without mentioning Naomi. I wished to try and fathom him without raising his suspicions. In the course of that evening's friendly conversation Luke informed us that he had been to Parson's City that morning to buy a horse.

The next few days passed quickly enough. Naomi and I became fast friends, and whenever she had the chance, she told me much of her early life. But Luke took care that we were seldom alone. He haunted the cabin, under the pretence of entertaining me, and pressed attentions which were almost servile. He avoided talking of his claim on the solicitors, but when obliged to speak of it, always inferred that Naomi was to share his good fortune. It was understood that I was to remain at any rate till the remittance for which I had written to New York arrived.

When I had been at Golden Falls three weeks, an incident occurred which had its effect on after-events. I came out of the cabin one morning and found Luke brutally thrashing Indian Joe, the half-breed boy who

fetched and carried for Naomi. In my horror at the cruel treatment, I called Luke a black-guard. To my surprise, he left the lad alone and apologised to me humbly, making some excuse about his temper. When I told Naomi of this, she was much agitated. Luke's civility she felt sure was dangerous.

The next day I was sitting alone in the cabin reading a week-old newspaper. Naomi had gone up the ravine to hunt for some herbs among the rocks; and Luke had started off after breakfast to his 'cradle' to wash for gold. Suddenly the door of the cabin burst open and Luke dashed in. 'For God's sake, cousin—he always called me cousin—'get on my nag and ride for Doctor Bell at Parson's City. Naomi has fallen over a crag up yonder. I'm afraid her back is broken. She can't be moved, and I must get back to her right away.'

Horried as I was, and anxious to go to her, there was no need for Luke to press me into the service. In two minutes I was mounted and listening to Luke's final instructions. 'Take the path you came by till you strike the coach-road,' he said; 'then along the road till you come to the City. Any one will tell you where the Doc. lives; bring him back at all risks, and ride like thunder.'

The sure-footed horse—a large rawboned chestnut—carried me safely up the rocky sides of the ravine. Once on the top, I dug my heels into his sides and made him gallop his best. The ground, though level, had a broken surface; but with Naomi lying there injured, perhaps fatally, what cared I for the risk of a broken neck. We flew along regardless of stones and the frequent burrows of prairie-dogs. I had reached a spot three miles from the coach-road when I thought I heard a shout. Looking round, I saw some twenty or thirty mounted men following in my tracks. They were galloping their hardest, and some of the best mounted were overhauling me. For a moment I wondered what it meant; had Naomi's peril started off the whole of Golden Falls in search of a doctor? That had nothing to do with me; I had promised to go to Parson's City, and whether I arrived there first or last, thither I would go. I sent my horse along with a will.

But there were fleet-footed than the chestnut behind me. As we entered the coach-road, three of my pursuers dashed alongside, and, before I could realise what they were doing, pointed their pistols at my head. 'Halt! you durned hoss-thief, or we'll down you,' cried one of the miners.

I pulled up to explain. Before I had opened my mouth, they had me off the horse. Two of them held me fast while the remainder of the party came straggling up.

'For heaven's sake,' I said; 'whatever blunder you are making over me, let one of you ride on for the doctor. It may be too late else.'

'It's uncommon little good a doctor will do you in this job, my lad,' said one of my captors.—'Here, Luke,' he added, as Naomi's *sor-disant* brother rode up on a borrowed steed, 'we've took him, you see.'

Luke came up to where I stood. 'What

does this mean?' I asked. 'You told me Naomi was hurt, and asked me to ride for the doctor.'

'That be hanged for a yarn; you had better tell that to the Court. You stole the horse, you dirty Tender-foot,' replied Luke, letting his pent-up hatred loose at last. I saw that I was trapped, but I rejoiced that Naomi's supposed fall was but part of Luke's device.

'Come, boys; form the Court,' said one of the older men; 'there's a handy tree on yonder bluff ready for the Britisher.'

Thus it was that I found myself on trial for my life—for horse-stealing is a hanging business in Dakota—before the dreaded Judge Lynch. Luke's perjured evidence was fatal. He swore that my story of having been sent for the doctor was false, that I had arrived at Golden Falls a mere penniless loafer, and that I had requited his charity by robbing him of his horse. I looked round on the rugged faces of my captors, and saw there was no hope for mercy. I was absolutely without proof of my innocence.

It was all over in five minutes. The Court pronounced me 'Guilty,' and I was told to say my prayers. But just as the sentence was uttered there was the clatter and rattle of wheels, and round Blackman's Corner came the Parson's City mail-coach—the self-same vehicle in which I had been victimised by the 'road-agents.'

The driver pulled up as he came abreast the crowd. I saw that my old acquaintance the one-eyed guard was in charge. He got down and strolled over to where the miner who had overtaken me was still holding the chestnut horse. 'Going to hang him, boys?' he asked after a moment's scrutiny.

'That's so,' was the reply.

'Where is the cuss?' asked the guard.

'That's him,' said one of the men, pointing to where I stood with my hands bound behind me.

The guard recognised me with a start. 'Pah!' he said, 'you're foolin'. That Britisher was along with us, a passenger, when the agents stuck us up. He couldn't have stole the horse, or the dust either, for the matter of that.'

'What do you mean?' asked the miner who had acted as judge; 'no one's talking about dust.'

'I am, though,' said the guard shortly. 'I tell you that that is the horse the road-agents lifted, and it stands to reason that the man as lifted the horse lifted your dust, don't it?'

There was a murmur of wrath among the miners. All eyes were turned on Luke. He began to move towards the edge of the crowd; but rough hands restrained him, and the leader said very quietly: 'You will have to show where you got that hoss, Luke, before you make tracks.'

'It ain't a matter of showin' where he got the hoss, I reckon,' said the guard; 'leastways, not altogether.—See! he's a button short in the centre of his shirt. Guess I can find the missing shiner to match;' and he pulled out of his pocket a bright metal fancy button, engraved with a phoenix—the exact counterpart of the showy fastenings Luke wore in his hunting-shirt.

'Go on. What of that?' shouted the crowd. 'I picked up that button on the ground where we were robbed,' said the guard, 'right here by the corner. It got hitched off as the galoot cut the traces of that bald-faced chestnut. I saw it drop. I guess that ought to be enough for you.'

It was. 'What say you, boys, shall we hang him?' asked the judge; and amid a storm of 'Ays,' Luke was dragged, pale and trembling, to the tree. As the fatal spot was reached, he braced himself up with an effort and pointed to me. I was still bound between two of the men. 'Boys,' he said, 'if I tell you where the dust is hid, will you hang that cursed Englishman alongside me?'

'No! By gum, we wouldn't hang a dog on your evidence, you traitor, that sold your pals!' said the judge.—'Up with him, lads.'

It was not till a year later that, safe in the security of our English home, Naomi told me quite all there was to tell about Luke. She had reason to believe that in the interval between hearing of her father's death and my arrival, he had twice attempted her life—once by means of a reputed 'accident' with his revolver; and again by persuading her to cross the mountain torrent at a dangerous spot. In all probability my rash trip out West was the means of preserving the life as well as the fortune of the Heiress of Golden Falls. But I am more than repaid.

My character was fully re-established among the miners on our return to camp. The boy, Indian Joe, had overheard Luke pressing me to take the horse to ride for the doctor. Needless to say, Naomi's fall from the crag was a fiction designed to send me to a merciless death.

ENGLAND A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

PERHAPS nothing brings to mind more vividly the changes which the last Hundred Years have witnessed in England and the world generally than turning over the pages of a year-book for 1794. Such a volume recently fell into our hands, being purchased from a barrow in the Farringdon Road for the sum of sixpence. The book in question is the 'Royal Kalendar' for 1794, together with 'A Companion to the Royal Kalendar,' 'The East India Kalendar or Asiatic Register,' 'Rider's British Merlin,' and 'The Arms of the Peers, &c., of England, Scotland, and Ireland.' All these Kalendars are handsomely bound in red leather, stamped with gold, in one stout volume, six inches long, three and a half broad, and two deep. Formerly, it had clasps, but these have disappeared. In all probability, the different Kalendars were thus bound for the convenience of some public man who felt the need of a comprehensive book of reference. It must have been purchased at the sale of some gentleman's library, being labelled 'Lot 346;' while inside the first page the mark 4s. shows that the Farringdon Road barrow was not the first place where it was exposed to sale second-hand.

Before noticing the contents of this guide

to Europe in general and Great Britain in particular one hundred years ago—the Kalendar, be it noted, bears the legend, 'Corrected to the 26th of April 1794'—it is worth while pointing out that it is the direct ancestor of the Royal Kalendar of to-day, and that the J. Debrett who published it was publisher also of 'Debrett's Peerage,' a work now in its one hundred and eighty-first year of publication. The 'Arms' part of the volume was published by T. Longman, a name still honoured among the chief publishing houses of England; so that while we shall presently see that many changes have taken place in this country since 1794, some of the publishing houses in the front rank then maintain their proud position up to the present time.

Let us first see what the Kalendar tells us of the political state of this kingdom a century since, and to do this let us note the composition of the Houses of Parliament in 1794, 'the seventeenth Parliament of Great Britain,' for as yet Ireland had its own Parliament. We find that the House of Lords then consisted of but 264 members, counting several minors. There were 4 Princes of the Blood, including the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York (he who had ten thousand men, and 'marched them up the hill, and then marched them down again'), 20 Dukes, 9 Marquises, 88 Earls, 13 Viscounts, 88 Barons, 16 Scotch Peers, and 26 Prelates. The Bishopric 'in the gift of the Athol family,' 'Sodor and Man,' did not then, as it may do now, confer a right to sit (though without the power of voting) in the Peers' Chamber, for the Isle of Man was regarded as an 'independent dependency.' Among the Dukedoms are three which have since become extinct—Ancaster, Bridgewater, and Dorset; and several of the Earldoms, &c., have also lapsed or become dormant. Nevertheless, most of the families still flourish, and find representatives in the Upper House to-day.

The House of Commons then had 558 members, made up as follows: 40 Counties in England, 80 Knights; 25 Cities (Ely, none; London, 4), 50 Citizens; 167 Boroughs (two each), 334 Burgesses; 5 Boroughs, one Burgess each; two Universities, four Burgesses; eight Cinque Ports, 16 Barons; 12 Counties in Wales, 12 Knights; 12 Boroughs, 12 Burgesses; the Shires of Scotland, 30 Knights; the Boroughs of Scotland, 15 Burgesses—making a sum-total of 558. All the members were Protestants, in virtue of an Act passed during the scare caused by the 'discovery' of the supposed Popish Plot by Titus Oates. The same rule applied to Ireland, where there were in the Irish House of Lords 185 members; and in the Irish House of Commons, 300.

Most interesting is it to look at the list of members of the House of Commons, and to note the places which then sent 'representatives' to Parliament. Addington, who sat for Abingdon, was then Speaker; Pitt was Prime Minister and member for Cambridge University; Charles James Fox was returned for the city of Westminster; William Wilberforce, the slave-trade abolitionist, was one of the two members for the County of Yorkshire; Henry Dundas, Secretary of State for the Home De-

partment, represented Edinburgh City; St Andrew St John was one of the members for Bedfordshire: Edmund Burke was M.P. for Malton; Somers Cocks for Ryegate; and R. B. Sheridan for Stafford; whilst among the ordinary run of members occur such familiar names as Anstruther, Balfour, Baring, Beaufoy, Bouverie, Bruce, Brixton, Cavendish, Courteney, Curzon, Dalkeith, Fergusson, Grosvenor, Harcourt, Heneage, Knatchbull, Lowther, Luttrell, Norman McLeod, Peel, Spencer, Sykes, Trevelyan, Whitbread, Wemyss, and Wyndham. It is worth while to note that to-day representatives of nearly all the families named have seats in the House of Commons, some for the very same towns as in 1794, showing that the old Houses still hold their own despite the advance of democracy. Chief among the members of the Irish Parliament a hundred years since was Henry Grattan, who sat for Trinity College: Sir John Parnell sat for Queen's County, and Lord Edward Fitzgerald for Kildare.

Among the places which then sent members to Parliament were Minehead, 2; Old Sarum, 2; Gatton, in Surrey, 2; Winchelsea, 2; a whole host of little towns in Cornwall (this county, including its boroughs, had 44 members in all; while Yorkshire had but 30), Agmondesham, Bucks (2), Bearlston, Devon (2), Corfe Castle and Bramber, Sussex. The Lord Mayor of London was one of the members for Southwark. Such towns as Manchester and Birmingham, rising places even then, returned no members.

The statistics concerning the House of Commons and the qualifications carrying a vote (they are given in the Companion) are very instructive. The qualification for voting differed in almost every electoral district. Perhaps the most interesting part of this section is the estimate given of the number of electors in the boroughs. In some cases one elector returned two members to Parliament; thus, 'W. C. Medlycott, Esquire,' sent two gentlemen to the House of Commons to sit for Melbourne Port, and Mr Fownes Luttrell two for Minehead (including himself). Other boroughs, such as Gatton, Droitwich, &c., had two electors. On the other hand, the city of Westminster with ten thousand electors only sent two men to the Commons. Aldborough in Suffolk had 80 electors; the town of the same name in Yorkshire, 57; Andover, 24; Banbury, 19; Bath, 30 (in these towns and in many others the Mayor and Common Council alone had the right to vote); Bossiney, 20; Bristol City, 5000; Buckingham, 13; Canterbury, 1000; Coventry, 2400; Dunwich, 40; Higham-Ferrers, 145; Lyme-Regis, 50; Rye, 7; New Romney, 11; Old Sarum, 7; New Sarum, 56; London (the City), 7000; Marlborough, 7; Sandwich, 500; Taunton (the voters here are inhabitants of the borough, being potwallers), 300; Winchelsea, 40; Yarmouth (Norfolk), 730; and Yarmouth (Hampshire), 13.

Of scarcely less interest than the political information given is the list of officers in the army and navy. England was then engaged in that great struggle which only ended at Waterloo. The year 1794 was the year of Admiral Howe's great victory at Brest 'on the glorious 1st of

June,' and his name figures conspicuously in the Navy List. Among the captains is the entry, 'H. Nelson, June 11, 1779,' being the date when Lord Nelson took post rank. Nelson was then in command of the *Agamemnon*, a ship carrying 64 guns. Earl Howe, 'Vice-admiral of England, and Lieutenant of the Admiralty thereof,' is allowed twenty shillings per day, and ten shillings per month for sixteen servants. The Admirals having no other title are described as Esquires. To this day it is the custom on ships of the royal navy to address the officers not by the rank they hold, but as 'Mr' (pronounced on board ship 'Muster') So-and-so. The navy in 1794 consisted of 157 Ships 'of the line,' 22 'Fifties,' 142 Frigates, and 122 Sloops, &c. Many of the ships had been captured in war from the French, Spanish, Dutch, and Americans.

Before taking leave of the services, we may say that we fail to find the Duke of Wellington's name in the Army List. It was the year he joined the Duke of York in the Netherlands expedition, and not yet having attained the rank of Major—the lowest degree given in the Kalendar—we miss the name of the Hon. Arthur Wellesley.

It is a matter of some surprise to find the name of many institutions still in vigorous life in the pages of the Kalendar. The officers of State and the Household (such as Poet-laureate Henry James Pye, Esquire, £100; and Harpsichord Maker John Broadwood) we naturally expect to find chronicled; but not all of us remember the age of some of our best-known institutions and societies the members of which are given in our book. There is the Royal Academy of Arts (Benjamin West, Esquire, President), which in 1794 was, it appears, twenty-six years old. The British Museum was fifteen years older than the Academy; the Royal Society (Sir Joseph Banks was President in 1794) dates from 1663. First among the trading companies is put the Bank of England; next comes the East India Company; then the South Sea Company; the Company of Merchants Trading to Africa, the Levant, Russia; Eastland and Hudson's Bay Companies. In the list of London bankers we find the names of Barclays & Tritton; Biddulph, Cocks, & Co.; Boldero, Child, Coutts, Drummond, Lubbock; Glyn, Mills, & Co.; Hankey, Herries, Hoare, Martin, Prescott, Robarts & Smith, Payne & Smiths. The offices of nearly all these eminent firms are to-day where they were a hundred years since. Among the assurance offices then in existence were the Royal Exchange, the Sun Fire Office, the Hand-in-Hand, and the Phoenix. Among the list of charitable institutions we notice the 'Laudable Society for the Benefit of Widows,' and the 'British Society for the Encouragement of Good Servants, Instituted November 23, 1792, at No. 27 Haymarket.'

England's colonial possessions were not so numerous then as now. In America (the United States had already been lost) we possessed Upper and Lower Canada, Newfoundland, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia; and many of the West India Islands. We possessed besides, Cape Coast Castle and New South Wales. 'The rest is silence.'

In the chronology of remarkable events we find that after the Creation, the Flood, the destruction of Sodom and of Troy, comes the building of London, which is put down at 1107 B.C., or fifty-seven years before the building of Rome. The last two events recorded are the assassination of the king of Sweden (1792) and the beheading of the king of France (1793). This last entry is not the only testimony the Kalendar bears to the political changes which were then agitating Europe. Just as 'Whitaker' to-day devotes a section to the description of foreign countries, the Kalendar has 'a Short Sketch of the Political Geography of Europe.' Denmark and Norway were then under one sovereignty, and of the laws prevailing there we read that all cases which do not come within the cognisance of the code established by Frederick III., are 'determined by the law of nature.' Of the States of Sweden we read 'they are now at the nod of the king.' In describing the sad state of Poland, the writer dwells on the unholy partition of that country by Catharine II. of Russia and Frederick IV. of Prussia, then an event of quite recent history. Count Poniatowski (Stanislaus II.), a former favourite of the Empress, was still on the throne; but he was forced to resign the following year. Germany 'may be considered a grand confederacy of above three hundred independent sovereign princes,' acknowledging an elective superior in the person of the Emperor. Among the electors is the Elector of Brunswick-Hanover (the king of Great Britain). Concerning the electorate of Hanover, we are told 'No Government could be more mild, and an air of content is visible in the countenance of every inhabitant.' From the description of Spain we take the following significant passage: 'The people's knowledge of religion may be collected from the levity and absurdity of their worship, which is replete with such gross offences against sense and decency as even to displease the Catholics of other nations. Here the Inquisition reigns in all its terror, and threatens the life and liberty of all who deviate from the established faith.'

Coming to France, the chronicler notes the overthrow of the monarchy and the establishment of a Republic in this 'singularly metamorphosed State.' We have also accounts of Sardinia, the Two Sicilies, the Pope's States, and Venice. Of Great Britain it is said: 'The persevering industry and great mechanical ingenuity of its inhabitants have given it decidedly the first place in Europe as a commercial and manufacturing country.' This, be it remembered, was written at the time when Watt was still carrying out his experiments for steam-navigation.

Last country of all treated of is Ireland. The following passage, though written in 1794, is not without significance at the present time: 'The indulgences lately granted to the Roman Catholics in this country, and their enjoyment, with others, of the protection and toleration of the laws, are instances of the soundest policy, which cannot fail of drawing after it a multitude of national advantages, in the exclusion of which, the selfish spirit of unrelenting bigotry so prevalent among the

contending sects had for a length of time proved almost uniformly successful.'

We have left ourselves no space to deal with the East India Kalendar, which is a very complete guide to 'Bengal, Madras, Bombay, Fort-Marlborough, China, and St Helena,' and full of interest with its lists of 'free inhabitants,' senior and junior merchants, &c. Indeed, it gives the names of every European in India, as far as they were under the dominion of England—a task possible a hundred years ago, but one which would appal any directory compiler now.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

It cannot be said that the meeting of the British Association at Oxford this year has been worthy of note for the publication of any remarkable advance in science; but at the same time it must be admitted that great interest is attached to many of the papers and observations brought before it. The first place must certainly be given to the discovery by Lord Rayleigh and Professor Ramsay of a new constituent of the atmosphere. This discovery was brought about by the observation of a difference of density in nitrogen separated from the atmosphere and that obtained from other sources. The new element, if it be an element, and not a compound body, has a spectrum giving a single blue line, which is much more pronounced than the corresponding line in the spectrum of nitrogen.

The meeting of the British Association of 1894 will also be memorable for the attention given to the subject of flying-machines. Mr Maxim's machine is stated to be a marvel of ingenuity, and, unlike other flying-machines, of which we have all of us heard a great deal from time to time, it will fly. The difficulty seems to be not in making it rise in the atmosphere, but to control it when it has risen. Mr Maxim, in the paper which he read, said that it was a mistake to suppose that flying-machines could be made to carry freight and passengers. They were expensive to make, and must be dangerous to navigate, and the engineer in control should be an acrobat as well. The flying-machine would be for the arts of war, and not for peace, and machines with one thousand horse-power or more might possibly be able to travel more than a thousand miles with the fuel they would be able to carry. These not too sanguine expectations by Mr Maxim will be valuable to those who are apt to run away with the idea that the conquest of the air has at last been accomplished.

The British Mercantile Marine is to be congratulated on the fact that one of its members, Captain S. T. S. Lecky, R.N.R., has just issued the ninth edition of his most valuable nautical work entitled *Wrinkles in Practical Navigation*. Navigational guides there are in abundance, but not one of them so cleverly fulfils its purpose as that of Captain Lecky. Written by a seaman for seamen, it is redolent of the salt sea, and should be on the book-shelf of every navigator

worthy of the name. Every difficulty in practical navigation likely to crop up in actual work at sea is dealt with clearly yet concisely; and although mathematics is ignored, the proofs of the various problems leave nothing to be desired on the score of exactness. Every seafarer will find much to learn from this seaman-like work on practical navigation, and our merchant navy is much indebted to Captain Lecky for his painstaking endeavour to make straight the paths of his hard-worked brethren. Messrs Philip & Son of London and Liverpool are the publishers of this *magnum opus*.

Messrs Cross, Bevan, & Beadle, who are well known as experimental chemists, discovered, some months ago, a new class of substances which are derived from cellulose, which seem destined to have various industrial applications of a most important kind. The new material can be procured (1) As a solution which it is believed will form a substitute for glue, which can be used for cloth-sizing, paper-sizing, and as a vehicle for pigment-printing. (2) As a dense solid mass having much the appearance of ebonite, which can be turned, worked in any direction, will bear a high polish, and can be used for a variety of articles including insulators. (3) In the form of films or sheets, including a transparent variety which can be used for photographic purposes in lieu of glass. (4) As films or sheets attached to cloth, for bookbinding, upholstery, and a variety of purposes. And (5) In a porous state for the manufacture of artificial sponges and other articles. The solution will also lend itself to admixture with various foreign substances, which much increases its usefulness. Full particulars of this valuable new addition to the resources of the manufacturer will be found in the August number of the *Journal of the Franklin Institute*, Philadelphia.

A curious operation may be seen in progress at the works of Messrs Cornell of New York, who have erected on the banks of the Hudson River a complete plant for heating and dipping in the salt water of the river steel plates which are intended for burglar-proof safes. By this salt-water treatment, the plates are rendered harder and better in other respects than if they were cooled in fresh water. The building of burglar-proof safes is now carried to a degree of scientific perfection which will hardly be credited. The plates employed are of a compound character, being made of alternate layers of hard and soft metal which are welded together. By such a combination the plates will yield neither to drill nor sledge-hammer; and the burglar's efforts to break through them are futile. One safe now being built has an outer cage, made of railroad iron interlaced, the interstices being filled in with Portland cement.

It has often been remarked that the first paper-manufacturer was the wasp, and the observation that the little insect makes its paper from wood probably led to the formation of the wood-pulp industry. From a recent number of the *Board of Trade Journal* it would seem that this industry in Norway is in the most flourishing condition, the demand for the pulp being constantly on the increase, and the

price of the material therefore rising. Both in Norway and Sweden the number of factories is being added to, and the production for the current year is already sold at remunerative prices. There are at the present time fifty-nine wood-pulp factories in Norway, one of which manufactures casks, three make cardboard, and ten make paper. The total Norwegian product for the year 1893, including a certain proportion of Swedish pulp, amounted to two hundred and thirty thousand tons. These figures relate to what is known as mechanical pulp only, the chemical wood-pulp coming under another category.

The present great demand for paper, owing chiefly to the increase in periodical literature, has attracted renewed attention to a valuable fibre-producing plant known as Sisal. This plant was introduced into the Bahamas from Yucatan about forty years ago, and has found such a congenial soil there that it has flourished to a surprising extent. Exaggerated accounts have been published as to the profits to be reaped from its extended cultivation; but, according to those best able to judge, it can only yield under favourable conditions a moderate return for capital invested in it. As to the excellence of the fibre, there is no doubt whatever; but there are now so many materials from which paper-pulp can be made, that no one in particular can command an outside price.

An habitual railway traveller knows, as well as does the engine-driver, that a head-wind has often to be reckoned with as a preventive of punctuality, and it has occurred to most persons that the present blunt end of a locomotive in opposing such a broad surface to the air must to a great extent diminish speed and cause unnecessary consumption of fuel. Nature has constructed birds as well as fishes of such a form that their bodies offer the least possible resistance to the media in which they move, and man has acknowledged the correctness of the design in the construction of boats. The Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean Railway have determined to test the value of the same principle for vehicles which cleave the air at the speed of birds, and they have ordered to be built forty engines with a metal prow in front, which shall enclose funnel, dome, and fire-box. The experiment is an interesting one, and it seems curious that it has not been tried before.

In July last, a new electric cable was laid in the bed of the Atlantic Ocean in the surprisingly short period of twelve days. And cable-laying has now become such a common matter that the event has not excited one hundredth part of the sensation created by the insignificant electric wire which was laid across the Strait of Dover in 1851. Since that date, the manufacture of cables has advanced by leaps and bounds, and the new Atlantic one may be regarded as the finest ever made. It is worthy of note that Great Britain has almost a monopoly of the world's ocean wires, the English companies controlling more than one hundred and fifty thousand miles of cable. Government has encouraged this form of enterprise; and in return, Imperial and Colonial despatches must have priority over all others

when required. We have now no fewer than ten cables communicating directly with America, while our French neighbours have only one.

It has long been a tradition among railway engineers that the ends of rails must be separated by a certain space, so as to allow for expansion of the iron in the heat of summer, and for its contraction in winter. This idea, which is based on theory, would seem to be erroneous in practice, for a company in America which proposes to apply electric welding to rails, has proved the contrary by the experimental joining-up of fifteen hundred feet of track. In welding a joint, the company makes use of a travelling plant containing the necessary electrical apparatus. The joint in the rails where the weld is to be made is first brightened up on all sides by a revolving emery wheel. Plates of metal are then applied on either side, and the whole is secured between two powerful jaws. The electric current is next caused to traverse the joint; and the ends of the rails and the attached pieces of metal are speedily brought to a white-heat. At the right moment, power is applied to the jaws, which give the joint a mighty squeeze, with the result that the whole is welded together so perfectly that when the metal cools, no trace of a joint is visible. The system is considered to be of special value for electric railways and tramways, where the rails are used as conductors of the current, and continuity is of great importance.

At the recent meeting of the British Medical Association, much attention was given to the subject of Influenza, and the President suggested that the constant outburst of the malady made him wonder 'whether by doing away with the conditions under which certain infectious diseases spread, they might not be actually producing a state of conditions favourable to the spread of other infectious diseases.' The question of sewer ventilation elicited from one speaker the opinion that surface ventilators, such as are found in the roads of most of our towns, were undoubtedly one cause of the spread of such diseases as diphtheria and enteric fever.

The manner in which different occupations affect the eyesight of those engaged in them is a most important and interesting field of inquiry, and we are glad to see that the subject claimed the attention of the meeting of the British Medical Association. Lead, in the many industries in which it is used, is a cause of optic neuritis. The iron and steel industries are found to be injurious to the eyesight, although certain of the workers seem to enjoy a strange immunity from injury. The increasing use of the electric arc light in various manufactures was also commented upon, and it was stated that in electric welding, the men were careful to cover the neck and arms, while the head and face were protected by a helmet with glass windows.

In a paper read before the British Association at Oxford, Dr Haldane asserted that explosions in mines were often not immediately fatal to underground workers, and that if they could be protected for a time from the deadly effects of the after-damp, valuable lives might often be saved. He exhibited a small apparatus which

he had constructed for the purpose of keeping up respiration in a noxious atmosphere. It consisted of a collapsible bag and tube, a small reservoir of compressed oxygen, and a layer of material for absorbing the carbonic acid exhaled from the lungs. From this description, it appears to be only a modified form of the apparatus devised by Mr H. A. Fleuss about twelve years ago, the first published account of which appeared in this *Journal*.

It is a very curious circumstance that in these days, when so much is written and thought about the importance of sanitary matters, no definite plan exists of ventilating private dwelling-houses. The needed fresh air must at present be obtained by opening doors and windows, and as the bulk of persons are afraid of draughts, a vitiated atmosphere is complacently borne, in preference to one which is pure. In some few of our public buildings, an electrically-driven fan is seen drawing the bad air away; but these useful appliances are rare, whereas in America they are common. Each living-room should possess some simple form of ventilator which would act without causing a draught.

It is reasonable to suppose that the manufacture of gigantic guns will give way to those of smaller calibre, now that the effectiveness of modern weapons of smaller size has been so often demonstrated. The marvellous power of some of the smaller sizes of breech-loading guns is illustrated in an article in the *Century Magazine* for July, in which their performance in actual warfare is criticised. In the Chilean civil war, a shot from an eight-inch gun struck a cruiser above the armour belt, passed through a steel plate, went through the captain's cabin, and took the pillow from under his head without hurting him, passed into the messroom, went through a wooden bulkhead, and killed nine men; then it went through a steel bulkhead five inches thick, and came to an end of its career by striking a battery outside. A shot from a ten-inch gun was stopped by the eight-inch armour of the same vessel; but it drove a bolt clean through the armour with such force that the bolt itself became a projectile, and, striking a gun, completely disabled it.

A new building material, called 'Compo Board,' is highly spoken of by an American paper. It consists of strips of one-eighth-inch wood sandwiched between sheets of straw board, the surfaces being cemented together, placed under hydraulic pressure, and finally dried in a kiln. This board is designed to take the place of the usual very unsatisfactory lath-and-plaster work in an interior wall. It is highly elastic; it will not warp; and wall-paper is affixed to it with ease, and with the highest finish. It is said not to be more expensive than first-class plaster-work; it produces no dampness in a building; it is air and dust tight; and makes in every respect a better wall than that afforded by older methods.

The recently published Report of the Silk Association of Great Britain and Ireland refers to the Exhibition held in May last at Stafford House, London, by the kindness of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland. The object of the

Exhibition was to bring before the public the present state of excellence of the British silk-manufactures; and it was shown most conclusively that silk fabrics for dress and upholstery of every kind and description could be manufactured in this country. Although the promoters of the Exhibition sustained a slight loss, the enterprise is regarded as having been a great success in fulfilling the objects for which it was organised. It is proposed to establish in Lancashire, most probably at Manchester, a well-equipped school for teaching silk technology and design.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

He lured me from the firelit room
Adown the garden path, to see
The white chrysanthemums in bloom
Beneath the cherry-tree.
And while the autumn twilight fell
In tender shadow at our feet,
He told me that he loved me well,
In accents silver sweet.

I heeded not the faded leaves;
I never heard the wailing wind
Which mourned amid the silent eaves
For Summer left behind.
The golden hours might all depart;
I knew not that the day had flown;
My sunshine lay within the heart
That beat so near my own.

Now, Spring has come with flower and bird;
And softly o'er the garden walls,
By warm south breezes flushed and stirred,
The perfumed blossom falls.
New buds are on the hedgeside spray;
New grasses fringe the country lane;
But never in the old sweet way
Shall we two stand again.

My mother clasps my listless hand,
And tells me that the roses blow,
While all about the happy land
Drifts fragrant hawthorn snow.
But looking from my lonely room
Adown the path, I only see
Some white chrysanthemums in bloom
Beneath a cherry-tree!

E. MATHESON.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.
 - 2d. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
 - 3d. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
 - 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.
- If the above rules are complied with, the Editor will do his best to ensure the safe return of ineligible papers.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 562.—VOL. XI.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1894.

PRICE 1½d.

THE LONDON FUR-TRADE.

IN how practical a manner London is the centre of the world is in nothing more strikingly shown than in the great Fur-trade. From the remotest recesses of the earth—from the bleakest and dimmest corners of the Arctic and Antarctic regions—as well as from the steppes of Tartary, the prairies of North America, the mountains of Asia, and the Bush of Australia—the lowliest as well as the costliest skins are transported with all speed to England. It is not that England ‘consumes’ (in an economic sense) all these costly coverings; but for various reasons, which shall be explained. A little inquiry into the subject will be of interest at a time when the great question of the fur-seal fishing in the Northern Pacific is attracting so much attention both in Europe and America.

In former articles we have described the homes and haunts of the fur-seal, and also the method of trade in this particular skin, so we shall not pause now over this part of the fur-supply. A word as to the catch, however, is necessary in relation to our subject. Last year, according to the official Report, fifty-six vessels sailed from British Columbia for the sealing-grounds, and the total of skins taken by them was stated at 76,875. This is said to have been the largest catch ever made by the pelagic, or open-sea, sealers. But besides that, some 43,366 skins were brought into San Francisco from the Pribilof Islands (of which the Alaska Commercial Company have the exclusive monopoly) and by the Russian Sealskin Company. Owing to the new agreement with the United States, in consequence of the Paris arbitration and award, many of the Canadian sealers have this year crossed over to the coasts of Japan, but what success they meet with there will not be known for some time. The largest catch ever made by a single Canadian sealing-schooner is said to have been 2772 skins.

But although the seal-skin is one of the most familiar of furs, both in commerce and in

common life, it is very far from being the most valuable that enters the London market, at which we shall now take a look.

That market is practically constituted by some half-dozen experienced and well-known skin-brokers; and probably about three-fourths of the fur business done in London passes through the hands of one great firm of brokers, and of the Hudson's Bay Company. All the sales take place by auction in the brokers' sale-rooms in the City four times a year—namely, in January, March, June, and October—and the turn-over approaches four millions sterling per annum. In no part of the world can be seen gathered together such a varied and valuable collection of skins as at these quarterly sales in London. And curious it is to think that the most of them are brought there from all parts of the world just to be sold and distributed to all parts of the world again.

Why is this? Well, in the first place, London is the centre of finance and credit; furs run into a great deal of money, and the catching of them takes up a great deal of time; therefore, the hunters and traders naturally seek the outlet which is most ready and most certain. The fur-agent can draw bills on London against his costly bales as fast as he can ship them. Then another reason is, that English furriers have acquired a dexterity in handling and dyeing furs beyond that of any other country; even American skins caught in American vessels or on American shores, intended for clothing American bodies, are sent over here to be prepared, only a very few being treated in the States. A third reason is, that our appliances for receiving, sorting, handling, dressing, and selling skins are on an incomparably more extensive scale than anywhere else. And a fourth reason is, that to London come all the capitalists of the world for investments, and the wealthy for luxuries.

There is no other fur-market in the world with which to compare that of London. At Irbit, on the other side of the Ural Mountains,

there is an annual Fur fair; but the skins sold are only the more ordinary sorts of Russian skins for domestic consumption. At the Fair of Nijni-Novgorod, in August, and at the Easter Fair at Leipsic, furs occupy an important though not an exclusive place. These three Fairs, indeed, only help in the general work of distribution which begins with the fall of the broker's hammer in the London salerooms. There, Russian, Greek, French, German, and Austrian dealers attend quarter after quarter, to finger, appraise, and bid for the furs, which they select for their respective markets, or despatch to one or other of these great Fairs. And very clever and knowing are these fur-dealers—clever in estimating comparative value, and knowing as to the prospects of supply, the present requirements of patrons, and the probable vagaries of fashion.

For fashion does exert a considerable influence on the fur-market, as any one can understand who observes how sealskin jackets come and go in feminine favour. A most striking example occurred in the case of ermine fur. For many years this beautiful fur was quite out of favour; nobody wore it, nobody asked for it, and by-and-by the skins practically disappeared from the market. Then, a year or two ago, a demand for ermine mysteriously sprang up and began to grow. The fur-merchants, looking about for supplies, saw none coming forward, and of course the price stiffened. The Chinese, who in former years used to supply nearly all the ermine sent to London, were asked why they did not now send on skins. Their reply was, that they had long ago given up catching them because they were unsaleable when sent to market. But they set to work anew; and at the spring sales this year ten thousand skins were received, and sold at double as much as they would have brought a year ago, and probably considerably less than they will bring a year hence, if fashion keeps this skin in favour over the winter.

We have no estimate of the number of individual skins put up to auction at the quarterly sales in London; but the number must be enormous, for the catalogue of a single sale will run to several hundred pages. The spring sales, as a rule, contain the fruits of the chase of the previous summer; the summer sales, the fruits of the previous autumn catch, and so on; but many furs from remote regions may not reach the hammer for a couple of years after they were bagged. Then, again, the purchasers at the spring sales are preparing for the winter in Eastern Europe and elsewhere, while at the summer sales our own furriers begin to provide themselves. Thus must industry always be ahead of luxury.

The spring, or March, sales are the most important of the year, and at these sales will be found specimens of every fur-skin known to the naturalist or the hunter. In numbers, probably the fox-skins and bear-skins of various sorts will take the lead; and it is no uncommon thing for four or five thousand bear-skins to pass under the hammer in one saleroom. As a rule, the sales continue for a fortnight, day after day, without intermission from morning till evening.

The costliest fur that comes to market, and one that year by year is becoming more scarce, is that of the sea-otter, an animal which seems rapidly disappearing from the waters of the North Pacific. At the spring sales of the present year, one of these beautiful skins brought two hundred and ten pounds, and yet the size of it was only about six feet long by two feet wide. Even this was not the highest known price, for last year two hundred and twenty pounds was paid for a sea-otter skin of similar size, but of somewhat finer quality—such a skin, indeed, as would now probably bring two hundred and fifty pounds, so much has this fur advanced in value.

Who pays such immense prices for such small skins? Almost entirely Russian noblemen, who especially prize the sea-otter fur for the collars of their overcoats. We have heard that fifty pounds is no uncommon price for a wealthy Russian to pay for a coat-collar, and that his reason for preferring the sea-otter fur is that it does not freeze with the breath; but we are unable to vouch for the truth of either statement.

The next highest price paid at the London sales this year was one hundred and fifty pounds for one very fine specimen of a lion's skin, with head complete. This, however, was bought probably more as a curio than for garmenture; and the long-haired tiger-skins, which seem to come in in increasing supply from Northern India, are bought for floor-coverings at varying prices. Next to the sea-otter for clothing purposes, the fur of the silver-fox brings the highest price, and in this case also the Russians are the principal buyers. The silver-fox is one of the most precious denizens of the Hudson's Bay Territory, and as much as one hundred and twenty pounds has been paid for a single fine skin. The silver-fox, however, is really not silvery, and has only a few white hairs mixed with his black ones—indeed, the most highly prized skins are entirely black. The principal use of these skins is for the collars of the cloaks of Russian ladies.

The Russian sable has had a great vogue for some years, after a long period of unfashionableness, and has once again become scarce. It is possible that this very beautiful fur may be driven out of fashion once more by inferior dyed skins, that are sent to market under the name of sable. A real sable of best quality brings very nearly as much as a best quality silver-fox, taking size and price into consideration. Indeed, the value may be considered nearer that of the sea-otter, for a sable may bring from thirty-five to forty pounds, and be only about the fifth of the size of the sea-otter. But the very best sables are accounted a sort of imperial perquisite, being paid as tribute by some of the Asiatic peoples to the Czar, and therefore called 'Crown Sables.' Now and again, a parcel of these extra superfine furs reaches the London market, and is eagerly competed for by English, American, and French furriers, who know well that they are certain of a good profit for dexterous dressing.

The extreme popularity and high value of the sable-fur has induced these ingenious Asiatics, the Chinese, to attempt colourable imi-

tations. They have learned to dress up marten skins to be so like the real sable as easily to deceive all but the experienced eye. Indeed, even experts can often only detect the imposture by examining the under fur, to which no process of dyeing has been able to impart the peculiar characteristic hue of the sable. Other furs which are sold at the London sales, but not, we believe, anywhere else, are the skunk, mink, racoon, musquash, red fox, and opossum. There are many others, of course, but those which we have named are the principal objects of trade, because they come in the largest numbers, except, of course, the skin of the fur-seal, to which the October sales are almost entirely devoted. The few remaining over, or which arrive too late, are put up at the January sales along with all the other belated arrivals, or odd lots. In former years the seal-skin used to come dribbling in all through the year, so that the dealers never exactly knew how the supply stood, but now it has been arranged to concentrate the seal-skin sales each year in October. Four years ago, owing to disputes about the Behring Sea fishing, the price rose, on the average, from £3, 10s. to £7, 10s. per skin, the highest price paid being £8, 5s. In the following year, though there was a much smaller catch, the seal-skin was less fashionable, and the price declined to an average of £6, 5s. At the last October sales the average price obtained was under £5, 10s. per skin.

This decline is partly due to the enormous catch of last year, which, as we said at the outset, exceeded 120,000 skins, but also to the bad state of trade, which induced people to economise rather than to indulge in costly furs. Last year's catch, however, was greatly under that of 1887, in which year upwards of 226,000 seal-skins were sent to market. The principal outlets for seal-skins are the United States and Great Britain; and the best quality of seal-skin is that which is caught on the shores of Alaska.

THE LAWYER'S SECRET.*

By JOHN K. LEYS, Author of *The Lindsays*, &c.

CHAPTER XVI.—IN THE PRISONER'S CELL.

It need hardly be said that Hugh Thesiger's friends were amazed, bewildered, horrified at the news of his arrest. One of them, however, was inclined to treat the matter almost as a joke. Terence O'Neil not only scouted the idea of Hugh being guilty—as everybody did who knew him—but could not bring himself to believe that any circumstances, or any combination of circumstances, could make it appear to any reasonable man that he was guilty. The young Irishman went about everywhere abusing the crown officials as a set of noodles, who dashed at the first apparent coincidence within their reach, without stopping to consider the probabilities of the case, or the inherent absurdity of the theory they were propounding.

Terence, as it happened, was in town; but the Temple was almost deserted. Meeting one of his friends named Rawson on the day after the arrest, he seized him and compelled him to listen.

'To think that a man who is laying the foundation of a splendid practice, just beginning his career—a man with enough money and no vices—engaged to marry a rich and charming woman—a fellow whom everybody likes, and who hasn't an enemy in the world, should suddenly murder an old foggy at his own fireside, for no reason at all! It's incredible! It's absurd on the face of it!'

'That may be,' answered Rawson; 'but there are several things poor Thesiger will have to explain.'

'Why do you call him "poor Thesiger"?' cried Terence.

'Simply because he's very unfortunate. I hear they've got the lad who sold him the poison; and he was the last to see the old man alive.—It may have been only manslaughter. He may not have intended to kill Felix. There's a chance for him there.'

'A chance for him!' cried Terence, turning away in disgust.

'Or they may make it out homicide by misadventure. But there's no doubt your friend administered the poison. They found the bits of the bottle in his room.'

O'Neil started. 'How do you know?' he asked sharply.

'I've seen the papers that have been laid before counsel.'

But in a few seconds O'Neil had recovered himself. 'Of course he will explain everything,' said Terence loftily.

'Take my word for it, O'Neil, it's a serious case,' said Rawson, after a little pause. 'The police have found out'—here the speaker dropped his voice—'that Thesiger sold his railway stock yesterday morning, drew out every penny he had in the bank, and was in the act of bolting with the gold and notes in his portmanteau, when they arrested him.'

Certainly this news was enough to banish the Irishman's levity. He turned pale, and stared at his friend as if he had seen a ghost.

'I can't believe it! I don't believe it for a moment!' he cried.

'Oh, it's a fact,' returned the other. 'I'm not disclosing any secrets; for it will come out at the police court to-day.'

O'Neil was silent. He was simply confounded.

'I've no doubt Thesiger can explain it,' he said at last. 'Very likely he was going to spend the rest of the vacation abroad.—But I say, Rawson, I wish you would get me an order to see him. His only relative is a half-pay lieutenant—a dear old fellow, but quite

* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

unfit for this sort of work. I want to instruct somebody to act for my friend.' Terence laid a slight emphasis on the last two words.

'I can't get you an order, exactly,' said Rawson; 'but I'll tell you how to set about getting one.' This he proceeded to do, adding, that it would be useless to try to see the accused man that forenoon, but that he might be admitted to the prison in the afternoon, or on the following morning.

O'Neil, on going back to his chambers, found Lieutenant Thesiger there. It was pitiful to note the brave old man's pale cheeks and quivering lips.

'What do you think, sir? Can I see him?' he asked anxiously.

Terence, forced to act and speak on his own responsibility, seemed to have added ten years to his life in twenty-four hours.

'I don't say you might not get an order of admittance,' said the young barrister; 'but if I may offer my advice, sir, I should not in your place make the attempt. I don't for a moment believe my dear friend Hugh Thesiger to be a murderer. Nobody who knew him can think that of him. I cannot believe that there is any real cause for alarm. I will see him to-day; and I will tell him you were here, and were anxious to visit him, but that I dissuaded you from carrying out your idea. I will see to instructing a first-rate solicitor to defend him. Believe me, my dear sir, for you to see him would not help him in the least, while it would distress you both very much.'

'But if my nephew is innocent—if everybody, as you tell me, thinks him innocent, why is he in prison?'

'Because of some circumstances, some things he ought to explain. No doubt he will do so.—Did you ever hear Hugh speak of this Mr Felix?'

'Never in my life. I never knew he had anything to do with him.'

'Well; suppose you go back to Chalfont, Lieutenant, and tell Mrs Thesiger that nobody in London—I may say *nobody*,' he repeated—for his voice faltered a little as he remembered Rawson's words—'believes that her nephew is guilty.'

The Lieutenant thanked his young friend and took his advice, returning to Chalfont without making any attempt to visit the prison.

As he was speaking to the old naval officer, O'Neil had been conscious of a strange catching at the throat, a restraint that he could not quite account for. The facts he had concealed from his friend's uncle seemed to recur to his mind with double force as he tried to smooth things over and make light of Hugh's danger.

Terence succeeded in obtaining an order to see Thesiger, and he resolved to use it at once. As he was leaving his chambers to go to the prison, a telegram was put into his hands. It was from Lady Boldon. She begged him to find out whether she could see Hugh if she came up to town next day. For the present, she was confined to bed and unable to travel.

Hardly knowing what reply to make to this, Terence put the message in his pocket, intending to answer it when he came back.

As O'Neil's order was one of a special character, he was shown straight to the cell in which his friend was confined. The massive door was opened; a tall figure rose up to confront the warder; and the next moment Terence was grasping Hugh Thesiger's hand. Something—the effect of the strange surroundings, the confined air, the bare white-washed walls, the window away up towards the ceiling, combined with the gravity of his friend's situation—moved the young Irishman so that for the moment he could not speak without some difficulty.

'It's awfully good of you to come,' said Hugh; 'sit down.' He pushed the solitary chair which the cell contained towards his visitor, and seated himself on the pallet-bed.

'How in the world have you got into this mess—a steady-going man like you?' said Terence at last.

'Don't joke about it, old fellow.'

'Joke about it! Heaven knows, I'm far enough from joking. I only meant that if it had been a hare-brained fellow like me that had got mixed up in a tale of this kind, there would have been less wonder. But don't think too much of it, Hugh. What is it? A few days' detention—a little unpleasantness—and something to make a story out of for the rest of your life.'

Hugh made no reply; but there was a ghost of a smile, an ugly, sarcastic, almost mocking smile about his mouth, which Terence did not like at all.

'The thing to be done,' he went on, 'is to get a thoroughly good firm of solicitors to look after you. Who shall it be? What do you say to Fox & Chisleham? Or Sharpe & Downey? Or our old Sessions friend Ferrit?'

'Thank you, old man; I hardly think any of those eminent firms would suit me.'

'Ferrit may be a trifle low, but he is remarkably shrewd and energetic. On the other hand, Sharpe & Downey are capable, and a shade more respectable. Which do you prefer?'

'I hardly know yet,' returned Hugh. 'In fact, O'Neil, I don't think I shall employ anybody.'

'Not employ a solicitor!' cried Terence in amazement. 'Thesiger, you must be mad!' and a genuine suspicion as to his friend's sanity did cross the young man's mind for a moment.

'I think,' said the prisoner slowly, 'a solicitor would be of no use to me. I know a little law; I know all the facts; I don't want anything done; I have no witnesses to call. What do I want with a solicitor?'

O'Neil was silent for a moment.

'I couldn't be in court to-day,' he said at last, 'because I had to see about getting the order to come here.'—Hugh nodded.—'But tell me this—Do you think it likely you will be committed?'

'Certain to be.'

'Then, Hugh, old fellow, you'll let me defend you? I and—some one else perhaps, some one of good position at the criminal bar will be

there, and you can instruct us'— He could not finish the sentence.

"From the dock," you mean," said Hugh, finishing it for him. "Thank you. You're awfully good, Terence.—Yes; I have no objection—I mean, I'm exceedingly obliged to you. Only you must promise to follow the lines I lay down."

Terence sighed, but forbore to press the matter further just then. He could not understand his friend at all.

"What did they say in court to-day—if you don't mind speaking of it?" he said after a moment's pause.

"Oh, the chemist's young man was there to prove that I bought the stuff from him!"

"But you didn't!" interrupted O'Neil eagerly.

"Yes, I did." Thesiger, as he said this, looked his friend straight in the eyes. "And they had an office boy, who saw me go into Mr Felix's office, and leave it."

"But he was mistaken!"

"No; he was not mistaken. I was there."

There was dead silence in the cell for a moment or two, and then O'Neil said, in a low constrained voice—"If I am to help to defend you—as I mean to do," he threw in quickly—"I ought to know all that the police know, as soon as possible. There is one point that weighs heavily on my mind. Your money! Did they find you on the point of going off with all your property in your portmanteau?"

"They did!"

"What a fatal blunder! Something alarmed you; the prospect of so horrible a charge unmanned you—made you lose your head. But it was a dreadful mistake."

"Not to have gone sooner—yes."

"But can't you explain all this?" cried O'Neil, springing to his feet—"your buying the poison—your going to see the man at his office—your reasons for taking the alarm, though you were innocent?"

"No, Terence; I am not going to." Hugh's voice was hardly above a whisper, but it was steady enough.

"I saw your uncle to-day," said O'Neil abruptly.

Hugh's face changed; and for the first time since the conversation began his voice trembled, as he asked—"Is he in town still?"

"No. He wanted to come and see you; but I assured him that it would do no good, and persuaded him to go back to Chalfont."

"Thank you, Terence. You have saved us both some unnecessary pain."

"I am glad you think I did right. And less than an hour ago, I got a telegram from Lady Boldon asking me when she could see you."

"What?" Hugh was on his feet in a moment, his hands clenched, his face working strangely.

"Why should you be surprised at that? It is very natural that she should wish to see you. When would you like her to come?"

"Like her to come?—Natural!" The prisoner sank down again on the bedstead, and covered his face with his hands.

O'Neil was amazed at the effect which the mere name of his betrothed had on Hugh. Then he remembered that the mention of her name would remind him, as nothing else

would, of all he had lost; and he ceased to wonder.

"Shall I fix Thursday?" he asked.

"No! No! No!" cried Hugh, still keeping his hands over his face, shuddering as he spoke. "She does not want to see me," he said in a half-whisper; "and I feel as if I would rather die than meet her face to face. Keep her away from me, Terence"—he sat up and grasped his friend's arm as he said this—"don't let her come near me: promise me this—promise me that you will do all you can to prevent her coming here."

O'Neil gave the required pledge; and as he did so, something like a chill passed over him. A doubt as to his friend's innocence crossed his mind. Why should Hugh be so anxious not to meet Lady Boldon? An innocent man might wish to prevent his betrothed from coming to see him in prison, on account of the pain such a visit might cause her. But the thought of a meeting with her, in itself, would surely be a comfort, an indescribable pleasure to him? Yet Hugh seemed absolutely afraid to meet Lady Boldon face to face.

Before O'Neil could say more—before he could think what he ought to say—the opportunity for answering had passed away. The noise of the well-oiled lock, as the heavy bolt flew back, told the two men that their intercourse for that day was over.

ANCIENT EMBROIDERY AND TAPESTRY.

WHEN Milton lived in Artillery Walk in 1670, his three daughters were boarded out, we are told, 'to learn some curious and ingenious sorts of manufacture that are proper for women to learn, particularly embroideries in gold and silver.'

For many hundreds of years before the poet's three daughters essayed to learn the art of Embroidery, this kind of needlework was held in the highest esteem in our own country; and so much excellence was attained in its execution, that the 'Opus Anglicanum,' as it was called on the Continent, was regarded with general admiration abroad. Twice there is mention of it in Domesday Book. One entry in the great survey runs to the effect that Alauid had half a hide of land granted to her by Earl Godric on the condition that she was to teach his daughter how to embroider; and the second states that a certain Leuide made embroidery for the king and queen. We may still see, too, a very large number of entries in the records of expenses of our successive monarchs in which broiery is specially mentioned, sometimes as being for their own use, and sometimes for vestments for presentations to other persons, or enrichments for various places; and, again, as ordered for devices on banners. Many pages might be filled with extracts of this kind from privy-purse expenses. The close rolls, the liberate rolls, old wills, and other documents, also enable us to see that the robes of the kings and queens, as well as those of ecclesiastics of high degree, were superbly worked with gold embroideries diversified with colours and precious stones. The names of many of the embroiderers are given in these documents, as well as the amounts paid to them for their

work. In a wardrobe account, in the time of Richard II., two embroiderers, William Sanston and Robert de Asshecombe, are written down as 'Broudatores Domini Regis.' In another place, Stephen Vyne is mentioned as being appointed chief embroiderer to Richard II. and his queen, and as having a pension granted him by Henry IV: Those who have gone over these numerous accounts systematically have noted entries relating to needlework which mention the following persons: Adam de Baker-ing, who was paid 6s. 8d. for silk and fringe to embroider a 'chesable' made by Mabilia of St Edmunds; Adam de Basinges, who made a cope for the king to give to the Bishop of Hereford; Thomas Cheiner, who was paid £140 for a vest of velvet embroidered with divers work for the chaplain of Edward III.; William Courtenay, who embroidered a garment for the same monarch with pelicans and tabernacles of gold; John de Colonia, who made two vests of green velvet embroidered with gold sea-sirens and the arms of England and Hainault, and a white robe worked with pearls, and a velvet robe embroidered with gold, for Queen Philippa; Rose Bureford, who received fifty marks from Queen Isabella in part payment of a hundred, for an embroidered cope; and John de Sumercote and Roger the tailor, who were ordered to make four robes of the best brocade, two for King Henry III. and two for his queen, with gold-fringe and gems, with special directions to make the tunics of softer brocade than that of the mantles and super-tunics. In one of the earliest books preserved by the Corporation of London, there is a transcript of a quit claim in which there is mention of a piece of cloth eight ells long and six ells wide that Aleyse Darcy embroidered with divers works in gold and silk for the Earl of Richmond, grandson of Henry III.; and of another work of a similar description that the same embroideress executed for the Earl of Lincoln.

In our own time, when, from antiquarian curiosity, or some other reason, ancient tombs have been opened, we have come face to face with long-buried specimens of olden needlework. An instance occurred not long since in Canterbury Cathedral, when the tomb of Hubert Walter was opened. This ecclesiastic was Archbishop of Canterbury when he died in 1205. Only his bones remained when the investigation in question took place; but these lay in the vestments in which the body was interred nearly seven hundred years ago; and on these robes are various embroideries in silk and gold. The linen was found to be considerably decayed; but the amber-coloured silk on which the embroidery is worked is in fair preservation. This work consists of angels, the evangelists, and other sacred figures arranged chiefly in roundlets. In the same cathedral may also be seen another specimen of even greater interest; this is the velvet jupon (a surcoat worn over armour) of the Black Prince, which is suspended over his tomb. It is embroidered with his arms in gold. The robes of the Saxon bishop, St Cuthbert, in the library of Durham Cathedral, are also enriched with needlework.

Not only in our palaces, as in Hampton

Court and Holyrood, but in many of the castles and country seats of our ancient nobility and gentry, we have many splendid specimens of Tapestry for wall-coverings, some of which were worked with the needle, and others made in the ponderous old looms of former days. In Bamborough Castle, in Northumberland, there are four very fine pieces executed with the needle, one of which is fifteen feet in length. These represent scenes in the life of the Emperor Justinian with life-sized figures, including his labours in connection with the Roman Law, his visit to the Temple of Janus, his coronation, and a hunting incident. In many instances Time has given tapestry tones in which faint blues and grays appear to predominate, on account of the deadening of the brilliancy of brighter colours; but there is little loss of tint in these works. There are scarlets and browns of rich hues, and their general effect is unimpaired from this cause. We may see they were wrought in strips, and sewn together afterwards. In Chillingham Castle, in the same county, there are some grand examples in good preservation; and in Warkworth Castle there are more. In Berkeley Castle there is a great deal of this work that was so much to the dames and damsels of high degree in old times. There is tapestry in the small chamber in which Edward II. was murdered; and in the rooms once occupied by Queen Elizabeth and King James I.; and in the drawing-room, as well as in the 'haunted chamber.' Derbyshire and Warwickshire are also specially rich in these treasures; and probably every county, if called upon for exhibits, would be able to represent itself. Mythological, allegorical, and historical subjects were often chosen for these works. The four elements are also sometimes represented. At Sion House, Middlesex, there is a piece in which Fire is represented. Earth, Air, and Water are among the pieces mentioned as being in Berkeley Castle. Sacred subjects were often chosen; and the fables of Æsop, hunting scenes, and landscapes were also favourites. It will be remembered that the tapestry of silk and silver described as being in the chamber of Imogen is stated to have depicted 'the story of proud Cleopatra when she had met her Roman;' and the arras behind which Polonius hides, and so meets his death at the hands of Hamlet, is made a conspicuous feature in the representation of the play.

By Queen Anne's time, both tapestry and embroidery appear to have gone out of fashion. In the number of the 'Spectator' published on the 13th of October 1714, there is a letter calling upon the editor to recommend the long-neglected art and laudable mystery of needlework, and complaining bitterly that the time that, fifty years previously, was spent in working beds, chairs, and hangings for the family, was then thrown away upon dress, play, and visits. In compliance with this request, the 'Spectator' proceeds to express a wish that all the fine ladies of Britain, as soon as their mourning is over (for Queen Anne), would appear covered with the work of their own hands; and to point out the advantages likely to accrue from such industry. He suggests the

battle of Blenheim as a subject for tapestry, among others. He continues: 'How memorable would that matron be who shall have it subscribed upon her monument "That she wrought out the whole Bible in tapestry, and died in a good old age, after having covered three hundred yards of wall in her mansion-house."' Finally, he proposed that no young maiden whatsoever should be allowed to receive the addresses of her first lover but in a suit of her own embroidering. He contends, banteringly, that a few regulations of this kind would effectually restore the decayed art. On the following Wednesday—the 'Spectator' came out on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays—'Cleora' replied in a letter, and repudiated any obligation to continue such tedious drudgeries, which, she averred, were only fit for the Hilpas and Nilpas that lived before the Flood; and then inquired what the 'Spectator' thought of gilt leather for furniture, concluding: 'Without minding your musty lessons, I am this minute going to Paul's Churchyard to bespeak a skreen and a set of hangings; and am resolved to encourage the manufacture of my country.'

To return to ancient embroidery—the embroideries in gold and silver that John Milton thought it was proper for women to learn. The manner of executing this work appears to have been in this way: Such portions as permitted of the treatment were worked upon linen first, and then, when carefully finished, placed upon the velvet or other material it was intended to enrich, and firmly attached to it; after which a few scrolls or tendrils, or similar light touches, were added, to connect the device thus applied with the main ground, and take off any appearance of crude stiffness in the design. Thus, when John de Sumercote made the violet-coloured brocade robe for the queen of Henry III., we may assume that the six small leopards ordered to be placed on it were first wrought with gold thread on stout linen, and then cut out and transferred to the brocade, and the other enrichments subsequently added. And when John de Colonia made the beautiful robe mentioned on an Issue Roll, dated 1335, for Queen Philippa, any devices with which it was ornamented were doubtless made in the same manner, and all the pearl-work added when this was accomplished; and so, too, the pelicans William Courtenay embroidered for Edward III. were probably applied in the same way, and the gold tabernacle-work wrought afterwards. Some embroidery was executed in outline only, when it did not admit of this treatment. Cloth, linen, and silk were used for this variety of work. Scenes from the Old and New Testaments, angels, the evangelists, the apostles, the Star of Bethlehem, crowns, the sacred monogram, birds, animals, conventional fruit and foliage, were most frequently in the minds of the old embroiderers who used this method. Statues, old paintings, and miniatures in manuscripts, show us many examples of embroidered borders on robes and mantles. They are sometimes designed in set geometrical patterns, such as squares, diamonds, and circles; sometimes in scroll-like and flowing lines; and they are generally indicated as richly wrought with precious stones and seed-pearls.

The quarter-circular cope-chests preserved in some of our cathedrals—in one of which may have been deposited Queen Isabella's commission to Rose Bureford—should be noted in connection with this old-world subject.

RICHARD MAITLAND—CONSUL.

By L. T. MEADE and ROBERT K. DOUGLAS.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

WHEN Richard Maitland undertook the duties of Her Britannic Majesty's Consul at the inland port of Ch'anyang, in China, he little guessed the strange adventures which would befall him, and the numerous perils to which he would be exposed. He was a man of nearly fifty years of age, a thick-set Englishman from the Midland counties. In manner he was intensely reserved; but he had a humorous twinkle in his eyes, and, when thoroughly pleased and interested in any one, a hearty and kindly manner. He was also largely endowed with tact, an essential quality for a man in his position. In consequence, he was popular with the Chinese dignitaries, and was freely admitted to their various entertainments. This popularity was destined, however, to come to an abrupt end, and the peace-loving Consul was soon to see the reverse side of the Chinese character.

On a certain sultry morning, when Maitland entered one of his private apartments in the large roomy Consulate, his valet, George Bryce, who had accompanied his master from England, approached him. He told Maitland that a young Englishman had called to see him on urgent business.

'The gentleman brought this letter of introduction,' continued Bryce, 'and begged me to give it to you, sir, the moment you were at leisure to look at it. This is his visiting-card.'

Maitland took both letter and card in his hand. When he read the name on the card, he gave a perceptible start: 'Mr James Pennant.—Surely not Lady Margaret's son,' he exclaimed half aloud. He eagerly tore open the letter. It ran as follows:

MY DEAR MR MAITLAND—If my son goes to Ch'anyang (that unpronounceable corner of the earth where you are now buried), I am sure you will do him all the kindness in your power. He has taken it into his head to visit China, in search, I suppose, of those adventures which fascinate young people in our day. For the sake of our old friendship, I am sure you will give him fatherly counsel if he comes in your way. You know that he is a somewhat important person, at least in his mother's eyes, being an only son.—With kindest regards,
Yours most truly,
MARGARET PENNANT.

When Maitland's quick eyes had devoured this letter, he looked at Bryce. 'The young Englishman turns out to be the son of an old friend,' he remarked. 'Lady Margaret Coningsby is his mother.—You remember Lady Margaret as a young lady, eh, Bryce?'

'Yes, sir, perfectly. Also her marriage to Captain Pennant, and the Captain's death soon afterwards.—I told Mr Pennant that you would most likely be able to see him after tiffin, sir. He said he would call without fail.'

'I hope he will do so. I shall be delighted to see his mother's son. Be sure you let me know the moment he arrives, Bryce.'

'Yes, sir,' replied the servant.

A Chinese 'boy' entered the room at this moment to announce that tiffin was served, and Maitland strode into his dining-hall and sat down to lunch. He was hungry, for he had gone through a hard morning's work, and while he ate, his thoughts ran on the letter he had received and the many memories it had evoked.

Maitland was unmarried. As far as he could tell, he had never wished to marry; but he knew that could he have been tempted to forego the charms of liberty for the silken cords of married life, Lady Margaret would have been the girl on whom his choice would have fallen. In the old days, she had always been in his dreams. But fate had ordained her for another, and Maitland did not even know if he regretted it. He had never lost his interest in her, however, and now he looked forward with keen anticipation to seeing her son. He had scarcely finished lunch before Bryce entered the room to say that Pennant had called.

'Tell him that I will see him immediately,' said the Consul. He started up in haste, and hurrying into his large reception-room, held out a hearty hand of greeting to the son of his old friend. 'My dear boy, how delightful this is!' he exclaimed. 'I am more than pleased to see you. I need not say that I will do all in my power to make your visit pleasant while you stay here. Of course, it goes without saying that you will put up at my house. I will send immediately for your traps, if you will tell me where they are.'

'I'm awfully obliged,' answered Pennant. The colour mounted to his temples as he spoke. He was a slightly-built, tall, young man with keen gray eyes and a well-set-up figure. There was a look of anxiety about his face, however, which Maitland perceived the moment he looked at him. 'I am greatly obliged,' he continued; 'but I am afraid that I cannot—I mean, that I ought to tell you what my business is, before we say anything more about my coming here. It is a great relief to see you. I meant to have called before; but matters of a peculiar nature have occupied me. I kept my mother's letter by me, and always looked forward to knowing you. Now I am ashamed to say I come to make your acquaintance because I am in dire distress.'

'Then you have not just arrived at Ch'anyang?'

'No; I have been here for several weeks. The fact is, I have called to-day to ask you, Mr Maitland, to give me your assistance. As British Consul here, you may be able to offer me some invaluable help. I have been unfortunate enough to get myself into a horrible mess.—But can I speak to you alone? Do any of your servants understand English?'

'Only my valet, Bryce. He knew your mother when she was a girl.—Come into my private office, Pennant. If you have anything special to say, we shall be safe there.'

Maitland led the way to his private room. He motioned his guest to a seat and sat down

opposite him. 'Now,' he said, 'how can I serve you? You can command me not only in my official capacity, but also as an old friend of your mother's.'

'I have known your name all my life,' replied Pennant. 'My mother has spoken of you often—in fact, your name is a household word at home.'

'I am delighted to hear it, I am sure. Your mother and I were great friends long ago.—But now, as to your trouble.'

Maitland remained seated; but Pennant sprang up and stood near one of the large windows. The anxiety on his face became more marked. He spoke with a sort of reckless defiance. 'There is nothing for it,' he said, 'but to state the facts of the case as briefly as possible. I have engaged myself secretly to a young Chinese lady who is on the point of marriage with a countryman of her own. Her betrothal takes place to-morrow morning; and as the bridegroom is to leave immediately for Peking, the marriage is to come off in the evening. This I am resolved to prevent, at any cost, and I want you to help me.'

To say that Maitland turned a fiery red is to express but slightly the emotions which overpowered him at this startling communication. 'I wish with all my heart that you had come to see me before,' he said. 'It is a far more serious matter than you have any idea of, for an Englishman to attempt to interfere in Chinese matrimonial affairs.'

'Does that mean you won't help me?' said Pennant in agitation.

'I did not say so.—Won't you take a chair? We must talk this matter over quietly. It is impossible for me not to feel some astonishment at your most unexpected communication. Marriages between Chinese and English people are almost unknown, and you will forgive my mentioning, my dear lad, that with your expectations and—'

Pennant interrupted hastily. 'There is no use in arguing the matter now,' he said. 'The thing is done. I am desperately in love with the girl, and have engaged myself with my eyes open.'

'I can only repeat that you are undertaking a most risky business,' answered Maitland, 'and that the matter may become one of life and death.—But before we go any further, pray, tell me the name of the girl—who is her father, and how, in the name of fortune, did you get to know her? Chinese girls are never allowed to be seen out of doors or in society.'

'I am well aware of that,' said Pennant, with a faint smile. 'Nevertheless, contrary to all precedent, I have met this girl; and, in short, the position of affairs at the present moment is as I have stated it. I will tell you my story in as few words as possible. I have always been interested in the Chinese. There has been a sort of mystery about them to me—their lives have been so much a sealed book to us Europeans, that one of my great wishes from my early youth has been to travel in China and to study the ways and customs of this queer people. I know the language, and can speak it with tolerable fluency. When, therefore, I came to Ch'anyang, instead of

putting up at the "foreign settlement," I secured rooms in the "native city." I was lucky enough to make several friends—amongst them was a Chinese scholar of considerable learning of the name of Le Ming. He often invited me to visit him in the gardens at the back of his father's house. I was sitting there one evening, when I caught sight of a charming girl passing through the shrubberies; she glided quickly into a grove of trees, and Le Ming, who noticed that I had observed her, told me that she was his sister, Amethyst.

Here Maitland started violently, and rose to his feet. 'Merciful heavens!' he exclaimed, 'you don't mean to tell me that the girl you intend to marry is Amethyst, the daughter of Le the Prefect? My dear Pennant, if this is so, it is my unfortunate duty to tell you that you must banish the idea immediately. Le is one of the most important personages in Ch'anyang. If your preposterous idea were even suspected, we should have the whole place about our ears immediately. Besides, this girl is on the eve of marriage to no less a person than Wang, son of a President of the Board of War at Peking.'

'Precisely,' said Pennant; 'and because of all these things, I am in the terrible trouble you now see me in.—But may I finish my story?'

'Certainly,' Maitland sank again into his chair. He looked hard at Pennant under his shaggy eyebrows.

'I must return to that evening,' said the young man. 'I talked a little longer with Le Ming, and presently went back to my rooms. I was just thinking of going to bed, when a servant entered and told me that a messenger had arrived who wished to see me at once on a matter of urgent business. Wondering what could possibly be the matter, I desired the person to be admitted. The man withdrew, and a moment later opened the door to admit a female figure, carefully veiled from head to foot. The servant went away and left us alone. The moment this happened, my visitor threw back her veil, and I saw, to my astonishment, that she was a young and very lovely girl. She could not have been more than sixteen years of age. I was utterly thrown off my guard. Even in England, I have never seen such beauty. The fair complexion—the brightness of the eyes—the wonderful pearly whiteness of the teeth, it would be impossible to surpass. But what upset me more than all else was the pathetic and despairing expression in the pleading young face. "What can I possibly do for you?" I said. "Why have you come to me?" I approached her side as I spoke.

"Your Excellency can help me if you will," she said. Tears sprang into her eyes. She suddenly went on her knees. "Oh, forgive my intruding," she said. "You would, if you knew my misery. Your slave's name is Amethyst. I am the unfortunate and only daughter of Prefect Le. I am so overwhelmed with misery that I can neither eat nor sleep. Will Your Excellency deign to glance down at your slave and help her?"

"A thousand times, yes," I answered. "I will do anything that man can do for you." I was

completely carried away by her words and her beauty. "How can I help you?" I said.

"Your Excellency can save my life," she replied. "Let me tell you what my grief is. In an evil moment, my revered elders exchanged my natal characters with those of a man named Wang, who is the son of a President of the Board of War at Peking. I have never seen him; but oh, if report speaks true, he is cruel, bad, and ugly. On all sides I hear how wicked he is; and then he is old. I loathe the thought of being his wife. I would rather fifty times end my days at once than go through the misery of being united to him; but as our horoscopes have already been cast with favourable results, I am powerless to prevent the marriage, unless Your Excellency will come to my aid. Some evenings ago I heard my brother Ming speak of you. He praised you, and spoke of your learning and your goodness. I determined to see for myself what you were like. I have watched you several times, unseen by you, and have recognised that your face is like that of a god from the Palace of the Queen-mother of the West. I longed to serve you, and only ask to be allowed to attend to your wants. Will you help me?"

"I will do anything in my power for you—only tell me how," I replied.

"Let me enter your Palace, and so escape from Wang. I know that you are good, and that your heart is as clear as crystal. You are still in the spring-time of life, and although you are a stranger from an outside kingdom, I long to be your wife." She suddenly clasped both my hands in hers, whilst tears streamed from her eyes.

'Well,' said Maitland, 'and what did you do? What did you say finally to the poor girl?'

'I told her that I would help her. In short, I— Yes, it is true—I fell in love with her at first sight. The idea of such a marriage may seem strange and preposterous to you; but it did not appear so to me when I looked at her speaking face and listened to her miserable words.—Perhaps you do not believe in love at first sight. I am a proof of the fact. I promised Amethyst to do all that she desired. I told her that I would marry her and take her to England. She left me after a time, and returned to her father's Yamun in the company of her nurse, who had brought her to see me. That happened ten days ago,' continued Pennant. 'We have met two or three times since, and all the preliminary arrangements for our elopement were completed, when this morning the nurse brought me news of to-morrow's terrible programme. I have written to Amethyst, telling her that I will rescue her from Wang at any cost.—Now you know the whole story, and what I ask at your hands.'

'It is a most unfortunate story,' said Maitland. 'I cannot possibly express to you how much it distresses me. As your mother's son, I would do anything in reason to render you assistance; but I am afraid in this matter you expect impossibilities. Besides, even if I could help you, would your mother thank me for assisting you to bring her back a Chinese daughter-in-law?'

'I cannot say,' replied Pennant. 'There is little use in going into that matter now. In short, I am past argument. I love Amethyst. She loves me. My honour is at stake. I have promised not to leave a stone unturned to help her. She trusts to me to free her from a fate worse than death. If you cannot do anything for me, I must go elsewhere.'

Maitland looked deeply annoyed. 'This is a very bad business,' he said. 'You place me in a most unpleasant position. If I refuse to render you assistance, you will probably do something rash, and find yourself in a Chinese prison before you know where you are. On the other hand, I can only consent to help you at the risk of the peace of the whole English community. I beg of you, Pennant, to think the matter over carefully before you take any further steps.'

'Good heavens! sir,' replied Pennant, 'have I not thought of it day and night, night and day, since the moment I first saw that unhappy girl? There is nothing left to reconsider. In short, I am quite prepared to risk my life, if it comes to that, in the cause of this girl. It occurred to me, in coming to you now, that you might be willing to do a small thing for me—one which can scarcely get you into serious trouble.'

'My personal trouble is nothing; but I have others to consider. Pray, tell me, however, what you mean.'

'You know Le the Prefect?'

'Yes.'

'You are probably going to the betrothal feast to-morrow?'

'I am.'

'Then take me with you, Mr Maitland—that is the favour I ask at your hands. Get me an invitation. If I go in your company, no one will suspect me of any underhand design.'

'The thought is sheer madness, Pennant.'

'Is it? Well, perhaps I am mad just now. If you will not take me, I can easily get an invitation from Le's son, Ming. But I have a fear which, I trust, has no foundation, that Ming suspects something. If he saw me in your company, his suspicions would be lulled to rest at once. May I come with you? Say Yes or No.'

'I ask you, Pennant,' said Maitland, going up to the young man and laying his hand on his shoulders—'I ask you how is it possible for me to say "Yes" after the communication you have just made me? You want to go in the company of the English Consul to Le's house. You want to share in the festivities of Wang's betrothal, and yet your real object is to steal his bride from under his nose. How can I possibly say anything but "No"? It is my first duty, my only duty, to refuse your request.'

A sudden oath escaped Pennant's white lips. 'Perhaps you are right,' he said, 'from your point of view. Nevertheless, I had hoped you would see matters in a different light. I ask for nothing at your hands but the protection of your company at a critical moment. You profess to be my mother's old friend. She told me if I were in any trouble, to appeal to you. I find myself in one of the most horrible

scrapes that an Englishman ever got into, and yet you are unwilling to put out your little finger to help me. If that's friendship, preserve me from it.'

'You are upset, my dear fellow, or you would not speak so,' said Maitland—his tone changed to one of sudden emotion. 'Believe me,' he said, 'that for the sake of old times, I would give this right hand to help you; but, to speak plainly, I am without choice in the matter. As Consul here, I am in duty bound to look after the interests of the English residents, and that duty must come even before my regard for your mother and my earnest wish to serve you. As English Consul, I cannot lend my services to anything underhand.—Have I made myself plain?'

'Quite,' said Pennant—'quite plain. I can trust to your not betraying my confidence?' he added.

'I will say nothing about it, of course; but my anxiety on your account is very great. Believe me, Pennant, that with or without my help you cannot win this girl—you cannot rescue her from the inevitable fate which she shares in common with most of her countrywomen. You have no idea what invisible chains and bars surround her.'

'My honour is at stake; I have promised at any risk to do all I can for her.—I won't keep you any longer, Mr Maitland. Good-bye.'

'Good-bye, Pennant. Come to me if I can assist you in any other way.'

'There is no other way just now.'

'I cannot induce you to stay with me here?'

'No; it is safer not—my visit may compromise you. Good-bye.'

ABOUT GAMBLING SYSTEMS.

THERE are no forms of popular delusion longer lived and more difficult to kill than those that claim a pseudo-scientific basis. The man who would smile contemptuously at fortune-telling by the cards or the teacup, will probably treat astrology with respect, because he knows that some mathematical ability is requisite for the erection of a horoscope. Hundreds of really capable mechanics yearly waste valuable time and remarkable ability in pursuit of perpetual motion; and thousands of otherwise intelligent persons have implicit faith in the possibility of making wealth by Gambling on System.

The inventor of an 'absolutely infallible system' for making money at Monte Carlo is one of the most persistent and certain waiters upon the investment-seeking advertiser. A single advertisement of this character recently brought ten hundred and fifteen replies; and of this enormous number, seventy-four were from the possessors of the key to wealth via the gambling tables. It would be safe to assert that every man in that crowd of misguided enthusiasts honestly believed in his system; and if he had been unfortunate enough to possess capital of his own, would not have

hesitated to 'put fortune to the touch, and win or lose it all.'

This blind faith of the system-monger is a strange and marvellous thing in a sceptical, unemotional age. It is a form of insanity that has not received the attention it deserves from the student of human nature. No man is safe from its deadly infection. Its victims abound in every class; and, strangely enough, it is from the ranks of the educated that the inventor of an 'infallible' system mainly draws his disciples and supporters. Several reasons may be assigned for this otherwise paradoxical fact. In the first place, the capital and time necessary for working any system are most likely to be at the disposal of the well-to-do and presumably educated classes. Secondly, the existence and potency of gambling systems is a leading article of faith assiduously fostered by the administration of Monte Carlo. The stories of extraordinary runs of luck circulated through the medium of the subsidised continental press invariably recognise the system as the alpha and omega of successful play. Further, as all systems are based upon more or less abstruse mathematical calculations, they become invested with a weight and dignity that raises them considerably in the esteem of those who know enough mathematics to respect the science.

When once a man has been bitten by system-mania, he becomes impervious to all reason and argument that does not further his wild ambition. It is in vain one points out that the continued prosperity of the betting ring and the bank at Monte Carlo could not be reconciled with the existence of even one infallible system. Even continued and heavy losses in the attempt to break the bank do not deter the enthusiast. On the contrary, they rather confirm the theory upon which all systems are founded. Numerous though they are, they are all based upon one rudimentary principle. Their authors have accepted without demur, and with very little examination, an axiom laid down by a German authority, and generally referred to as the doctrine of the maturity of the chances. This 'doctrine' alleges that the oftener an unbroken series of events has occurred, the nearer approaches that point at which there will be a cessation or break in the run. Consequently, a player needs only to have sufficient capital to hold out while luck is against him to ensure ultimate success. This is the theory of all gambling systems, no matter how they may vary in the manner of developing it. On paper, it works out beautifully: it will even stand the test of a trial with a toy roulette and bone counters for cash. But, alas, the dazzling light of the gambling saloon and the whirl of the genuine ivory ball prove too much for the system, as thousands of experimenters can yearly testify.

'This little place has been built on systems,' was the sententious remark of the founder of Monte Carlo, M. Blanc, when questioned as to his faith in their efficacy. It is also told of this same excellent authority that he was once tempted to give a trial to a system which, like many such, had been enjoying a temporary run of luck. When he had lost sixty thousand

francs in attempting to win sufficient to purchase Madame Blanc a parasol, the old gentleman expressed his readiness to sleep placidly for the rest of his life, no matter how many systematians might plot his ruin. These and a thousand other equally authoritative guarantees as to the impregnability of the bank at Monte Carlo are well known to probably every man who has devoted any thought to the subject. But to all of them the victim of a system has one stereotyped reply: 'Their systems may have failed; mine, cannot'—an assertion that cannot well be disproved without the practical experiment which the sanguine inventor invites the sceptic to undertake.

The number of apparently sane persons who are led away by the plausibility and persistency of the system-monger is surprising. Hardly a week passes without a new system being exploited at the tables, at the expense of some victim of his own greed, and the persuasive eloquence of some English or Levantine inventor. The latter are prolific authors of systems. One of the fraternity has for twenty years past been experimenting with various methods of his own design. He spends his summers in finding backers, and the winter in convincing them of their folly. Yet the old gentleman is perfectly honest and sincere, despite his twenty years of failure. Nothing can shake his firm belief that some day he will exhaust the unlucky chances, and make a tremendous *coup* that will compensate for long years of waiting.

Of course it would be almost miraculous if fortune did not now and then smile upon these devoted worshippers. When she does, the system gets a powerful testimonial, and its author is a hero for twenty-four hours. Numerous stories are told of the luck that has attended some bold systematian whose theories were confirmed at a single sitting. But, as Lord Bacon observes of dreams, men note only those that hit, taking no record of the greater number that miss.

There is another circumstance which these dreamers of a royal road to wealth seem to ignore in a most unaccountable manner—that is, the autocratic power possessed by the administration at Monte Carlo by which they render nugatory any attempt to get the better of the bank. If it were permissible for a player to double or increase his stake to an unlimited extent, the doctrine of the maturity of the chances would work out satisfactorily, just as one could make certain of winning at tossing a coin if it were possible to go on doubling with every loss. But the powers that be have carefully protected themselves against this contingency by making a rule that no stake shall exceed six thousand francs. How effective a bar against following up and recouping a loss this rule is, will be realised when it is seen that, even beginning with five francs, the smallest stake permissible, twelve doublings will have exhausted this maximum; yet to carry out any system, it is often necessary to double a stake fifteen or twenty times! This is the rock on which all gambling systems come to grief; and until the administration are foolish enough to abandon this impregnable position, the infallible system must be relegated to the limbo of

such chimeras as perpetual motion and the philosopher's stone.

The paragraphic reports of the enormous winnings of certain players at the tables during the season undoubtedly effect their object, and attract many persons whose credulity and greed are of a pronounced type. It is an open secret that these decoy paragraphs are based on very slight material. A win of ten thousand francs—no great sum—is magnified into one hundred thousand, and the story wired to the various subsidised journals, whence it is copied into respectable papers in England and on the Continent. The writer was a frequent looker-on at the tables a few seasons since, when the European press was recounting the phenomenal luck of certain 'visitors.' They are never referred to as 'players' or 'gamblers' in these official paragraphs—but the most searching inquiries on the spot failed to unearth the alleged fortunate ones. This is no unusual experience. 'Visitors' who have varied a monotonous run of ill luck by winning one or two thousand francs at a sitting, which probably still leaves their balance on the wrong side, have been astounded and amused by finding themselves on their return home the heroes of a bank-breaking episode. One victim of the rapacious roulette table having written home for funds to enable him to leave Nice, received, in lieu of the expected remittance, a paragraph from a London paper in which he was congratulated on having twice won twenty thousand francs at a sitting! As a general rule, the writers of these mendacious paragraphs avoid indicating the supposititious winner too clearly, as inquiries might and do occasionally reveal the fraud. The more usual way is to select some commonplace name, certain to be found upon some hotel register at Nice or Mentone, leaving the public to fit the cap. More than once, some daring rascal—and they are of the choicest brand in the Riviera during the season—bearing the name of one of these fictitious bank-breakers, has turned his temporary fame to good account by taking advantage of that strange propensity of humanity for offering tribute at the shrine of success. One such adventurer actually married a wealthy widow on the strength of the reputation made for him by the press; another found no difficulty in inducing several simpletons in London to advance him some hundreds of pounds to enable him to carry out a gigantic campaign against the bank. Needless to say, he was far too shrewd to risk money so recklessly, and Monte Carlo knew him no more.

For various reasons, systematic gambling finds little favour with people who bet on horse-races. Now and then, one hears vague rumours of a marvellous win which is attributed to the agency of some 'infallible' system; but the lucky author apparently rests satisfied on his laurels, for he is never heard of again. The sporting authorities, too, are addicted to scoffing at systems and their inventors. The average betting-man is not likely to be impressed by the doctrine of the maturity of the chances, even if he could understand it, for he is perfectly satisfied that the only royal road to success on the turf is by way of special and exclusive information from headquarters, com-

monly known as the 'straight tip,' a snare and delusion even more deadly than the 'infallible system,' because its victims are more numerous, widespread, and gullible.

A COUNTRY COQUETTE.

By G. B. BURGON.

I.

JONAS CRUMP, whilom agriculturist, was a very unhappy man, for Fate had mocked him with the resemblance of the felicity he had cast away—cast away in a mood which savoured of intemperate desperation, rather than the deliberation which usually characterised his movements. But there had been a lady in the case, Sarah Jane Milliken of the Big House; and Sarah Jane Milliken, with the proverbial waywardness of her sex, affected to despise a mere son of the soil like Jonas Crump. In fact, Jonas, though a handsome young man, was rather addicted to carrying a good deal of mother-earth about his person, especially when he had just been through the fields devoted to the wholesome and succulent vegetable which he called 'tunnips.' Consequently, a quarrel arose between the lovers, and Jonas Crump, in a fit of anger, had wiped his huge feet on the mat at the entrance to Sarah Jane Milliken's kitchen, vowing that he would never darken her doors again. They were not in reality Sarah Jane's doors at all, but belonged to Squire Ancaster, whose cook she was. Sarah Jane, however, invariably spoke of the kitchen as 'her kitchen,' and gradually came to believe that she owned it. When the Squire required an extra good dinner from his pretty cook, he was apt to foster this delusion of Sarah Jane's by giving her *carte blanche*.

When Jonas had shaken the mud from off his feet on the mat, Sarah Jane scornfully swept it into a dustpan and threw it after her departing swain. 'He'll be back in the morning,' she said merrily, as she surveyed her own plump, pretty face in the glass—'he'll be back in the morning; and if he isn't, there's always Joe Pigskin, the butcher's man, though he's not nearly such a handsome fellow as Jonas. If I can't plague the man a little now, goodness knows I shall never get a chance after we're once married.'

But the next morning, when Joe Pigskin brought the meat up to the Big House, he did so with an air of limp dejection which did not escape Sarah Jane's penetrating eye. She was eager to ask him what was the matter. This was the more easily accomplished as he lingered about the kitchen door with an elaborate affectation of not having anything particular to say, which did not impose upon Sarah Jane for a moment.

'What's the matter, man?' asked Sarah Jane tartly. 'Have you seen anything of that good-for-nothing fellow Jonas?'

'Have I seed summat of him?' retorted Joe, rubbing himself ruefully, and moving towards the cart with a limp slackness utterly unlike his usually brisk movements. 'Have I seed summat of him? I've seed summat of him,

and felt summat of him too. He's left me a stiff body all over, drat him!

Sarah Jane was pleased. 'I've always told you two men I wouldn't have you fighting about me,' she said with great decision. 'You know I'm not worth it.'

'I know you ain't,' retorted the ungallant Joe, slowly preparing to get into his cart. 'I know you ain't; but I warn't going to say so when another man comes up to me and says'—

'Yes, yes. What did he say?' eagerly inquired Sarah Jane.

'Oh, he comes up mild and gennelmun-like, and says: "Joe," he says—"Joe, you lopsided varmint, I'm going to London to make a fortune. If you get casting sheep's eyes on my sweetheart, I'll break every bone in your body—danged if I won't," he says softly, but with a look in his eye which were main nasty.—"Who be you to come a-dictatoring to Joe Pigskin?" says I. "You've mistook your man," I says.—"Don't let's argify about it," he says quietly; "let's settle it peaceable-like, and part friends."—Like a fool, I made no dejection. Best out of three falls. I'm 'lowed to be the best wrestler round; but he just grabbed my ribs and 'gan to squeeze till I felt 'em nearly crack.—"Joe," he says, still soft and pleasant-like—"Joe, have you had enough?"—"I hain't," says I; so he gives me another hug till I felt a'most bust.—"Ain't made up your mind yet?" he asks, just as if he was a-wanting me to pass him a mug of beer.—I got him by the slack of his britches and tried to throw him over my shoulder; but he jest picks me up after squeezing me till I nearly blubbered.—"Joe," he says, real friendly-like and concerned—"Joe, you obstinit, pig-sticking varmint, if you don't give in peaceable, I'm really afeered I'll have to try main force," says he.—"Try your main force," I says, and'—

'Well?' inquired Sarah Jane, with breathless interest.

'He just heaved me into the horse-pond,' responded Joe, mounting the shaft, with a groan.

'And then?'

'When I comed out half-drowned, he heaved me in agin.'

'Was that all?' inquired Sarah Jane disappointedly.

'No, it warn't all, Mistress Milliken,' said Joe, doggedly gathering up the reins and preparing to move on. 'It warn't all—not by a long sight. He kept on a-heaving till I give in. Did it all so quiet-like, too.—Then we had some beer, and parted friends.'

'Parted! Has he really gone?' And the roses faded from her cheeks.

'Gone to London. And he ain't coming back never no more, Mistress Milliken, so put that in your pipe and smoke it,' said Joe surlily.

But Sarah Jane laid a shapely hand on the shaft of the cart. 'Joe, dear Joe,' she said in a frightened whisper, 'you don't mean he's gone?'

'That's jest what I do mean,' said Joe.

'Joe'—and Sarah Jane's voice was very winning—'Joe, would you do me a favour? I—I—you know how much I've always looked up to your bravery, Joe.'

'It's nat'ral to me to be brave,' said Joe, partly appeased. 'Most men would have given in to him, spacially when he was so quiet-like; but quiet uns or noisy uns, it be all the same to a brave man like me.'

'Yes; I know, Joe. Let me get you a glass of beer. You must want some refreshment, after what you have had to put up with for my sake.' She brought a foaming tankard of ale, and he drank deep.

'What might you be wanting, Mistress Milliken?' he asked. 'What might you be wanting? Anything in reason, but no more sweet-heartin'. I'm a brave man, but my ribs won't stand it a second time. 'Sides, there's a cook over at Highbotham Manor I've got my eye on. She's been looking at me for some time past, and I couldn't make up my mind atween you. Now, brave as I be, I'm going to take her on; no more horse-ponds unexpected-like for me. I be main sorry, but Joe says he'll murder any one who looks at ye.'

'Do you mean to say,' asked Sarah Jane, 'you daren't keep company with me, not if I asked you?'

'Prezakerly,' said Joe, and drove rapidly away, lest Sarah Jane's beauty should tempt him to encounter another ducking for her sake.

II.

The chestnuts were just coming into leaf when Jonas Crump reached London, with five pounds in his pocket, a second-hand watch more noted for its eccentricities than sterling value, an old green deal box containing his Sunday clothes, and a heart hot with anger against Sarah Jane. Once he was on the verge of enlisting; on another occasion, he narrowly missed an appointment in the metropolitan police. Pound by pound his money went. Occasional jobs at the docks helped him a little, but his country speech and manner were against him. Then he pawned the watch and the best clothes and sold his green box; but all in vain. One fine morning he found himself leaning, penniless and ragged, without even a pipe of tobacco, against a flourishing drug shop in the Strand. When the proprietor came down to business, he was about to use rough language to Jonas, but suddenly appeared to be seized with an idea, and did not. This was wisdom on his part, for a hungry man generally resents abuse from a full-stomached one; and Jonas was very hungry indeed: he had not tasted food for twenty-four hours.

'Come in here,' said Mr Gedge, the owner of the shop; 'I want to ask you a few questions, my lad. Are you open for a job?'

Jonas, with a slight touch of country humour, intimated that as a preliminary, in case the negotiation came to naught, he would be glad to consider himself open to a breakfast in the first instance.

Mr Gedge nodded, not ill pleased. 'Quite so—quite so. I like the look of you. Now, what do you think of me, eh?'

Jonas looked at Mr Gedge, and hesitated. Prudence bade him not say exactly what he thought whilst gazing at Mr Gedge's ample

form. 'You be a rosy un, sir,' he said, with a rustic bow.

'Yes, "I be a rosy un,"' said Mr Gedge. 'Of course, I be a rosy un, as you say in your expressive vernacular. But I think you'll be useful. Come into the parlour at the back of the shop, and I'll send the boy for your breakfast.'

Jonas followed Mr Gedge into the shop, and hungrily awaited the return of the boy. Presently that youthful messenger returned with a large cup of coffee and four slices of bread and butter. Mr Gedge delicately turned his head away for a minute. When he looked round again, Jonas sat wistfully regarding the empty plate and cup.

Mr Gedge rang the bell. 'Boy, another breakfast.'

Jonas looked his thanks, and despatched the second supply.

'Sure you couldn't do with another?' asked Mr Gedge. Then, without waiting for an answer: 'Boy, run over to the Aërated Bread shop and bring a small loaf and some butter.'

Jonas finished the meal at last. 'Now,' said Mr Gedge, 'have a smoke? Here's a cigar. I haven't any pipes or other tobacco.'

Jonas looked up apologetically at his benefactor. 'If you don't mind, sir, I'll cut it up and smoke it.'

It was a fourpenny cigar, and Mr Gedge hesitated. 'Oh, very well,' he said. 'If you aren't used to cigars, perhaps you'll get more out of it that way.'

He sat down on the sofa and watched Jonas light his pipe, even supplying the match necessary to light it. When the pipe was fairly going, Jonas gave a deep breath of enjoyment. 'I ain't had a smoke for a week. My! but it's real good, sir,' he said. 'Now, I'm ready to work off this;' and he made a comprehensive sweep of his arm in the direction of the breakfasts which he had consumed.

'Better digest them first,' said Mr Gedge, who had taken a liking to Jonas. 'When you've done that, we'll come to business.—Ever hear of Gedge's Dandelion Pills?' asked Mr Gedge presently.

'Can't say as I have, sir,' answered Jonas respectfully. He liked Mr Gedge in his turn, and felt that something had happened which would prevent his returning, a humiliated scarecrow, to Ancaster. His heart was still hot and sore against Sarah Jane Milliken. Perhaps this London gentleman would smarten him up and make a man of him.

'Well, they're wonderful things,' said Mr Gedge, with an air of intense conviction. 'Powerful, yet as mild as a pet lamb; they'd build up the constitution of a brick wall if it felt shaky.'

Jonas had a vague idea that Mr Gedge intended to make him swallow a box on the spot, and began to experience grave misgivings as to whether politeness compelled him to take them without demur. Mr Gedge's next remark made him wonder what was coming. 'What's your height, my man? Six feet?'

'Six foot one,' said Jonas proudly.

'Ah, I expect you've shrunk an inch since

you've come to town,' said Mr Gedge sharply. 'Now, look here. I've watched you hanging about for a day or two trying to get work, and I think you're an honest man. I want an honest man to help me in my business. If you'll give me your word to behave yourself, you shall have a pound a week to begin with, and wear a handsome suit of clothes.'

Jonas could not believe it. In his excitement, he relapsed into country idioms. 'I bain't agoin' to sell myself to the Old Un?' he asked apprehensively.

Mr Gedge laughed. 'You said I was the "Rosy Un" just now. I don't look much like the devil, do I?'

Jonas was compelled to admit that Mr Gedge had nothing particularly Mephistophelian in his appearance. 'As long as it's honest, I'll be only too thankful,' he said.

'And as long as you're honest, I'll be only too thankful too,' answered Mr Gedge heartily. 'My last man used to get drunk, and throw away the samples at the boys when they jeered him.'

'I don't understand,' said Jonas.

'Well, I'll explain,' continued Mr Gedge. 'Gedge's Dandelion Pills want pushing to become famous. They're supposed to be a pure, wholesome, country medicine, and I want a man to stand at the shop door to give away samples. I want a healthy, clean-looking country lad to give them away; and he'll have to be dressed like a sporting Squire of the good old times. Curly-brimmed hat's there' (he pointed to one nail), 'flowered waistcoat and cravat there' (he pointed to another), 'cord breeches and top boots there' (he pointed to yet another nail); 'and' (taking it from a cupboard) 'here is a bunch of seals for your fob. Now, the first thing for you to do is to have a bath, get shaved, and begin to fill out. If the waistcoat's a bit too big for the present, shove an old *Telegraph* up it, and another down your back. By the time you've got your flesh back, you'll be quite used to 'em. The last man didn't look like a countryman. He got "run in" for picking pockets, which brought discredit on the pills, though it was a good advertisement. I want some one who'll be square and steady, and he'll never regret it.—Just give me a reference, and then go off to the garret and sleep till dinner-time. Then I'll show you how to roll pills. When it rains, you can come in and help the others. We sell hundreds of boxes in a day.'

There was a lump in Jonas's throat as he murmured Squire Ancaster's address. But he was too worn out with sorrow and suffering to utter more than a few words of thanks, as he followed a boy up to the garret with the step of a man on the verge of breaking down.

III.

'Oh, if you please, sir,' said Sarah Jane to the Squire, and burst into tears.

'What's the matter now?' asked the Squire. He was returning from the kennels, and in a good-humour with every one. 'Heard any news of Jonas?'

'N-n-no, sir; that's what's the matter. Since

he's got this wonderful place in London, he won't come near me.'

'That's bad,' said the Squire.

'Yes. Before he went, he frightened off every one else,' added Sarah Jane with a fresh burst of tears.

'That's worse,' said the Squire. 'But I can't do anything. I expect you made his life a burden to him, and so he cleared out. A fine young fellow like that wouldn't stand all your airs and nonsense, though you are a pretty girl. I expect half-a-dozen sweethearts are already running after him. Ask your mistress to give you his address, and you can write to him, if you want to.'

When Sarah Jane asked her mistress for Jonas's address, she also begged a couple of days' holiday. 'I've a married sister in London town, ma'am, and could stay there for the night. If you don't mind, I'd like to take her a few fresh eggs and some butter and gillyflowers. I hear there's nothing of that kind to be had there fresh. I should like to see something of the world before I settle down, ma'am.'

Laden with country produce and a box containing her best hat, Sarah Jane was driven down to Ancaster Station in the dogcart by a groom the next morning. The groom was not very colloquial, being under the impression that Jonas knew all that was going on in the place, and would some day exact a strict account of this drive; but Sarah Jane looked so pretty, that once or twice he resolved to risk a kiss. However, something in her preoccupied manner deterred him, and he watched the girl step into a third-class carriage with a feeling of relief.

Sarah Jane's heart sank when she reached King's Cross Station. It was all so noisy and gloomy and dirty, so different from what she had expected, that her first feeling was one of compassion for people who were condemned to live in such a place. She inwardly resolved that her own stay there should be of the briefest. The 'bus conductor, however, was so civil, and took such an interest in this rustic coquette, that Sarah Jane's disagreeable impressions insensibly became modified. Her sister lived in a little street leading out of the Gray's Inn Road—a street mainly devoted to cab proprietors, whose vehicles went rattling up and down it every moment. Close to her sister's house, two or three drunken-looking London fowls scratched away at a straw heap with a faint, rakish, devil-may-care pretence of expecting to find worms in it. Their feathers were dropping out; they were soot-begrimed, unkempt; and one rooster crowed in a harsh, raucous way, which suggested that he had been a chronic sufferer from asthma for many years.

Before Sarah Jane recovered from the shock caused by these ungainly fowl, her sister came, open-armed, to the door. 'My!' she said, when the first excitement had subsided, 'who'd live anywhere but in the country, Sarah Jane! Don't you ever come to town again; you're just as pretty as a picture.—What's put it into your head to come and see us now? Will won't be in till twelve. Come into the best room, and tell me all about it.'

Sarah Jane took off her second-best hat and

laid it carefully on the sofa. 'I've come to see my young man, to give him a piece of my mind,' she said decidedly. 'He's in a place called the Strand. Is it far from here, Milly?' 'No,' said Mrs Smallpage. 'You can walk it in twenty minutes easy. After dinner, you can easily find your way there. The place you want ain't far from the law courts.'

Thus it was that about five o'clock that evening as Jonas, decked with gorgeous raiment, stood in front of Mr Gedge's shop, he became aware of a rosy-cheeked country girl doing her best to get under the wheels of an omnibus. Instinctively, and with an alertness induced by his surroundings, the young fellow made a grab at her, hauled her from under the horses' nose, and proceeded to carry the half-fainting girl into the shop.

'Take her into the little room at the back and give her some smelling-salts,' said Mr Gedge pleasantly. 'Best thing that could have happened for the pills. We'll have it headed "Gallant Rescue" in all the papers to-morrow morning.'

Jonas shyly laid his burden down on the sofa, and re-entered the shop for the salts. Was it Sarah Jane herself? or only some one very like her? He came reeling back with the salts in a half-dazed condition, not knowing what to say.

Sarah Jane sat up as cool as the proverbial cucumber. 'How do you do, Mr Crump?' she asked, as if they had parted yesterday. 'I didn't know you'd taken some of the Squire's things with you.' She paused with a malicious smile on her lips, and apparently not at all grateful to Jonas for his recent exertions on her behalf. 'I've come to town to have a little plain talk with you.'

Jonas stood looking at her, unable to utter a word. Sarah Jane's colour began to rise beneath his searching gaze. Her lip trembled for a moment. 'I want to know, Mr Crump,' she said sternly, 'what you mean by threatening to murder all the young men round Ancaster if they speak to me? I didn't know you were such a bully.'

But Jonas still stood gazing at her, his tongue glued to his teeth.

'I've come up for you to beg my pardon,' continued Sarah Jane spitefully; 'and I don't stir from this place till you do it.'

'It's like a dream from heaven,' said Jonas, putting out his hand as if afraid to touch her. 'It's like a dream from heaven.'

Sarah Jane never afterwards properly explained her sudden surrender, but the next moment she had flung herself into his arms, weeping as if her heart would break. 'I-I-I-did—n't mean to drive you away, Jonas. Dear, dear Jonas, I d-d-d—didn't m-m-m-mean it.'

'What's all this?' asked Mr Gedge, bustling in. 'Aren't you ashamed of yourself, young woman?'

'No, sir,' explained Sarah Jane, laughing and crying by turns. 'I've come all the way from Ancaster to fetch him back.'

'Most unbusiness-like,' said Mr Gedge; but the little coquette coaxed him so successfully, that he consented to let Jonas return a fort-

night later. During Jonas's last fortnight in town, the papers made much of him; the fame of Gedge's Dandelion Pills was noised abroad throughout the length and breadth of the land. 'It was mighty providential,' slow-witted Jonas said to Sarah Jane as they started for their honeymoon—'it was mighty providential I happened to be looking when you got in front of the 'bus that day you came to London. Mighty providential!'

Sarah Jane smiled an inscrutable smile, and toyed with the strings of her smart little bonnet. 'Why, you "gert doock-waddler,"' she said—borrowing a well-known country phrase to adequately express her meaning—'I saw you standing outside the shop, and did it on purpose, because I didn't want you to think I'd come after you.'

RAPID COALING BY MACHINERY.

A NEW system of Coaling vessels has recently been perfected, which, in view of the success attained and the expeditious manner of working adopted, merits some passing comment. No one who has witnessed the singularly primitive modes of 'bunkering' coal hitherto in vogue, in which the fuel is transferred from the barge to the steamer by manual labour, will wonder that efforts have been made from time to time, not only to carry out the work more expeditiously, but also to perform it in such a manner that the fearful dust raised, blackening and begriming everything, may be obviated. Hitherto, however, every attempt to supersede this primitive method has failed to secure for itself a footing in shipping circles, and coal-porters continue to hoist and carry coal in baskets from the lighter, and pitch them into the 'bunker' opening on board the vessel in the same manner as when the first steamer made her trial trip.

Much interest has accordingly been excited in the methods recently perfected by Mr Paul, by which coal can be transferred from barges or lighters to steamers by a system at once rapid, cleanly, and economical. Without needlessly dwelling on the minutiae of the new system, it may be pointed out that the mode adopted consists in the employment of a specially constructed barge, which is furnished with an endless conveyer, or 'Jacob's ladder,' traversing the entire length fore and aft. At the bow, the conveyer is furnished with hinges, and, by means of a derrick crane, is capable of adjustment to any desired height. The conveyer, which is composed of a steel chain, forms an endless vertebrated trough, and is actuated by a steam-engine placed in the stern, the necessary gearing being provided. To prevent the escape of dust into the atmosphere, a closed shoot is provided from the derrick-head—where the creation of dust commences—down to the bunkers. By this means the dust-nuisance is altogether obviated.

A demonstration of the new system, held recently at the Clyde Dock, Rotherhithe, with a barge containing one hundred and twenty tons of coal, demonstrated the fact that the entire cargo could be transferred to a lighter in one hour and fifteen minutes, or at the

rate of nearly one hundred tons per hour. This is remarkably quick work, when it is remembered that the ordinary rate of bunkering coal by manual labour from a single barge is about eighty tons per diem.

In connection with the handling of the new rapid coaling-barge, it may here be noted that its inventor states that all the labour requisite in the management and working of a two hundred ton barge is four men, and a driver for the donkey engine. The barges can of course be built to any size required, but the average dimensions will in all likelihood be those to carry two hundred and fifty tons burden.

In addition to the trials already mentioned, the new barge has been employed in coaling up the Peninsular and Oriental steamer *Paramatta* and the Swedish screw steamer *Harold*.

How vast a field is open to the new invention may be judged from the fact that the official Customs returns show that an aggregate amount of eight millions of tons of bunker coal is shipped annually at British ports for the use of steamers engaged in the foreign trade. Six million tons of sea-borne coal are, moreover, brought every year to London, and eight millions to other parts of the United Kingdom in the same period; whilst a considerable portion of this is transferred by lighters to wharfs, warehouses, &c. These figures speak for themselves, and abundantly emphasise the value to all parties concerned of any method of coaling vessels which is more expeditious, more cleanly, and more economical than that at present in vogue.

The bunkering of coal seems likely ere long to furnish another of the long list of instances in which hand-labour has given place to the ever extending mechanical appliances which are met with at every turn, and in every industry and business, at the present day.

SUMMER'S SLEEP.

WHAT though cold Winter's here,
And woods are bleak and drear,
Their naked branches pierce the leaden sky;
What though the birds have fled,
And Summer's flowers are dead,
Their rain-bruised blossoms all forgotten lie.

Though winds may mourn and rave,
Skies weep o'er Summer's grave,
Or drape it with a robe of snowy white,
Nature but lies at rest,
On sleep's life-giving breast,
Till Spring's bright dawn dispels dark Winter's night.

And so the heart that lies
Fettered by grief, shall rise
To love and life by time's consoling hand;
Love's flowers again shall bloom,
And life its joys resume,
With Summer in the heart and o'er the land.

W. F. D.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 563.—VOL. XI.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1894.

PRICE 1½d.

FEATHERED ARCHITECTS.

THE long hot summer passed like a lazy dream. As of yore, ringdoves cooed in the oak-boughs; blackbirds built by the running stream; the sedge-warblers chose their home low beside the willow stoles; and the water-hens mated among the flags and grasses by the brook. Ere the harvest of thought can be garnered in, a new page is turned over in nature's year-book. Like a low fire smouldering at the world's horizon, the leaves burn fitfully through the short autumnal sunset, acorns strew the ground, and the great missel thrush haunts the verge of the woods. The equinox passes with its shrieking winds and battering rains, and the frost powders the park-lands in the fresh, clear mornings. The short hours of daylight seem to fade out ere they have fully opened. A few snow-flakes float downwards from the breast of yonder frozen cloud, just as the leaves wandered earthwards in the autumn. The great leaf-harvest is gathered in, for summer's toil is winter's spoil, and the bared branches stand stiff and stark against an inky sky.

As beautiful in their way is the delicate pencilling of their branches now as when fully clothed in the verdure of summer. For the first time in the year, one sees the homes of our feathered community. All through the green spring, through the leafy summer, we have suspected a hidden nest in that verdant bower, but only when the wild winds come and rob the trees of their clothing—only when the leaves fly before the tempest, like a terror-stricken flight of brown butterflies—is the exquisitely constructed home laid bare to the human eye. What a marvel of skill and ingenious carpentry have we here!—a thrush's nest fallen from out the leafless arms of a vine, which in autumn hung its scarlet leaves and green clusters over the little home. It lies deserted now upon the gravel path, a perfectly rounded, heavy substance, calculated to contain four or five inmates at a time. The basin-

shaped interior is worked and moulded into a compound, which is so pithy that fluid can be retained therein like an earthenware bowl, the layer of mud sandwiched between the inner and outer walls, applied in small pellets, and cemented by saliva, making it water-tight. The shell of the nest is an inextricable basket-work of moss, dried leaves, and tiny roots, so closely intermatted that it is hard to break up the snug abode. What a wondrous creation of love! as finely finished as if moulded on a potter's wheel, which has only for its instruments the bill, the breast, and the tiny claw. That delicate problem, which seems only a tissue of flexible branches, sweet-scented hay, and vegetable filaments, is in reality the result of indomitable perseverance and strong maternal love. The conception is hidden in the breast of the artist, who has no model to work from, no plans to guide her. The aerial home is built up piece by piece, without primary support; the principal tool used is the bird's own body. Her nest is the form and imprint of her own breast. Only by a constant kneading and pressure of her own warm heart against the rough interior, can she obtain the circular form and smooth surface of the future habitation.

Watch this handsome pair of builders at work in early spring, for the thrush is one of the first birds to begin nesting. The exact position has been chosen, and by a hundred little devices do the pair seek to deceive the cautious watcher. But quiver the eyelids, and they will at once deviate from the nestward course. The male goes in quest of materials; countless little thefts are innocently perpetrated. He follows the sheep to obtain a few locks of wool; the poultry-yard is searched for the dropped feathers; a few strands of horse-hair are gleaned from the stable-yard. The girl who is sitting working in the sun, leaves the parings from her scissors, the woollen ends from her stocking-darning. The bird watches his opportunity, and goes off the richer. The

future mother sees with anxious care that the interior of her bed is fit to receive her prospective offspring; the frail, gray-blue eggs so easily chilled. The little one born naked, and so sensitive to cold, will be sheltered against the mother's breast; but the lining of the couch must be soft and warm, and to provide for that, she plucks out some of her own down and feathers. Considering how few are the implements, and that the bird is rather the poet than the mechanic of nature, it is astonishing that her skill never fails.

No bird has so entirely possessed herself of our hearths and homes as the house-martin. She has so ingratiated herself in our hearts, that we bear her inroads with equanimity, and often pleasure. She who has been termed 'the bird of return,' has vacated for a time her home under the eave, but will expect to find it intact upon her return in summer. Here, effectually sheltered from wind and rain, is that miracle of bird-masonry, a clay-shell, so strong that the human hand can rarely detach it, each little lump welded together so adroitly, the nest-coating warmly lined with soft substance, and the tiny hole the only mode of ingress and egress.

Swallows attach themselves to their nests more than other birds. It is the arena of difficult education and many sacrifices, owing to the brood being trained entirely on the wing, which develops all the love and tenderness latent in the mother-bird. Here is no transient home, but an abiding resting-place, to be returned to each year, when the deepening warmth of the season is fully established. Immediately on its arrival, the bird visits the scene of its former labours, clinging to its walls and peering in, entering cautiously. If any renovation is required after the winter storms, the soft, muddy edge of the nearest pond will provide the requisite material. The familiar haunts, such as the farmyard and the hayricks, are again visited, and soon the home is ready to receive the eggs, four or five in number, and the several broods to be issued into the world before migration-time comes round again.

Where shall a bird choose to make her nest? What a momentous question to agitate so loving, so tender a breast, where instinct is so powerful, where memory is so lasting! The purse-like cradle of a long-tailed tit has been exposed by the angry blast of yesternight. The progeny have been nurtured in the soft, sweet sighs of summer airs, and are now independent of the old roof-tree, but not of the parents, the young birds always remaining under the maternal wing for the first year. Most wonderful example of bird architecture, not exceeded in beauty by the art of any bird whatever. The exterior is silvery with lichens, and corresponds in colour to the broken bough of the tree from which it is suspended. The form somewhat resembles a fir cone, being largest at the base. All the scraps are netted in the most dexterous and cunning fashion from out a mass of wool, hair, moss, the silky hammocks of caterpillars, and the cocoons of spiders' webs. The dome is made waterproof

by a thick felting of wool, moss, and lichens. The interior spherical cell is velvety and soft in the extreme, crammed and lined with down and feathers, in which the eggs lie literally buried. No more luxurious bed could possibly be devised. The entrance to the nest, hardly big enough to admit the finger, is a minute aperture at the top. The young are often so numerous that the walls of the structure have been seen to heave like one living mass; and the fair division of food to so abundant a progeny—often ten or twelve in number—is a severe trial of patience and labour on the part of the mother-bird. Occasionally, there are two entrances to the nest of the long-tailed tit—one in the roof, and one low down at the side; but should the nest be in a bleak, exposed position, the second aperture is rarely found. How the long smooth tails remain unruffled in so packed and narrow a compass, is a mystery yet unsolved.

As winter wears on and the brushwood becomes scantier, unseen nooks and corners start to view as if by magic. In an old saw-pit a wren has built her domed mansion under a narrow beam of wood. Few observers have had the patience to watch the beginning and ending of this ingenious piece of workmanship. Singularly clever is this diminutive architect, both in the construction of her home and the care she has taken to obliterate all traces of her work. Nest-making with the troglodytes is a labour of supreme diligence and fastidiousness. So conscientiously, so daintily put together is this nest, with its invariable dome, that the lichens, mosses, grasses, and leaves which compose it seem to be a part of the rotten old wooden beam. The opening is a tiny hole at the side, the compact ball being felted together so closely that the component parts are hard to distinguish. No bird is more eccentric and fastidious as to her home than the dainty wren. Often she will begin and abandon no fewer than half-a-dozen nests before she finally commences one which pleases her in all respects—safety, locality, shelter, &c. Possibly it is the first attempt at house-building, and the bird architect becomes aware of various obvious disadvantages, when the operations are to a certain extent advanced. Some authorities have even supposed that she is building homes for her future children. Unlike other birds, she continues to live in her house after the brood have flown; and during the bitter days of winter, several wrens—presumably parents and children—may be found huddled together in the old home, a mere breathing mass of fluffy brown feathers. Here is an ideal winter residence, where the freezing sleet cannot rattle against the pane, where the mighty voice of the wind may shriek unheeded, the crash of the naked boughs fall harmless around her, amid the blackening leaves.

In the forked branch of an old elm, a tiny dwelling, most deftly put together, is bared to view. Who does not love the gay and lively chaffinch with its pretty plumage and thieving ways. Often three weeks in the construction of the nest, the result is one of the most fragile and lovely to be seen. Deeply cup-shaped in form, the materials are composed of lichens,

moss, hair, and wool, soft and deliciously downy to the touch, and toned down so harmoniously in colour, that detection is hard to any but the practised eye. Great pains are always taken by the female bird, and the eggs—from four to five in number—are of a brownish buff.

Now that bleak winter is over all, the former denizens have betaken themselves to join flocks of their kind, and haunt the gardens and farmyards. The great bushy clusters of ivy that cover the old house have been thinned, and a village of noisy, chattering sparrows is discovered. A luxuriant lining of feathers, and a rude structure of straw, leaves, and various substances, form the cottages of those hardy little toilers. There, throughout the summer, several broods have been hatched; from five to six eggs, thickly mottled, are laid at a time, and during this period the wear and tear of home-life is excessive, and the business of the parents quite phenomenal. A single pair have been seen to bring no fewer than forty grubs per hour to their family. The familiar, rusty, undaunted sparrow, how we would miss him, and his prying, mischievous ways!

From out a hole in an old beech, that has broken off half-way, hangs a trail of straws, which surely must betoken the residence of the careless starling. No skilful builder is he; merely a handful of grass and hay thrust into the hole of a tree is considered good enough to shelter the young. It would almost seem intentional, the outside indications which hang ready to catch the eye of the bird-nesting boy. Lovely eggs they are, of faintest blue, and from five to six in number. The nettles that fringe the now silent stream are stark and black. The rank grass hangs seared and yellow with the keen frosts. There lies the deserted home of the sweet white-throat. Slender and delicate like its late inmate, it is a lacy mass of grasses, horse-hair, and tiny fibres, the cotton of the willow, mixed with cobweb, blending in its construction. There have the ashen-coloured, spotted eggs been deposited; and there, in that frail network, have the young birds been reared.

What can be sweeter than to awaken to the flute-like voice of a bird? Through the silent leaflessness of winter, the bitter east wind drives the shyest denizens of the woodlands to our doors, craving our pity. When the bloom on the trees is shut out by the iron key of ice; when the meadow-lands lie bare, and the dreary snow-laden wind of winter sighs eerily over the desolate fen-lands; when the stillness of midnight is broken by the wild wail of the strong-winged armies from out the bitter north, and the lonely heron stands silent beside the frozen mere, a sweet note of music plaintively trills forth from the robin's scarlet throat, and then is mute. Still, and yet more still, grows the earth, benumbed beneath its fleecy blanket, and yet the power of regeneration, the living germ, lies only sleeping. Now the gates of the year are opened. Only if we wait, the lark will once more rise against heaven's breast, and the feathered multitudes will once more build and rear their young. Once more will the thrush rest upon her perfected work, and

dream of her future happiness. The black boughs stretched rigid against the frozen cloud will awake to the flutter of the wing, and once more become the singing galleries of bird-life.

Again will they bear in their leafy arms that wonder of wonders, the germ within the egg, the sublimest phenomenon of nature; that spark of inextinguishable divinity, that is more wonderful than any gem, that no gold can buy, that no skill of man can imitate. As the sun sweeps his radiant course towards Aries, when silver Spica gleams at the horizon, when brilliant Arcturus and the Northern Crown once more burn in the heavens, even before the buds on the hawthorn hedges, will nesting-time commence; the important business of mating will be completed; and somewhere out of sight, in tenderest love, will the mother-bird's couch be spread. Again will ring out the old sweet chant, 'Benedicite, omnia opera,' 'All ye works of the Lord, praise Him, and magnify Him for ever.' The tokens of new life will be around us, hastily flitting by, deeply engrossed in the task. The trembling wings will flutter; flute-like notes will echo from every bough; twigs and straws streaming from the tiny beaks, sheltered from the prying eye in the flowering ivy of the old wall, in the forked bough of yonder old apple-tree, under the eave of your window. Anywhere you may look, and chance to find the home of some sweet, tender songster, each following its own instinct with a skill which needs no teaching.

Mark it well, within, without;
No tool had he to fix, no glue to join;
No bodkin to insert: his little beak was all,
And yet how neatly finished!

V. T.

THE LAWYER'S SECRET.*

CHAPTER XVII.—PERPLEXED.

FOR some time after he left the prison, Terence O'Neil wandered through the streets without knowing or caring where he was going. His mind was completely bewildered. He felt like one in a dream, or one who has swallowed opium. The longer he pondered the facts, the more clearly did he see the force of the arguments which pointed to his friend's guilt, and at the same time the stronger grew his conviction, based on no reasons, but contrary to all reason, that Hugh was in reality innocent of the crime with which he was charged. And with this conviction strong in his mind, O'Neil determined to save Thesiger in spite of himself—to bring before the court at his trial, either proofs of his innocence, or, if such could not be had, such an explanation of his conduct—such a clear, unvarnished account of his motives and the circumstances under which he had acted, that if men's judgments condemned Hugh Thesiger, their hearts would acquit him. Of this O'Neil felt perfectly certain, that whatever Hugh had done, however he had acted, it would be found, if all the

* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

facts were brought to light, that he had some strong excuse or justification for his conduct.

Terence returned to the Temple, and went straight to his friend's chambers, in the hope of finding something that might furnish him with a clue to this mystery. The outer door was shut; but he knocked at it, on the chance that some one might be within. The door was promptly opened; and, to O'Neil's surprise, a policeman in uniform made his appearance.

'I wanted—to borrow a book,' stammered O'Neil, who did not care to state the real object of his visit.

'Sorry ye can't, sorr,' answered the constable, who was a fellow-countryman of O'Neil's. 'They haven't finished goin' through the gentleman's papers an' things, so I'm put here as sintry, till they've done wid 'em.'

'Ah, just so,' said Terence carelessly, turning to go back to his own quarters. It seemed ominous that the police had been beforehand with him, and that they had thought it worth while to place a guard over Thesiger's effects.

'But I'll bet they haven't thought of going down to Chalfont!' exclaimed O'Neil, when he had reached his own chambers. Something may be learned there. I would like to know what connection he had with this man Felix. Hugh may have dropped a hint to his aunt, a hint from which more may be gathered. I'll run down to Chalfont by the first train in the morning.'

This, accordingly, he did; and by twelve o'clock he was seated in Mrs Thesiger's little drawing-room. The old lady came to him with scarcely a moment's delay. Her withered hands shook a little as she welcomed her guest, and she spoke with unusual deliberation; otherwise, she gave no sign of the pain and anxiety she was suffering. In spite of herself, however, she began asking questions; and soon Terence had told her all he knew.

Then Terence began to question Mrs Thesiger; but, to his great disappointment, he found that she could tell him nothing. She had heard of Mr Felix as the late Sir Richard Boldon's solicitor. That was at the time of Sir Richard's marriage. She had never heard his name since. Certainly, Hugh had never so much as mentioned it in her hearing.

O'Neil then suggested that she should look through the drawers of the writing-table in Hugh's room, to find, if possible, some evidence of the nature of the connection between Hugh and Mr Felix. Rather to his surprise, the old lady not only made no objection to this proposed search, but she suggested that Terence should go up-stairs and conduct it himself.

'Your eyes are better than mine,' she said, 'and you know better than I what to look for.'

'I wasn't quite sure whether Hugh would care to have his private drawers overhauled, even in his own interest, or whether you would approve of it,' said O'Neil.

But women are not so scrupulous as men are in matters of that kind; and Mrs Thesiger refused to see any impropriety in doing whatever O'Neil thought necessary for her foster-son's safety. She took him up-stairs, led him into a large low-ceilinged room which had been

Hugh's bedroom since his boyhood, and left him there.

But Terence soon perceived that there was nothing in the shape of a desk or cabinet in the room. It was evident that Hugh kept all his private papers in London. One discovery, however, Terence did make. In a drawer of the writing-table he found just what he had imagined he might find in Thesiger's chambers in the Temple—a 'Lawyer's Companion,' in which Hugh had jotted down his engagements, and all sorts of memoranda. Professional and private matters were mixed up in inextricable confusion; and in most cases the entries were of the briefest possible character. The diary had been carried down to the day when Hugh had set out for Roby Chase to join the shooting-party there. For nearly an hour O'Neil sat patiently turning over the pages. References to 'Lady B.,' or 'A. B.,' to 'T. O'N.,' and other friends and acquaintances, were plentiful enough; but there was no mention whatever of James Felix.

Replacing the book in the drawer in which he had found it, Terence threw a glance over the writing-table; and as he did so, a half-sheet of note-paper placed under a small paper-weight attracted his attention. He looked at it more closely, and saw that it was a medical prescription—a prescription without any signature—a prescription in which the chief ingredient was cocaine! A cry burst from the Irishman's lips as he looked at it; and his hand shook as he removed the little paper-weight and took it up. All doubt was then at an end. On the spot that had been hidden by the paper-weight was the stamp of the chemist whose son had made up the prescription.

Terence was still staring at this fatal piece of evidence when Mrs Thesiger entered the room.

'Can you tell me—have you any idea, how this came here?' he asked, in as composed and natural a tone as he could command.

'What is it? A prescription?'

'Yes. I found it here, under this paper-weight.'

'To be sure. I put it there myself. Since Hugh left home, I sent one of his suits to be cleaned; and before sending the clothes away, I took the things out of the pockets. That I found, if I remember rightly, in the little outside pocket—the ticket-pocket, don't you call it?—of the coat; and, thinking it might be of use, I put it there, so that Hugh might see it next time he came down.—Is it of any importance?'

'No; it tells us nothing new,' said Terence.

'I came up to say that you had better come down to lunch,' said Mrs Thesiger. 'Marjory Bruce has come over from the Rectory, and I have persuaded her to stay.'

Terence had other things to think of besides love-making, yet his heart beat fast as he opened the door of the room in which he knew he should find the girl he loved. She was there, looking, he thought, sweeter and more attractive than ever. Mrs Thesiger had gone to the kitchen to superintend matters there, and the Lieutenant was in his dressing-room, so that the two young people had a few minutes alone together.

Of course they could speak of nothing but Hugh Thesiger and the ruin that threatened him; and in the excitement of the moment, Terence told Marjory of the discovery he had just made up-stairs, placing at the same time the piece of paper in her hand.

'Why, that's Addie's handwriting!' exclaimed the girl, without thinking what she said.

Terence started, and stared at her; she stared at him, as the tell-tale blood mounted slowly to her cheeks, and then retreated, leaving them white as marble. A look of terror, of horror, had come into her eyes; and it was reflected in her lover's face. For she had virtually accused her sister of being an accessory to Hugh Thesiger's crime!

'You must be mistaken,' said O'Neil in a husky voice.

Marjory did not answer. She handed the paper back to him, and left the room.

A flood of light poured into the young barrister's mind. Hugh's strange conduct was intelligible now. He was sacrificing himself for the woman he loved!

O'Neil had been told by Mrs Thesiger that Felix had been Sir Richard Boldon's lawyer; and it seemed to him quite possible that relations of some kind might have existed between him and Sir Richard's widow. If she found that the solicitor stood in her way, said O'Neil to himself, and if she were wicked and unscrupulous enough to poison him, it was natural that she should have employed some one else to procure the poisonous drug. Probably it never occurred to her that suspicion could fall upon Hugh, since he was practically a stranger to Mr Felix, and had no conceivable interest in the old lawyer's death. But why did she not come forward, when Hugh was arrested, and confess the truth? Could she mean to allow him to take the consequences of her crime upon his shoulders? The young Irishman's face darkened as this thought occurred to him. He was still thinking what his next step ought to be, reflecting, with a sore heart-pang, that everything he did to prove his friend's innocence would be, indirectly, a blow that would wound, not only Lady Boldon, but through her Marjory, when he was disturbed by the sound of horses' feet.

Looking out of the window, he saw a basket pony-carriage, in which was seated—Lady Boldon herself! Before he could recover from his surprise at the arrival of the very person he longed yet dreaded to see, Mrs Thesiger had gone to the door to welcome her new guest. The window at which he stood was open, and he heard her say: 'Come away, Lady Boldon; you are just in time to take a little lunch with us. Marjory is here.'

Lady Boldon, who looked far from well, said something to the old lady in a low voice, something about Hugh, Terence thought, from the change in Mrs Thesiger's tone as she answered—'Nothing—we have heard nothing more. But a gentleman, a great friend of his—you know him, Mr O'Neil—has come down from London. Perhaps he can tell you'—Then they both passed into the house, and their voices were no longer audible.

A few minutes later, the family and their

visitors assembled at the luncheon-table. O'Neil forced himself to talk, though he had great difficulty in appearing at his ease. Of course, it was not a merry company; but people must eat; and if they eat in company, they must talk, however deep may be the shadow that hangs over them.

No one mentioned the subject that lay uppermost in the mind of every one present; and as the meal progressed, O'Neil found it possible for him to watch Lady Boldon pretty closely, without laying himself open to observation. She had not seemed to notice his presence, since the first greeting between them. Her colour was high, he observed; and her manner showed that she was suffering from suppressed excitement or anxiety. But she contrived to speak of ordinary matters without any apparent effort.

'One thing I wanted to see you about, Mrs Thesiger,' she said, 'was to ask your advice about my maid Julia.—You remember, Marjory, the unpleasantness there was when you and mamma were staying with me last month. Mr Boldon's valet made love, first to Anne, mamma's maid, and then to Julia. Mamma very naturally took Anne's part, and wanted me to ask Mr Boldon to send Ducrot—that was the man's name—out of the house, or discharge Julia; but really I couldn't do either the one or the other. When the party broke up, I supposed that we had seen the last of M. Ducrot and his too fascinating smile; but a few days ago he appeared in the village, and he has been renewing his attentions to my maid. The poor girl seems to be bewitched; she is completely under his influence. One day, when the housekeeper was visiting her friends, and I happened to be out, she actually invited the man to supper in the servants' hall. That would not have been so bad; but some friend of Anne's, I suppose, told the housekeeper that the two had spent some time together in one of the reception rooms—had, in fact, made themselves quite at home. I feel as if I ought to discharge the girl; but that seems rather a harsh thing to do, particularly as it would probably lead to her marrying Ducrot at once, and I don't think he would make her a good husband.'

'You are very considerate, upon my word,' cried Mrs Thesiger. 'If I were you, I should write to Mr Boldon and ask whether the man is still in his service; and if the answer is unfavourable, show it to your maid.'

It may be imagined that this kind of conversation did not interest either Lieutenant Thesiger or O'Neil. They conversed together occasionally in an under-tone, and remained at table a few minutes after Mrs Thesiger, with Lady Boldon and her sister, adjourned to the drawing-room. Presently the Lieutenant followed them, O'Neil remaining where he was.

In a few minutes Lady Boldon said that she must now go home; and O'Neil heard a little stir in the hall, betokening her departure. Then he heard her say—'I have not said good-day to Mr O'Neil. I suppose he is still in the dining-room?' The next moment she had entered the room and had gone swiftly up to him. 'Tell me,' she said in a low, rapid voice, 'have

you seen him? How is he? Quick! Don't you see that you are torturing me?'"

'Mr Thesiger is—as well as any one could expect to see him in such a situation,' said Terence coldly.

'What did he say to you?—Will you come up to the Chase this afternoon, or to-morrow morning, and tell me exactly what he said, and how he looked, and how—they are—treating him?'

Her voice trembled. Her eyes were brimming over with tears. O'Neil, who had steeled his heart against her, was amazed. *Could* the woman be acting? he thought. Yet, it was hardly possible that she was not acting—that, at least, she did not know that she herself was the cause of her lover being in prison.

'Will you come this afternoon?' she said eagerly. 'I cannot wait till to-morrow; and we cannot talk here without interruption. Promise me that you will come over to the Chase this afternoon, or some time this evening.'

'Yes,' said the young man gravely, 'I will come to-day.'

CHAPTER XVIII.—A BLANK DENIAL.

On his way to the Chase that afternoon, Terence tried to arrange some plan of action for himself. Was he to charge Lady Boldon with complicity in the murder or manslaughter of Mr Felix, and with the additional baseness of securing her lover's assistance and then leaving him to bear the blame? No; certainly the time for dealing that blow—if it must be dealt—had not yet come.

Was he, then, to try to get her to admit that it was she who was the guilty person, and that Hugh was only a tool, an innocent unsuspecting agent, in her hands? Was he, in a word, to try to get her to incriminate herself? His heart revolted from the idea. It seemed like treachery to go to Lady Boldon's house on her invitation, and entrap her into saying that which might cost her her liberty, if not her life. 'Surely,' he said to himself, 'she will come forward voluntarily, if not now, a little later, and tell the truth. If the worst should come to the worst, I can frighten her into confessing, by showing her the prescription for the poison in her own handwriting.'

Terence found Lady Boldon waiting for him in her boudoir. The moment the door closed behind the footman who had admitted him, she went up to him and poured forth a torrent of questions.

'Have you seen Hugh? When? Was he well? Was he looking pale? How did he sleep? Does he have proper meals? Does he keep up his courage? Did he tell you I had written to him? Is he allowed to get letters?'

Terence answered all these questions, and a host of others, as well as he could; and all the time he was speaking, the idea was present in his mind—'Surely this woman loves Hugh! or, if not—if she is coolly accepting his sacrifice of himself—she is the most finished actress in the world!'

'Did he tell you that I had telegraphed to him last night, asking when I could see him?'

—No; it was before that that you saw him. I am getting confused.'

'Did you telegraph to Hugh?' asked Terence in surprise.

'Yes. You wired me not to think of going; but I thought I might appeal to Hugh himself. There was at least a chance of my message reaching him. And this morning I got this from the governor'—She stopped abruptly, and put a telegram into O'Neil's hands. It was very short—'H. T. declares proposed visit quite impracticable, utterly useless, not to be thought of.'

'But why,' she cried, 'why may I not see him, if they allowed him to see you?'

'I am a member of the bar, you know,' answered Terence. 'And I think it right to tell you, Lady Boldon,' he added, speaking slowly and gravely, 'that I look upon myself as my friend's legal adviser; and I shall do the best I can, both out of court and in court, to prove his innocence.'

'Of course you will do that—I am sure it is very, very good of you,' murmured Lady Boldon.

Then there was a pause; and O'Neil had time to collect his thoughts. Why was it, he asked himself, that Lady Boldon made no allusion to what was the root of the whole matter—her lover's innocence or guilt? All her questions had to do with his present condition, the difficulty she had in seeing him, and so on. There was no indignation, no surprise, manifested at the mere fact that he had been accused.

'You don't think that Hugh is—that they will be able to prove he did anything to Mr Felix?'

It was Lady Boldon that was speaking; but O'Neil would not have recognised her voice by the sound, it was so harsh and strange.

'You know the evidence against him,' answered Terence—'the buying of the drug that killed Mr Felix—the finding of the fragments of the phial in his room—his preparations for flight.'

'I cannot understand how he could have done such a thing,' said Lady Boldon, with a look of anxiety and distress.

'What an actress!' thought O'Neil. 'No one can understand it,' he said aloud. 'Least of all,' he added, 'can I understand what motive he can have had for such a deed.'

'What I cannot understand,' said Lady Boldon, 'is how (supposing it is not all a mistake) Hugh should have had recourse to poison. I cannot believe it! Nothing will make me believe it. I could understand Hugh killing an enemy with a blow, or even shooting him, if he were sufficiently provoked; but for him to poison an old man—it is impossible!'

'What a hypocrite!' exclaimed the young man to himself. It was with difficulty that he restrained himself so far as to prevent his disgust from appearing in his face. 'But suppose,' he said quietly, 'that Hugh did not mean to kill Mr Felix, but merely to get hold of some document, some compromising papers, perhaps, belonging to himself, or to—a friend; and suppose he merely intended to drug the old man,

put him to sleep, and so get possession of the papers?

He looked steadily at Lady Boldon as he uttered these words, and he could see that her colour was rising. He thought, too, that he could detect a frightened look in her eyes. But there was no trace of hesitation or embarrassment in her manner as she answered—'I don't see that these surmises help us very much. The great thing is to engage a clever barrister who will shake the witnesses for the prosecution. The evidence does not seem to me so very strong: does it seem strong to you?'

'It does seem strong to me, I confess,' he answered; 'but on one point you may help us, perhaps. You remember that you and Mr Thesiger went up to town together that morning. Did you leave the terminus together?'

'Yes; we spent some time together,' answered the lady, with a little blush.

For a moment he thought of placing before the lady's eyes the piece of paper he had in his pocket—the prescription (copied, probably, from some medical work) written by her own hand, with the druggist's stamp upon it. But he prudently restrained himself. Nothing could be gained by humiliating Lady Boldon at present.

O'Neil now rose to take his leave; but before Lady Boldon would allow him to go, she made him promise to try to get her an order for admission to the prison. He had not the heart to remind her that the real obstacle was that the prisoner himself refused to see her.

On the following Sunday, Lady Boldon did not go to the morning service, for she knew that the church would be full of curious eyes, watching her every movement. But in the afternoon, when the sun was sinking towards the west, she walked by herself across the park, and slipped into the church almost unnoticed, to attend the children's service. The well-remembered prayers, the fresh young voices of the children, soothed her a little; and no one suspected the agony that filled the woman's heart, or guessed that the tears were streaming between her fingers, as she bowed her head at the collects, and dropping one by one upon the dusty floor.

As she passed through the wicket gate on her way out of the churchyard after service, she noticed that a man, lounging about near the gate, stared at her in rather an unpleasant way. He was respectably dressed, looking like a small tradesman or publican in Sunday attire; but his face was red and coarse, and his eyes were small and bloodshot, with an insolent look about them.

Lady Boldon frowned a little, as his eyes met hers, and turned away her head. The man maintained his stolid, meaningless stare until she had quite gone by, and then allowed a broad smile to break over his face. He sauntered on past the school-house, and turned into a narrow lane where Terence O'Neil was waiting for him.

'Well?' asked the barrister sternly.

'That's her,' said the man briefly.

'You must have made a mistake!' cried Terence; and it may be mentioned that in

spite of the necessity, in Hugh's interest, of getting at the truth of the matter, he felt at that moment more like a cur than he had ever done before. He had brought from London the cabman who had identified Hugh; and the man had recognised her directly. Yet, for the moment, Terence was angry with himself, and angry with the cabman. 'You must have made a mistake,' he said again.

'We don't see a face like hers,' said the man, 'nor a pair of eyes like hers, every day o' the week. I'd swear she was there, and sat in the cab while the gen'l'man as is in quod went into the druggist's; an' that's the truth, if I was to be shot the next minute. After that, I drove 'em to the foot o' Chancery Lane. They got out, paid my fare, and was walkin' up the lane together, the last I see of them. That's what I say; an' that's what I'll stick to.'

Terence was glad to get rid of the fellow. He paid him for his trouble, and let him go back to London.

On the same evening Terence returned to town. During the journey his thoughts were perplexed and gloomy enough. He had done absolutely nothing to prove his friend's innocence. The little he had learned went rather to show that Hugh Thesiger was guilty. O'Neil was now inclined to believe that Felix had in some way ill-used or threatened Lady Boldon, that she was afraid of him, and had appealed to Hugh to protect her. It might be, as he had suggested to Lady Boldon, that there were some letters, or other documents, which placed her in the lawyer's power, and which Hugh had determined he would recover. Lady Boldon had warned him, perhaps, not to use force, and had suggested that if Mr Felix would not listen to arguments, he should find some means for getting him to swallow a few drops of a strong narcotic, and take possession of the papers while the lawyer was unconscious. She had given her lover a note of the drug which would best serve his purpose, and had actually accompanied him when he went to purchase it. And now, when, by a series of incidents which they could not have foreseen, suspicion attached itself to Hugh, Lady Boldon was ready to do anything, even to perjure herself, to save him, though she would not come forward voluntarily and confess her share in the crime.

This was O'Neil's theory; and he thought that it fitted the facts better than any other.

THE INFINITY OF SPACE.

THERE can be no subject more calculated to impress a man's mind with his own insignificance, compared with the overwhelming power and glory of his Creator, than the study and contemplation of the firmament in all its boundless infinity. It is not to be wondered at that from the earliest ages the subject has never failed to exercise a fascination over men, and that those who, by their genius and learning, have most nearly succeeded in solving its mysteries have always been revered and esteemed to be among the wisest men of their day. More has been done within the last fifty years than in all the rest of the world's history

towards the piercing of the veil which shuts off from our eyes the beauties and mysteries of far-off realms; and doubtless, by means of the spectroscope, and increased size in the lenses of our telescopes, we shall be enabled, before long, to unravel still more secrets of the universe, and further add to our stock of information regarding the construction and conditions of other worlds besides our own.

The question as to whether Space is Finite or Infinite can never be satisfactorily argued out, or, indeed, even thought of, for the human mind is incapable of grasping the existence of a limit to space, even in its most abstract form; but the question of the infinity of worlds and their distribution in the infinity of space lies more closely within the scope of human intellect, for we have many material facts and calculations to go upon, in discovering the probable answer to this most fascinating question.

Only as far back as the seventeenth century, astronomers placed the number of stars in the universe as a little over one thousand; but this was absurd, as the real number visible to the naked eye is about seven thousand; and perhaps treble that number can be seen by persons with exceptionally good eyesight. When the heavens, however, are examined through a telescope, the numbers of visible stars are enormously increased; in fact, it has been calculated that the great Lick telescope, the most powerful yet made, reveals as many as one hundred millions! Yet what is that vast number compared with infinity? It cannot even be likened to a grain of sand on the seashore. And yet, if we think the matter out carefully, we shall see that the number of visible stars cannot really be infinite, for if they were, the heavens would be a complete blaze of light. This, of course, we know, is far from being the case; and indeed, there cannot be any doubt that, in certain parts of the heavens at least, the number of visible stars is already known, for even with the very strongest telescopes there are blank spaces, which are absolutely devoid of stars below a certain magnitude, or even the veriest trace of nebulous light. These spaces are known to astronomers by the name of 'coal-sacks;' they contain no stars fainter than the twelfth magnitude, and, in fact, appear to mark those parts of the universe which are comparatively thin; on the other hand, in other parts of the heavens we have not by any means reached the limit of telescopic resolvability. It is curious, though, that these intensely dark 'holes' in the bright empyrean are mostly to be found in those parts of the heavens where most stars abound, notably in the Milky-way. These remarkable blank spots have been a favourite theme of discussion and argument amongst all astronomers, for whatever the real shape or distribution of that universe may be, they point to the almost certain inference that in a particular direction at least there is an actual limit to the number of stars; and if there is a limit in one direction, we have every right to suppose that such is the case in others, and that we have only to wait for telescopes strong enough to resolve those parts

which are still unresolvable, to discover that a point can be reached when *all* the stars of the universe are unfolded to our gaze, and that, no matter how keen the power of our mechanical vision, we can find no more.

If, now, we admit that the number of *visible* stars is limited, the next question to be asked is, what is the order or shape of their distribution? Various astronomers have had various theories about this matter. Herschel was inclined to think that the visible universe was in the shape of a disc, though his views in this direction were considerably modified during the later part of his life. Struve considered that the universe was in the shape of a disc of limited thickness, but infinite length—a theory which is hard to support, as, unless the ultimate extinction of light in space is believed in, that part of the heavens which lay towards the plane of the disc would necessarily shine with the brightness of the sun. The late Mr Proctor, though finding it impossible to define any particular shape for the visible universe as a whole, was of the opinion that the brightest part of it—namely, the Milky-way—was in the form of a spiral. This latter theory also, however, has many objections to contend with. Other astronomers have had different theories on this question; but all, or nearly all, appear to admit an ultimate limit to the size of the visible universe; or, in other words, believe that the galaxy of worlds which surround us form, in fact, but an islet in the vast infinity of space.

It would appear at first sight that any attempt to solve the question of the existence of external galaxies and their distance was absolutely futile; yet such is not the case. Some astronomers maintain that certain of the nebulae—such as the Magellan Cloud, for instance—are really external galaxies. We have no mathematical evidence, however, to arrive at the distance of these visible objects, and in all probability they belong to our own galaxy, and are no farther distant than the fainter stars. Professors Lambert, Herschel, Gore, Proctor, and others have formulated an ingenious hypothesis as to the distance of external galaxies. By a theoretical system of proportion based on a thorough foundation of known facts, they assume that the diameter of the solar system is to the distance between solar systems as the diameter of the sidereal universe is to the distance between universes. The result of this calculation is, that the nearest external universe is so far distant that light from it, travelling at the speed of 186,000 miles a second, would take nearly ninety million years to reach us! The human mind is incapable of grasping such an awful distance; but mathematical calculations show us that, even supposing that the external universe was the same size as ours, it would only appear to us as a tiny speck of nebulous light. It is doubtful, however, whether even light could reach us from such a distance; the luminiferous ether may be absent from inter-universal space, or light may be unable to pierce through strata of such depth, no matter how thin and free from matter it may be. If, then, we accept this theory of the distribution of universes, we must see that there is no end to the system, for, by again working

out the proportionate calculation with the diameter of the sidereal system as the basis, we shall only be going one step higher up the endless system of distribution of universes throughout space.

But here our theories and calculations must stop, for we are attempting to think out a question which is beyond the power of man's mind to truly grasp; we are on the threshold of the Almighty, and the secrets of boundless infinity are and can be known to Him alone.

RICHARD MAITLAND—CONSUL.

CHAPTER II.

THE following morning broke warm and bright; and before noon, Maitland was conveyed to Le's Yamun, or official residence, in the Consular sedan-chair. Hitherto his duties as Consul had been smooth and harmonious. He was on friendly terms with the native population, and was much liked by all the English residents. His interview, however, with Pennant on the previous day had filled him with uneasiness, and it was with a heavy heart now that he set out for this important festival. Memories of Lady Margaret as she used to be when a girl mingled with his uneasiness with regard to her son's infatuation. In short, Maitland had spent a sleepless night—his anxiety to help Pennant, and his utter inability to be of the least service to him, being the most serious cause of his trouble.

'Thank Heaven the mother knows nothing of this!' he said to himself; 'and the unhappy boy will soon be forced to see, by the strength of circumstances, how futile and vain this unfortunate and ridiculous love-affair really is.'

Maitland arrived at his destination in good time. The streets were crowded with spectators, and his bearers had some difficulty in forcing their way through the throngs of people who had collected to watch the arrival of the guests and the presents. At the front door, the English Consul was, according to custom, met by the Prefect, who conducted him, with many bows, into the reception hall. According to custom, also, the bride herself did not appear; but the presents which had arrived from the bridegroom were all exhibited in the most conspicuous manner; and the Prefect took Maitland round to see them, and expatiated on their merits in truly Oriental style and metaphor.

Each moment the scene became more bustling and gay. Not only were Le's own friends invited to the betrothal feast, but also his son's fellow-students and literary acquaintances. These individuals had all donned their most brilliant robes, and the bright colouring added to the bizarre and striking effect. The furniture of the many reception rooms was covered for the occasion with rich hangings, and the walls were hung with scrolls bearing sayings of the sages of antiquity.

In addition to the crowds of bridal gifts, priceless curiosities of all kinds were arranged about the rooms; and numerous servants were

seen gliding here and there bearing fresh nuptial gifts and attending to the wants of the guests.

At the appointed hour, the bridegroom, Wang, was announced, and Le hurried to the front door to receive him. With much ceremony, this important personage was led into the reception hall, where he bowed low to the other guests, and placed the necessary letter of betrothal in the hands of the Prefect. Wang's manner was full of a certain exaggerated punctiliousness, which was anything but pleasing. After greeting the native guests, the Prefect brought him up to introduce him to Maitland; but being a Confucian of the Confucianists, he showed his anti-foreign proclivities by the coldness of his salutation to the Englishman.

The Prefect then invited the bridegroom to enter the dining-hall. According to etiquette, this invitation was twice refused, and only accepted after a third and pressing request had been made. The Prefect then led Wang to the scene of festivities, and the other guests hurried to follow so good an example.

The tables in this spacious apartment groaned with every sort of delicacy. Birds' nests from the Polynesian Islands, venison from Mongolia, and preserves from Canton, were amongst the luxuries present. In short, every imaginable delicacy was provided to satisfy the most capricious appetites; and the artistic arrangements of everything, the brilliancy of the colouring, the great width and height of the magnificent rooms, had an effect even upon the most fastidious eyes.

Maitland, who was accustomed to being present at many of the most costly and splendid of the Chinese festivities, could not help owing to himself that the lavish preparations for the betrothal of Le's daughter exceeded anything he had yet witnessed in China. As English Consul, he was at once led to the upper end of the dining-hall and provided with a seat of honour. Maitland was remarkable for his tact. He had by this time acquired the manner which is esteemed the perfection of politeness in the Celestial Country. He bowed low to the Prefect, therefore, and expressed his astonishment at the magnificence of the scene on which his eyes rested. The Prefect deprecated the compliment in the humblest way, and returned Maitland's salute with effusion.

Wang was magnificently dressed in robes of the finest silk, and wore the insignia of scholarship, which is so dear to the hearts of his countrymen. No fine robes, however, could cover his personal defects. In appearance he was both old and ugly; and the mean and sensual expression of his face showed all too plainly, to Maitland's observant eyes, that Pennant had not exaggerated the situation when he spoke of the terrible fate which awaited poor Amethyst as this man's bride.

The preliminary ceremonies had just begun, and the band had struck up the merry strains of the Dragon and the Phoenix, when Maitland's eyes were attracted to two men who were coming up the dining-hall side by side. One of them was a Chinaman in gaily coloured silk robes, further adorned with the insignia of scholarship. The other was an Englishman

in the quiet morning attire of his country. He was of course Pennant. His sober dress and dignified manner immediately attracted all eyes to him; and Maitland, as he observed him, had to own to himself that he was as attractive-looking a young fellow as he had ever seen.

'Confound it!' muttered the Consul under his breath. 'How in the world has the luckless lad got in here? That Chinaman who is with him must, I suppose, be the brother of the bride, the Le Ming of whom he has spoken to me. What a reckless fellow Pennant is; but what a gentleman he looks! He is the image of his mother. God help her! She little knows the danger into which her young hopeful is putting himself. He has evidently managed to throw dust into Le Ming's eyes; but I see by the lad's expression that he is up to mischief.—Ah, he is looking this way. I must recognise him, although, upon my word, I'd rather not. Poor boy! I can see by the build of his chin that he's as obstinate as a mule. I can't help admiring his pluck. But what a state of things! Does a fellow like that imagine that he can upset a state ceremonial of this sort, and carry off a Chinaman's bride from under his very nose?'

Maitland's uneasiness was not at all perceptible in his manner, which was as collected and cool as the occasion demanded. He soon saw that Pennant had no idea of obtruding himself upon his notice. The young man seated himself far down at the same table, and entered into animated conversation with Le Ming and one or two of his friends.

As the feast proceeded and the wine circulated, the fun became fast and furious. After the most serious of the courses had been disposed of, the host proposed the old-fashioned game of Forfeits. A word was given, and each guest had to write a couplet in accordance with the strict rules of Chinese poetry-making. Those who failed—and many did—were compelled to drink off their glasses of wine as a punishment. Presently, this was voted slow, and the more popular game of *Chai mei* (the Italian *Mora*, and the Roman *Micare digitis*) was substituted for it. Pennant entered with heart and soul into these amusements; and no one, to judge from his face, would imagine that he had a care in the world. Even Maitland ceased to watch him, and gave himself up to the pleasure of the hour.

Betrothal feasts in China generally last until late in the evening; and Maitland had already risen from the table, when Pennant felt his coat pulled from behind. Already, in his brief wooing, he had had some experience of signals. He put his hand back, therefore, in a hurry, and was rewarded by feeling a note slipped into it. He managed to read the few words which it contained unobserved. 'Meet me in the garden when the sun touches the horizon,' ran the missive. It was not signed; but the young man knew only too well whose was the writing. His heart leaped in his breast, and his eyes grew dark with emotion. He was by no means blind to the enormous risk that he was running; but one glance at Wang, who was already considerably the worse for wine, steadied his resolve.

'I would far rather die than leave the girl I love to such a fate,' he muttered under his breath, and taking his opportunity, he presently slipped away from the banqueting-hall. Several of the guests had gone away to sleep off the effects of the feast on the neighbouring divans; and Le Ming and Wang wandered off into the veranda. It was easy for Pennant, therefore, to make his way unobserved to the garden at the back of the house. He entered it as the last rays of the sun struck the pinnacles of the roof. There is no twilight in the Celestial country, but the darkness did not prevent Pennant from being able to discover the place where Amethyst waited for him. She was standing, leaning against the summer-house. She had thrown back her veil—he could scarcely see her face in the gathering gloom, but he felt the tremulous pressure of the hands which he held in his.

'Your Excellency,' she exclaimed, 'I have not courage for this. I dare not go.'

'Nonsense!' said Pennant, in a firm voice. 'Think what awaits you if you hesitate now. You have nothing to fear,' he added. 'I would fight a dozen of your countrymen to rescue you. I have ordered a cart to be in readiness at the side-door. We shall not take long in reaching the wharf, where a boat will meet us. There is a ship waiting to sail for England at the anchorage in the river. We have only to go through a bad half-hour—then we are safe. Come, Amethyst; don't let your courage fail you at the last moment.'

The poor girl was scarcely capable of replying; but when Pennant put his arm round her waist and hurried her forward, she no longer resisted.

On this auspicious night, the Prefect's Yamun was gay with lights of every imaginable shade of colour. These lights shed a partial glow on the garden, but not sufficient for any one to notice the flight of the young people, if a sudden accident had not occurred. The Chinese girl was not accustomed to walking quickly; her pinched and stunted feet forbade the free exercise of her limbs. In struggling to reach the gate, she knocked down a pot of flowers which stood on a marble column. It fell on some large stones with a crash and clatter.

'Let me flee back,' said Amethyst. 'They have heard us. I know we are lost.'

'No,' said Pennant; 'come on. Lean on me, Amethyst; I will carry you; fear nothing.'

'I know we are lost,' she repeated. She hid her trembling face against her lover's shoulder. They had nearly reached the gate, and Pennant was beginning to hope that the worst was over, when a noise in the balcony of the pavilion was distinctly heard, and the face of Le Ming appeared staring out into the dim light. 'Aiyah?' he shouted, 'who goes there?'

One of the Chinese lanterns suddenly flared up brightly—it was caught by a gust of wind, and had taken fire—the light fell full on Pennant.

Le Ming uttered a smothered oath. 'By the tombs of my ancestors,' he shouted, 'that dog of an Englishman is running off with Amethyst! Stop, stop! Come back, come back!' he screamed as he hurried down the steps.

'Don't look behind you,' whispered Pennant; 'we are almost at the gate. He can't follow us far in the darkness. Keep up your courage—we are nearly safe.'

Breathlessly, the pair passed the gate, banging it behind them. They had just time to jump into the cart and tell the coachman to drive with all speed to the river, when Le Ming, with flushed face and bloodshot eyes, reached the portal. He opened the gate in a hurry, and looked down the lane in a state of hopeless bewilderment. Unfortunately for him, however, the quantities of wine he had imbibed confused his brain; and by the time he had collected his thoughts sufficiently to take any decisive step, Pennant and Wang's bride had reached the end of the lane.

Being a scholar, Le Ming was not used to running, and he therefore made no attempt to follow the pair. 'Tsei, Tsei' [Thieves], he shouted at the top of his voice. Several servants came hurrying up at the sound. Le Ming pointed with distraction to the rapidly vanishing cart. 'Follow them—chase them—bring them back,' he screamed. 'The foreign barbarian has carried off my sister. Catch them up; bring them back, and you shall each receive a tael of silver.'

It was unnecessary after this to tell the servants to set off in hot pursuit. A Chinaman will do anything for spoil, and this most unexpected situation lent wings to their feet. Run as fast as they would, however, they could not overtake the cart, and all the trouble which was immediately to follow might have been averted, had not two or three tingchais (messengers) been coming up the lane. Seeing the commotion at the Prefect's gate, they also eagerly turned in pursuit. On their way they were joined by four or five more of their comrades; and after a long chase, came up with the cart in one of the most crowded thoroughfares.

The terrible excitement through which Pennant had lived for the last twenty-four hours reached a culminating point at this moment. The unfortunate girl for whose life and safety he was willing to risk so much, lay back in the cart as if she were dead. Nothing in all her previous life of seclusion had prepared her for such a supreme moment as the present; she had not nerve to meet it, and gave up all for lost.

'Don't cry, Amethyst,' said her lover. 'I'll fight those brutes and save you yet.' He jumped off the cart as he spoke, and with a blow of his fist knocked down the man who had seized the mule's bridle. Several others soon licked the dust in a similar manner, and for a moment there seemed a ray of hope that Pennant might gain the victory over his pursuers; but courage, however great, cannot stand up against numbers, and while the young Englishman was still laying vigorously about him, he was dealt such a deadly blow by a labourer who was standing near, that he suddenly fell senseless to the ground. Amethyst thought he was killed; she leaped from the cart and tried to get to his side; the Chinamen, however, immediately took her prisoner, and turning the mule's head, they carried her back

to the Yamun. Pennant meanwhile was lifted on to some of the men's shoulders, and in this condition followed his intended bride to her father's house.

It would be impossible by any words to describe the furious excitement which the news of Pennant's daring and extraordinary conduct caused at the Yamun. Wang was nearly beside himself. His bride had been snatched away almost out of his arms. It is true that his rage was caused by no sensation of disappointed love, for he had never even seen the girl he intended to marry; but where a Chinaman supposes his marital honour to have been impugned, he is indeed then as a raving madman.

All preparations for the wedding ceremony had of course to be stopped, and the guests who had not already taken their departure were requested to do so by hints more significant than polite.

An event of such appalling daring—a crime so black—had not taken place within the memory of any living Chinaman. The unfortunate Wang was commiserated on all sides; Le Ming was eagerly questioned; while as to Le himself, he was so purple with rage that words failed him when he tried to express his emotion.

It was a slight relief to the feelings of the enraged family when poor Pennant, in a senseless condition, was brought into their midst. Rage and spite had so completely changed the Prefect's features, that in a moment he had altered from the calm and mild Confucianist into a furious madman. When the bearers laid Pennant on the ground, he rushed at him and kicked him with all his might. In short, he was only saved from murdering his quondam guest by Le Ming's intercessions.

Wang was equally beside himself; but he vented his rage in abuse and threats. 'Take the thievish barbarian to the prison,' shouted the Prefect. 'Put him into the prison immediately, and bring him back to life, that I may see his agonies and watch him die.'

The servants obeyed this order with grim pleasure. Pennant was quickly lifted from the ground and borne into the prefectural prison, which stood on the right hand within the front gates of the Yamun. Over the portals of this dreadful abode, a tiger's head, with huge staring eyes and widely open jaws, was painted. The gates of the place were dreary enough; but it would be impossible for any words to describe the horrors of the cells within. The prisoner was carried into one which contained five or six felons of the worst type, men on whose features murderous and fierce passions were plainly written. Two of these, who were reckoned the most dangerous, were chained to benches, with a second chain connecting the circlets of iron which they wore round their necks with beams of wood in the roof. The rest of the prisoners were allowed such liberty as heavy gyves would permit.

Pennant was immediately carried to an empty bench, and being considered a violent character, was chained in the same way as the worst prisoners. As he was still unconscious, however,

his chain was not drawn so tight as was usual. Having laid him flat on a bench, the jailer, in obedience to the command of the Prefect, filled a tin pot with water from a jar which stood in a corner of the dungeon. A fetid stench arose as he disturbed the surface of this water, which became still worse when he emptied the contents of the pannikin over the face and head of the barbarian. The shock of the cold water, with the help, possibly, of the abhorrent scent which accompanied it, aroused Pennant, who opened his eyes and stared with dull amazement at the scene before him.

'Get up!' shouted the jailer. He gave him a savage push as he spoke. 'Get up!' he repeated. 'I want to fasten you up tighter.'

Pennant, in a semi-conscious way, tried to comply; but he was not quick enough to satisfy the ruffian, who kicked at him furiously, forced him to a sitting position, and then shortened the chain which connected the circlet of iron round his neck with the beam of wood in the roof until the poor fellow was nearly choked.

The pain did more than the water to arouse Pennant. He tried to raise his hand to deal such a blow at his tormentor as had already knocked down half-a-dozen of his captors an hour back. But his handcuffs stopped him, and he then for the first time realised his position. He remained quiet for a moment or two, endeavouring to collect his scattered thoughts. Soon the events of the evening rushed back upon his recollection, and his one absorbing anxiety was a desire to know what had become of Amethyst.

'Where am I? What has happened?' he asked of the jailer.

'You are in prison,' replied the man with a brutal grin, 'where you are likely to remain, you dog of a barbarian, until you are carried to the execution-ground.'

Poor Pennant gave a groan. 'Now I remember,' he said—'yes, I remember. Maitland was right; it was folly.' He looked up and asked a question eagerly: 'Where is the Prefect's young lady?'

'What does a foreign dog like you want to know about our young lady?' answered the fellow. 'If you mention her name again, you shall be bamboozed.'

'I don't mind a trifle of that sort, if you can assure me that she is safe.'

'Listen to the barbarian!' exclaimed the jailer with a hoarse laugh. 'He says he doesn't mind being bamboozed. He'll sing a different song after we have tried it on.'

The other prisoners all laughed. Pennant glanced from one face to another in a hopeless and dazed manner. 'Get me some water; I am faint,' he gasped; but the brutal jailer turned on his heel without listening to his request.

The severe blow on his head had made him sick and giddy. He tried to lie down, but was chained up so tightly that it was impossible; handcuffs prevented his using his hands—in short, he was completely powerless. Beyond a dumb sense of anguish, he was almost incapable of consecutive thought. His head was racked

with aches and pains from the severe blow he had received, and his terrible thirst caused his tongue to cleave to the roof of his mouth. Maitland was right. He had failed to rescue Amethyst, and he himself was in that horror of all horrors, a Chinese prison. In all probability, the jailer's words would come true, and he would only leave this grim abode for the execution-ground.

Dreadful as these reflections were, however, the overwhelming sense of thirst was the most present torture. Pennant repeated his request for water, and one of the prisoners, better-natured than the rest, refilled his can for him. A draught of water was held to his fevered lips; but the pestilential smell made it impossible for him to drink it. He turned away in disgust.

The other prisoners had now flocked round the Englishman, and were gazing at him curiously. Finding that he could speak Chinese, they plied him with questions.

'Is there no other water?' he asked, as soon as their first curiosity was satisfied.

'Have you got any money?' was the enigmatical reply.

'Yes, some.'

'Give me a tael of silver, and I will get you some fresh water—or, better still, some tea,' said a man who wore gyves, but who was not otherwise fettered.

Pennant was powerless to get to his pockets, but the man did so for him, and when he produced a packet of sycee silver, a pleased expression crept over his low-caste face. Without a word, he crept stealthily away, carrying his booty carefully concealed about his person. He was absent nearly half an hour, during which Pennant's terrible thirst rose to fever-height; but when at last he returned, he brought a pot of tea in his hands.

'See! this is what money will effect,' he whispered to the prisoner. 'If you have money, you won't have such a bad time here. Now, let me try if I can lengthen your chain so that you may lie down.'

'Must I spend the night in this awful place?'

'Yes. Oh, you'll be used to it after a bit. They all feel it at first. I have no doubt that you dogs from a foreign country are more squeamish than we are; but custom reconciles one to anything. Now, lie down, and be thankful that money has lengthened your chain.'

Hard as the wooden bench was, Pennant's head ached so badly that he was glad to comply; and the prisoner who had constituted himself his friend for the time being, sat down at a little distance and watched him with interest.

The night had now arrived, and the other inmates of the prison crowded one by one into poor Pennant's prison. Much as he longed for sleep, no sleep would visit him in that dreadful atmosphere. His bodily sufferings would alone have kept him awake; but the tortures of his mind with regard to Amethyst nearly drove him mad.

'What a fool I've been!' he kept muttering to himself. 'I thought to save that unfortunate

innocent child, and to what a fate have I subjected her! There is no mercy in the Chinese mind. For aught I can tell, her life may be the penalty of her rashness. Maitland was right when I spoke to him yesterday. His unwillingness to help me nearly maddened me at the time; but now I see with what justice he spoke. I wish to goodness that he knew of my present condition. My only chance is in giving him a hint. I wonder if that fellow who brought me the tea would help me? I don't exactly know how far an English Consul's power extends, nor how much these Chinese are likely to regard it; but my only chance is to put him in possession of the present dreadful facts.'

Pennant sat up again as these thoughts occurred to him; he stretched out his foot and managed to touch the prisoner who had brought him the tea.

In a moment the man was up and bending over him. 'Can this little one serve you?' he asked.

'It is possible,' replied Pennant. 'Can I trust you?'

'If you have money—yes.'

'I have plenty of money.'

'Good—very good. Your wishes are mine. I obey. What can I do for you?'

'Can you contrive to take a note from me to the English Consul?'

A NOVEL INDUSTRY.

THEY were a happy little family, the Lugos. Typical of the Mexican race with their swarthy skins, jet-black hair, and love of finery, their costumes added a bit of gay colouring to the sea-beach below Ensenada, whose long stretch of yellow sand was relieved by naught save here and there a bunch of green seaweed, until it disappeared in the purple mountains which run the full length of the peninsula.

It is a most uninteresting coast, that of Lower California, looked at from the shore. With hardly an exception, it is barren in the extreme. Only a few diminutive creeks come down from the mountains, and they carry so small a supply of water, that vegetation of any kind is scarce, and what little there is looks dry and parched. The chief seaport town of this isolated Mexican possession is Ensenada, a town by courtesy, a village in size, for the whole population does not exceed four hundred souls. Though the trade of the place is controlled to a great extent by a few shrewd Yankees, that enterprising nation furnishes but a small percentage of its inhabitants: the bulk are Mexican—Mexican in nationality, in custom, and in their lack of enterprise. But to this last characteristic the Lugos were an exception, for they followed an occupation complete in itself, and one on which competition made no inroads to mar their happiness. It was a strange calling that of Francisco Lugo, a calling which must appear to the uninitiated dangerous to a degree, for the very name of shark sends a thrill of horror through one, and he was a shark fisherman. Stranger still must it seem to many that a whole family

should find material from this source to keep them busily occupied, and profitably so too, for Francisco had houses and land and money in the bank, and intended shortly to retire from his business to settle on an orange grove, there to live the life of a country gentleman. That was last year. Perhaps by now he has retired. If so, it is to be supposed that some one else must have taken up an industry which for a time was peculiarly his own, and which, perhaps, were it more widely known, would result in thinning the ranks of these dreaded monsters of the deep.

First of all, there was the oil; but perhaps, before describing the method of preparing this, it would be well to say a few words about the shark-catching itself. Of various kinds, these uncanny monsters are to be found plentifully distributed over the greater portion of the Pacific Ocean, at least that portion which washes the shores of Lower, or as it is called by the Mexicans, Baja California. Some are said to be harmless, some are known as dangerous; but no ordinary person would care to bathe in seas where even the harmless kind are plentiful—there is something so repulsive in the appearance they present as they glide through the clear, transparent salt water, where, for a score of feet, one may look down and see the little shells on the bottom as distinctly as in the aquarium at the Crystal Palace. The shark has ever an intent, business-like look about it. It always seems in quest of some victim, as noiselessly it parts the water, and changes its course with a single turn of its tail. A troublesome captive it will prove at the end of the stoutest line, and hard to land if the fisherman is inexperienced; but once let its vagaries be understood, and none of the finny denizens of the deep are easier handled.

In the early morning, Francisco Lugo and his eldest boy, Thomas, who would soon be twelve, launched the flat-bottomed surf-boat. This boat—a great, clumsy, home-made thing—was admirably suited to the purpose for which it was used, for it was staunch enough to defy the stoutest shark that might endeavour to pull its head under water. In the bows, coiled round a wooden roller, was a line two hundred feet in length. The hook, strong and massive—made by the blacksmith from the best of English steel—was joined to the rope by three feet of chain. When the boat is clear of the surf, and lazily pitching in the deep blue water beyond, Thomas baits the hook with a Spanish mackerel—a big one too, for no sprat does the shark deign to look at. This done, he gives the line to Francisco, who throws it out in front of him, after handing the oars to his son. Sometimes the bait is snapped up ere it touches the bottom; at other times, it sinks, and drags there for hours at a stretch, before a sudden, violent tug tells the occupants of the boat that a shark has grabbed it. Then commences a battle. The shark feels the penetrating barbed hook lodge fast, and dashes off. Out flies the line, half of it in a few seconds. So quickly does it go, that it would seem only a few more would suffice to see the roller bare. But no; it changes its tactics—it begins to swim in circles. This gives Francisco an oppor-

tunity to haul in the slack rope; while Thomas keeps the boat pointed straight ahead. Suddenly the shark reverts to its former tactics. It dashes off again, taking with it the best part of the line; but once more it pulls up short, and commences to swim in circles as before. Thus it carries on the contest. For a quarter of an hour or more, it vainly tries to free itself from the hook, until at last it becomes weaker, partly from struggling, and partly from the rush of water into its mouth, which is kept open by the heavy chain. Then when it offers no further resistance, Francisco winds up the roller and tells his son to row for the shore.

They beach the boat, and, aided by the incoming tide, drag their listless captive high and dry on to the sand. A few strokes from a rusty old axe sever the head from the body. Next, Francisco takes a large clasp-knife from the pocket of his overalls, cuts the shark open, and removes its enormous liver, which organ seems to occupy an unusual amount of space in its interior economy; while Thomas, who, in the meantime has returned from the shanty with some buckets, places it therein. This done, Francisco cuts off the dorsal fin, and making a deep incision down each side of the backbone, dexterously extracts that member, leaving the mutilated carcass on the beach, to be washed out to sea by the first receding tide. They then carry home their trophies. Their morning's work is done, and dinner well earned. In the afternoon, they repeat their labours of the morning.

Sometimes they catch four or five sharks in the day, sometimes only one or two—their luck depends on the season of the year. In the hot summer months, a run of man-eating sharks from the south reinforces the common local species known as 'sun-sharks.' These assume larger proportions than the harmless local variety, and furnish a greater supply of oil; but all the year round Francisco was sure of a constant supply of one kind or another. He laid their livers on a little platform in the sun, which renders out the oil, causing it to drip slowly into a barrel beneath. From a single liver he obtained from a gallon to five gallons. The last amount was of course taken from the large man-eaters; but no shark was too small for him to cut up. It was all fish that came to Francisco's net, or rather line. When he had filled a barrel with the oil, he nailed down the head and set it to one side, to wait until he had a supply of several hundred gallons. This cargo he loaded into his large fishing-boat—home-made, like the surf-boat—and sailed away north to the town of San Diego, in Southern California, the nearest of any size belonging to the United States. There he got rid of it to a Yankee merchant for fifty cents or two shillings a gallon. The dried dorsal fins, tied up in bundles, he sold to the representative of a Chinese firm for future sale to his fellow-countrymen, by whom they are esteemed as a great table delicacy. Occasionally, even the skin itself found a ready sale, for it is made into 'shagreen,' and used by cabinet-makers, who appreciate its fine rough inner surface, considering that it gives a superior finish to the harder and more valuable

woods than the finest sandpaper. And the backbones? They, too, are a source of revenue to the Lugo family. Of the many exquisite walking-sticks favoured by the American and Mexican swells on the Pacific coast, none are more beautiful than those made of this material.

In the evenings and during the daytime, when Francisco's wife, Juannetta was unoccupied with her household duties, she worked on these strange freaks of fashion. After one had passed through her hands and was ready for sale, it looked a delicate piece of workmanship, for all the world like an imitation Malacca cane carved in ivory. Her manner of working the raw material was simple in the extreme. The various joints of the vertebræ she separated with a sharp knife, throwing them into a pot of water. When this boiled, it caused the clinging flesh to fall away from the bone, leaving it snowy white. Then she took a thin steel rod and strung them on, the thicker ones at the top, the smaller ones at the bottom, tapering between the two extremes as any well-proportioned cane should do. At each end of the steel rod, a small nut screwed them all tightly together, closer, even, than originally, and made the joints invisible. Next came the setting of the ferrules and handles, which being done, a final rub down with the shark-skin added a smooth polished surface to an already artistic piece of work.

And this is how Francisco Lugo made his money. Perhaps one day in the future, as he sits beneath his own vine and fig-tree in the balmy air of Southern California, speculating on the orange crop before him, his thoughts will carry him back to an industry of which he was the pioneer. Yet he will not feel in his discovery that he has added aught to this utilitarian age. His mind will wander away to no abstract idea like that; he will not even remark that man can make all things subserve his needs. No; he will just lie back on his veranda, a cigarette between his lips, thankful that the period of his life is past when work was his lot, and intent on enjoying the balance of it in the Mexican style, dreamily satisfied with each day as it comes along.

ROMANTIC TALES OF INDIAN WAR.

By W. FORBES MITCHELL,
Author of *Reminiscences of the Great Mutiny.*

THE FIRST SIEGE OF BHURTPORE.

PART I.

In these days of machine guns and magazine rifles, territorial regiments without numbers, and Volunteers, I hope it will not be considered out of place if I recall a few of the brave deeds of the British army in the good old days of flint muskets, hand-grenades, and sergeants' pikes. But before proceeding further, I must inform my readers that these sketches are not given as serious and authentic history, but are compiled from my recollections of many such stories related to me by the old moon-shee, Rahim Buksh, who initiated me into the mysteries of the Hindustani language thirty-six

years ago, when I was still a slender-waisted 'griff'; but,

Like many, many memories, the griffs have passed away.

They live but in time-stricken men, or else lie hushed in clay.

However, in the good old days of which I write, there were still to be seen old soldiers in the invalid battalions of John Company Bahadur wearing the bronze star for the second siege and capture of Bhurtpore on their breasts. And many of the great host of camp-followers then in the bazaars of the army in India could, and did, boast that they had served under General Lord Lake, during the first siege of Bhurtpore and the other famous wars of that period of Indian history. To that class belonged old Rahim Buksh, the first moonshee, or Hindustani teacher, attached to the glorious old 93d Sutherland Highlanders just after the Mutiny. Although turned seventy-five years of age, the moonshee was still a hale and hearty old man; and having passed his whole life in the camps and quarters of the army, he was full of military lore and camp stories from the days of General Lord Lake to those of Colin Campbell (Lord Clyde). But Bhurtpore was his strong point. The first and second sieges of Bhurtpore formed the two leading epochs in the moonshee's life, and formed his era. Everything was dated from Bhurtpore. No matter what great event had ever come under the moonshee's notice, it either happened so many years before, or so many years after, the first or second sieges of Bhurtpore.

During the first siege by General Lake in 1805, the moonshee had served in the humble position of *carcoon*, or inkhorn bearer, to the head moonshee of the Quartermaster-general of the army of General Lake. But twenty-two years after, at the time of the second siege of this famous fortress, Rahim Buksh had been promoted to high rank in the Intelligence Department of the army under General Lord Combermere (Sir Stapleton Cotton, of Peninsular fame); and when primed with a pill or two of the much-abused opium, the old moonshee became very entertaining; and I believe he looked on himself as the veritable alligator who drank the moat of Bhurtpore dry and took the city. This allusion to the alligator (*Hindustani khumeer*) will be explained in the next Part, and those readers who have never heard the story must wait for the explanation. However, the fall of Bhurtpore was without doubt one of the most important events in Indian history; but to make this clear, I must relate the history of the first siege under Lord Lake in 1805.

Bhurtpore was the great fortress of the Jhats, one of the most warlike of the robber tribes of India. It lies about thirty miles west-north-west of Agra, and in the time of the Mogul Emperor Aurungzebe, the Rajah of Bhurtpore shook the Mogul Empire to its foundation, laying siege to the fortress of Agra, which he took, and seated himself on the famous black marble throne, or slab of black marble used as the coronation seat of the Mogul Emperors; and owing to this desecration

by the Jhat conqueror, the marble slab, according to my informant, burst a vein, and actually shed blood; and when the Jhats were eventually driven out of Agra, they carried off the famous two-leaved gate of the Taj Mahal with them. This famous gate was said to have been carved out of two solid slabs of agate, each slab of the estimated value of one crore of rupees (equal to one million sterling). This famous gate was never recovered by the Moguls; and the moonshee told me that the trophy was still in the treasury of Bhurtpore when the army under Lord Combermere was assembling for the second siege, thirty years before the Mutiny. But, by the advice of a Brahmin, the Rajah had the agate gates buried in the palace gardens; and every one of the men employed in concealing them was immediately slain; so that the hiding-place of the agate gates of the famous Taj Mahal, like the tomb of Alaric the Goth in the bed of the Apulian river, has not been discovered to this day.

On New-year's day 1805, General Lake, with a powerful army, advanced from Agra for the first siege of Bhurtpore, expecting that the fortress would fall an easy prey to the spoiler, because the defences were merely earthworks, consisting of large bastions built of sun-dried bricks. The strength of well-built earthworks was not understood in those days. But besides the earthworks, the whole city was encompassed by a deep and broad ditch or moat, full of water, fed by an underground current, the position of which was not known to living man, connecting the moat of Bhurtpore with a lake about twenty miles distant. But I don't vouch for the historical correctness of these statements; I merely give my recollections of the moonshee's narratives.

The siege of Bhurtpore opened on the 2d of January 1805; and by the 9th, the engineers pronounced the breach practicable, and the first attempt to take the fortress by storm was made; but although the troops, both European and native, showed the greatest bravery, they were beaten back with a loss of four hundred and fifty-six men killed and wounded. Between the 9th and 21st of the month, General Lake received reinforcements of both European and sepoy troops, and a second attempt to carry the fortress by assault was made. This also failed, with a loss of eighteen officers, and over five hundred men killed and wounded. After this heavy reverse, the British became hemmed in by the cavalry of Holkar, who, with other petty chiefs of Rajputana and Rohilkhund, had risen in favour of the Rajah of Bhurtpore, to harass the British by cutting off their supplies and communications.

Matters remained in this critical state till the 10th of February, when Major-general Jones joined General Lake with a division from Bombay, consisting of two regiments of king's troops, four of sepoys, and six hundred cavalry. Being thus reinforced, a third assault was made, which also failed, with a loss of eight hundred and ninety-four men killed and wounded.

After this third failure, the British cannon continued to play upon the fortifications day and night till the 22d February, when a fourth assault was made, Brigadier-general the Hon-

ourable G. Monson leading the stormers. The Brigadier and the force under him fought with the utmost bravery and desperation, but being far outnumbered by the enemy, who also fought like demons, the stormers were driven back at all points, with a loss of nine hundred and eighty-seven men killed and wounded. Few assaults in the annals of Indian sieges, and but few defences, were more stubbornly fought than this last assault on Bhurtpore. The old 75th, the Stirlingshire Regiment—now the 1st Battalion Gordon Highlanders, at present in Rawul Pindi—headed the stormers, and fought like tigers, as described by the old moonshee. But the bastion attacked, built of sun-dried bricks, was very high and steep, so high that no ladders could be got long enough to reach the top; and the men of the 75th, driven to desperation, unfixed their bayonets and drove them into the sides of the bastion, one over the other, and tried to scale it in that way; but they were knocked down by huge blocks of wood, and bundles of cotton steeped in oil and then set fire to and thrown on the heads of the stormers. Also bags of gunpowder, with lighted slow matches attached, were thrown from above amongst the crowds of stormers below; whilst the enemy, from a neighbouring bastion, kept up a destructive fire of grape and musketry, which told with terrible effect on the men in the ditch below.

The old moonshee had been shut up in the fortress of Agra during four months of 1857, until relieved by a column from Delhi, after its fall, *en route* to relieve Lucknow; and the old 75th forming part of the force which relieved Agra, the moonshee could not resist attaching himself to the old number, which had been named the Bengal Tigers, after the first siege of Bhurtpore; and the moonshee declared that in all his experience he had never witnessed fighting like the defence of Bhurtpore in 1805, till he saw the defence of the Shah-nujeeb at Lucknow on the 16th of November 1857, when the same tactics, of throwing burning cotton saturated with oil, and logs of wood, &c., on the heads of the stormers, were followed.

These several abortive assaults had cost the British army a loss of 2855 men, besides large numbers lost in the daily skirmishes with Holkar and the other chiefs, to enable the British to keep their line of communication open. General Lake might well be despondent at such a loss. Besides having expended an immense park of ammunition, his guns were almost worn out and unsafe, for several were bursting daily, and the cost of procuring stores from Agra had become enormous. But by this time the treasury of the Rajah had almost become empty, and the other Rajput and Rohilla chiefs, seeing no hope of further pay, quarrelled with Holkar and Bhurtpore, and drew off to their respective homes. Just at this juncture, news arrived from England that General Lake had been raised to the peerage, and the Rajah of Bhurtpore seized on that chance as an opening for friendly overtures, sending a deputation of his principal sirdars to the British camp, under a flag of truce, to present his compliments to General Lake on being

ennobled, and expressing a desire for peace and friendship with the British. From that day, fighting ceased, except with the troops of Holkar, who still hung on harassing the rear of the British, watching for a favourable opportunity to raise the siege.

A treaty with Bhurtpore was at length signed on the 10th of April 1805, the Rajah paying twenty lakhs of rupees (equal to £200,000 sterling) towards reimbursing the British for the cost of the war, and also handing over the fortress of Deeg to the British for ever.

In his despatches on the siege of Bhurtpore, Lord Lake attributes his defeat to the defects in the engineering branch of his army, and the want of men skilled in sapping and mining. However, immediately the treaty was signed, Lord Lake attacked the camp of Holkar, and totally routed his force with great slaughter, capturing the whole of his camp equipage and stores with a great number of horses.

Thus ended the first siege of the famous Jhat fortress; and after the British retired, the Rajah spent large sums in offerings to the Brahmins—the priests or highest caste among the Hindus—and one of them, reputed to be the most holy, advised the Rajah to build another large bastion on the bones of the British slain in the different assaults, and prophesied that if his instructions were carried out, the goddess Kalee—the Hindu goddess of war, and patroness of Thugs and murderers—had revealed to him that Bhurtpore thus defended would remain impregnable till ‘an alligator (in Hindustani, a *khumeer*) would come from beyond the sea and drink the waters of the moat dry. But I must leave the history of the second siege of Bhurtpore and the fulfilment of the prophecy, for another part of these Romantic Tales.

TWO LITTLE WORDS.

Two little words that trembled on my tongue,
And still those syllables remain unspoken;
Two souls that Fate in one accord had strung,
Could we the cruel silence but have broken.
Two little words, on which our futures hung,
And yet we parted, and betrayed no token.

Two little words, to utter which I'd striven;
But still those syllables remain unspoken.
We'd but to taste the bliss so freely given,
Could we the cruel silence but have broken.
Two words, that might have made this earth a
Heaven,
And yet we parted, and betrayed no token.

My vain regret my hours of Peace deprives,
For still those syllables remain unspoken.
That joy were ours that Life from Love derives,
Could we the cruel silence but have broken.
Two little words that might have linked two lives,
And yet we parted, and betrayed no token.

WILLIAM A. BOWRON.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 564.—VOL. XI.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1894.

PRICE 1½d.

THE ENGLISH POMPEII.

By CHARLES EDWARDES.

WROXETER hardly perhaps merits such a flattering title. But there is no knowing if exploration as systematic as that carried on in the dead city by Vesuvius would not yield results to Wroxeter as remarkable as those which astonish visitors to the Naples Museum. It is ascertained that Wroxeter's boundaries lie within a circuit of about three miles. Hitherto, a few hundred square yards of ploughed field are all that have been excavated, and here we see quite enough to make us wish for more. The rest of the city is hidden under cultivated land; its very walls are traceable only with the eye of faith, assisted by a certain antiquarian instinct. Coins, bones, hair-pins, and inscribed stones are now and again turned up by the ploughshare. But for years there has been no further attempt to disturb the interests of the agriculturist for the profit, possibly, of the archaeologist.

The Wrekin stands towards Wroxeter almost as Vesuvius does towards Pompeii. It is only some four or five miles distant: a noble wooded excrescence, that takes a different shape according to the point of the compass whence you view it. From the east and north-east a man might be excused for fancying it a dormant volcano. It has the outline of one, and at least a suggestion of the volcanic dimple at its summit. But of course it is only a dear, harmless, old mountain, the pride of Shropshire, and one of the best appreciated places of picnic in the Midlands. Yet, for all that, it doubtless had an intimate connection with Wroxeter or Uriconium a millennium and a half ago. There was a camp on the Wrekin; and without much exercise of fancy, one may believe that the soldiers on their airy perch had a code of signals for communication with the officials of the city so near to them. Wroxeter is of course only a corruption of Wrekinchester, even as Urr-

conium is closely akin to Wriconium. This somewhat paltry little assemblage of wall-fragments and the basements of houses and baths, as now it is seen, gets wondrous dignity from its association with the Wrekin.

It is not a very easy place to reach. The nearest railway station is two miles and a half away; and that is but a village stopping-place, with infrequent trains. From Wellington and Shrewsbury it is about equidistant: some six miles. The walk from either of these towns is well worth making. The Salop air is supremely good: it is a fine open country, and the Wrekin is an object that holds the attention all the way. Moreover, we are from Shrewsbury more or less in the Vale of Severn. The river is never far away, and where it is crossed at the peaceful hamlet of Atcham, it has a breadth and dignity worthy of an American stream. The wooded demesne of Allingham Hall gives rich colour to the landscape by Atcham, and it is from the south-eastern lodge gate of the Hall that one finally leaves the high-road to descend to the modest but sweetly pretty existing village of Wroxeter, on a knoll above the Severn, with fair outlook towards the mountains of Wales, across many a mile of ploughed field, meadow-land, and forest.

Both Atcham Church and Wroxeter Church, as well as other buildings in the neighbourhood, owe something of their material to the old Romans of Wroxeter. The district walls, too, are in parts a diverting compound of the work of masons of two very different epochs. And yet it is almost possible for the pedestrian—and certainly for the cyclist—to pass through Wroxeter without having an inkling that he is in no ordinary English village. The Roman pillars at the church gate ought, however, to be instant enlightenment to the man of a logical turn; and in the garden of the house on the south side of the church may be seen a cold-looking but very classical bower of ancient sculptured stones. For the rest, the church is just one of the heavy, stump-towered edifices

which abound in Shropshire, and apparently the twin of that of Atcham, two miles nearer Shrewsbury. It has many dainty chiselled fragments let into its wall-work, however; and its font is a large mass of stone transferred from the ruins many years ago. To the common tourist, who likes his 'sights' to appeal boldly to his eyes rather than to his understanding, the sixteenth-century tombs in the church are sure to seem the best things in Wroxeter. From certain aspects they are so. It is not often one discovers in England such admirably preserved recumbent marble figures. They form a most agreeable lesson in early English costume and handicraft. Wroxeter may be congratulated, indeed, on having so notably weathered the storm of iconoclasm which broke with such cruel fury over the rest of the land in the time of the Puritans. It were interesting to know what saved these monuments: local protectorate or the village's remoteness. Probably the latter influence; and not improbably the soothing beauty of the prospect across Severn's silvery stream, here pellucid and altogether charming with brambly braes, beneath the half-covert of which one may see the kingfisher flash by like an animated morsel of a rainbow. One is prone to beget fond idyllic thoughts in such a spot. Severn looks foul enough a few miles north and a few miles south, affected by the sewage of Shrewsbury in the one case, and that of Ironbridge in the other. But the river has meandered some eight or nine miles ere it reaches Wroxeter; so that its filth has had time to precipitate itself. Like enough, it is still as clear under the shadow of the village as it was a dozen and a half centuries ago, when the Romans crossed it by the local ford. Watling Street runs through the heart of Wroxeter and across the Severn here; but there are traces, faint yet conjecturable, of a bridge also, which must have been as necessary for the Romans in flood-time as for posterity.

The little nucleus of the Roman city uncovered is kept under strict control. The blacksmith has the key of the gate, and of course there is a fee, though not a fixed one. One must not expect such learned or even fluent 'ciceroni' here as at Pompeii, where the simple visitor is astounded by his guide's show of erudition. But there is a charm about the well-intentioned talk of the village wiseacre, as good in its way as that of the finished antiquary's. He mixes things up delightfully, and, like as not, points to a heap of ox and deer bones as human remains, and gazes at you to see if you shudder as you ought. Such terrible outlandish terms as 'sudatorium' and 'hypocaust' he takes at a canter, and is much averse to repeat. But he is a good-natured fellow at heart, and quite willing to enjoy a pipe, sitting on a crumbling fragment of a house-wall while you make notes or take photographs (including his) by the half-hour. Time was when better things were to be seen there than the present poor little spectacle. There was even something of an inscription like those which excite so many 'Ohs' and 'Ahs' at Pompeii: an inscription which especially appealed to the learned for its incomprehensibility. But fanatic

pleasure-seekers made an end of this fair problem: they poked it to pieces with their walking-sticks. Since then, everything portable has been carried off to the Shrewsbury Museum, where they may be seen to this day. But it is, we repeat, nothing like as rich a collection of trifles as might be expected from a more methodical research. Just a corner of the city has been opened out: that is all. It is as if the metropolis were smothered, and our ancestors were to pass opinions about its importance, based upon the results yielded by an acre or two of Leather Lane. At the same time, it must be remembered that Wroxeter owes its ruin to other causes than that of Pompeii. It was probably sacked time after time by Picts and Welshmen; and its blanket of earth has been woven upon it gradually, not all in a few hours, like Pompeii's.

The relics found here seem to confirm this conjecture. Skeletons have been removed from the hypocausts still in the crouching attitude they assumed when hiding from the marauders. They may have been suffocated while they lay thus hid. One, that of an old man, lay near a heap of coins, which it is supposed he was trying to save. They were not very valuable coins, according to the estimate of a nineteenth-century collector. But we may imagine them to have been his hoard of a lifetime. This lends to the discovery a true touch of pathos. The bones of women and children have also been unearthed in the houses, lying where they would certainly not have been buried. These also seem to testify to the crowning massacre, after which Uriconium was given to the flames, and its era of desolation set in. The date of this calamity has been ascribed to the sixth century, and it is certainly not improbable that the able-bodied Britons who escaped from Wroxeter made their way to Pengwern—which we know as Shrewsbury—and there helped to swell that rude settlement on the rock by Severn's side and among the willows and alders along its banks.

In the middle ages, Wroxeter existed only in its fragment of upstanding wall. But the old city was never quite forgotten in the neighbourhood. Those were the credulous days when old ruined places were believed to be haunted. To some extent this belief was a protection to such places, though it does not seem to have been strong enough to hinder the builders of Abbeys and Halls from appropriating their materials. Now and again, however, a rumour would spread that treasure lay hid under these mysterious remains of ancient habitations. From an old Chronicle of the monks of Worcester, we learn that Wroxeter was especially concerned in these quests. In 1287, for example, the devil was raised by arts of enchantment and forced to say something about 'urns and a ship, and a house, with an immense quantity of gold,' buried in the vicinity of the ruins. Unfortunately, we do not know the result of this particular search, though it may have been kindred to that mentioned by Eyton, the county historian, and which ended in the imprisonment of certain persons for digging at Wroxeter late in the thirteenth century. These individuals confessed on trial

that they had found nothing. This assuaged the wrath of the feudal lord, who then set them at liberty. It was next to nothing to his feudal lordship that in digging for treasure the depredators did grievous damage to the various structural remains of Wroxeter. Those were not the times for an enlightened appreciation of Roman arts.

Among the more interesting finds at Wroxeter were several moulds for forging Roman coins; at least, that is how the objects have been classified. But in justice to the character of the old city's inhabitants, it must be said that they may have been lawful mints for local use. Certainly there seems to have been no lack of cash of a kind in the place. From time immemorial, so-called 'dynders' (corrupted from 'denarii') have been upturned by the spade and the plough within the city's bounds. Nor could the industry of rubbish-picking have been much in request in old Wroxeter; for at the foot of a brief staircase used as a receptacle for the sweeping of the floors, the earth 'to the height of about sixteen or eighteen inches was filled with all kinds of objects, such as coins, hair-pins, fibulæ, needles in bone, nails, various articles in iron, bronze, and lead, glass, broken pottery, bones of edible animals and birds, stags' horns, tusks and hoofs of wild-boars, oyster-shells, in one of which lay the shell of a large nut, &c.' Samples of all these curios may be seen in the Shrewsbury Museum, which fulfils the part towards Wroxeter so worthily filled by the Naples Museum towards disinterred Pompeii.

As a proof that Wroxeter in the zenith of its fame enjoyed some of the luxuries of civilisation, a certain medicine stamp must be mentioned. It was used by one Tiberius Claudius, physician, to mark the bottles of a mixture which he sold for eye complaints. This relic also may be seen at Shrewsbury.

Of inscribed stones Wroxeter has not yielded great store. Probably more of them are incorporated in local walls and pavements than the district wots of. In the library of Shrewsbury College, however, there may be seen two, commemorating soldiers of the twentieth and fourteenth legions respectively, who died here, aged fifty-one and eighteen. In 1862 another sepulchral stone was found bearing an epitaph over which the antiquaries have been somewhat puzzled. It is enough here to give its last line, which embodies advice as good for our age as for the men and women of the first century after Christ: 'Live honestly while the time to live is given you.'

Little remains to be said about this defunct city. The man who visits it and does not take his imagination with him will be disappointed in it, in spite of the little area of white mosaic flooring and the herring-bone tile pattern, about which the guide may be expected to say a few words. These are the most impressive details of Wroxeter's remains as seen at Wroxeter; and in themselves they are not thrilling. Yet the place deserves to be visited, even as the surrounding fields deserve to be somewhat systematically explored. But the Romans and their walls apart, the little village itself, on its knoll above Severn's winding stream, is good to

get acquainted with. Life moves on its way here as quietly and swiftly as the river. It is a typical English village of the best kind, in which much happiness may be enjoyed cheek by jowl with the most positive monotony of existence.

THE LAWYER'S SECRET.*

CHAPTER XIX.—MR TEMPEST'S ADVICE.

It was by no means easy for O'Neil to know what he ought to do, especially as regarded Lady Boldon; but he thought he could hardly be doing wrong if he instructed a solicitor to appear for Thesiger the next time he was brought before the magistrate. He went, therefore, to Mr Downey, a well-known criminal lawyer, and laid the case before him. The solicitor showed that he at least knew how to fulfil the apostolic injunction, 'Be swift to hear, slow to speak;' he listened very carefully, and said very little. So far as he could make out, O'Neil thought that Mr Downey was of opinion that Hugh and Lady Boldon had planned and executed the crime in concert with each other.

'The first thing to do,' said Mr Downey, 'is to retain an experienced counsel. Do you propose to take a brief yourself?'

'I might take one; but I ought to have a leader,' returned Terence; 'and I think we had better have a stuff rather than a Q.C., so that he may appear in the police court.'

'What do you say to Mr Tempest?'

'The very man! I read with him, and we are great friends; so we shall understand one another thoroughly. He has plenty of experience; and in spite of his quiet manner, he's first-rate at getting a verdict.'

Mr Tempest was a specimen of a class of men who are pretty numerous at the English bar—men whose abilities have remained unknown, and who have therefore continued in poverty and obscurity till their hair has turned gray and their hearts have become sick with hope deferred. A lucky chance, such as comes—sometimes—to those who wait half a lifetime for it, had brought Tempest before the public, and given him an opportunity of showing what was in him. Almost at once, work had come in, and from that day it had never ceased to pour in upon him.

As O'Neil expected, he found Mr Tempest at his chambers. The 'rising junior' was not a man who cared to take a long holiday. The greeting between Tempest and his old pupil was of the friendliest nature.

'Light your pipe, my boy, if you have one about you—you generally have. That's right. I don't care about cigar-smoking in chambers; the smell lasts so confoundedly long. Now, sit down, and let us have a chat.'

'You won't guess what I have come here for,' said Terence, when the pipes had been set fairly a-going.

'You've got a brief, and you want to ask my advice on some point,' said the other with a smile.

'Wrong. I've come to offer you a retainer.'

* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

'You! You can't.'

'I'm the client—at least, I'm acting for him; and I've put the case into Downey's hands. He agreed that you were the best man we could have; and his clerk will be along presently with a retainer.'

'All right. What's the case about?'

'It's that case of poor Thesiger, who'—

Mr Tempest's face fell. 'I can't take it,' he said abruptly. 'I've just been briefed on the other side.'

'You don't say so! How unlucky! I thought old Busby was for the prosecution.'

'So he was; but he has been offered a police magistrateship somewhere in the north, and he sent back the papers.'

'Well, I suppose there's no more to be said,' returned Terence; and the two men began to talk about other subjects. Tempest noticed, however, that his young friend's attention was wandering; and after a time O'Neil began—'Tempest, I find myself placed in a very delicate and difficult situation, and I want your advice.'

The older man smiled. 'You know what asking advice generally means, O'Neil—simply trying to get somebody's approbation for doing what you want to do.'

'No, no; that's not my case,' said Terence earnestly. 'I'm in a difficulty. I don't know how to act.'

'Then I'm ready to hear you, my dear fellow, and advise you to the best of my power.'

'Thank you. You will excuse my not mentioning names, of course. Suppose you were acting for somebody, either as guardian or legal adviser, or simply as a friend, let us say, for some one in a foreign country, or otherwise unable to help himself.'

Mr Tempest nodded.

'And suppose this friend should be accused of a serious crime. And suppose you came upon a piece of evidence which it was greatly to his advantage should be produced, but which tended to incriminate another person, one to whom your friend was deeply attached, say a near relation, so that you knew your friend would rather it were suppressed, would you produce it, or keep it back?'

Mr Tempest smoked for some moments in silence. 'Would the production of this evidence exculpate the supposed friend?' he asked at length.

'Not exactly. It would not prove his innocence; but it would greatly reduce his guilt, by showing that he was acting at the instigation of another, who had great influence over him.'

'Then I think the evidence you speak of ought *not* to be suppressed,' said Tempest gravely. 'The only way in which you can avoid the duty of producing it is to resign your position of guardian, or agent, or legal adviser, or whatever it is. Tell your friend he must find some one else to act for him.'

'That is impossible,' said Terence quickly. 'He would make no effort to defend himself, and even go to penal servitude—or worse—sooner than do anything to harm the main actor in the crime. I see the truth must be told.' He was silent for a moment, and then

resumed—'As soon as it comes out, you will be informed of it by the Crown authorities, so there can be no harm in my telling you now. I have been talking of Thesiger's case all along. He and I, you know, are great friends, and he has no one else to defend him, for he will not stir hand or foot to help himself. He was a perfect stranger to Mr Felix—at least, they had only a nodding acquaintance. But poor Felix was solicitor to the late Sir Richard Boldon; and Thesiger is engaged to Sir Richard's widow, Lady Boldon—or at least he was deeply in love with her.'

As O'Neil was speaking these words he noticed that the hand with which his friend was carrying a lighted vesta to his pipe suddenly stopped. Tempest's gaze was fixed on the bits of burning wax, but he did not seem to notice that the light threatened to scorch his fingers.

'It may be,' continued Terence, 'that relations of some kind subsisted between Lady Boldon and Mr Felix. That, however, is only a guess on my part. What I do know is, that the prescription by which the drug that killed Mr Felix was procured still exists. It is in my pocket now. And beyond a doubt, it is in Lady Boldon's handwriting.'

At these words, Tempest started visibly, and threw a searching look at his friend.

'That match is going to burn your fingers,' said Terence.

Tempest threw the vesta into the empty fireplace. 'O'Neil,' he said, 'I am going to ask you a question, which you need not answer unless you like. Did you write an anonymous letter to the police about this affair?'

'I!' exclaimed Terence, bending forward in his chair, while a heavy frown gathered on his handsome young face. 'Certainly not. What do you take me for? An anonymous letter! I never wrote such a thing in my life!'

'I believe you, old fellow,' said Tempest quietly. 'I only wanted to have your specific assurance. But some one, presumably some friend of Thesiger's who does not want to appear, *has* written an anonymous letter to the chief commissioner of police; and in fact that was our real ground for asking a remand the other day. It will not be in the power of the police to take any action in the matter without the public getting to know of it, so I may as well tell you that in consequence of that letter the police are going to apply for a warrant to search Lady Boldon's house in the country.'

It was now O'Neil's turn to start.

'Of course, you will not take any action upon this in the meantime,' said Mr Tempest. 'But I advise you to hand over the prescription you got hold of to the people at Scotland Yard—that is, if you agree with me that it ought not to be held back. It certainly is an important document; and it fits in exactly with the information in the anonymous letter.'

'May I ask what the information was?'

'Simply a hint that if the police wanted to get to the bottom of the "Chancery Lane Mystery," as the papers call it, they had better make a thorough search of the house at Roby Chase.'

'It is very odd. I can't think who can have sent that letter,' remarked O'Neil.

'Oh, I fancy there is hardly a case that attracts public interest, in which the police don't get suggestions from anonymous correspondents. Some of them are of use occasionally,' answered Mr Tempest.—'You're going? Well, good-day. Next time you come to bring me news of a retainer, I hope I shall be able to take it.'

O'Neil followed his friend's advice, and placed the prescription which he had found at Hope Cottage in the hands of the authorities. And then, not unnaturally, he began to entertain doubts about the prudence of his conduct. As Tempest had told him, he could not continue to act for Thesiger and neglect this obvious means of serving his friend's interests; yet it seemed a dreadful thing that he should have acted as informer against Lady Boldon behind Thesiger's back. He wanted Hugh to know, at least, what the state of affairs now was; he wanted him to know that danger threatened Lady Boldon; and above all, he wished to impress upon him the necessity for abandoning his former attitude and standing strictly on the defensive. He therefore paid another visit to the prison. Hugh was thin and pale, as a matter of course; but he seemed less crushed by the calamity that had befallen him than Terence had feared to see him. The old pleasant smile lit up his face, when O'Neil entered his cell.

'Well, Terence, I see you are not one of those who are only fair-weather friends,' he said, holding out his hand.

O'Neil grasped it, and shook it heartily.

'Have you no scruple about taking the hand of a murderer?' asked Thesiger, with a touch of bitterness in his tone.

'If you had been a murderer, you would not have offered me your hand, as you know very well,' retorted O'Neil, as he seated himself. 'And I have come to warn you not to go on repeating to other people, and, above all, not to repeat in court, the nonsense you talked to me the other day about your being guilty of poisoning or drugging poor Mr Felix. You did nothing of the kind—or at least whatever you did was at the bidding of—some one else.'

Thesiger made no reply, but regarded his friend with a steady look, which said—'I hear what you say; but I am resolved to commit myself to nothing.'

'Hugh,' said Terence, after a pause, 'I am sorry to give you pain; but it is better that you should know the truth. Any idea you may have of sacrificing yourself in order to shield Lady Boldon had better be abandoned. It is known that the prescription for the cocaine'—

'Well—what of that?' asked the prisoner sharply.

'Why, you know,' said O'Neil in a shamefaced, hesitating way, 'it is in the lady's handwriting.'

One would have thought, from the air and demeanour of the two men, that O'Neil was the culprit, and that the real prisoner was his accuser. Thesiger continued to look steadily at his visitor for a few moments, and then burst into a laugh.

Terence was so surprised that he started from his seat.

'You laugh at this!' he exclaimed.

'I laugh to think of you and the other wise-aces making a mountain out of a molehill in that way,' he said. 'Why, the fact is, my dear fellow, Lady Boldon had been suffering from neuralgia for some days before this; and she had heard, or read somewhere, that this drug, cocaine, was a remedy for the complaint. So, when we came up to town, she asked me to get her the prescription made up at a druggist's; and I did so. That's all.'

'But, Hugh, why on earth didn't you say all this at first?'

Thesiger's face reddened.

'I had my reasons for holding my tongue,' he answered. 'But I see now that it is better to be frank about it. I admit that I bought the cocaine, and I can explain my doing so.'

'Yes; you bought it for Lady Boldon. That accounts for the prescription being in her handwriting. But why, then, did you keep the stuff, instead of giving it to her?'

To this Hugh made no answer.

'I suppose the chemist's boy was right, when he identified the fragments of the glass phial found under your bedroom grate?' asked Terence.

'Yes; it was the same phial. It was foolish of me to throw the thing under the grate; but the Temple is not an easy place to throw anything of that kind away in, so as to get completely rid of it.'

Terence fell into a brown-study. Surely, he was thinking, if Hugh had really wished to get rid of this evidence of his crime, he might easily have done so. Could it be that he had wished the broken phial to be found in his room after he had gone?

'Now, Terence, you may as well go home and forget all this,' said Hugh, laying his hand familiarly on his friend's shoulder. 'Forget it, that is to say, as far as you can, until the thing comes into court. Then, if you like to defend me, nominally under Downey's instructions, I shall be much obliged. It is more respectable to be attended by one of the faculty; and you may be able to get a verdict of manslaughter. In the absence of any proof as to motive, and the drug not being necessarily a poisonous one, you may reduce it to manslaughter.'

'Thesiger!' burst out Terence, 'how can you think and talk of it so coolly! You know very well that the crime was not really yours—that even if it was your hand that administered the cocaine, which I am not at all sure of, it was Lady Boldon's mind that contrived the crime, and her prompting that inspired you to do it.'

Thesiger's face flushed, and a frown gathered on his brow. 'Terence, my dear fellow, you are talking of what you know nothing about,' he said. 'Lady Boldon inspired me to do nothing—nothing at all, except to buy some cocaine for her neuralgia; and she spoke of that in the most open way possible. Why should you mix up her name in this unfortunate business?'

'It is not my fault if her name is dragged

into the matter!' cried Terence impulsively; 'but it cannot be kept out. I was told'—he hesitated for a moment, and then added, almost in a whisper—'I was told that the police intend to search Roby Chase to-night, or early to-morrow morning.'

Hugh could not repress a start. 'They may search as much as they please,' he said quickly; but O'Neil thought he saw signs of anxiety in his friend's face.

'Terence,' said the prisoner, in a low, earnest tone, 'don't think me ungrateful for your kindness. Indeed, your goodness is very great. You are the one man who has stood by me, and tried to help me. But you can do me no good. And it is possible that you may do harm without knowing it. You will oblige me exceedingly by saying no more about the matter. In fact, you may as well do what I ask, for I tell you plainly that I shall answer no more questions on the subject. I shall not even make any remarks about it. Drop it—there's a good fellow—drop it.'

Of course, after this there was no more to be said; and after a few minutes of rather constrained talk on other topics, O'Neil left the prison.

He felt more mystified than ever. He believed that Hugh was telling the truth about the purchase of the cocaine; and indeed he remembered that Lady Boldon had been complaining of neuralgia before he himself had left Roby Chase. If she and Hugh had not been acting together in this dreadful business, how came the phial to be found in Hugh's bedroom? That was only one of a dozen difficulties that suggested themselves to O'Neil's mind; yet now he felt—he could hardly tell why—less certain that the theory he had formed was the true one. Hugh's demeanour, the tone of his voice, the look in his eyes, were those of a man whose conscience was at ease. O'Neil was now inclined to believe that Lady Boldon had herself, for her own purposes, and unaided, drugged the old lawyer; and that Thesiger, to whom she must have confessed what she had done, was screening her, at the cost of his own good name, his liberty, and all that men hold dear.

TRADERS' TOKENS.

DURING the sixteenth century the national coinage was so unsatisfactory and inconvenient that large numbers of private traders and merchants were impelled to have halfpence and farthings manufactured for themselves. These 'Tokens,' as they were called, were made of lead, pewter, latten, tin, and even leather, and could only be made use of as currency at the shops or warehouses of their respective issuers. Notwithstanding the endeavours made during several reigns to put a stop to the circulation of this unauthorised coinage, Traders' Tokens continued to multiply to an astonishing extent, until, in 1672, a proclamation was issued, prohibiting their making or use under severe penalties. From that date until 1787 the issue of private tokens entirely ceased; but in the latter year, owing to the great scarcity of Government

copper coin, the Anglesey Copper Mines Company struck and put into circulation some three hundred tons of copper pence and halfpence. The bold example thus set was speedily followed by other trading firms all over the kingdom, and again the Government found it necessary to take action in the matter, which they did by issuing a new national copper coinage from the Soho Works, Birmingham. For some years the issue of private tokens was thus effectually checked; but in 1811, the authorised coinage again getting scarce, the Copper Companies and others recommenced the issue of batches of tokens. This went on until the 27th of July 1817, when the manufacture was prohibited by Act of Parliament, and all tokens in currency ordered to be withdrawn from circulation by the 1st of January 1818.

In this article it is proposed to deal only with the tokens of the latter end of the eighteenth, and the early part of the nineteenth century. As might be supposed, London took the lead in this wholesale manufacture of private tokens, and the specimens from that city are numerous. One very good halfpenny piece, issued in 1795, by Clark & Harris, 13 Wormwood Street, Bishopsgate, bears on the obverse a well executed portrait of 'George Washington, the Firm Friend to Peace & Humanity;' and on the reverse, a representation of a grate or fireplace, which probably points to the trade carried on by the firm. Another is 'Payable at the Residence of Messrs Symonds, Winterbotham, Ridgway, & Holt,' and is dated 'Newgate, 1793;' while the design contains a front elevation of the dismal and forbidding-looking jail. 'Dodds, Cheap Shop for Musical Instruments, New Street, Covent Garden,' issued a halfpenny in 1795, bearing a portrait of the composer Handel, and the legend, 'Instruments Tun'd & Lent to Hire.' A pretty token of 1794, with the royal arms on the obverse, and a representation of a candle-making machine on the reverse, informs the public that it comes from the shop of Francis Shackleton, London, who sells 'Fine Mould and Store Candles;' while an inscription on the edge—a very common peculiarity about these tokens—states that it is 'Payable in Suffolk Street, Hay-Market.' Another very fine token was issued in 1795 by Schooling & Son, Scale-makers, No. 44 Bishopsgate Within. On one side is a figure of Justice blindfold, holding a sword and scales, while beside her are the various standard weights. On the reverse is a grate, with a kettle on the hob, surrounded by an inscription stating that the firm's manufactory is in Crispin Street, Spitalfields, where they carry on business as furnishing ironmongers and smiths. A token bearing a bust of John Howard, the prison philanthropist, has nothing to show its origin except the inscription, 'Payable in London' round the edge. A very handsome coin of 1787 has the monogram 'P. M. Co.' in the centre of the die, surrounded by the legend, 'We Promise to Pay the Bearer One Penny.' This is carried out on the edge thus, 'On Demand in London, Liverpool, or Anglesey.' The Cheadle Copper and Brass Company circulated a penny token in 1812, payable in London, Cheadle, and Neath.

Of English provincial tokens there is a great variety. A Hull halfpenny, issued in 1794, has on the obverse a bust of Admiral Howe, and the legend, 'Earl Howe & The Glorious First of June'—an obvious reference to the great naval victory of that date. On the reverse are a sceptre and palm-branch crossed, surmounted by a royal crown, and encircled by rays; while below is a scroll bearing the motto, 'King & Country.' Jonathan Garton & Co., Hull, struck a halfpenny in 1791, having the triple crowns of the city arms on the one side, and an equestrian figure of King William III. on the other. The three crowns appear on another Hull halfpenny, which bears on the reverse a ship in full sail. A fine penny was issued in 1812 by J. K. Picard, of the Hull Lead Works, 'Payable in Bank of Eng^d or Hull Notes.' John Howard reappears on a 'Birmingham Promissory Halfpenny' of 1792, payable at 'H. Hickman's Warehouse.' Another Birmingham halfpenny, of 1793, having on the obverse an emblematical figure, and on the reverse the city arms, and the motto, 'Industry Has Its Sure Reward,' bears to be 'Current Everywhere.' A very interesting one, marked 'I. Alston Fecit, 1796,' has on one side a front view of a large building, with the inscription, 'Birm^m Poor House Halfpenny Token, Payable There.' On the reverse is a hive of bees—the application of which is not very apparent—and the inscription, 'For the Use of the Parish.' It is highly probable that this coin was used in paying the paupers their dole.

The Birmingham 1812 penny was issued by the Union Copper Company, 'Payable in Cash Notes,' and is a very handsome piece. Coventry has a good tokenage, in the design of which, as might be expected, the Lady Godiva on her palfrey takes a prominent position. This representation is invariably accompanied by the motto, 'Pro bono publico.' The opposite face generally shows the City Cross; but in one case at any rate this is replaced by an elephant and castle. Robert Reynolds & Co., and Thomas and Alexander Hutchison, both issued tokens in Coventry. A Kent halfpenny, issued in 1795 by Thomas Haycraft, Deptford, bears on the obverse a deck-view of the ill-fated 'Royal George,' surrounded by the sentiment, 'Prosperity to the Wooden Walls of Old England.' On the reverse is the motto, 'Kentish Liberty Preserved by Virtue & Courage, 1067,' encircling a somewhat fanciful portrayal of William the Conqueror's reception by the men of Kent. Another Kent halfpenny was issued 'For General Convenience' by W. Fuggles, Goudhurst, in 1794.

A Sheffield penny token of 1815 appears to be something of the same character as the Birmingham Poor House token of 1796, for it carries a view of a large plain-looking building, surrounded by the words, 'Overseers of the Poor.' The Lancaster halfpenny of 1792 has a fine impression of the head of John of Gaunt, and was issued by Thomas Worswick & Sons. The same year saw a token from John Kershaw, Rochdale, with the arms of the town on one side, and a weaver at his loom on the other. A very beautiful halfpenny was struck at York in 1795. On the obverse is a

finely executed perspective of the Minster, while the reverse bears an equally good view of Clifford's Tower. Round the edge is the inscription, 'York Built, A.M. 1223; Cathedral Rebuilt, A.D. 1075.' The Manchester halfpenny, issued in 1793, is payable also at Birmingham, London, and Bristol, and carries the civic arms, encircled by the words, 'Success to Navigation.'

Thomas Sharp, Portsmouth, issued a very interesting halfpenny, bearing on one side the inscription, 'St John Jervis with 15 sail persued & defeated the Spanish fleet of 27 sail of the Line, February 14th, 1797;' and, on the other, Neptune crowning the Admiral with a laurel wreath. This token is very rare, as it was soon withdrawn, owing to the error in spelling the word 'persued.' An Exeter halfpenny of 1792, from the warehouse of Samuel Kingdon, has the arms of the city on the obverse, and on the reverse a Bishop holding in one hand a Bible, and in the other a carding-comb! The legend is, 'Success to the Woollen Manufactory.'

James Tebays, Hastings, issued a halfpenny in 1794, with a ship, and the motto, 'Success & Safety Attend the Endeavour.' A Wainfleet token of 1793 is payable at the warehouse of D. Wright & S. Palmer, and informs the public that the place was founded by William Waynflete in 1459. A Maidstone halfpenny of 1795 has a figure of Justice, and the legend, 'The Spring of Freedom England's Blessing.' The motto on the Bath halfpenny is quaint, 'Alfred Ye Great Refounded Bath A.D. 900, and Surrounded it with Walls & Towers.' To illustrate this historical allusion the coin bears a head of King Alfred, and also a wall and towers. It was issued by Payne & Turner, silversmiths, but is not dated. The Bristol halfpenny, also undated, is a finely impressed coin. The legend on the obverse is, 'Success to the City of Bristol;' and on the reverse, 'Success to the Glass Manufactory'—a glass furnace being a prominent feature of the design. In 1811 the B. B. & Copper Company issued both a penny and a halfpenny, bearing the Bristol arms, but payable also at London and Swansea. Ipswich has a very fine halfpenny of 1794, with the City Cross on the obverse, issued at Conder's Drapery Warehouse. But good as is the Ipswich token, perhaps the best of all is from the same shire, the Blything Hundred halfpenny, struck in 1794. The impression is a most admirable one, and does great credit to the die-cutter. On the obverse is a gateway, flanked by towers, encircled by a garter bearing the motto, 'Liberty, Loyalty, Property,' and surmounted by a crown. The reverse shows a mounted trooper of the Loyal Suffolk Yeomanry at full gallop. The inscription round the edge reads, 'God Save the King and Constitution.' It is a pity there is nothing to show who originated this beautiful and patriotic token.

A Cinque Port halfpenny, issued by John Crow, coppersmith, in 1794, and payable at Feversham, has a quaint representation of a ship. The Norwich halfpenny of 1794 came from the shop of Richard Bacon, Cockey Lane, and has a well-executed view of the Castle, with the somewhat significant motto, 'Good Times Will Come.' The same year saw a token

issued at Brighton Camp, with a head of George, Prince of Wales, on one side, and his well-known crest on the other. A halfpenny issued at Salisbury in 1796, by J. & T. Sharpe, has the arms of the city, surmounted by the words, 'Fine Teas, &c.'! On the reverse is the Cathedral Church of Sarum. A very handsome 'Commercial Halfpenny' was issued at Leek in 1793; and in 1795 another was current in the counties of Cambridge, Bedford, and Huntingdon. A penny token, undated, comes from Jackson & Lister, Barnsley. In 1811 one of similar value was circulated by J. Forrest & Co., nail and trace manufacturers, Lye Forge. The following year brought forth a Cornish penny, with the Prince of Wales's (Duke of Cornwall) feathers, 'Payable at Scorrier House. One Pound for 240 Tokens;' and also a fine penny from the British Copper Company at Landore and Walthamstow.

Coming now to Scotland, we have, first of all in 1790, the halfpenny issued by Thomas & Alexander Hutchison, Edinburgh, who appear also to be responsible for the Coventry token previously noticed. The Edinburgh token bears on the obverse the city arms, and on the reverse St Andrew with his cross, flanked by thistles, and surmounted by the motto, 'Nemo me impune lacesset.' A halfpenny of almost identical design appears in 1791, 'Payable at Edinburgh, Glasgow, & Dumfries.' In 1797, Joseph Archibald, seedsman, Edinburgh, issued a halfpenny; and in the following year a very fine one came from Anderson, Leslie, & Co. On the obverse is a view of the University of Edinburgh with the dome as originally designed, and on the reverse a husbandman standing, spade in hand, beside a tree. The inscription reads, 'Neu segnes jacent terræ; etiam montes conserere juvat.' In an undated Glasgow halfpenny the ubiquitous John Howard again turns up, the other face of the token bearing the civic arms and motto. A Glasgow token of 1791, 'Payable at the House of Gilbert Shearer & Co.,' has the arms on the obverse; and on the reverse an emblematical figure of the genius of the Clyde, with the motto, 'Nunquam arescere.' In 1813 there appeared a penny token from the Phoenix Iron Works, Glasgow, containing a view of the buildings.

Dundee has a capital series of 1797, comprising penny, halfpenny, and farthing. On the penny we have the Town House, founded in 1732, reversed by a view of some of the public warehouses on the quay, with the city arms underneath, and the very interesting inscription, 'Shipping of this Port, 8800 tons Regr.' This coin was payable by Thomas Webster, Junior. The halfpenny has on the obverse a view of Dudhope Castle, founded in 1660, and converted into a barracks in 1794; while the reverse shows a man heckling flax, and gives another interesting piece of information, namely, '3336 Tons Flax and Hemp Imported Here in 1796, Value £160128.' The farthing of 1797 has on one side the Trades' Hall, and on the other a horse drawing a loaded cart, and the motto, 'Sic itur ad opes.' Another Dundee farthing, undated, but initialed 'J. M. & Co.,' shows on the obverse a pair of scales, and on the reverse a soldier, with shouldered musket, flanked on

one side by a cannon, and on the other by a castle.

Perth has two good halfpence of 1797, one issued by Patrick Maxwell, who appears by the design to have been a manufacturer of rope or cordage; and the other by David Peters, wine and spirit merchant. Both have the city arms, with the alliterative motto, 'Pro rege, lege, et grege;' and Peters's coin has a representation of machinery used in the process of distillation. Another very fine halfpenny, circulated by John Ferrier, Perth, but undated, has a view of the stone bridge across the Tay, finished in 1770, and on the opposite face a fisherman drawing in his net, and the motto, 'Rete trahito fauste.' The Perth farthing of 1798 is a very beautiful little coin. On the obverse is Monk's Tower, and on the reverse a woman with a watering-can, engaged in sprinkling clothes, the inscription reading, 'In our Vicinity are the Finest Streams & Fields for Bleaching in Britain.'

In 1796 Bissett & Son, Montrose, issued a halfpenny token, with a view of the town and bridge, and an emblematical figure of Industry. Another Montrose halfpenny was issued in 1799, with the town arms, and a front elevation of the Montrose Lunatic Hospital in 1781.

Leith had a halfpenny tokenage in 1796, 'Payable at the House of John White, Kirk-gate.' On the obverse is a view of the pier, with a ship in full sail, and the motto, 'Success to the Port of Leith.' The reverse shows a female figure seated, with scales in hand, while in front of her are a bale labelled 'Tea,' and, sad to say, a cask marked 'Gin.' Surely the designer did not intend a sly hit at the bibulous proclivities of the lady with the scales! The Leith halfpenny of 1797 calls for no remark, except that it appears to have been negotiable in Edinburgh and Glasgow.

The capital of the Highlands was quite up to date in this matter of coinage, for at least as early as 1793 a well-designed halfpenny was issued by Macintosh, Inglis, & Wilson, Inverness, in which the cornucopia and 'Clachnacudain' both find a place. John Steele, Forfar, is the sponsor of an excellent token, with a view of that town in 1797; and there was also an issue of copper tokens at Culross, for the Wester Main Colliery.

Dublin supplies a neat halfpenny token, bearing the arms of the city, and the Harp of Erin upon a wave-washed rock, with the motto, 'God Grant Peace.' Another Dublin token, a penny, was issued in 1814 by E. Stephens. On one face is the crowned harp, and on the other a bust of the Iron Duke, and the legend, 'Wellington & Erin Go Bragh.' A halfpenny, issued in 1794, is 'Payable in Cork or Dublin.' Cronebane had a halfpenny token, with a bust of Bishop Blaize.

The Anglesey Mines' tokenage was payable in Anglesey, London, and Liverpool; and there was a North Wales halfpenny in 1793, payable in London, Liverpool, and Lancaster. Another North Wales token of the same year is payable at Redworth, Hinkley, or Nuneaton. A Manx halfpenny token of 1811, from Douglas, has on the one face Atlas bearing the universe on

his shoulders, and on the other the well-known 'Three Legs of Man.'

Colonial tokens form a numerous class, but, being generally issued by banking companies, they are outwith the scope of the present article. The study, however, if properly followed up, is a fascinating one; and it is often surprising to discover what a ray of light an insignificant-looking little copper token can sometimes throw upon the social life and history of our forefathers.

RICHARD MAITLAND—CONSUL.

CHAPTER III.

MEANWHILE, Maitland was spending an uneasy night. At the betrothal feast he had given Pennant more than one anxious glance; but the young Englishman's cool and sensible behaviour had induced him to hope that he had got the better of his mad infatuation, and that he had made up his mind not to proceed to extremities. On leaving the banqueting-hall, however, Maitland observed that Pennant's seat was empty. The Consul went hastily into the outside court of the Yamun to look for him. He could not see him anywhere; and not being able to feign any excuse to prolong his own visit, went home.

During the night, Maitland's latent uneasiness took the form of strange dreams. In these dreams Pennant himself no longer existed. The Consul found himself back again in the old days long before the birth of this young man. He was walking with Lady Margaret, who became once again the tall, slim, and fair maiden of his dreams. He awoke presently with her name on his lips. Surely it was a queer dream; he almost laughed to himself as he recalled it.

At this moment, Bryce entered the Consul's room and presented him with a note. 'A messenger from the Prefect's Yamun has brought this,' he exclaimed. 'The man comes direct from the prison, and I fear there is bad news.'

'Good heavens!' exclaimed Maitland; 'it has nothing to do with that fool-hardy boy, I hope?'

Bryce was silent.

Maitland tore open the note, which was a hasty scrawl in poor Pennant's writing. 'Your prophecies have come true,' he wrote. 'I was imprisoned last night in my attempt to rescue Amethyst. I am certain to go to the execution-ground unless you can devise some means of rescuing me. For my mother's sake, I beg of you to do what you can. I know that, after your warnings, I deserve nothing at your hands; still, if it is in your power to rescue me from a horrible fate, I am sure I shan't plead in vain.'

The letter was without signature.

'Bryce,' said Maitland in a choking voice, 'leave me for a few minutes. I must get up immediately. Wait in the anteroom until I come to you; and—hark you, Bryce—tell that fellow from the prison to wait.'

Bryce nodded, and left the room.

Maitland dressed himself in double-quick time and joined his servant in the anteroom.

'The poor lad is in the clutches of those brutes,' he said. 'My worst fears are realised. At any cost, he must be rescued. I won't write to him, Bryce, for the letter might get into the wrong hands, and only do mischief; but tell the fellow who brought it that he may assure Mr Pennant that I won't leave a stone unturned to save him. Send the man back with this message immediately, and then come to me.'

'Yes, sir,' said Bryce.

He saw the man from the prison, delivered the Consul's message, and further added from himself, that the young Englishman was regarded as a god in his own land, and that he had money to any extent. Bryce then went back to the Consul.

'Order my sedan-chair,' said Maitland. 'I must go without a moment's loss of time to the Prefect's Yamun.—No; I cannot wait for breakfast. There is no rest for me until I get the lad out of that infernal prison-house.'

On his way to the Prefecture, Maitland thought again of his dream of the previous night. 'I wondered why it was sent to me,' he said to himself; 'but now I clearly understand. If I had needed an incentive to help that poor lad, the dream of his mother as she was in the old days would give it. The fact is, I could never hold up my head again if her boy met with a violent end in this place.'

Maitland reached the Yamun, and sent in an immediate message to request the Prefect to grant him an interview.

He was asked to wait in one of the anterooms while the messenger carried his request to Le.

Meanwhile, Le, aided by Wang's spiteful words and bitter insinuations, was hard at work. Early as it still was in the morning, he had already written and despatched a hasty letter to the Viceroy of the Province. In this mendacious epistle, he reported that a violent riot, instigated by a foreign rowdy, had broken out the evening before in the city; that after his men had performed prodigies of valour, the rioters had been dispersed and the leader made prisoner. As this man was a dangerous character, the Prefect begged leave of the Viceroy to send him to instant execution. This document, the moment it was written, was despatched to the provincial capital, and the Prefect sank back in his chair with a sigh of relief. He even laughed aloud in his fiendish glee. 'That document will settle the fate of the foreign barbarian,' he said, turning to Wang.

Wang bowed, and expressed his satisfaction at hearing the Prefect's opinion; and Ming, who at this moment entered the room, was further informed of the hopeful position of affairs.

'There is nothing for us now but revenge,' exclaimed the Prefect; 'and revenge we are likely to have.'

The three men were busy talking over these matters, when a servant entered the study with the message of the English Consul.

'Leave the room, and return when I call,' said Le.

The man made a low bow, and retired.

Le looked at Wang, who, in his turn, gave a glance of quick interrogation, first at Ming, and then at the Prefect.

'It is evident,' said Wang, 'that the English Consul has got wind of the Englishman's imprisonment. If he interferes, we may yet lose all.'

'Not we. I'll undertake to manage him,' said the Prefect. 'I'll decline to see him.'

'Lai!' (Come!) he shouted. When the servant appeared, he gave him an obsequious message. 'Tell the English Consul,' he said; 'that I much regret being obliged to decline the honour of an interview with him; but sudden and severe illness makes it impossible for me to see him to-day.'

The man immediately retired, and repeated this message to Maitland, who received it with outward quietness. He immediately left the Yamun, entered his sedan-chair, and told the bearers to take him back to the Consulate. When he reached home, he desired Bryce to follow him at once to his private study.

'It's just as I feared, Bryce,' he said; 'the Prefect is evidently bent on revenge. Whispers have reached me that he is furiously angry, and I have not the least doubt that he has already asked for an order from the Viceroy for that poor lad's execution. In short, if we don't take immediate and serious steps, Mr Pennant's life will be the forfeit. The Prefect has refused to grant me an interview on a trivial pretext, and I can see that it is war to the knife.'

'What do you think of doing, sir?' asked Bryce.

'It is war to the knife,' repeated Maitland—'war to the knife; and whoever is first in the field wins.—Leave me for a few minutes, Bryce. I must write a letter to the Prefect, which you will take to him immediately.'

Bryce withdrew; and Maitland sat before his desk. He was always a determined-looking man. As he wrote, the expression of his face grew hard and firm. His letter ran as follows:

(After Compliments).—'I have been made acquainted with the fact that you have committed an Englishman of the name of James Pennant to prison in your Yamun. I claim his release immediately, and will undertake to be responsible for his custody. May every prosperity be yours. RICHARD MAITLAND.'

This letter was addressed to the Prefect, and despatched immediately.

In the course of the afternoon, Maitland received the following reply:

'Respectfully I beg to thank Your Excellency for your communication. James Pennant is a prisoner in the prison-house of my Yamun. I have, in accordance with usage, referred his case to the Viceroy of the Province, and am therefore unable to act in the matter of the prisoner's release without his instructions. May ten thousand happinesses be in store for you. Le.'

When Maitland read this unsatisfactory letter, his face turned very white. He motioned to the messenger to await his reply, and went

back to his study. He summoned Bryce, who appeared immediately.

'You know the English frigate lying off the port, don't you?' he asked.

'Yes, sir—the *Rattler*.'

'I shall require you to take a message to the Captain directly. In the meantime, wait here while I write a reply to the Prefect's letter.'

Maitland then hastily wrote as follows:

(After Compliments).—'As English Consul, I insist upon the release of the Englishman, James Pennant. If he has not been committed to my custody within twelve hours from now, I shall enforce my claim with the assistance of the Captain of Her Majesty's ship *Rattler*, at present lying off the port. May your happiness continue and increase.

RICHARD MAITLAND.'

This letter was despatched immediately; but Maitland waited in vain for any reply. The facts were these: Le only wanted time to carry out his own fiendish schemes. He thought the Viceroy's answer would in all probability reach him that evening. If so, Pennant could be executed in the morning. When Pennant was no more, it would be easy to dare the English Consul to do his worst.

When the sun went down, the letter so eagerly expected arrived. It consisted of eulogies on the Prefect's conduct in having preserved the peace of the city, and gave full consent to the execution of the ringleader.

'It is as I hoped,' exclaimed Le. 'The disgrace on my house shall be fully avenged, and that foreign devil shall go to his doom in the morning.'

'I should wish to be present at the execution,' said Wang, over whose sallow face a glow of satisfaction was now visible.

'Yes, you shall come,' said Le. 'You also, Ming, shall accompany us to witness the barbarian's last agonies.'

Le Ming, however, was silent. He was too cowardly to dare to express his real sentiments, but in reality he did not wish his quondam friend to die. He had seen Amethyst in the course of the day, and the poor girl's agonies of distress, and piteous entreaties to him to save Pennant, had disturbed him disagreeably. It was distasteful to him to see suffering of any sort; and as it was inevitable that poor Pennant must pay the price of his rashness with his life, Le Ming trusted that Wang would quickly marry the miserable little Amethyst, and so take her out of his sight. He was hurrying to his own apartments, intending to soothe his fears with a pipe of opium, when he was startled by feeling a light hand laid on his arm, and looking round, he saw his sister.

'I managed to evade my jailers, and I am here,' she exclaimed. 'I know the worst. The Viceroy has ordered the Englishman to be executed in the morning.'

'You know nothing of the kind,' replied Ming.

Amethyst looked at him fixedly. 'What is the use of telling lies at a moment like this?' she answered. 'Don't I know my nation and its ways? You must help me.'

'I cannot, Amethyst. It is as much as

my life is worth even to be seen talking with you.'

'No one sees us,' replied Amethyst. 'But if you don't promise to help me, I'll scream as loud as ever I can until some one comes.'

'Come into my room,' said Ming, drawing his sister roughly forward as he spoke.

'Now,' he said, 'what do you want me to do?'

'I have written a note to the English Consul; here it is. I want you to take it to him immediately.'

'You must be mad!'

'I am not mad. This note must reach the Consul somehow to-night.'

'You have lost all sense of decency and honour,' said Ming in disgust. 'You are infatuated—beside yourself. I cannot listen to your wild and wicked words another moment.'

Amethyst covered her face with her hands. 'I am in despair,' she moaned—'in such dreadful despair that I cannot even cry. Your cruel words do not hurt me—nothing hurts me but the death of the man I love. Surely, Ming, even you, hard as you are, cannot wish him to die?'

'That is true enough,' replied Ming. 'I have no personal dislike to the Englishman. He committed the blackest of crimes when he aspired to your hand. Before that incident, I liked him.'

'Then prove your liking. Take this note to the Consul. You need not see him. Deliver the note to one of his servants, and come away.'

'If I do this for you, Amethyst, will you do something in return for me?'

'Yes, if I can.'

'Will you marry Wang quietly to-morrow evening, and go away?'

'If Wang insists upon it, I will.' Amethyst's face looked pale and resolved.

Le Ming took the note without another word, and she glided back to her own apartments.

That evening late, poor Amethyst's badly written and distracted note was slipped softly into Bryce's hand by a Chinese messenger who crept up to him under cover of the dusk. Bryce took the letter at once to his master. It only contained these words: 'The Englishman's doom is sealed—unless you save him, he will be executed in the morning.'

Maitland read the note, and handed it to his servant. 'We have not made our preparations a moment too soon,' he said with a grim smile.

The following morning dawned with a thick yellow fog. Pennant, after going through twenty-four hours of every conceivable agony both of mind and body, had fallen into a light sleep. The prisoner whom he had bribed to carry his note to Maitland sat at a little distance watching the young man's pale face as it was reflected by the light of a greasy lamp. It is not in the nature of the ordinary Chinaman to yield to painful emotion, and although Sing knew that the foreigner must die, his sole regret now consisted in the thought that those bribes which he hoped to wring from him would cease.

A jailer came in, kicking Sing aside as he did so. He went up to the Englishman and shook him roughly. 'You are ordered to instant execution—get up,' he said.

Pennant started, and for a moment looked round him in a state of bewilderment. When so cruelly awakened, he had been indulging in pleasant dreams: he was once more back in England—he was with his mother—Amethyst was by his side—all was well. The appalling reality caused his brave spirit to quail for an instant.

'What are you lingering for?' said the jailer. 'Come along at once. His Excellency, Le, is waiting outside. It will be all the worse for you if you keep him.'

'I am ready,' answered Pennant. With a strong effort, he pulled himself together. Whatever happened, he must meet his fate like a man. 'My real sorrow is for Amethyst,' he murmured under his breath; 'she will be left to the tender mercies of that brute Wang.'

The jailer loosened his chain, and he followed the man out of the prison with a steady step. A little crowd of people had already formed just outside the gates of the prison. Le and Wang were there in sedan-chairs.

The moment Pennant appeared, he was seized with brutal roughness by two or three coolies, who flung him into a basket which was slung on a pole. The pole was lifted at either end by a couple of men, who immediately started forward at a quick trot. They were followed by a number of lictors; and the rear of the procession was brought up by the Prefect and Wang in their state chairs. This gloomy procession had almost reached the dismal execution-ground, when a sudden shout arose on the foggy morning air. It pierced the thick gloom like a knife, and aroused poor Pennant from a sort of semi-delirium into which he had sunk. He seemed to himself to be far away from his present horrible surroundings. The thought even of Amethyst had faded from his mind: he thought that he was talking to his mother, and he felt a thrill of comfort as he listened to her soft tones in reply.

Suddenly the hearty cry of English voices awoke him to full and vigorous consciousness. He sat up, looked eagerly round him, and made frantic efforts to get out of the basket. His chains prevented this; but his quick eyes had already seen the welcome face of Maitland. The Consul was accompanied by a couple of naval officers and some twenty to thirty blue-jackets. When Maitland saw the gloomy little procession, he stopped, and spoke eagerly to the Captain of the frigate who walked by his side.

'Merciful heavens! Rice,' he exclaimed, 'we are only barely in time. That poor girl only spoke the truth in her note. The Prefect wanted to steal a march on us. That unfortunate wretch in the basket on his way to execution is no other than poor Pennant.'

'Is it indeed?' exclaimed the Captain. 'Well, we'll soon set him free.' He turned to his men. 'The prisoner in that basket is the Englishman whom you want to release,' he said; 'now is your time.'

With a truly British cheer the sailors rushed

at the guards. They made a slight resistance, but quickly took to flight, leaving their prisoner on the ground.

Wang shrank back in terror in his sedan-chair; but the Prefect, supported by the rage which consumed him, would not let his prey go so easily. He struggled out of his chair, and, with most unwonted activity, rushed at Maitland, who was bending over Pennant and trying to loosen his chains. The angry Prefect began to use fists and feet with wonderful zeal, and Maitland might have had some trouble in defending himself, if a sailor, seeing the position of affairs, had not suddenly rushed to the rescue. He caught hold of the Prefect's tail, wound it round his hand, and gave that lofty mandarin so vigorous a pull that it laid him prostrate.

Several sailors now came up, and, with some difficulty, succeeded in removing Pennant's heavy chains. They then seized hold of the Prefect's sedan-chair, and carefully lifted the young man into it. An imperative order was given to the red-tasselled and official-coated bearers, who, afraid to disobey, carried the young man to the Consulate.

AT 'SIMPSON'S.'

CHESS, like coffee and many other things, came from the East. It has, of course, in passing from India to Europe become somewhat unlike the original game, for the genius of the Western mind has left its impress upon it—the European, his mark—and certain modifications have resulted. But it was very good of Chess to travel westwards, for it might, like those mysterious beings, the Mahātmās, have preferred to remain in some dark, unfathomable region of the East. Its coming hither has certainly given many an hour of enjoyment to thousands, and the number who find pleasure in the game is constantly increasing. The match between Steinitz and Lasker, recently finished; the competition between North and South; besides many other meetings of recent date—these all show that the interest in the ancient game is more than maintained.

The defeat of Steinitz by a young player like Lasker has been the subject of conversation in chess circles recently, and it is clear that Lasker's play is to some extent a revelation to many. He plays a strictly defensive game, and, like a wary general, he always manages to profit by the slightest mistake on the part of his opponent. The play of the young champion is not, therefore, particularly brilliant, but is exceedingly careful. It is clear that Lasker has no belief in fireworks.

The chess centre of London is, as all the world knows, 'Simpson's.' The Divan, as it is called, is the place where, at some time or other, every chess-player of note may be seen. Here it is that the English professional Bird reigns, and, unlike some reigning monarchs, he is to be seen almost daily. Entering Simpson's at any hour after noon, Bird is the first individual you note; and, however long you may remain, he is certain to be there when you leave. Bird has been playing chess for

fifty years, and he is still in the very front rank of the Masters. Yet he is always ready to play with a young amateur, and will readily explain and assist the novice to a right understanding of the game. Bird is a quick player. The writer took notes of a game between Bird and a foreign professional some time ago, and whilst Bird made seventy moves in an hour, the foreign player occupied nearly four hours for the same number of moves. And Bird won!

Blackburne, the well-known blindfold player, is sometimes to be seen at Simpson's. In the course of conversation with him recently, he told the writer that most people were of opinion that he could play better if he did not see the board. Blackburne advised the writer never to take the odds of a piece, as a victory gained under such conditions is never satisfactory. Blackburne is, like Bird, in the front rank of English players. He moves without hesitation, whether blindfold or otherwise; and he is undoubtedly the best blindfold player of the day. Bird does not practise blindfold play; and few men are equal to the strain. Blackburne is getting into years. He is, however, very bright and cheerful, in spite of the fact that he has been playing more years than he cares to remember. One thing he told the writer recently, when playing a game, was that the amateur play of the present day is far better than at any previous period.

Whilst Blackburne is a rare visitor at Simpson's, a young Frenchman named Rollond is there almost daily. This player hails from France by way of Tonquin. He filled a post of some kind when the French first went to Tonquin; but as M. Rollond is fond of chess and is an expert player, he seems to have made a home for himself in England, and a special home from noon daily at Simpson's. The writer has played many a game with him, and has in every instance sustained defeat. The Frenchman plays a very strong game, and few amateurs can beat him.

Many other masters of chess may be seen at Simpson's. There is a professional there daily, and he is known as 'the old Frenchman.' He is a little old man, who speaks but rarely, and when he does, it is in his own language. He plays a fairly strong game, and is not usually caught napping. He always sits in the same seat, and appears absorbed in thought. Rumour has it that the little man has been playing at Simpson's more years than most people can remember, and that he has always been known as 'the old Frenchman.'

If Simpson's never suffers for lack of 'Masters,' there is also plenty of amateur play going on, and that of the best. Strong players, both London and provincial, not to speak of colonials, pay frequent visits. Simpson's is a magnet which draws hither those who love chess. It therefore follows that many a clergyman, after attending a 'May Meeting' at Exeter Hall, hard by, drops in for a quiet game. And some clergymen play chess very well indeed, many being more at home at the chess-board than when in the pulpit.

Chess is also played a good deal by professional men; and barristers, solicitors, bankers,

stockbrokers, as well as the lesser fry of the busy microcosm of London, drop in at Simpson's for a game. These amateurs are in many instances strong players, and a professional player now and again has to acknowledge his master in the shape of a banker or stockbroker. But it is usually the other way about, and many a 'strong' amateur—'strong,' that is, in his own estimation—sustains a crushing defeat at the hands of Bird, Fenton, or some other professional player. The writer has in his mind's eye the figure of a 'strong' man from a provincial town. He entered Simpson's with an air of assurance, and took a seat opposite Bird. He then commenced humming an air from an opera, and afterwards said carelessly to Bird: 'Do you play chess?'—Receiving an answer in the affirmative, he afterwards said that he was the strongest player in his town, and that he had defeated a professional who had once visited the place. Bird expressed his pleasure at hearing this, as he liked to play with strong players. The amateur then commenced playing, humming a tune to himself the while. He moved very rapidly, and appeared to be making the book moves of one of the regular openings. But Bird's defence was of a peculiar kind, involving the sacrifice of pieces for a position. At the sixteenth move Bird called 'Check,' and at the eighteenth he announced, 'Mate in two.' The face of the amateur was twice as long as at the commencement of the game, and the humming of operatic airs had quite ceased. Other games followed; but the 'strong' amateur lost three games in less than an hour. It may be guessed that he left the building a sadder and a wiser man, and with a special knowledge of the different degrees of strength in chess.

But let it not be supposed that strong players do not hail from provincial towns. The strongest players are, of course, in London; but there are many players who can hold their own with the best London men, and there is a continual improvement in this respect.

One word of advice to lovers of chess all the world over. If you wish to improve your play, do not forget to drop in occasionally at Simpson's.

ROMANTIC TALES OF INDIAN WAR.

THE SECOND SIEGE OF BHURTPORE.

PART II.

FROM the date of the repulse of the British from Bhurtpore in 1805 till 1825, the Rajah of Bhurtpore faithfully observed the treaty entered into with the British, as related in the first part of these tales; and in 1824 the reigning Rajah, Baldeo Sing, a few months before his death, got the British Government to recognise his only son, a boy of five years of age, as his heir. A few months after this recognition, Baldeo Sing slept with his fathers, and his son, Bulwunt Sing, reigned in his stead, under the guardianship of a maternal uncle. But the late Rajah had a nephew, named Doorjun Sal, an ambitious, bold, and bad man,

who, in defiance of the guarantee of the British Government, dared to usurp the throne of Bhurtpore. Seizing the citadel, he murdered the uncle and guardian of the young Rajah, making a prisoner of the boy, Bulwunt Sing, but not then daring to put him to death, being somewhat in dread of the power of the British, but mainly because he was not sure how far he would be supported in his usurpation by Scindia, Holkar, and the other chiefs of Rajputana. Sir David Ochterlony was then the Resident at Delhi, and he immediately sent a demand to the usurper for the surrender of young Bulwunt Sing, the rightful and recognised heir to the throne of Bhurtpore. This demand was defiantly refused; and the British Government recognised the fact that if the life of Bulwunt Sing, the rightful Rajah, was to be saved, no time must be lost in useless negotiations before sending an army to lay siege to Bhurtpore in the cause of the young Rajah.

The British well remembered the failure of Lord Lake to capture this famous fortress in 1805, and recognised the fact that a second defeat might prove disastrous to British supremacy in India, and would certainly raise hostilities with every power from Pegu to the Punjab, the first Burmese war having just been finished, and the Court of Ava far from friendly. Besides, the former successful defence of Bhurtpore was still the favourite boast of every open and secret enemy of the British power in India, and large forces from every robber clan in Central India were assembling to fight under the banner of Doorjun Sal, the usurper, against the British. By that time my friend Rahim Buksh, the narrator of these stirring events, had risen to a position of trust in the Quarter-master-general's department, and having seen the former siege, and knowing Bhurtpore well, he was deputed to go in advance of the army in the secret service of the Government, whilst the army was being massed under the command of General Lord Combermere. Rahim Buksh reached Bhurtpore in November 1825; and the following account is almost in his own words, as nearly as they can be translated into English.

When Rahim Buksh reached Bhurtpore, he found Rajah Doorjun Sal, the usurper, actively preparing to give the British a warm reception, and proudly boasting that he had a lakh (one hundred thousand) armed men under his command, composed of the most warlike tribes in India, chiefly Jhats, Rajputs, Rohillas, and a few thousand Afghan adventurers. Besides, the fortress had been greatly strengthened since the repulse of the British in 1805. The great moat was now flanked by thirty-five towering bastions, and by the earthworks of nine gates; and one of the new bastions was of enormous size, and vauntingly named 'The Bastion of Victory,' reported to have been built on the

bones of the British slain in the former siege; and the prediction of the Brahmin who had advised the building of this bastion—namely, 'That if a bastion was built on the bones of the British, Bhurtpore would remain impregnable till an alligator [a *khaumeer*] would come from beyond the sea and drink the moat dry.' The time had now arrived to test the truth of the prophecy, and Doorjun Sal, the usurper, had summoned all the famous artists of Upper India, principally from Agra and Delhi, to Bhurtpore to decorate the walls of the houses of the principal streets of the city with pictures representing the former defeat of the British. And the whole city was placarded with copies of the famous prophecy, translated into every language and dialect of Upper India; and Brahmins were employed every day to chant it in the temples of the gods and through the streets of the city. But the Mohammedan population stood entirely aloof from all this, and offered prayers daily in their homes and in their mosques for the success of the British.

Matters stood thus in December 1825, when General Lord Combermere, with an army of twenty-one thousand men, a siege-train of one hundred heavy guns, and a well-equipped force of engineers, opened the second siege of Bhurtpore. But the cannon made but little impression on the thick mud walls of sun-dried bricks. The round-shot merely embedded themselves in the walls, and remained there, rather adding to their strength than otherwise. So with the shells; they pierced the ramparts and burst, and portions of the wall-face were blown out, but no breach was made. During this time, however, the British engineers were quietly at work underground, whilst the Rajah Doorjun Sal was daily holding a durbar levee, to receive the reports of the commanders from the different posts and bastions, and as regularly boasting that he would build another Bastion of Victory on the bones of the British.

All this time Lord Combermere had made no useless assaults, knowing well that the taking of the fortress depended more on the skill of his engineers than on hard fighting. Major Galloway, afterwards well known as General Galloway—the author of a valuable work on the Mud Forts of India—and a young lieutenant named Forbes, were the most skilful engineer officers with the force; and the first task they set themselves was to find the underground channel which supplied the moat with water. After a careful survey, this was discovered, and the supply of water cut off. The next operation was to run saps into the moat to drain it dry. Whilst this was being done, the rest of the engineers were quietly driving a great mine under the Bastion of Victory.

The British army had then been more than a month before Bhurtpore, and still the walls were apparently as strong as ever, the cannonade making little or no impression on them; and about this time General Lord Combermere had humanely sent a flag of truce to the usurper with a proposal to allow all the women and children to retire from the city. But Doorjun Sal vauntingly refused to listen, and told the deputation to bring first an alligator

from beyond the sea to drink the moat dry—then, and not till then, would the Jhats listen to proposals to permit their women and children to retire.

A few days after this, the usurper was, as usual, holding the morning durbar, and boasting more defiantly than ever, having just given an order that the famous prophecy was that day to be chanted through the streets by a thousand Brahmins. Just at that moment an officer from the ramparts rushed into the durbar hall with the astounding intelligence that the moat was dry, and that the whole of the British army was under arms, apparently waiting for some signal or great event, because the bombardment from the batteries had ceased. The boasting of the Rajah was at once turned into consternation; and as soon as he could speak, he called on the chief Brahmin to explain the unlooked-for phenomenon of the drying of the moat, and asked if any one had seen the alligator. But all were silent, till a poor Mohammedan, in the garb of a fakir, without hands, ears, or nose—having been mutilated by the order of Doorjun Sal for killing a cow in the neighbourhood of Bhurtpore just after the usurpation—forced his way through the guards into the durbar hall, and holding up his mutilated stumps in front of the usurper, he addressed him in the language of the holy Koran: 'The boasting of the unbeliever is an abomination in the sight of God. Walk not proudly in the land, for verily thou canst not cleave the earth, neither shalt thou equal the mountains in stature. Allah hu Akbar [God alone is great]. In thy pride, and in the wickedness of thine heart, thou hast been misled by a deceiving prophecy. The British General is the alligator that was to come—his name is Lord *Kumbeer*.' (The native pronunciation of Combermere, and Hindustani for alligator.) 'The ashes of your father are defiled, and the name of your mother is brought low. Thine own name and race shall be blotted out. For God alone is great; and thou, in the pride of thine heart, hast harassed and mutilated his servants. In less than forty minutes, the British General and his army will be in this hall.'

Just at that moment an explosion shook the city like an earthquake. The British engineers had exploded a mine charged with thirty-three tons of powder, and the boasted Bastion of Victory was blown to atoms.

Immediately after the explosion, half of the British army advanced to the assault, led by Major-generals Reynell and Sir Jasper Nicolls, and passing over the bones of those who had fallen in 1805, the Bhurtpore gunners were bayoneted at their guns, and over eight thousand of Doorjun Sal's army lay dead around the Bastion of Victory; but this time it meant victory for the British, and the total killed was over fourteen thousand of all ranks; whilst the loss of the British was under six hundred killed and wounded.

Immediately on the explosion of the mine, Doorjun Sal, the usurper, with his favourite wife and two sons, fled from the city, accompanied by an escort of forty horsemen, taking refuge in the jungles of Bhurtpore, where he

was captured next day by a troop of British cavalry sent in pursuit of him. Bulwunt Sing, the rightful heir, was found confined in a dungeon of the palace, and was at once reseated on his father's throne; and in consideration of his life having been spared, the British Government dealt leniently with the usurper: he was sent to the fortress of Allahabad, and kept a state prisoner there till the day of his death.

For his services in the capture, Lord Combermere, the alligator, was created Viscount Combermere of Bhurtpore; and the Maharajahs of Bhurtpore have ever since remained loyal to the British Government. But Rahim Buksh stated that many of the pictures painted by order of Doorjun Sal of the defeat of the British in 1805 were still to be seen on the walls of the principal street in 1857, thirty years after they were painted. He also stated that a Captain Carmichael, a native of Edinburgh, was the officer who led the forlorn-hope and the first to crown the breach of Bhurtpore.

A CATTLE 'ROUND-UP.'

THERE are many novel sights to be witnessed by a stranger 'out west,' of which one of the most interesting is undoubtedly a 'Round-up,' or assembling of a vast herd of cattle at some fixed rendezvous on the prairie for branding or other purposes. The most important round-up takes place in the spring of the year. About the end of April or beginning of May several cattlemen in one district combine, and, with their bands of cowboys, ride forth over the surrounding country, driving all the cattle they find into one large herd. These animals frequently wander over seventy and eighty miles from their original starting-point, and this often makes the work of gathering them together a long business, lengthening from weeks to months if the area of country to be covered is extensive.

The riders have a hard time of it, as they almost live in their saddles during the cattle-drive, and it is extraordinary how the small-limbed 'bronchos' can stand the constant strain of work. By day, the cowboys scour the prairies, hunt the woods, creek bottoms, and mountainous ravines, for stray beasts; and even when night comes on and a halt is made, the herd has to be guarded by horsemen, who are stationed round them like sentinels. Even the fortunate riders whose turn it is to rest lie down to sleep on the ground without divesting themselves of any clothes, nor dare they unsaddle their horses, lest the cattle should stampede. A stampede in a large herd is very dangerous. A thunder-storm may cause it, although sometimes there seems no possible reason to assign for it; but a panic suddenly seizes the whole herd, and they break away with a mad rush which the cowboys are powerless to control. On they thunder for miles, making the prairie tremble under their hoofs, until their wild career is checked by a river or some formidable obstacle, which enables the pursuing cowboys to overtake them and reduce them to order again.

'Milling' is another strange performance in

which cattle sometimes indulge, and in trying to stop this, a cowboy often risks his life, and many lose it. Quite suddenly an animal begins to move round and round; at once, another follows it, then two or three more, until, in a few minutes, a large number of beasts are rushing round in a comparatively small circle. Faster and faster they go, until some animal, unable to keep up the pace, and pressed on from behind, falls, and is quickly trampled beneath the tread of the others. Another is borne down, and yet another, while the cowboys do their best to break the circle. Lariats fly through the air; and at last several of the frenzied creatures are successfully roped and dragged out of the *melée*, and the 'mill' is stopped. But, as the cattle move away, there are quite a number of dead and dying beasts left on the ground, who have fallen in this extraordinary performance, and had no chance to rise again. 'Ever Ready' has to be the motto of every western cowboy, and, as a rule, he is found prepared for any emergency that may happen.

A 'grub-wagon,' containing food, accompanies every round-up; and the camp cook has no easy task of it at times to satisfy the different tastes of so many palates.

Day after day the herd moves on, increasing its numbers all the time, until, as it approaches the rendezvous, its proportions reach many thousands of head, and the progress is necessarily slow. If the cattle are assembled in a settled neighbourhood, the last day of the round-up causes great excitement at the different ranches, and early in the morning, buggies and spring-wagons, filled with spectators, hasten to the rendezvous to see them arrive. Presently, a huge thick cloud of dust is seen on the prairie, and very soon a peculiar noise, like the moaning roar of an angry sea, is borne to the listener's ears. It is the sound produced by the continuous bellowing from such an immense herd as they march slowly forward; and it is very impressive when first heard.

The cattle are at last massed together under the shadow of the big red rock, and the riders indulge in a short rest while waiting for the stragglers to come up. It is a never-to-be-forgotten scene. There, in the vast herd, are representatives of many distinct breeds of cattle: the big-horned, rough Texan offers a great contrast to the beautiful imported Devons and Durbanes; while the huge-framed Herefords with their broad white faces look strangely out of place on the western prairie. The most striking of all are unquestionably the black-and-white Holsteins, or 'belted' cattle, as they are called.

The riders are even more interesting to study. The cowboys are extremely picturesque in their fringed 'chaparajoo' or leather riding-trousers, big sombreros, and gaudy handkerchiefs knotted carelessly round their necks. They often have long hair, and wear embroidered leather gauntlet gloves, a sign of cowboy 'dandyism.' But never is the formidable revolver absent; it is always stuck conspicuously in their bullet belts. Here and there amongst them is seen a swarthy Mexican, whose magnificent saddle and bridle of worked leather, beautifully ornamented with

real silver, would bring him a goodly pile of dollars if he would sell it to the desiring purchasers. Some of these Mexican saddles and bridles are works of art, and, being frequently heirlooms, the owners are always reluctant to part with them, unless forced thereto by poverty. The 'cattle-kings'—as the owners of several thousands of cattle are called—can scarcely be distinguished during a round-up from the ordinary cowboys, as they dress like them, only, as a rule, they ride a better stamp of horse. Smaller cattlemen, whose beasts may only number a hundred or two, arrive in great force, anxious to find their property in the round-up.

Every now and then some excitement takes place. A wild young steer breaks from the ranks and careers away; but the nearest rider is after him like a shot, and heads him back again. Should he prove rebellious, the cowboy quickly unwinds his lariat from the horn of his saddle, whirls it round his head, and with such sure aim, that it falls over the fugitive's horns. The same moment the well-trained cow-pony spins round on his hind-legs in his stride; and the unexpected jerk on the rope brings the steer to the ground, from which he rises considerably subdued and more manageable. Another essays to escape, and gets such a good start, that the pursuing cowboy sees he cannot overtake it on his tired broncho, and at once resorts to a clever trick. Riding away at an angle from the runaway, he suddenly fires his revolver just in front of it, and as the bullet whizzes by, the creature swerves round; and, by continuing this firing, the cowboy works him back in the right direction once more. Here a cowboy dashes up with a calf in front of his saddle. It is the best way to carry it, as it has fallen from exhaustion on the prairie; but it looks very helpless, and decidedly uncomfortable with its fore-legs dangling on one side of the horse's neck, and its hind-legs on the other. Another rider is rougher in his treatment, and comes galloping up 'snaking' (dragging) another worn-out little creature along the ground by means of a lariat with which he has roped it, and apparently quite regardless of any broken limbs the calf may incur by it.

And now most of the stragglers have come up, and the work begins of separating the cattle of the different owners into smaller herds and groups. The cowboys display marvellous cleverness in extricating any selected animal from the general mass, dashing into the thick of the herd, and, though the animal they want may dodge them for a short time, it cannot long evade them, and is driven forth.

Meanwhile, big fires have been lighted all about, and the branding-irons put in to heat. When these are red-hot, the real work begins. The cattlemen know their own calves as they are running by their mothers, who are already branded; and when everything is ready, one of these calves is roped, thrown down, and held while the red-hot iron burns down through hair and skin deep into the quivering flesh. Then the trembling creature is allowed to rise, and staggers away, and another victim is seized and made to receive its baptism of fire. No doubt, it is absolutely necessary to brand cattle

where thousands roam together; but all the same, it strikes one as a very barbarous practice, especially when, in many cases, the owners find it necessary to further mutilate their property to keep them out of the clutches of unscrupulous individuals, who do not hesitate to alter a brand in some way, and then claim it for their own. For instance, say, a cattle-kings brand is X, and his cattle are all marked with it; what is easier than adding a simple circle to it, which a cattle thief will probably do, and claim the animal as his because it bears *his* brand? To prevent this, the owners often adopt some further distinguishing mark, as by putting tin clips in the ears, cutting pieces out, burning bars along the cheek, or cutting a long piece of skin along the throat, which is left to hang down and dry, when it is called a 'dew-lap.'

When the last calf is branded and the number of the herd calculated, the round-up is over, and the cattle are allowed to disperse. They move slowly away, scattering as they go; and many will gradually find their way back to the distant ranges whence they have been driven. The paying-up and disbandment of the cowboys is often followed by their spending a riotous time in the nearest mining camp.

When the round-up is over, many small settlers, who are possessed of easy consciences where honour is concerned, sally forth, hoping to come across some calf or two-year-old which may have escaped the branding iron, and these, if met with, they do not hesitate to run quietly into their corrals and clap on their own brand, although they probably have a good idea whose property it is. These unbranded cattle are called 'mavericks;' and when it has been noticed that, occasionally, some ranchman shows great increase in his stock, perhaps *three* calves to one cow in a year, people are heard to remark that he must have done a good trade in mavericks during the last twelvemonth. A second round-up takes place in the autumn; but it is not so important as the spring assembly, being for the purpose of selecting the best steers out of the herds to make into beef and ship away to the big cities.

LOVERS APART.

We meet, and speak, and part, as friends may do,
With smile or jest; but deep within our eyes,
And trembling on our meeting palms, there lies
A love unuttered, not less deep and true
Than when your lips touched mine, and, questioning,
drew
My love's confession, under sunnier skies.
This busy Love, whose quivering shuttle flies
With shining, golden thread—and crimson, through
Our life, still weaves us soul to soul in thrall
To work, with hearts kept warm; and, trusting
grown,
Find hope in darkest lives; since, spite the wall
Impalpable, impenetrable, thrown
By Fate between us, each can say: 'In all
This restless world, just this one heart's my own.'

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 565.—VOL. XI.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1894.

PRICE 1½d.

THE VANISHING ELAND.

By H. A. BRYDEN.

AMONGST the rapidly disappearing forms of South African game, the Eland, noblest of all the antelopes of the world, is unhappily taking the lead. Within the memory of old men still alive, this great creature roamed freely over many parts of Cape Colony, and especially in the dry wastes of Bushmanland, which, even to this hour, afford sanctuary to considerable herds of springbok, as well as to the last representatives in the old colony of the gemsbok and hartebeest. Instead of finding the eland—as, with a little preservation, it might well have been—still flourishing in Cape Colony, one must nowadays go far north to overtake it; and even northward one has to penetrate the parched and pathless recesses of the upper Kalahari before one may set eyes upon this stately quadruped, the Eland or elk—an absurd name—of the old-time Boers, the T'ganna of the Hottentots, Pofo of the Bechuanas, and Impofo of the Zulus and Matabele. This northern portion of the Kalahari—well provided as it is with nutritious grasses and vast areas of shady forests of giraffe-acacia and mopani, and isolated by its utter lack of surface-water during eight months in the year from the assaults of native or European hunters—has, down to the present time, afforded safe sanctuary to many of the rarer South African fauna. Here have sheltered in these terrible days of extermination many of those remarkable mammals, which, during the cooler months of South African winter—say from April till November—are enabled to support life without tasting water. The giraffe, the eland, the hartebeest, the gemsbok, and even the koodoo, are to be found in these inaccessible haunts, far remote from any water-supply for great part of the year; the succulent melons and bulbs, and the grasses and leafage of the desert alone affording them moisture.

But even in these unexplored wilds, these rare creatures can, nowadays, be scarcely considered safe. Directly the rains fall, hunters from among the Bakwèna, Bangwaketse, and Bamangwato tribes, well mounted, and armed with breech-loading rifles, penetrate to the innermost recesses of the Kalahari, and, wandering from one pool of rain-water to another, deal destruction among the game, and especially among giraffes and elands. That elands are still plentiful in these regions of the Kalahari I can personally testify, having found them in numbers, and procured specimens in two or three days' hunting from the desert road between Khama's and the Botletli River (between Inkonanè and Kannè) as lately as 1890. Coming down country, too, I saw at Sechele's town—Molepolole—numbers of horns and heads of freshly slain elands, some of them magnificent examples, which had been recently shot by Bakwèna hunters. But that, even in the North Kalahari, these and other game can long resist the incessant war of extermination waged against them, I am much more than doubtful.

Protection is now given by various laws and proclamations made by the Government of Bechuanaland, and, quite recently, a table of heavy licenses has been issued for the purpose of restraining indiscriminate slaughter by European hunters. In these edicts the Kalahari is included. But in these distant territories it is a difficult, almost an impossible, matter to enforce game-laws. Native hunters—a class more wasteful of animal life than even the Boers themselves—can still take the field; and even if the Bechuana tribes could be restrained from their wasteful methods—they shoot elands merely for skins and meat, and all game when heavy with young, or with young at foot—the Namaqua Hottentots from the German side of the Kalahari, all of them skilled and daring hunters, and fair shots, can still ravage the Central and Western Kalahari, and are absolutely under no restraints.

It is a melancholy fact to acknowledge, but

I fear even the Kalahari and its most difficult recesses can scarcely resist the utter extermination of great game for another twenty years; by that time, unless a very rigid protection sets in immediately—a thing well-nigh impossible—the eland will have been for some years quite shot out in other parts of Africa south of the Zambesi.

For untold centuries, the Bushmen and Baka-lahari of the desert have roamed its flat, trackless forests and grassy wastes, wresting their food supplies from the teeming herds by poisoned arrow, pitfall, and assegai, with no perceptible diminution of the apparently inexhaustible store of animal life. Then, presto! appear the hunting horse, the percussion gun, and the breech-loader, and in fifty short years the ancient fauna—tenants of the plains for ages of the past—the giraffe, eland, gemsbok, hartebeest, zebra, quagga, gnu, elephant, rhinoceros, lion—all the other units of that unexampled array of feral life—are clean effaced from the land. All this has happened already in the lower part of Southern Africa, from which the great game may now be said practically to have vanished; and now the beginning of the end is coming even to that local stronghold the Kalahari itself.

At the beginning of this century, the eland was still plentiful in many parts of Cape Colony. Barrow found it on the Karroo; and in 1813, Campbell, the missionary explorer, mentions it as abounding between Graaff Reinet and the Orange River. Years before that time—in the early days of the Dutch occupation—eland ran in great troops over the whole country; and in Kolben's time (about 1700) were to be found close to the Cape Peninsula. To this day, the former abundance of this goodly beast is sufficiently attested by the frequency with which river, plain, mountain, and kopje are to be found bearing the name of 'Eland,' not only in Cape Colony, but in every corner of South Africa.

But the eland, from its great size and astonishing fatness, is the easiest of all the game to be destroyed. Except in the case of lean, light cows, a gallop of a mile or two on a decent horse is sufficient to run down the pick of the troop. The skin, and especially the flesh, which provides the finest venison in Africa, have always been much sought after by all hunters, and in consequence, the eland has been exterminated from one district to another until Mashunaland and the strip of Portuguese country eastward, the Kalahari, and the regions beyond Lake N'Gami, are the only portions of South Africa where it may be now found. There is one exception to this statement. Thanks to the exertions of the Natal legislature, a few elands are—or were, till a year or so back—preserved in a rough and difficult part of the Drakenberg, dividing Natal from Basutoland. In Mashunaland and the Portuguese territory adjacent, settlers are now beginning to throng; the elands, a very short time since plentiful in that region, are, as usual, the first to be shot out; and a few years must inevitably see their disappearance in those regions also—that is, unless the British South Africa Company can succeed in

making its game-laws respected, an immensely difficult matter in a vast, thinly populated country. There will then only remain in Africa south of the Zambesi the less frequented countries to the westward—the North Kalahari, and the deserts thence to the Zambesi, in which the eland may be found. When we remember that in 1836 Cornwallis-Harris described this magnificent antelope as inhabiting the plains of the interior—that is, the plains beyond the Orange River—'in vast herds,' the survey is melancholy enough.

A curious point in the always singular freaks of the geographical distribution of animals is to be found in connection with the eland. The eland of the Cape Colony, Orange Free State, Transvaal, Namaqualand, and Damaraland, in the old days, and the eland of the Kalahari at the present time, were, and are, always entirely devoid of markings, the body-colouring varying from a dun or fawn in the younger beasts to a bluish buff in the old animals. In Mashunaland and Portuguese South-eastern Africa, and beyond the Zambesi, in all parts of Africa where elands are to be found, they are met with bearing invariably a number of white stripings across the body—very similar to the markings of the koodoo—and are marked also with a black patch on the outer side of the fore-arm, and a dark list running down the spine. These characteristic stripings are entirely wanting in the eland of South-western Africa, which, from the rapid narrowing of its habitat and its constant persecution, is, as I have pointed out, likely not long hence to vanish altogether.

That the absence of stripings has accompanied a more desert and waterless, more temperate and less tropical habitat, is a plain fact enough. And that the stripings appear in all elands throughout the more tropical parts of Africa is also perfectly apparent. To explain the variation is a much more difficult matter. Possibly, heat and moisture have something to do with it. This, however, is a difficult and a thorny subject, and even Darwin himself was oftentimes puzzled to account for the capricious nature of the markings and stripings of animals.

Schweinfurth found these striped elands in the country about the head-waters of the Nile, which would appear to be about their farthest range northward. In no part of Africa do elands appear to have grown to so vast a size, or to have been so abundant, as in the country between the Cape and the Zambesi. Examples of the dun-coloured (unstriped) or desert variety have been killed measuring the enormous height of nineteen hands two inches (six feet six inches) at the shoulder. These were, of course, mature old bulls, carrying an immense amount of flesh and fat, and of prodigious bulk. Sir John Barrow and Sir W. Cornwallis-Harris both mention instances of this measurement, which however, in the good days was by no means uncommon. The enormous weight of two thousand pounds has been assigned to one of these champion old bulls. In these degenerate times, however, the hunter would have to go far before lighting on a specimen ranging much over fifteen hundred pounds.

It is to be remembered that, forty or fifty years ago, immense troops of elands ranged freely over the pick of the country, selecting the richest pastures, and grazing free and undisturbed. Nowadays, like many other species, they have changed their habitats, and seek only the most remote and inaccessible regions. There is a very fine example of eland bull of the striped variety (shot by Mr Selous) in the National History Museum, and another (also of Mr Selous' shooting) at Cape Town. Neither of these specimens, however, reaches, I think, the measurements I have given.

In no part of the Continent did such immense herds wander as upon the high and healthy uplands of Southern Africa, a country which seems to have been almost specially created for the support of countless numbers and varieties of great game. In those glorious days, the eland fed in troops of fifty, eighty, and even one hundred. Even at the present time, in the North Kalahari solitudes, large troops still wander. I have seen great quantities of spoor to the right of the road between Inkonané and Kanné; and in the same region, the only troop seen and hunted by myself and my comrade contained between thirty and thirty-five individuals. Such a troop of these magnificent antelopes is indeed a very noble sight.

The flesh of the eland is excellent—fat, well tasted, and resembling young beef, with a game-like flavour. The shape of the animal is of course well known. For many years specimens of the unstriped South African variety have been bred and exhibited in the Zoological Society Gardens. These elands, however, scarcely fairly represent the beast in its wild state, and grow to nothing like the size and bulk. Mr Bartlett informs me also that the breed shows in captivity a tendency to deterioration, and occasionally requires fresh blood. Many of these beautiful antelopes have been imported and bred as ornaments to noblemen's parks. A former Lord Derby bred them for some years—the present stock at the Zoological Gardens, represents, I believe, his herd. Lord Hill also had some; and there are still a few here and there in parks about the country. A butcher in Shrewsbury once had the carcass of an eland of Lord Hill's for sale, but found it an impossibility to induce people to buy and eat it. Good as was the meat, his customers, with typical British mistrust, would have nothing to say to such newfangled stuff. The eland is so comely, so striking, and yet withal so gentle a beast, uniting some of the finest points of the antelope family with those of the zebu of India, and is so easily domesticated and bred in this country, that the wonder is herds are not more often seen in private grounds. A little fresh blood now and again would serve to keep up the required condition and growth.

Great as is its bulk, the eland, in its small game-like head, handsome horns, and slender, beautifully formed limbs, effectually saves itself from the unjust reproach of the hunter, who, having easily galloped it down and slain it, calls it contemptuously a 'mere cow.' Not the most beautiful Alderney or Jersey that ever stepped can vie with the eland in its best points. The coat of the antelope is wonderfully

clean, and smooth, and short, so much so, that a child would stroke it with delight. As they become older, the hair thins and disappears, so that in the old bulls the skin shines through, and the general colour is a bluish gray. Strip the skin off a fresh-killed eland, and the sweet smell of aromatic herbage upon which the animal has fed comes warm into your nostrils. No beast of the chase is so sweet, clean, and dainty, as this fine antelope, a remarkable fact, if its immense size be taken into consideration.

Can nothing be done to stay the utter extermination of this and others of the great fauna of South Africa? Mr Rhodes has his hands very full, or he could do much. Yet, if he and the High Commissioner of South Africa (Sir Henry Loch) would put their heads together, some scheme of conserving wild game in a National or Colonial Park might without great difficulty be set on foot. Land is cheap enough, in all conscience. Already on the De Beers Estate, near Kimberley, a number of the smaller wild animals have been gathered together—thanks to Mr Rhodes—in a large enclosure. On a greater scale, and in a more suitable country, elands and other large antelopes, and even giraffes, zebras, and other game, might be preserved and perpetuated.

There are vast areas in the north-west of Cape Colony where immense tracts of crown-land suitable for such a purpose still lie waste and unoccupied. The cost of land, of enclosing, and of providing rangers, would not be insurmountable, especially if Mr Rhodes could be induced to take the matter in hand.

There are plenty of other districts in British Bechuanaland, the Protectorate, and even Mashunaland, where land is at present comparatively valueless, well suited for such a game park. There is some talk of an association of sportsmen and naturalists for the purpose of forming such a sanctuary in Mashunaland; it remains to be seen whether private enterprise can compass an end so desirable.

In the Cape Colony, much has been done by private owners upon a small scale to preserve the springbok, koodoo, mountain zebra, black wildebeest (now very scarce), bontebok (still more rare), and other game-animals. Government has for many years saved to the Colony, by judicious preservation, the elephant and the buffalo. Surely something may yet be done for the disappearing fauna of the interior!

No more, in the high and healthful *veldt* of Southern Africa, can the wanderer have the unspeakable pleasure of opening up new and virgin lands tenanted only by teeming herds of great game, of crossing 'unfooted plains, where feed the herds of Pan.' Never again can the explorer and hunter trek, like Burchell, Andrew Smith, Cornwallis-Harris, Gordon-Cumming, Moffat, and Livingstone, day after day, across plateau-lands where thousands upon thousands of an almost unknown fauna were always in sight—nay, where the curious beasts of chase often approached to stare at the strange wagons and their occupants. Those glorious days, alas! are gone never to return. Mashunaland, now rapidly being depleted, is, on a smaller scale, the last of these favoured regions. And when the game is gone, half the charm and beauty

of the veldt will, for many and many a man, have vanished also. Even the stolid and unimaginative Boers have begun sadly to find this out.

Unless some comprehensive scheme of preservation, strongly backed by the leading powers of South Africa, can be promptly set on foot, the remnant of the most wonderful and abundant fauna the world has ever seen will, not very long hence, have vanished for ever from the wild pastures which they have graced for unnumbered centuries.

THE LAWYER'S SECRET.*

CHAPTER XX.—A CONFESSION.

ON the following morning O'Neil was seated in a corner of the old-fashioned window-seat of his room in the Temple, his feet occupying the opposite corner of the seat, his pipe in his mouth, and one of the morning papers in his hand, when his clerk opened the door, closed it behind him, and approached his employer with something of awe in his face. 'A lady to see you, sir,' he whispered.

'To see me!' cried Terence, starting from his seat.

'Yes, sir. She didn't give her name. She said you would know who it was. Shall I show her in, sir?'

'Better show her in to Mr Bellew's room, or Mr Thorpe's.'

'Beg pardon, sir; but they're in a hawful state of dirt.'

'Well, the smell of tobacco won't kill the lady. Ask her to step in.' He laid down his pipe, and hastily exchanged the old shooting-jacket he wore for a decenter-looking garment. Quick as he was, he had barely effected the change when Lady Boldon entered the room.

So surprised was Terence, that he stared at her for a second or two without attempting to speak to her. Then he recollected himself, took the hand which she held out to him, and got her a chair.

'You must be astonished to see me here, Mr O'Neil,' Lady Boldon began.

'I didn't know you had come up to town,' answered Terence in some confusion. 'I suppose you have come about Hugh—I mean, Mr Thesiger?'

'Yes. I want to see him. I *must* see him. Tell me who the persons are who have power to give me an order.'

Terence named the proper official, and added, 'I feel certain, however, that they would never grant you an order of admission now.'

'Now!' echoed Lady Boldon, clasping her hands on her knees. 'Am I too late, then? I would have come up long ago, if you had not told me you were certain it would be useless.'

'It would have been useless, Lady Boldon.'

'But you have seen Mr Thesiger. Why may not I see him?'

Terence paused for a moment. It was extremely unlikely, he knew, that the authorities would permit Lady Boldon and Hugh to meet, since they now suspected that she might possibly

have been the prisoner's accomplice. But if a meeting did take place, perhaps in the presence of a warder, how distressing it must be for one or both of them! If only he could make Lady Boldon understand that it was Hugh himself who refused to see her! She must be made to know it, sooner or later.

'To tell the truth, Lady Boldon,' he said, 'I fear poor Thesiger rather dreads a meeting with you—under such circumstances, you know.'

"Under such circumstances!" Why, his being in trouble is the very reason I long to see him!—Perhaps you are not aware," she added proudly, 'that Mr Thesiger and I are engaged?'

'Yes; he told me something of his hopes with regard to you.'

'Then, you see, I have a right to see him.'

'But indeed I have told you the truth, Lady Boldon. He is very averse to meeting you.'

'What!'

O'Neil tried to find a softer phrase. 'I think he feared that it might be too painful for you,' he said.

'Did Mr Thesiger tell you he would rather not see me?' asked Lady Boldon, turning perceptibly paler as she spoke.

'Y—yes; he did.'

'And did he give that as his reason—the effect on me?'

'I cannot remember that he said so in so many words.'

'That is to say, it is a polite invention of your own. Hugh refuses to see me! Ah! That is the worst news I have had yet!'

Terence could neither understand this, nor think of anything to say in answer. It was Lady Boldon herself who broke the silence.

'A little while ago,' she said, 'you let drop the expression, "You could not get an order now." Has anything happened to Hugh since I saw you last?—I mean, has anything come to light—to his injury?'

'No; nothing.'

'Then what did you mean by "*now*"?'

'Only'—

'Mr O'Neil, do treat me fairly. Do tell me the naked truth. Indeed, it is best.'

O'Neil paused for a moment. It might indeed, he reflected, be best for Lady Boldon's interest that she should have some warning of the blow that was about to fall on her, if he could give her a warning without breaking his promise to Mr Tempest.

'When did you leave home, Lady Boldon?' he asked abruptly.

'By the early train this morning.'

'Then you do not know what may have taken place there to-day?'

'No; but how can that affect the question?'

O'Neil paused again. His promise to Tempest had been for the day only. Surely, if the police allowed the lady to slip through their fingers, that was their lookout. And he thought of Hugh in his solitary cell. What greater service could he render Hugh than to serve the woman he loved so well?

'How can that affect the question?' repeated Lady Boldon, with a touch of imperiousness in her tone.

* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

'In this way,' said the young barrister, 'I fear that—indeed, I *know* that by this time Roby Chase is in the hands of the police.'

He watched his visitor's face keenly. A look of incredulity that changed into surprise came into it. The surprise gave way to indignation, and that in its turn to contempt. 'They may search where they choose,' she said haughtily.

'But that is not all,' continued Terence, almost in a whisper. 'They have the prescription—for the drug—and they know it is in your handwriting.'

Lady Boldon sat perfectly still. One hand went up mechanically to her throat, as if to loosen something; she was frightfully pale.

'Let me get you a glass of water,' cried Terence, starting to his feet. But at an imperative gesture from the lady he sat down again.

She rose, and walked without support to the window, where she stood looking out on the fountain, plashing merrily in the September sunshine, and the birds that were flitting about in the yellow trees near at hand. She stood there for a minute—it might be two—and then said, without turning round or raising her voice—'The papers said that fragments of the phial which had contained the medicine were found in Mr Thesiger's room. Is that true?'

'It is difficult to swear to fragments of a phial,' answered O'Neil. 'The jury may not believe it. But I am bound to tell you that the chemist, as well as his son, swear to the peculiar border of the label, a little bit of which adhered to one or two pieces of the glass.'

'Mr O'Neil,' said Lady Boldon, 'I must save Mr Thesiger. Take me to a judge or some one, for I wish to make a statement—meantime, in private.'

CHAPTER XXI.—A DISCOVERY.

Lady Boldon and her companion left the Temple, and drove to the office of the Solicitor to the Treasury, almost without exchanging a word. O'Neil felt the silence oppressive, but he could not attempt to break it. There are times when an offer of condolence, or of encouragement, even of sympathy, is an impertinence; and this was one of them.

Then they left their cab, and began to ascend the stairs that led to the Treasury Solicitor's office. Lady Boldon passed through the swing-doors; and in a few minutes they were both ushered into Mr Perowne's room.

An odd look came into the young solicitor's eyes as he bowed to Lady Boldon, and beckoned to the clerk in attendance to place a chair for her. Then he turned to O'Neil for an explanation of the visit.

'Lady Boldon wishes to make a statement,' he said, 'concerning the circumstances attending the death of Mr Felix and the apprehension of Mr Thesiger. She wishes to speak with you in private on the subject. I shall wait for her in the anteroom.' And O'Neil went out, shutting the door behind him.

After an interval of nearly half an hour, Mr Perowne and Lady Boldon appeared, along with a superintendent of police, and the three went down to the cab together.

'I have given myself up,' whispered Lady Boldon to Terence as they descended the steps. At the same time she did not seem to relish the idea of driving through the streets with this man, a policeman in uniform, sitting by her side, and the thought of it made her quiver from head to foot. The blood rushed to her cheeks, then suddenly retreated, leaving her as pale as death. But with an effort she recovered her self-command. Turning to O'Neil, who had followed close behind her, she thanked him for fulfilling her wishes, and then stepped lightly into the cab.

'Mayn't I come with you?' he asked.

The lady's lip trembled at this unexpected mark of kindness; and O'Neil, taking her permission for granted, entered the vehicle. 'You'll want a lawyer,' he said, as they drove off; 'and I may serve, until there is time to get a solicitor to appear for you separately.'

But Lady Boldon did not seem to understand, or to care what arrangements might be made on that head.

The sitting magistrate, Mr Spiers, had nearly got through his day's work, when Lady Boldon was brought into court and placed at the solicitors' table in the 'well.' O'Neil seated himself at her side.

There were very few people in court; and the case caused no excitement except in the little pew where the reporters sat.

The prisoner's statement was put in, and was to the effect that it was she, and not Mr Thesiger, who took the cocaine to Mr Felix's room on the day of his death. That was all. She declined in the meantime to say more. The clerk, who had taken down her statement, swore that it was a correct transcript of her words. Then a policeman—none other than Mr Inspector Clarke—stepped into the witness-box.

'You went down to Roby Chase last night, I think?' asked the solicitor who had charge of the case.

'Acting under instructions,' said the detective.

'Exactly. And you made a thorough search of the house this morning?'

'Me and Sergeant Davidson—as thorough as time would allow.'

'Did you find anything in particular?'

'In the bottom drawer of Lady Boldon's writing-table, under some dusty manuscripts, we found'—

'Wait! Was the drawer locked or unlocked?'

'Locked.'

'Well—what did you find?'

'In the bottom drawer of a writing-table,' repeated the detective, 'in a room known in the house as Lady Boldon's boudoir, under some dusty manuscripts, I found an envelope with Mr Felix's name on the flap. It seemed quite clean—compared with the other things in the drawer. That directed my attention to it. I opened the envelope, which was not sealed, and took out a document.'

'Is that it?' was the next question.

The man took the paper into his hand and looked at it carefully, as if searching for a secret mark he had put upon it. 'That is the paper,' he replied.

'What is it?' asked the magistrate.

'The last will and testament of the late Sir Richard Boldon,' answered the solicitor who was acting for the Crown—'a will, under which nearly the whole of the testator's property is taken from his widow, the prisoner, in case of her marrying a second time.'

Everybody in court started when these words were uttered; but Lady Boldon sprang to her feet. 'It is untrue!' she cried in a loud voice. 'At least, if it was there, in my drawer, I did not know it. I never put it there. I never had it in my hand!' She sat down again, and putting her elbows on the table before her, hid her face in her hands.

O'Neil gazed at her half reproachfully. The policeman's evidence seemed to make all plain. And yet?—That cry, 'It is untrue!' did not sound like the voice of one who was lying.

The magistrate was looking at the lady curiously, almost paternally, over his spectacles.

'The prisoner Thesiger was committed yesterday, or they might have been put in the same indictment; but they can be tried together or separately,' observed the magistrate's clerk in a low tone.—'Fully committed, sir?' he added, speaking to the magistrate.

'Fully committed; yes, of course,' was the answer; and Lady Boldon was taken away.

Everybody in the court thought the case perfectly clear, except two men—Terence O'Neil, and Mr Spiers, the magistrate.

(To be continued.)

MAN'S DAILY BREAD.

It is a curious and interesting study to compare the various materials which serve the different nations of the world as the basis of their Bread. In England, wheaten bread is within the reach of all, and takes its place so readily as man's natural food, that rarely a thought is given to the fact that, after all, only the inhabitants of a small portion of the earth's surface enjoy such a food. It is only, too, during the last century that wheaten bread has become altogether general in England; for Eden, in his *State of the Poor* (written in 1797), says, referring to Cumberland, 'It was only a rich family that used a peck of wheat in the course of the year, and that was used at Christmas.' If visitors came at other seasons, they were regaled on thick oatcake. But about this time, English labourers in the Midlands and in the South began to refuse to eat common bread—made of wheat, rye, barley, in equal proportions—saying they 'had lost their rye teeth;' and they demanded wheaten loaves instead. A century earlier than this, barley and rye bread were always eaten. Charles I. speaks of the 'poorer sort of people whose usual bread was barley.'

But although, at the present day, wheat is used across the mid-temperate zone, in more northerly districts, and in some parts of Germany, rye replaces it. Rye bread is less nutritious than wheaten, and has a more distinctive flavour. The well-known German 'Pumpernickel' is rye bread. Although at first its dark colour and sour curious taste render it

unpalatable to English folk, yet, if compelled to eat it for a short time, they acquire a distinct liking for it. In the remoter parts of Sweden, the poorer people only make and bake their rye cakes twice a year, and store them away, so that eventually they are as hard as bricks. Farther north still, barley and oats become the chief bread-corn. But it is in the bleak barrenness of the far North that the ingenuity of man steps in to provide himself with bread. In dreary Lapland, men would starve did they trust altogether to grain; so they eke out their scanty store of oats with the inner bark of the pine; and the two together, well ground and mixed, are made into large flat cakes, cooked in a pan over the fire, and thus form very good bread. In more dreary Kamchatka, the pine or birch bark by itself, well macerated, pounded, and baked, frequently constitutes the whole of the native bread-food. Bread-and-butter to a young Kamchatkian is represented by dough of pine-bark spread with seal fat—not a very appetising combination, to English notions. And not only the bark of the pine is thus utilised for food; the dwellers in certain parts of Siberia cut off the young and tender shoots, and grind them down to form their flour. One imagines that the bread therefrom must have an unpleasantly resinous flavour.

In Iceland, even the hardy pine is wanting; but the Iclander declares 'that a bountiful Providence sends him bread out of the very stones.' He scrapes a lichen—the Iceland moss—off the rocks, and grinds it into fine flour, which serves him both for bread and puddings, and also as a thickening for his broth. Thus, truly, has stern experience taught him to live where most would starve.

In the sterile parts of Russia, in Pennsylvania, China and other Eastern countries, buckwheat—the seed of the brank—is pressed into man's service. Usually considered only a food for the lower animals, it still makes a fairly palatable bread, although its dark, somewhat violet tinge creates a prejudice against it.

As we pass from the mid-temperate zone southwards, we find new bread materials appearing. In parts of Italy and Spain, chestnuts are cooked, ground into meal, and used both for making bread and thickening soup. Millet is a grain of much service in the south of Europe; while certain varieties known as 'durra' and 'sorghum' furnish a very white flour, making capital bread, to the natives of India, China, Egypt, Arabia, and Asia Minor. Millet has a further interest for us because it is credited with being the earliest grain used in the art of bread-making, an art so ancient that its origin is lost in obscurity. The most primitive bread was simply a tough paste made by mixing flour, water, and milk, such paste serving as bread even at the present day in the caravans traversing the deserts of Northern Africa.

Rice is another grain whose serviceableness in this respect has been recognised from a very early date. Solomon's well-known saying, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters and thou shalt find it after many days,' is generally believed to refer to rice, on account of the method

followed in its cultivation. And the metaphor becomes clear when we reflect that rice is sown in Egypt while the water of the Nile is lying on the land; and in China, it is even cultivated on bamboo rafts covered with earth, and fixed in the middle of a river or a lake. Rice bread is still the staple food of the Chinese, Japanese, the inhabitants of many parts of India, and also in Mexico and some parts of the New World.

Before we turn our attention away from the grains which serve as the basis for bread, some reference must be made to the maize or Indian corn. The native place of this most useful plant is somewhat of a mystery. The Americans claim it to be indigenous with them; but nowhere has it been found growing wild in the New Continent, although the earliest explorers found it in cultivation among the aborigines. Neither was maize apparently known to the ancient Romans and Greeks; nor do we find in the records left by the first travellers in the East any mention or description of a corn at all resembling the maize. It is now, however, very widely cultivated, not only in America, but also in Asia, Africa, and the south of Europe—France particularly. In Mexico, the preparation of maize bread is very primitive. The husks are removed by hand; the corn is then soaked in hot water and lime for a night. The following day, it is placed on a stone and ground with a roller. The Mexican women then make it up into flat loaves, known as tortillas.

But although grain of various kinds—that is, the fruit of different species of grasses—supplies by far the larger part of the world with bread, yet, just as in the regions of extreme cold substitutes have perforce been found for it, so, too, in the tropics other bread-stuffs claim our attention. Thus, in the Molucca Islands, in the Indian Archipelago, the starchy pith of the sago palm—or 'libley tree,' as the natives call it—furnishes a white floury meal. This is made up into flat oblong loaves, which are baked in curious little ovens, each oven being divided into oblong cells to receive the loaves.

Bread is also made from roots, in certain countries of the world. Thus, Stanley in his African travels found the principal food of the natives below the Paya Falls to be derived from the tubers of the manioc or cassava plant—the plant to which we owe our tapioca. The South American natives likewise use it. Curiously enough, the manioc tubers are a fatal poison when eaten in the raw state; but a good and nutritious food if steeped in water previous to using. The right way to prepare this bread is to soak the white, soft roots several days, thus washing out the poison, pick the fibres out, dry, grind into flour, and make into small round loaves. These have a sweet, insipid taste to Europeans.

From the pith and roots we now pass on to succulent fruits serving as bread. First in this category is the banana. This plant grows with great luxuriance in the tropics, and its cultivation is of the simplest kind. It is also stated that, so far as actual productiveness as food is concerned, the banana surpasses all other plants; and given a certain area of

bananas and a similar-sized area of wheat, a far larger number of persons can be supported on the former than on the latter. The unripe fruit is dried in the sun, reduced to flour, and the sweet bread therefrom is excellent and very nutritious.

The plantain, a near relative of the banana, though with a richer and more luscious fruit, also serves a large portion of mankind for bread—in fact, the banana and plantain are the chief food of millions in the tropics. The plantain fruit is not, however, usually reduced to meal, but, instead, the ripe fruit is roasted or boiled, and then eaten as we eat a loaf of wheaten bread. It is said that three dozen plantains are equivalent to the amount of bread required by one man during a week. Thus, in such luxuriant regions, a 'struggle for bread' is unknown to these favoured people; and yet, perhaps, the gain is not all on their side, for, probably, it is to this very struggle that we owe our greater civilisation.

But by far the most remarkable fruit, from the 'bread' point of view, is that which bears the very name of bread-fruit. It is indigenous to the South Sea islands, and the chief support of their inhabitants; in fact, not only does it furnish them with bread, but also with clothes made from the fibres of the bark, timber, fuel—parts of the flowers—and its milky juice serves as a cement. The tree is of medium size, with a beautiful green foliage and spreading branches. It belongs to the same botanical order as the fig, and it is also closely allied to the nettle. The so-called fruit—really a spurious form—is pale-green, large, and round; it has an outer rind, an inner core, and a beautiful white pulp—the edible part. This fruit is cut in pieces, roasted, and eaten, soon after it is gathered. If kept, it becomes tough and unpleasant. When eaten at its best, it is said to much resemble new bread, though rather tart. One traveller has described its flavour to be like 'a crumb of wheaten bread mixed with Jerusalem artichoke!'

Thus, in our hasty review of the world from this point of view, we have seen not only grain of various kinds, but bark, young shoots, a lichen, roots, pith, and fruit all serve man in turn as his daily bread.

RICHARD MAITLAND—CONSUL.

CHAPTER IV.—CONCLUSION.

NOTHING could exceed the excitement and rage which consumed the Prefect when he saw his prisoner thus carried off before his very eyes; he burst into a volley of imprecations, and his few remaining retainers followed his example. An instant of quick thought showed Maitland that this position of affairs would undoubtedly lead to an open riot, which might endanger the lives of the English in the 'foreign settlement,' if he did not immediately carry matters with a high hand. He whispered a word to Captain Rice, who nodded in reply. The Prefect was hastily lifted from the ground by some of the sailors, and, in the company of Wang, carried back to his Yamun. Here

Maitland instantly declared him prisoner; and to ensure his safe custody, the Captain of the *Rattler* placed a guard of twenty men on the Yamun.

While these exciting affairs were going on, poor Amethyst was enduring all the tortures of suspense. She fully trusted that Ming had delivered her note, and this hope sustained her a little; but as her flight from her rooms on the night before had been discovered, she was now more strictly guarded than ever, and two of the most ill-favoured and hardest of the female servants of the Yamun were appointed her jailers. Her agony of mind would have aroused the pity of most; but these women were impervious to her tears and groans. As the morning advanced, and she felt that the hour of her lover's execution was at hand, her restless grief gave place to a stony despair. She sat on a divan with her hands folded on her lap, and an expression in her eyes which showed plainly that she saw nothing of what was going on around her. One of the women came to her, and announced, with a bitter laugh, that Pennant had just been taken to the execution-ground. Although the poor girl expected this blow, it fell with the weight of a thunder-clap.

'It is a lie!' she exclaimed.

'It is no lie,' replied the woman. 'We have just seen him carried out of the gates in a basket, with the executioner behind him.'

Amethyst did not faint; but her face turned whiter than ever, and the cold perspiration stood out on her forehead. The tramp of many feet, and the sound of foreign voices in the outer courtyard, aroused her suddenly from her state of stupor. One of the women rushed off, burning with curiosity to learn the news. She quickly returned with a look of consternation, and briefly announced the fact that Pennant had been rescued by the English Consul and a body of sailors, and that Le was now a prisoner in his own Yamun.

A smile of delight broke over Amethyst's pale little face. 'Oh, how I thank thee, Kwanyin Buddha!' she exclaimed, clasping her hands with fervour.

'You are a heartless daughter,' said the woman. 'You think of nothing but that foreign barbarian. What about your father, cruel girl?'

'My father does not care for me,' replied Amethyst with spirit. 'He never cared for me. I am but a girl; and girls are like dirt in his eyes. He has always treated me badly, and now he forces upon me a marriage which I detest. Yes, the day is bright again; the sun shines, and hope has returned. I will offer up a prayer to Omoto Fuh for the restoration of the Englishman; perhaps he may yet be restored to me.'

The women were too angry to say anything more to Amethyst, and, securely locking her into her room, they left her to her fate.

Maitland on his return to the Consulate was met by Pennant, who clasped the Consul's hand in almost speechless gratitude as he came hastily out to greet him. 'How can I thank you?' he exclaimed. 'You have taken me out of the jaws of death.'

'Foolish boy!' said Maitland, who felt nearer tears than he had ever done in his life before; 'you have been rescued by the skin of your teeth. Didn't I tell you what would happen if you persisted in that mad folly?'

'But the folly is not over,' exclaimed Pennant. 'I mean,' he added, 'what you term the folly is not over. You don't suppose that I am going to leave poor Amethyst to her doom?'

'Heavens! Listen to the lad,' cried Maitland, turning to Captain Rice as he spoke. 'I wonder what you mean to do now?' he added.

'This,' said Pennant stoutly. 'I have been told by one of your servants of what occurred after I was carried away. I mean to go immediately to the Yamun and help the sailors to keep guard until you can bring a sufficient force to enable me to carry Amethyst off.'

'You are mad!' exclaimed Maitland in some justifiable anger. 'You are the cause of the entire quarrel. It is not safe for you to remain another hour in this place; and, in fact, I shall now take matters with a high hand, and prevent your carrying out your wild scheme. If possible, that poor girl shall be saved; but you do no good by pressing your services into the affair. A passenger steamer called the *Lightning* has just come into port, and I propose that you go there immediately with some of Captain Rice's sailors.'

Maitland spoke with such authority, that Pennant was forced to give an unwilling assent. He presently walked out of the room and stood in the compound.

'Bryce,' said Maitland, 'keep guard on that young fellow. I shall not have an easy moment until he is safe on board the *Lightning*.'

Bryce nodded, and stood by Pennant's side in the compound. 'It would be unfair of you, sir,' he said, touching Pennant on his shoulder, 'to get my master into any further trouble. God alone knows if he'll ever get out of the terrible fix you have put him in already.'

'If that is so, I submit,' said Pennant.

'Thank you, sir, for that,' replied the man. 'I know, of course, if you give your word, that it's all right.'

'It is, Bryce—it is.—But surely no one was ever in such a predicament before. The thought of the young lady at the Yamun drives me almost mad.'

'She'll be right enough while the English sailors are there,' replied Bryce; but though he said these words stoutly, in his heart of hearts he felt very uncertain with regard to poor Amethyst's safety. The Chinese are remarkable for their cunning and duplicity. As a mere matter of revenge, the unfortunate girl might be executed at any moment.

That evening, Pennant was safely conveyed to the *Lightning*, and then began that celebrated diplomatic battle which, as Maitland afterwards said, had added in a single week 'many years to his life.' He felt that he had taken a very decisive step in making the Prefect prisoner, a step which only ultimate success would justify in the eyes of the Foreign Office. He wrote immediately to the Viceroy, giving him a full account of what had taken place, and justifying his action on the plea of necessity. This letter

was sent by special messenger, and was replied to by the Viceroy in very strong language. He said that Maitland's action amounted to a declaration of war, and that, for his part, he would find it impossible to hold any communication with him until he received a reply to his memorial to the Emperor. This letter showed Maitland that he must not expect any favour from the native authorities. He knew that it would take some time before the Emperor's ultimatum would be received; he must therefore remain for many days in suspense.

Meanwhile, a blow was being prepared of which he had little expectation. In the Yamun of every mandarin there are always some hangers-on who are accustomed to do the secret work of the office. One such man in the Viceroy's Yamun was a tingchai, named Ling, a clever and wily Chinaman. After sending his letter to the English Consul, the Viceroy thought deeply for a time; he then summoned Ling to his presence. As he entered the great man's hall, Ling fell on his knees.

'I have got some work for you to do,' said the Viceroy.

'Your Excellency has but to command, and I obey,' said the man.

'The work before you is this: you are to start immediately for Ch'anyang, to carry a message to the Prefect. At present, he is in the hands of the "foreign devils," and you will have to find some means of gaining admittance to his presence. Having succeeded in this, tell him that I am preparing a force to rescue him, and that on the 15th of this month, two days from now, we shall attack the barbarian guard and release him from captivity.'

Ling immediately started on his mission, which he carried out faithfully, and with his usual wily success. The message from the Viceroy was delivered to Le with all due secrecy. Ling, then, feeling much relieved, proceeded to enjoy himself. When engaged in business, he was a total abstainer from opium; but in moments of relaxation, he found his chief delight in the pipe—he felt now, therefore, that he might indulge in his favourite solace. As he entered the opium saloon which he was accustomed to frequent at Ch'anyang, he was greeted by two or three of the *habitués*.

'Haiyah, his honour Ling has come. What wind has blown you here?' said a man who had more energy than the rest.

'I have come on a matter of business,' said Ling with an air of some importance, as he stretched himself upon the divan and took the pipe which the landlord offered him.

'What business can you have here, when the Prefect is a prisoner?'

'It is about that that I have come.'

As he became more and more under the influence of the drug, his self-control weakened, and in reply to the leading questions of his companion, he had, before the evening ended, told him of the preparations which the Viceroy was making for an attack on the English sailors who were guarding the Yamun. This man—Te by name—started off at once in high delight to the English Consulate. He was not unknown to Bryce, having been employed as a coolie on several occasions, so that when he

came and asked to be allowed to see His Excellency the Consul, Bryce admitted him into the presence of his master.

'This little one,' began the man, 'has some important news which Your Excellency will be glad to know.'

'What is it?' asked Maitland sharply.

'Your Excellency,' said Te, 'knows that this little one is poor. He has now something to sell. Will Your Excellency deign to buy it?'

'I can't attend to you now; you must come some other time.'

'But Your Excellency, some other time will be too late. I want to tell you of news from the Provincial Capital.'

At this Maitland at once pricked up his ears. 'If you have anything of importance to tell me,' he said, 'I will give you its full value. But you must mention at once what it is, for I have no time to waste.'

'The news is this, Your Excellency: the Viceroy is sending General Pêng with a force of five hundred men to take the Prefect out of the custody of your sailors, and to deliver over the young lady Amethyst to her bridegroom Wang. The General starts immediately.'

As Te proceeded with his story, Maitland eagerly scanned his features. His scrutiny of Te seemed to satisfy him. He sat for a moment lost in anxious thought, asked a few more pertinent questions, then said: 'I will give you twenty taels of silver for what you have now told me; and if your news proves to be correct, you shall have twenty more.'

'This little one humbly thanks Your Excellency,' replied Te.

Maitland immediately went to an iron chest which stood in the corner of the room; he opened it, took the silver out, and gave it to Te. The man received it with profound obeisance, and then took his departure. Maitland rang his bell at once for Bryce.

'You must take a note from me to Captain Rice without a moment's delay,' he said. 'Or, stay; I won't even wait to write. Ask him to come to me to the Consulate immediately, on a matter of importance.'

'Yes, sir,' said Bryce. He withdrew, and Maitland began to pace up and down his study in deep and perturbed thought.

In less than an hour, Captain Rice arrived. 'What's up now, Maitland?' he asked as he entered unannounced.

'Why, this,' said Maitland. 'A Chinaman has just brought me news that a Chinese force of five hundred men is leaving the Provincial Capital to-morrow for the purpose of releasing the Prefect.'

'The deuce it is!' said Captain Rice.

'Yes,' said Maitland; 'and we must defeat it. We have gone already too far to allow us in any shape or way to beat a retreat. We must stand to our guns, and I have asked you to come here to draw up a plan of campaign. What force have you at your disposal?'

'Apart from the guard at the Yamun,' said Captain Rice, 'I could, at a stretch, spare a hundred men from the ship.'

'That would be quite enough for the work,' said the Consul. 'But we must make assurance doubly sure, if we are to escape censure

from the Foreign Office. Nothing succeeds like success. Before you came in, I was thinking that I would requisition all the spare men from the *Lightning*. I have no doubt, too, that my troublesome young friend, Pennant, would like to have a share in the fray; he has absolutely taken leave of his senses on the subject of this Chinese girl.'

'A pretty mess he has got us all into,' exclaimed Captain Rice. 'Well, I have no objection. I know the skipper of the *Lightning* well. He is a good fellow, and has the right stuff in him. So I suggest that we ask him to meet us here to-morrow morning at ten o'clock to talk matters over.'

This suggestion was immediately carried into effect; and at an early hour on the following morning Captain Little, the skipper of the *Lightning*, met Maitland and Captain Rice at the Consulate. He listened attentively to the entire story, and then made the following proposal: 'I can supply a force of twenty-five men, including Lascars, from the *Lightning*,' he said. 'These men will of course be under the command of Captain Rice.'

'That will do splendidly,' exclaimed the Captain. 'Of course, I need not say that absolute secrecy is indispensable. I for my part will have everything in readiness on board the *Rattler*, and you will probably take the same precautions on the *Lightning*.'

'Yes,' replied Captain Little, 'my men will be fully prepared.—I know one gentleman on board,' he continued with a grim smile, 'who will be only too eager to be foremost in the fight.'

'Ah! that young scamp!' cried Maitland. 'He little guessed, when he fell in love with a Chinese girl, what trouble he was going to get us all into!'

'He's a plucky lad,' remarked Captain Little. 'I believe if he had his will, he'd submit to any torture rather than allow a hair of that girl's head to be hurt. I'm only able to keep him on board my vessel, sir, because he feels that his honour is pledged to you.'

'Ah well, he comes of a good stock,' said Maitland, who was visibly affected by these words.

Captain Little immediately afterwards took his leave, and the day passed slowly and without any special event.

The evening turned out close and sultry. Peals of thunder were heard reverberating in the distance, and flashes of summer lightning illumined the horizon. Maitland did not think that the attack would be made until the morrow, but he was far too excited to sleep. He went out and paced up and down his veranda, buried in deep and anxious thought. Suddenly, after one of those strange lulls which precede a storm, a crash of tom-toms broke upon his weary ears. In an instant he was all alive, and turning towards the native city, he distinctly saw flashes as of muskets, and heard the shouts which he knew well, of Chinese soldiers entering on a fray. He at once took in the position. Without the loss of an instant, he ran down-stairs and sent the fleetest of his messengers to bear the news to Captains Rice and Little. The next half-hour was one of

terrible anxiety. Maitland knew that the lives of the guards of the Yamun were in imminent danger. Having girded on his sword and armed himself with a revolver, he went out in the direction of the ships. He had not gone far when Captain Rice's cheering shout assured him that help was at hand. At the same time Captain Little with his contingent, which included Pennant, came up, and together the relieving force marched to the scene of the attack.

They were not a moment too soon. The guard at the Yamun had stood manfully to their posts. The young midshipman in charge, though a boy in years, had a square head on his shoulders, and did not understand what fear meant. At the first alarm, he closed the outer gates, and leaving a portion of his guard to defend the entrance, he stationed the remainder at the weak places in the outer walls. For some time the front gates resisted the attack; but a gun which the Viceroy's troops had brought with them shattered the massive doors. With a shout, the Chinese rushed to the attack, but the sailors were equal to the occasion, and a volley from twelve rifles checked the onslaught.

The Chinamen hesitated, and then ran for shelter into doorways and behind the walls of the houses. Their general, however, was made of sterner stuff, and riding ahead of a fresh detachment, he charged in at the doorway. Matters now became serious; and the brave sailors must have been inevitably overborne, had not the sound of a British cheer suddenly aroused them to fresh action. Captain Rice and his men came up quickly. They soon forced their way to the gates; and when once inside, the victory was assured, for the Chinamen were practically powerless before the discipline and weapons of the sailors.

It need hardly be said that Pennant was foremost in the fray. No one fought with such desperate fury as he did. In short, the courage of despair seemed to animate him. As soon as ever the sailors got inside, he desired a couple of likely-looking Jack Tars to follow him immediately, and rushed off in the direction of the women's quarters in the Yamun. Amethyst, who had listened to the fighting in a state of indescribable terror, had at last fallen on her knees. She became (in the passion of her own feelings) almost impervious to the terrible sounds which surrounded her. Her guardians, nearly as excited as she was, relieved their minds with uttering imprecations on the 'foreign devils,' and by calling down every species of shame and indignity on the tombs of their ancestors. A sudden lull in the fighting added wonder to suspense; and while the women were deliberating on the meaning of this, and Amethyst knelt on, uttering feeble little prayers to the goddess who looks down on the miseries of mankind, the door of her room was flung open, and Pennant with the sailors burst in. In a moment he had her in his arms.

'Saved!' he gasped—'you are saved, after all! Come; let me wrap this shawl round you. You must submit to be carried—I can get you out by a side-door. No fear of our pursuers reaching us this time, Amethyst.'

Pennant was right. In less than an hour's time, Amethyst was safe on board the *Lightning*.

Ten days later, this rash and headstrong pair were married in the Cathedral at Hong-kong, when a large crowd of eager spectators, attracted by the novelty of the scene, assembled to witness the ceremony, and when, for the first time, an Englishman vowed before a Christian altar to love, honour, and cherish a daughter of China.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

MR J. W. BARRY, the engineer of the Tower Bridge, has recently given some interesting particulars concerning the number of pedestrians and vehicles which cross it daily. The vehicular traffic amounts to about one-third of that which crossed London Bridge before the new bridge was opened. The relief to the older structure is very great, and is plainly apparent to any one who remembers the condition of that once crowded thoroughfare. The average time taken for opening and shutting the bascules, including the stoppage of the land traffic and the passing of a vessel, was estimated, when the bill for the construction of the Tower Bridge was before Parliament, at ten minutes. This has now been reduced to eight minutes, and Mr Barry expresses the belief that the time will be still further reduced in the future.

In times of fog, those living in the neighbourhood of railways are reminded by frequent explosions that a large army of men is actively employed in the dangerous and disagreeable duty of placing detonating signals on the rails. Many attempts have been made to perform this duty by some mechanical arrangement, but no method has yet been successful. The latest contrivance of the kind is the invention of Mr J. F. Dickson of Huddersfield, and several experts interested in railway matters have, we understand, expressed a favourable opinion of its merits. The apparatus consists of a movable arm which, like the human limb which it is made to replace, takes hold of a detonator, and holds it in position upon the rail until the wheel of the engine explodes it. The mechanism is of a simple character, and is easily operated from the nearest signal-box.

Some official statistics recently published in Germany give various interesting facts regarding accidents in the Prussian coal mines. In the year 1893 there were eighty-eight explosions of fire-damp: twenty-one of these proved fatal, sixty-four caused injuries to workmen, while three were unattended either by death or injury. Altogether one hundred and twenty-seven men were killed and one hundred and forty-nine wounded, an increase of seventy-eight on the previous year. It is noteworthy that three of the most disastrous explosions are attributed to coal-dust. As to the cause of these accidents, nine are put down to the use of naked lights, one to tobacco smoking, ten to unauthorised opening of safety-lamps, nine to lamps damaged

in working, twenty-two to the careless use of lamps, and two to blasting operations.

Benjamin Franklin's celebrated kite experiment by which he drew electric sparks from the clouds, which is detailed in most works on electricity, has been repeated by others, in some cases with fatal results. Recently at Aldershot, three men were struck down and severely hurt in consequence of receiving a lightning stroke while in the act of manipulating a captive balloon. The balloon was set on fire by the electric current, which afterwards made its way to the earth by the easiest path—namely, the metallic cable. It seems astonishing that the danger of sending up such a palpable lightning-catcher in thundery weather was not foreseen by those in authority. It was Franklin's experiment over again on a very large scale.

A new colliery which has been established at Eckington, Derbyshire, is utilising the electric current to an extent which is not common in this country. It is lit and entirely worked by electricity. The undercutting of the coal is done by electric coal-cutting machines of the latest type, and even the ventilating fans are driven by electricity. The progress of this new departure in mining will be watched with great interest by many workers.

A French technical journal publishes a method of darkening the oak employed in decorative woodwork. The plan is certainly extremely simple, and is said to give to the material a fine rich colour. The method employed is to place the wood in an air-tight room or large box into which no light penetrates. In this receptacle are arranged several vessels containing liquid ammonia, the vapour of which fills all the available space and gives to the wood a dark-brown colour which sinks for some distance below the surface. The depth of the colour depends upon the strength of the ammonia and upon the time for which it is allowed to act.

Industries and Iron publishes three photographs which should form a valuable object lesson to marine engineers. These pictures represent sections of purposely broken tail shafts from steamers, showing how such masses of metal are subject to a curious decay which may remain for a long time unsuspected, and eventually prove a source of the gravest danger. There is little doubt that the initial injury is due to galvanic action between the shaft and its brass liners. Then the strains due to ordinary driving and the exceptional shocks which the shaft receives from the propeller being struck by heavy seas, become concentrated upon the weak spot, and actual fracture is the inevitable result. It will be remembered that more than one large steamship has, during recent years, been disabled through the fracture of her shaft. The matter is one of extreme importance.

There will be a transit of Mercury across the sun's disc on November 10th, and if the weather conditions are favourable—which is hardly likely to be the case in that gloomy month—the ingress will be visible in this country just before the sun sinks below the horizon. The whole of the phenomenon will, however, be seen by any one who cares to cross

to the other side of the Atlantic, and special reductions in the fare have been made by the steamship *Paris*, which leaves England ten days prior to the event. As another inducement to see this transit, it may be noted that the next transit of Venus, a phenomenon of precisely the same character, will not occur until the year 2004.

Recently, at the Royal Institution, Sir Howard Grubb, who knows as much about the subject as any man living, read a paper upon great telescopes. He proposes that an instrument of large size—and future telescopes are likely to attain colossal dimensions—should practically float on a liquid support. He believes that by adopting this method, a smoothness and steadiness of movement would be secured, which is quite impossible with the mechanism at present used. Such regularity of movement would be especially valuable when the telescope was employed for obtaining stellar photographs; for the exposure of the photographic plate is often a question of hours, and the spots of light representing the stars must, during that long period, be made to fall in exactly the same place. This, of course, owing to the movement of the earth, cannot be done unless the instrument be kept in constant but very exact movement.

The tsetse fly, the scourge of many parts of South Africa, is believed to obtain its deadly power from poisons absorbed from the putrefying bodies of wild animals, and a recent French explorer, M. Foa, gives evidence in favour of the supposition. In the Transvaal, where wild animals of the carnivorous type have become almost extinct, the fly is no longer dreaded, for it is harmless; but in the region of the Zambesi, where different conditions prevail, the terrible insect is as deadly as ever.

There are possibly few persons in this country who know that a very large industry is represented by the shark fishery, and that shark oil is exported in large quantities from Iceland to other countries. This oil is of a very fine colour, it does not thicken, and is said to possess the medicinal qualities of cod-liver oil, for which, indeed, it is often substituted. At least a hundred boats, schooners of about fifty tons burden, are engaged in this fishery, and they work during the winter about twenty miles from shore, but have to get away to the deeper water in the summer time. The boats return to port at intervals of one or two weeks, with from a hundred to a hundred and twenty barrels of liver, each liver yielding about five gallons of oil. Healthy livers are the exception rather than the rule. The Icelanders altogether neglect the fins, skin, and teeth of the shark, which are valued in other parts of the world: in China for instance, the fins of sharks are regarded as a great delicacy. The Iceland shark is not such a terrible monster as that found in the Australian waters, but it attains a great size, and many fishermen fall victims to its voracity.

Some investigations with reference to the effect of tea and coffee upon digestion have recently been published by Professor Schulzenstein. By employing an artificial gastric juice

the professor was able to ascertain that 94 per cent. of coagulated white of egg was digested in eight hours, but that when the albumen was mixed with tea only 66 per cent., and when mixed with coffee only 61 per cent., was digested; the digestibility of the food being found to vary according to the strength of the decoction of tea or coffee added. These investigations would seem to show that a meat or 'high tea,' a convenient but nondescript meal which many busy workers indulge in, is not conducive to health. The injurious effect is supposed to be due to the presence of tannin.

Recently some experiments have taken place in the transmission of autographic messages by telegraph between Dover and London, and from the published accounts one would suppose that these are the first experiments of the kind which have been made. This is not the case, for more than forty years ago Bakewell's telegraph, an account of which can be found in most of the old text-books, transmitted handwriting between Brighton and London. By the same instrument, invisible messages were sent which could be rendered legible by the receiver. The apparatus was exhibited at the Great Exhibition of 1851, and received a medal. About ten years ago, another more perfect instrument for transmitting actual handwriting was contrived by Mr E. A. Cowper, and was successfully employed for some months on the South-western Railway. There are, however, few occasions likely to arise when the actual handwriting of a person is needed to be sent by telegraph, the ordinary instruments answering most requirements.

It is curious to note how the progress of knowledge causes the medical profession to change its opinions. It has always been thought that the use of new bread is most unhealthy, a doctrine which is religiously believed in and acted upon in most households. But a Russian doctor now asserts that new bread is far more beneficial to the consumer than that which has been cut and exposed to the air, and has had time to gather the numerous germs which find in the material a nutrient medium. The heat of the oven is destructive to these germs, and hence new bread is found to be perfectly free from them.

From a very interesting paper on a specimen of early Scottish iron (which is hidden in the Transactions of the Inverness Society), we get information concerning the remains of iron workings which are to be found in the neighbourhood of Loch Maree, and along the banks of the stream which connects the loch with the sea. It is supposed that some of these workings were started at the close of the sixteenth century, and it is certain that Sir George Hay, who afterwards became High Chancellor of Scotland, established iron-works in the neighbourhood in 1609. The ore was bog ore found in the vicinity, while the extensive woods all round provided the necessary charcoal. At a later period, iron ore from the Whitehaven district was employed. Many pieces of iron have been found in the neighbourhood, and in the paper to which we refer the composition of the metal is stated, together with plans and a description of some of the workings.

An Austrian engineer named Eckstein is reported to have produced a flexible substitute for glass. This new material appears to be made of collodion, to which is added a certain percentage of castor-oil and turpentine. The mixture is poured on a glass slab, and is dried by a current of hot air, and as a result a plate of glass-like material is produced, which can be bent but not broken. The substance will resist the action of most chemicals; is not so inflammable as celluloid; and by adding a white pigment to it while in the liquid state, a substance is obtained similar in appearance to ivory. This flexible glass is very tough, and can be mixed with any pigment required.

The authorities of Boston Harbour are perplexed at finding the *Teredo navalis* in possession of their premises, and it has begun to make serious havoc in the woodwork there. The *Teredo* has long been known on the southern coast of New England, but Boston harbour, it was believed from the lower temperature of its water, has hitherto been free from the pest. An interesting account of the creature, and of the mischief which it occasions, was lately given before a meeting of the Boston Society of Civil Engineers by Mr Henry Manley. It seems that the full-grown animal sometimes attains a length of three feet. It enters the wood which it attacks by a very small hole, and after that passes its life within the substance. The two large shells by which the boring operation is performed appear to be quite loose from one another in the dead animal, but are evidently connected during life by powerful muscles. The amount of work which one of these creatures can execute during a season is astonishing. For instance, two large dredging scows were taken to the mouth of Boston Harbour at the end of May, and in October they began to leak, simply because of the number of holes bored through the thick planks by the *Teredo*. It would appear that while the animal remains in the water, it passes through different stages of growth. In one of these stages it can swim; in another stage it has a foot which enables it to fasten itself to any object, and to move about to a limited extent. When it once makes its entrance into wood, its progress is most rapid. It does not eat the wood, but simply uses it as a habitation.

The Photographic Exhibition annually held by the Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain is now open in the rooms of the Water-colour Society, Pall Mall, London. While the pictures shown are of very high quality, there is no special novelty to report upon, but the pictures show that the method of photographic printing has undergone a change within recent years. Formerly the great majority of the pictures hung at this and similar exhibitions were printed on albumenised paper, as could be seen by the high gloss which they bore. This was considered by many to be most prejudicial to artistic effect, and now papers with dull surfaces are the rule. Albumen paper had, too, the disadvantage of not affording permanent results. It has been, therefore, in great measure, displaced by printing in platinum, carbon, and upon paper prepared with gelatine. These give

a great variety of tints, and the walls of the exhibition to which we have referred are therefore not so sombre in colour as they were in former years.

A new material is being employed in the United States for the building of boats and canoes. It is called 'linenoid,' for its basis is linen, which, after being softened into a pulp, is shaped over a form and afterwards rendered waterproof. There are no seams or joints in a boat made of this material, and the whole structure is said to be of the flexibility of metal, while at the same time it is very light. The keel and other parts where strength is requisite are made of ash or oak, and where metal is necessary, gun-metal or brass is employed. From a description of the boat which we have consulted, we think it would be fair to describe such a vessel as consisting of a skeleton of wood covered with an outer skin of the new material.

It is generally believed that decay in teeth is associated with a high state of civilisation, and that all peoples living in a more natural state are free from the dental troubles which beset their more civilised brothers. But a correspondent in *Nature*, Mr J. H. Mummery, says that twenty years ago his father, who made an exhaustive inquiry into this very question, came to a very different conclusion. He examined all the available collections of skulls in Great Britain, about two thousand in all, and as a result he found that among thirty-six ancient Egyptian skulls there were fifteen with carious teeth; amongst seventy-six Anglo-Saxon skulls, twelve; among a hundred and forty-six skulls of Romano-Britons, forty-one; and among forty-four miscellaneous skulls of ancient Britons, nine. Foreign collections gave similar results. Nor did he find the skulls of savage races more highly favoured in this respect, for among the Tasmanians, twenty-seven per cent. were found to have bad teeth, while twenty per cent. of native Australians, twenty-four per cent. of East Africans, and twenty-eight per cent. of the natives of West Africa, were equally in want of a dentist's services.

This is an age of very remarkable surgical operations, but perhaps one of the most extraordinary ever conceived was performed a few weeks ago by Mr J. A. Bloxam, Senior Surgeon at Charing Cross Hospital, London. A young man had presented himself at the institution whose face was minus a nose, and the object of his visit was to inquire whether modern surgery could supply the deficiency. The surgeon in question endeavoured to make a nose from the amputated finger of another patient, but the attempt failed. The applicant then suggested that one of his own fingers should be applied for the purpose, and in order that the member should not be sacrificed if the operation proved unsuccessful, he had to remain for four weeks with his finger attached to his nose, in the hope that eventually it would take root there. This it did, and the finger was subsequently detached from the hand and modelled as nearly as possible to the form of the central feature of the face.

Goods for sale which are hung outside shop-fronts offer a constant temptation to the dis-

honest, and the loss to tradespeople from robbery of articles thus exposed is very great. With the object of stopping such depredations, a London tradesman has invented a simple form of apparatus which will sound an alarm bell directly any theft is attempted. The apparatus consists of a row of hooks upon which the various articles for sale are suspended, each hook being in connection with an electric bell placed at any convenient point inside the shop. When any article is taken from its hook, contact is made with a battery current, and the bell rings.

'A retired sea-captain,' interviewed by the reporter of an enterprising American journal, gives some interesting particulars concerning the seal and its habits. Unlike the majority of mammals, the male seal is the devoted parent, while the mother is most apathetic with regard to her offspring, and will desert them on the first scent of danger. The sense of smell in the seal is so acute that, if a man approaches them ever so quietly from the windward side, they will wake from sleep and make off. But one may easily come among them from the other direction, and they will show no sign of fear, apparently not detecting a strange species except by the sense of smell.

Dr T. D. Crothers has been publishing some remarks upon what he considers to be a very promising subject for study—namely, the effects of changes in the weather upon humanity. In his own case he has found that damp and foggy days lead to faulty deductions and misconceptions which afterwards fill him with astonishment. He tells of the actuary employed by a large insurance company who is obliged to stop work in such weather owing to the constant mistakes which he finds himself making. In a large factory, from ten to twenty per cent. less work is done in unfavourable weather than at other times; and in the execution of orders the superintendent is obliged to take this factor into calculation. It is asserted by fire-insurance authorities that in depressing weather greater carelessness occasions more fires than at other times; and the drivers of railway engines have curious ideas about accidents and increased risks being coincident with bad weather. Dr Crothers is convinced, seemingly, that alternations of sunshine and rain have far more to do with the success of our work and our happiness than most of us imagine.

It has been known for many years that the dusts of certain substances when mixed with air are highly explosive. Many flour-mills have been destroyed from this cause, before it was found necessary in such places to use protected lights. In a coal-mine, the dust is doubly explosive, owing to its admixture with fire-damp. Professor Hall has recently been making experiments upon the inflammability of coal-dust, to which cause may be attributed so many fatal accidents in our mines. He regards coal-dust free from impurities as being almost as sensitive as gunpowder. This latter explosive he would entirely exclude for blasting purposes in mines, and would substitute for it ammonite or roburite, which he finds, after numerous experiments, will not ignite fire-damp. He also

suggests that the dust in dry workings should be repeatedly watered. These suggestions have often been made before, but they do not seem to be acted upon.

A new form of thermometer is now being made in Germany, which utilises toluol, in place of the familiar mercury or alcohol. There are several advantages claimed for this substitution. Toluol is a liquid of deep black colour, which can be readily seen, and its freezing and boiling points are very widely separated. It is much cheaper than mercury; and its manipulation is attended with no evil consequences to the workmen engaged in the manufacture of the thermometers.

OLD LONDON RIVERS.

IN this levelling age—an age that aims at obliterating all traces of the past—the old Rivers of London that ran through green fields, 'gilded with heavenly alchemy,' are utterly forgotten: rivers that now run beneath great City thoroughfares on their silent course—beneath old City churches and churchyards.

The most famous was the Fleet, 'the River of the Wells,' as it was appropriately called; for into this river there fell three fountains or wells—Holy Well, Clement's Well, and Clerkenwell; and many minor springs, which greatly increased the flow. It took its rise in the rural heights of Hampstead, fresh and clear; but as it reached the town, passing the City wall, it became dark and unwholesome. For, as the population about Clerkenwell and Holborn increased, the river became a receptacle of every kind of garbage. Several attempts were made to keep it clean, so that boats and barges might pass and unload their cargoes at Holborn as they had done before. The condition of the Fleet at this period has been described by Ben Jonson in a poem called 'The Famous Voyage,' depicting the 'hare-brained adventures of Sir Ralph Shelton and Mr Heyden,' who undertook to row from Bridewell to Holborn. But after the Great Fire the river was converted into a dock or creek. It was considerably deepened, so that barges could once more ascend for some distance. At the same time, the sides were built of stone and brick, wooden railings being placed about it, and wharfs and landing-places constructed. The 'New Canal,' as it was now called, was forty feet in breadth. In spite of its new name, however, the money that had been spent upon it, the speculation proved unprofitable.

Fleet Bridge was one of the four bridges over it, a bridge which connected Ludgate Hill with Fleet Street. It was a stone bridge, 'made or repaired at the charges of John Wells, mayor, in the year 1431;' for on the coping, John Wells was honourably engraved, 'embraced by angels.' It was afterwards rebuilt the breadth of the street, for the convenience of

coaches and carts. The sides were raised 'above breast high,' and thereon the City arms were engraved. To the south was Bridewell Bridge; and near Fleet Prison; to the north, was Fleet Lane Bridge. Holborn Bridge, also of stone, crossed the river at Farringdon Street, where the 'Hole-bourne' ran down from Holborn Bars the entire length of the road, and fell into the Fleet. This brook was long ago stopped up at the head, and in other places 'where the same hath broken out; yet the said street is called High Old-borne Hill; and all the grounds adjoining that lie betwixt it and the river of Thames remain full of springs, so that water is there found at hand, and hard to be stopped in every house.' The Fleet and the Oldbourne, in the opinion of modern topographers, were one and the same. The part which admitted the flood-tide was called the Fleet. The whole district of Farringdon Street, indeed, runs over the course of the old river.

It was the Fleet which formed the western bulwark of London for hundreds of years. There was no such stream westward for many miles; no creek deep enough, or sufficiently wide, for commercial purposes. But this river, in the time of Edward I., was navigable to King's Cross. Ship Court and Seacoal Lane, which have now disappeared, were well-known landmarks at the time the Fleet was a harbour. All its windings have been traced out from its source at Hampstead Heath to its mouth at Blackfriars. It did not 'meander' through open meadows, or go miles out of its way to avoid a hill: the Fleet made its mark, on the contrary, deep and indelible wherever it flowed; and it can therefore be easily understood how it gained its early name of 'Hole-bourne,' when we find it, at no very distant time, running between banks in places as steep as cliffs. And yet so completely have these banks been covered, that Stow and other antiquaries had to invent an 'Oldbourne,' and to make the river flow down Holborn Hill in order to account for the name. The Hole-bourne, in fact, was the early course of the Fleet; and its wanderings can be discovered by the contour of the land through which it flowed. For two miles from the 'Vale of Health' at Hampstead, past the Gospel Oak—where the parishioners came in the middle ages to mark the boundaries—skirting the slope of Kentish Town, with Camden Town on the right, it reached St Pancras Church, a deserted neighbourhood even in the sixteenth century, and far away among the fields.

But it is at Battle Bridge, now King's Cross, that the river begins to enter the long valley, from which it never emerges until it reaches the Thames. High clay hills rise up on either side: one is crowned by the walls of Coldbath Fields Prison, and another by the scarcely more cheerful institutions of Clerkenwell. As elsewhere in the Thames valley, mammoth bones have been discovered along the course of the Fleet; and of one such 'skeleton' an antiquary has argued—though some will have it the elephant lay there since the universal deluge—that it was 'brought over by the Romans and killed in the fight by a Briton.' This hypothesis, though very ingenious, fails to account for

all the discoveries of the remains of elephants along the banks of the Thames and Lea. There have been other discoveries also which throw light upon the early condition of Middlesex; and vestiges of a vast forest on this northern shore of the estuary may occasionally be found at no great depth. The decline of the Fleet, in these modern days, from a river to a brook—as the Thames has declined from a huge lagoon to a mere river—may be accounted for by remembering what an important part forests play by retaining moisture in the air and soil. The Fleet was once known as Turnmill Brook; for numerous mills were erected upon it, 'as appeareth by a fair register book' of the Priory of Clerkenwell. 'The stream north of Fleet Bridge,' it has been remarked, 'justified the epithet of Turnmill Brook. Till the middle of the last century it gave motion to flour and flattening mills at the back of Field Lane.' There was an advertisement in the *Daily Courant* in 1741 which announced a house to let in Bowling Alley, Turnmill Street, 'with a good stream and current that will turn a mill to grind hair-powder or liquorish or other things.' In the time of Elizabeth, the country in the neighbourhood of Cowbridge—a bridge that crossed the stream in Clerkenwell—was covered with gardens. The river was first arched over between Holborn Bridge and Fleet Street; and when Blackfriars Bridge was built in 1765, the portion between Fleet Street and the Thames was also covered in.

Walbrook—so named from running through the city and from the wall, 'with divers windings into the river of Thames'—had many bridges over it; and in its course along streets and byways it divided the city into north and south. It has been hidden underground since the fourteenth century, though a glimpse of it was gained at the corner of Bread Street in 1595, while digging a vault fifteen feet below the surface; and it was seen once more as late as November 1803, 'still trickling among the foundations of the new buildings of the Bank.' It took its rise in the fens beyond Moorgate, and passed through Lothbury, and thence beneath the lower part of Grocers' Hall—about the east side of their kitchen—and under St Mildred's in the Poultry, which during the middle ages was built on an archway over the brook; thence through Bucklersbury at the spot where a house called 'The Old Barge' once stood, because barges out of the Thames were rowed up so far into the stream; and so the river flowed to Elbow Lane, and by Greenwich Lane into the Thames. The west side of the parish church of St John-upon-Walbrook looked upon the river bank hard by Horseshoe Bridge—a bridge over the brook in Horsebridge Lane. It was burnt down by the Great Fire, and was never rebuilt; but the churchyard was a burying-ground as late as the last century, the parish being joined to St Antholin's. The church which stood on the east bank—St Stephen's—is still standing at the corner of Walbrook Street; and its interior is one of the finest among the old City churches.

At the feast of St Margaret the Virgin in 1291, we find Sir Ralf de Sandwich inquiring into the condition of the bridge over the

Walbrook at Bucklersbury. He had previously given orders as to the cleansing of the course of the stream from where it entered the city to the Thames at Dowgate. The bridge was in a dangerous state. It had been repaired many years before by Walter Harvey, 'Improver of the City,' who had charged the cost against the occupiers of four adjacent houses, probably those which stood at the four corners of the bridge. One of them was the old mansion of the Bukerels, from whom the district was named. Another had belonged to Richard de Walebroke. In ancient times, four stones marked these tenements. A jury of 'certain men' of the adjacent wards found that the tenants of these houses were bound to keep the bridge in repair, and the sheriffs were accordingly ordered to see it done.

In the earlier days of the Romans—the days when British maidens went down the steps by the Walbrook to fill their great red jars of Kentish pottery—the banks were very popular as sites for villas. In the valley of the Walbrook, a villa floor was lately discovered not less than forty feet below the present surface. All along its winding course, at a varying depth, evidences have been brought to light of the wealth and luxury of dwellers in the pleasant ravine beside Threadneedle Street and the heights of Cornhill. And it was not until the time of Edward IV. that the mandate went forth 'that such persons as had any ground on either side of the Walbrook should vault and pave it over so far as his ground extended.' It was arched over with brick, and paved with stone, so that 'the trace thereof,' says a topographer of the last century, 'is known but to very few.'

The Langbourne—'so called,' says Stow, 'from its length'—ran from the north-eastern corner of the City to the declivity of Walbrook, all along the northern front, except where a thoroughfare, parallel to Gracechurch Street—nearly on the site of Botolph Lane—crossed it; thence it went out north towards Ancaster and Lincoln. The two great streets—Watling Street and Ermyng Way—met at the bridge foot. Here was the market-place, still known as East Cheap. 'There was possibly a small river postern at this spot,' Mr Loftie has suggested in his 'History of London'—'lately marked by Ebbgate Lane, and probably a larger one opening on the bridge.' Vestiges of rude buildings have been found on the banks of the river; and it is supposed by some writers that a native village of Dowgate fishermen stood on the height.

There were two other rivers of some importance, that, like the Fleet, had their rise in the north of London—the West-Bourne and the Tyburn. The West-Bourne originally fed the Serpentine, but it now flows underground into the river near Millbank. The source of the Tyburn was not far from the Swiss Cottage, on the first slopes of Hampstead; thence it flows for a few hundred yards through the Regent's Park and across Marylebone Road—Marylebone Lane, in fact, once overhanging a bank of the river. It ran close to Mandeville Place, over Wigmore Street, and approached Oxford Street at Gee's Court; its way then tended—after

coursing through a labyrinth of lanes behind Broad Street—a little to the west, through South Moulton Street and across Brook Street by Avery Row to Grosvenor Mews, reaching Berkeley Square at the foot of Hay Hill. Here the river again turns westward, and only enters the Green Park at Engine Street—now known as Brick Street—whose name would seem to indicate the existence of a water-wheel at some remote period. Across the Green Park the windings of the Tyburn are occasionally revealed, in the present day, by a line of mist. It then passes through the ornamental water in St James's Park, and falls into the Thames. In olden times, however, part of the water ran into the ancient Abbey of Westminster, where it was carefully piped by the monks for their own use.

The few rivers once in sight on the south side of London, with the exception of the Wandle, have also disappeared. There were the Quaggy River and the River Pool, which once fell, between Deptford and Greenwich, into the Thames opposite the Isle of Dogs. There was the river Effra, which had its rise near Dulwich Hill, passing Stockwell on the right, and Kennington on the left, and entering the Thames at Lambeth. The Wandle, which may still be seen falling into the river near Battersea Reach, runs through Wandsworth from the chalky hills of Surrey. Croydon owed its trade to the Wandle; but the river now flows underground through that town, where—like the rivers that flow under the streets of London—it is borne no longer in mind.

VOICES OF THE HUMAN HEART.

I FELT the breath of the expiring year
Pass in the moaning breeze, and to my sight
Glistened each star as 'twere a frozen tear
Upon the mute and lonesome face of Night.
Time, in our breasts, that slumbers not nor sleeps,
Marks the faint murmur of Eternity,
As ever round with rhythmic impulse sweeps
Some little eddy of the Life to be.

We look, and lo! afar doth stretch the deep
With ebb and flow amid the storm and calm,
Raising its thunderous praises to heaven's steep,
Or chanting to the shore a lowly psalm;
While in the ears that hear, from little hearts
That shrink and swell as with imprisoned love,
Steal o'er the silence of their inmost parts,
The nearer echoes of a Voice above.

THOMAS HARKNESS.

* * * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed to the 'Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2d. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3d. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 566.—VOL. XI.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1894.

PRICE 1½d.

THE GREAT NORTH ROAD.

OF all the national highways, before the era of railways, the one most used was that leading northwards from London, along the eastern side of the island, to York and the intermediate towns. The Great North Road, as it has been called from time immemorial, did not, however, terminate at York, although that city in the old days was the metropolis of Northern England; but was continued to Edinburgh, thus forming a direct communication between the two capitals.

In the time of the Romans, the importance of the route was recognised. Watling Street—although it did not coincide at all points with its successor—ran in much the same direction; but new towns springing up in the more direct line between London and York, the old Roman Road was in time deserted and lost. Along with the disappearance of the Roman roads, disappeared the art of road-making. Up to the time when Acts of Parliament and the increase of traffic made it necessary to keep the roads in some state of repair, the Great North Road was a ditchless and hedgeless track for the most part of its length, and so difficult to follow in places, that guides had to be employed by those who did not know it. On one of the Lincolnshire moors there was, until comparatively recent times, a lighthouse to guide travellers in the right direction. The road, as it existed up to the seventeenth century, was innocent of any making, all the making it ever received being from the tramp of the countless feet and hoofs which passed over it. Such being the free-and-easy style of the road-making of our ancestors, its normal state may easily be conceived.

In 1680 the state of the road from Edinburgh to London, four miles out of the former place, was described in the Privy-council Records of that year as in so dreadful a state that passengers took their lives in their hands when they ventured upon it; 'either by their

coaches overturning, their horse falling, their carts breaking, their loads casting and horse stumbling, the poor people with the burdens on their backs sorely grieved and discouraged; moreover, strangers do often exclaim thereat.' The exclamations of strangers need not have troubled the Privy-council, as the roads were in much the same state from one end of the land to the other.

The first stage-coach between the two capitals appears to have been started in 1658. It ran once a fortnight, and the fare was four pounds. The time taken to the journey is not accurately known; but between York and London it was four days. This lavish system of communication was not, however, kept up, as, in 1763, the coach ran between London and Edinburgh once a month only, taking a fortnight, if the weather was favourable, to the journey.

In the days of stage-coaches, people sometimes clubbed together and hired a post-chaise for their journey, as being quicker and less expensive; and Scottish newspapers occasionally contained advertisements to the effect that a person about to proceed to London would be glad to hear of a fellow 'adventurer' or two bent on the same journey, to share the expense.

In 1754 a heroic effort was made to improve the London and Edinburgh coach. The *Edinburgh Courant* for that year contained the following advertisement: 'The Edinburgh Stage-coach, for the better accommodation of passengers, will be altered to a New Genteel Two-end Glass Coach Machine, being on steel springs, exceeding light, and easy to go in ten days in summer, and twelve in winter; to set out the first Tuesday in March, and continue it from Hosea Eastgate's, the "Coach and Horses," in Dean Street, Soho, London; and from John Somerville's, in the Canongate, Edinburgh, &c. Passengers to pay as usual.—Performed, if God permits, by your dutiful servant, HOSEA EASTGATE.'

There were some conservative souls, however, who scorned to use coaches, and preferred the

good old way. One of these was Lord Monboddo, the Scottish judge, who persisted in riding on horseback to London when he had occasion; as he said, it was unmanly to sit in a box drawn by brutes. Another, about the same time, was Mr Barclay of Ury, the member for Kincardineshire; but he scorned even a horse. When he went to London, he walked.

A journey on the Great North Road in the middle of the eighteenth century was not all pleasure, even in the glass coach, but was as exciting and dangerous as any one could reasonably wish. Why was it, when in the neighbourhood of Barnet, especially at night, that the coachman kept a keener and more anxious lookout than usual? Why did the guard look to the priming of his blunderbuss, notwithstanding that that instrument seldom did any mischief? Why did the passengers anxiously whisper together and peer out into the darkness? Why did those who had firearms portentously examine them? Why! Because this was the particular hunting-ground of the renowned Dick Turpin. Here he was wont to wait in some darksome nook and 'hold up' the passing traveller. When the word of command came, blunderbusses and pistols were forgotten, and their valiant possessors submitted to be fleeced like lambs. And here might be mentioned Turpin's famous ride to York; but, like many other doings of cherished heroes, it has been scouted by the historian, in the vulgar desire to keep to the level of sordid fact. Dick Turpin was not the only gentleman of the road, however; he had imitators, who practised on the highway all the way to York; but they had not always his success. Here and there, a grim reminder swinging in the wind testified to the uncertainty of human affairs as exemplified on the Great North Road. But the highwayman was only one of the dangers. If the coach escaped being upset in the ruts, or stuck in the mud, or engulfed in a slough, or set afloat on the floods of Lincolnshire, or buried in the snow in winter, then the traveller might hope to arrive at the end of his journey alive. It is little wonder, taking all these considerations into account, that the intending traveller made his will, and solemnly took leave of his weeping family before setting out on a journey.

If the roads were bad, the coaches themselves were often not above reproach. Axle-trees had a habit of breaking, with disastrous results; and wheels came off so frequently, that it was taken as a matter of course. Dean Ramsay relates an anecdote of one of the North stage-coaches. A gentleman sitting in the coach at Berwick was inconvenienced by a copious stream of rain-water that descended upon him from a hole in the roof. On calling the coachman's attention to it, all the satisfaction he got was the quiet, unmoved reply: 'Ay, mony a ane has complained o' that hole.'

There was another vehicle, besides the stage-coach, which held the road until well on towards the end of the eighteenth century; this was the stage-wagon. As the stage-coach was not for everybody's money, the wagon was calculated to meet all requirements as regards cheapness. Thus, the York and London wagon, besides carrying merchandise, carried passengers

between these two cities at the rate of a shilling a day; but one did not require to be in a hurry, as the journey took fourteen days.

In 1784 a new era in coaching commenced, for in that year the mails were first carried by coach; before this, from the earliest times, they had been carried by postboys on horseback. The first regular post between London and Edinburgh was established in 1635. It was usually despatched twice a week, but in winter only once, and took three days to the journey. This was remarkable celerity for the times, although, in 1603, Robert Carey, son of Lord Hunsdon, galloped to Edinburgh with the news of the death of Queen Elizabeth in three days; but this was considered marvellous. Notwithstanding this rapidity, the news of the abdication of James II. in 1688 took three months to reach Orkney. By 1715 the speed of the mails had fallen off, for the Edinburgh post then took six days; but, owing to the vehement remonstrances of the towns on the route, their speed was accelerated to three and a half or four days. This could not have been any great exertion, as the mails in those days were not very heavy, as instanced in the year 1745, when the Edinburgh mail arrived one day with only one letter.

The post, like the stage, had its dangers and adventures. When the floods were out in Lincoln and Norfolk, the post was delayed for days, and sometimes weeks; and in winter, when the roads were blocked, it was sometimes interrupted for months. There were dangers of a kind which we should hardly have expected. The mail which left Edinburgh on the 20th of November 1725 reached Berwick in safety, but was never afterwards heard of, neither postboy, horse, nor mail-bags. It is supposed that in crossing the sands between Holy Island and the mainland, over which his road lay, the postboy was confused by a fog, and rode in the direction of the sea, where he perished. In winter, too, postboys frequently perished among the snow.

But the danger above all others which the mail had to encounter was that from highwaymen. Postboys were waylaid at every turn, and the postbags rifled. This was so common, that 'robbing the mail' became a proverbial saying. Postboys seldom showed fight, being no match for a well-armed and mounted highwayman; indeed, if all tales be true, postboys themselves were not immaculate, for Mr Palmer says: 'The mails are generally entrusted to some idle boy without character, mounted on a worn-out hack; and who, so far from being able to defend himself or escape from a robber, is much more likely to be in league with him.'

About 1780, Mr Palmer drew up a scheme for the reorganisation of the postal system, and submitted it to Mr Pitt. He had been led to do so by the slow rate of the post as compared with stage-coaches, which had then attained some degree of efficiency. Pitt was so struck with Mr Palmer's scheme, that he made him Comptroller-general, in order to carry it out. Palmer's scheme was that the mails should be carried by coach instead of on horseback, thereby at least doubling the rate of speed; for by this time the old order of things

had become reversed, and stage-coach travelling was quicker than the post.

Like the introduction of stage-coaches, the introduction of mail-coaches was violently opposed. One post-office official expressed astonishment that 'any dissatisfaction or desire for change should exist;' that the post-office was excellently managed, and could not be improved upon; and also that he 'could not see why the post should be the swiftest conveyance in England.' The arming of the guards, which Palmer suggested, was objected to, as likely to add murder to the crime of robbery, 'for when once desperate fellows had determined upon robbery, resistance would lead to murder.' But Pitt was adamant, and the coaches were started.

The first mail-coach to Edinburgh started in 1784, and took three nights and two days to the journey. The introduction of mail-coaches caused a revolution in travelling. Carrying passengers, and being better made, appointed, and horsed, and travelling at a faster rate of speed, and, moreover, being subsidised by the Post-office, they were from the first a most formidable rival to the stage-coaches. The stage-coaches, on the other hand, could not afford to be left behind, and soon, in point of equipment and speed, were equal to the mails. Under pressure of this competition, and also on the active interference of Government, the roads began to be better made and kept, and soon the ordinary rate of travelling for both mail and stage coaches was about eight miles an hour. But even this did not please everybody, not on the ground of its not being fast enough, but because it was too fast. It was gravely asserted that several people had died of affection of the brain on their arrival in London, owing to the too rapid motion through the air!

About 1820, travelling on the North Road was much improved by the new system of road-making introduced by Macadam; and about this time, also, an altogether new road between London and Edinburgh was contemplated. Telford was the engineer chosen. The road was to be as straight as possible, thus reverting to the plan of the Romans. The part between Morpeth and Edinburgh was completed about 1824. It went by Wooler, Coldstream, up Lauderdale, by Soutra Hill, to Edinburgh. The larger portion between Morpeth and London, after some years spent in surveys, was at last decided upon; and a hundred miles of the New Great North Road between London and York were actually laid out, when the works were finally stopped by the advent of railways.

By this time, coaching had attained its acme of perfection. The maroon-coloured mail-coach, with its four-in-hand team and scarlet-coated guard with his 'yard of tin' or horn, and the equally well-appointed stage-coach, were flashing up and down all parts of the road at an average speed of nine and ten miles an hour. The time for the mails was forty-two hours twenty-three minutes from London to Edinburgh; and forty-five hours thirty-nine minutes from Edinburgh to London; and these times were kept, not to a minute or two, but to the minute. This was surprising, considering the loads they sometimes had to carry. The mail-coach, besides the postbags—sometimes a load in themselves—

carried four inside and three outside passengers with their luggage. The stage-coach carried four inside and twelve outside passengers and luggage, which was piled on the roof, and when it had a full complement, looked like a mountain on wheels. Just before the introduction of railways, as many as seven coaches ran between London and Edinburgh daily.

Barnet, the first stage northwards from London, was at this time the grand junction for all the coaching lines to the northern parts of the kingdom. A continual procession passed through it at all hours of the day and night, and the sound of the guard's horn was as familiar as the railway whistle is to-day at Willesden.

In spite of good roads and good coaches, travelling still had its dangers, especially in winter. In January 1814 the Edinburgh mail stuck in the snow, and the bags had to be forwarded to Alnwick on horseback. Eight horses were required to draw the down mail between York and Newcastle. In this year, too, Macready mentions in his *Reminiscences* that it was necessary to cut a passage for some miles through the snow in the neighbourhood of Berwick; and he says that, if he had delayed his journey for another day, he would not have got south for six weeks, the roads being blocked for that time between Edinburgh and Newcastle. In December 1836 was one of the severest snow-storms that ever occurred in this country. Communications were everywhere stopped, the mail and stage coaches being completely disorganised. Coaches were caught wherever they happened to be, and buried in the snow. The town of St Albans was completely filled with them, unable to proceed up or down the road. In some parts of the country, all trace of the road was lost, and the coachmen, when they could proceed at all, had in many instances to find their way by guess.

In the end, the London and Edinburgh coach was gradually elbowed off the road by the railway. As the railway advanced northwards, so the coach receded. Its last run was between Edinburgh and Berwick; and this was finally given up on the opening of the Edinburgh and Berwick Railway in 1846. After this, the Great North Road was the Great North Road no more; from a national highway teeming with life, it became a mere country road, in places grass-grown and deserted.

The old coach, although it had its dangers and inconveniences, had a degree of romance about it which the railway, with all its comfort and expedition, does not possess. Although the traveller had at times to endure rain, sleet, and snow, yet what could be pleasanter than bowling along at twelve or thirteen miles an hour in the crisp morning air, all nature fresh and bright? In the stirring times when the century was young, it was the coach which spread the tidings of victory through the land. We can imagine the anxious crowds that awaited the mail at every stage, and the ringing cheer, as the coachman's beaming face and the sprig of holly in his hat announced another victory. The coachman was a mighty man in those days, not in name, but in reality; he was the king of the road, at whose nod all else

must stand aside. To sit beside him was a privilege, and to know him was an honour; but these days are past—both he and his occupation are gone.

THE LAWYER'S SECRET.*

By JOHN K. LEYS, Author of *The Lindsays, &c.*

CHAPTER XXII.—THE TRIAL.

At the next sittings of the Central Criminal Court, a day was appointed for the trial of Adelaide, Lady Boldon, and Hugh Thesiger, for the murder of James Felix.

On the morning of the day fixed for the trial, which happened to be a Saturday, the doors of the court-house were besieged by the public as early as nine o'clock. It was lucky that Terence O'Neil was on the spot, to coax here and bully there, and bribe a sour-visaged policeman, else Lieutenant Thesiger and his wife, the old Rector and Adelaide's mother, would never have been able to squeeze their way in. Marjory was there too. She could not imagine what folly had possessed her sister to give herself up to the police for a crime which, the girl felt certain, she had never committed. As for Sir Richard Boldon's will, Marjory had not the slightest doubt that it had lain in the drawer of the writing-table ever since her brother-in-law's death, and that Mr Felix had either overlooked it, or had pretended not to find it when he sought for it on the day of the funeral. As to the murder of Mr Felix, Marjory maintained that he had taken the drug himself, and that the chemist and his son were simply mistaken in imagining that they recognised a fragment of one of their labels on the bit of broken glass found in Hugh's bedroom. At any rate, she believed, Adelaide could not be guilty of such a crime as *that*. She must have accused herself falsely, with the one idea of standing between her lover and danger. Mr and Mrs Bruce, and indeed the public generally, took this view of the matter. There were a few, however, and amongst them were many *habitues* of the Old Bailey, who believed that both were alike guilty; and there were some who thought that, in spite of appearances to the contrary, Lady Boldon was the chief, if not the only criminal, and that Thesiger had done what he had done solely in order to screen her from the consequences of her crime. Of course, O'Neil and all Hugh's personal friends were of this number. The unemployed members of the bar crowded the benches allotted to them, and betted freely as to whether one prisoner, or both, or neither, would be convicted.

A little before ten, two Queen's Counsel appeared and pushed their way through the crowd till they reached the front row of the barristers' seats. The first was a quiet, gentlemanly man, the Solicitor-general, Sir Edward Spencer. He 'led' for the prosecution. The other was tall and spare—gaunt, indeed, of figure, with a hard eye and a determined air even when there was no occasion for pugnacity. This was the counsel whom O'Neil had selected for the defence of his friend, when he heard

that he could not command Mr Tempest's services. His name was Griffith, and he had a great reputation for a bulldog-like tenacity, which sometimes enabled him to win a case that had seemed hopelessly bad. O'Neil followed close behind him.

The two Q.C.s exchanged a few words; but presently another 'silk' came in, a little man with a withered face, a gentle tone, and a hesitating manner. Immediately, the Solicitor-general stopped talking to Griffith and addressed himself to the new-comer. 'Hallo, Soames, who are you for?'

'I believe I'm for the lady,' said Soames in his usual soft accents.

'Most appropriate, 'm sure. Instructed by family solicitors, I suppose?'

'Yes—solicitors of Lady Boldon's father,' answered Mr Soames.

Sir Edward turned to his brief; and in a few minutes more the judge, Mr Justice Cherry, entered the court.

'Put Lady Boldon and Hugh Thesiger into the box,' said the clerk of arraigns; and in a few seconds the two prisoners appeared. Evidently, they had not been allowed to see one another until that moment; for each of them, before so much as glancing up at the crowded court, looked first of all into the other's eyes.

O'Neil, who was watching them intently, was surprised. Hugh's look was rather one of reproach, gentle, yet with some sternness in it—reproach and sorrow, rather than pity. Lady Boldon's look was that of a woman whose emotion is too great for words.

Chairs were provided; and the two prisoners were seated side by side, but a few feet apart from each other.

'You appear for the prosecution, I suppose, Sir Edward?' asked the judge.

'Yes, m'lord. Mr Tempest is with me,' said the Solicitor-general, barely rising from his seat.

'Who appears for Lady Boldon?'

'I do, m'lord—Mr Wylie and I,' said Mr Soames.

'And who is for Mr Thesiger?'

'No one, my lord. I prefer to conduct my own defence,' came in clear, ringing tones from the dock. Hugh was standing up, his head thrown back a little, his mouth firmly set.

There was a rustle, then a sudden hush in the court. O'Neil, greatly distressed, rose from his seat, and turned towards his friend, with an imploring look on his face. Hugh did not seem to see him; he kept his gaze fixed upon the judge.

Mr Griffith also rose to his feet, and glared, first at the prisoner, then at O'Neil—who paid no attention to him—and finally at the judge.

'I don't understand this, my lord,' he said. 'I was retained to defend Hugh Thesiger in the regular way. Of course, if he has changed his mind'—

'You had better leave your case to Mr Griffith,' said Mr Justice Cherry to the prisoner in persuasive tones, bending over his desk. 'It could not be in better hands.'

'I am sure of that, my lord; but I prefer to take my own course,' was the answer.

* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

'Of course, if you insist—but I strongly advise you'—

'I fear I must insist,' said Thesiger calmly; and the judge said no more.

'I suppose we had better take Hugh Thesiger's case first,' said the judge; and Hugh, who had reseated himself, immediately rose again to his feet.

'Hugh Thesiger,' said the clerk of the arraigns, 'you stand indicted that, on the 14th day of September last, you did wilfully, maliciously, and feloniously slay and murder one James Felix. Another count in the indictment charges you with the manslaughter of the said James Felix.—How say you, Hugh Thesiger, are you guilty, or not guilty?'

There was a dead stillness in the court for an instant, which was broken by Hugh's voice, low, but perfectly clear: 'Not guilty of murder. I plead guilty to the manslaughter.'

A cry from the dock—a cry that reached to the farthest corners of the court, and Lady Boldon rose up, her hands clasped before her. 'No! No! No! It was not he. Don't let him say he did it. It was I—I will confess it'—

'Sit down, Lady Boldon; I cannot listen to you,' said the judge sternly. 'Your motive may be a very generous one; I have no doubt it is. But you cannot be allowed to interfere with the course of justice. If you speak again, I must order you to be removed. Mr Thesiger's plea is, in effect, one of not guilty, unless'—He paused, and glanced at Sir Edward Spencer, who had been talking in whispers with Mr Tempest and Mr Perowne, who was sitting at the solicitors' table in front of him. As the judge made that significant pause, the Solicitor-general rose.

'I have been consulting with my friend,' he said; 'and he agrees with me that the evidence will not carry the case beyond the point of manslaughter. If your lordship has no objection, I am prepared, on behalf of the Crown, to accept the plea of Guilty of Manslaughter which the prisoner has tendered.'

'I think you are taking a very proper course,' said Mr Justice Cherry. 'There is no evidence of an intention to kill: stupefaction would serve any purpose the prisoner may have had equally well.'

'Just so, my lord,' said Sir Edward.

Then, after an inquiring glance at the bench, the clerk of arraigns proceeded to say—'Hugh Thesiger, another indictment charges you with stealing, on the 14th day of September last, from the executors of the said James Felix, a certain document, to wit, a will; and another count in the indictment charges you under the statute with concealing the said will.—How say you, Hugh Thesiger, are you guilty, or not guilty?'

'I plead guilty, my lord,' he said quietly.

'Guilty on both counts?' asked the clerk of the arraigns, dipping his pen in the ink to make a record of the pleas.

'Yes.'

Lady Boldon lifted her tear-stained face for one instant, and looked at her lover. She leant towards him, and seemed about to speak; but he appeared not to be conscious of her

wish, and remained standing perfectly still, his eyes on the ground.

'You can stand down,' said the clerk of arraigns. As Hugh moved to obey, he glanced, by chance, at the bench, and found that the judge was observing him with a strange inquiring look, as if he would have liked very much to put one or two questions to him.

A little disconcerted by the judge's gaze, Hugh sat down. A policeman touched him on the arm, to intimate that he might go below, as it was evident that sentence was not going to be passed at the moment. Hugh had a sovereign ready in his waistcoat pocket, and he slipped it into the man's hand. 'Wait till you are told to remove me,' he whispered; and the man let him be.

Lady Boldon was now called on to plead; and in a hardly audible voice, she answered, 'Not guilty.'

Then the trial began with a speech from the Solicitor-general—a speech that was studiously moderate in tone, quiet and unpretentious in manner, and absolutely free from clap-trap, but clear as crystal, and all the more convincing and effective from its moderation. He began by narrating the facts concerning Sir Richard Boldon's marriage, and his death, and the general surprise that was felt when it was discovered that in virtue of a will which Sir Richard Boldon had made soon after his marriage, the Roby estate passed to his widow for her life. Sir Edward Spencer then went on to speak of the attachment which had sprung up between Lady Boldon and Mr Hugh Thesiger, telling the jury that he should at least prove that they were intimate friends, and had acted in such a way that it might easily be inferred that they were engaged to be married. Under these circumstances, it was plain that if a later will existed which took this large estate away from Lady Boldon in the event of her marrying a second time, and gave it to another, both Lady Boldon and the gentleman whom she had apparently chosen as her second husband would have the very strongest interest in getting possession of that will, and suppressing it. The male prisoner had in their hearing confessed that he had administered to the solicitor who had the will (and who had apparently been induced to keep it secret) a powerful drug, and that he had taken the will from the dead man's room. Now, strictly speaking, that might not be evidence against Lady Boldon; but he was entitled to say this—somebody administered this drug; it was greatly to Lady Boldon's interest that it should be administered; were there circumstances, relevant facts, which could be sworn to, which connected Lady Boldon with the unfortunate solicitor's death, showing, in fact, that she was a party to it? He feared that there were such facts in abundance. It seemed, indeed, as if hers had been the moving spirit in the whole matter; for it could hardly be denied that she procured, copied with her own hand, and gave to her confederate, the prescription for the poison—nay, more, that she accompanied him when he purchased it.

Lady Boldon, continued Sir Edward, had made a confession; but although there could be

little doubt that it was true in the main, he did not intend to rely on it to any great extent. He could easily understand that his learned friend would urge fairly, and with great effect, that in making that confession, Lady Boldon had but one object in view—the screening of her lover. That object had failed, by reason of the frank, and, he would add, manly, confession of his guilt which the male prisoner had made; and although Lady Boldon's statement remained, it would be for him, Sir Edward, to support the case for the Crown by independent testimony. That he was prepared to do. He would prove that Lady Boldon had visited the unfortunate solicitor on the afternoon of his death. But whether it was she who, with her own hand, had administered the drug, or the prisoner who had pleaded guilty, was a matter of indifference. It was really immaterial. If she counselled the deed, if she lent her aid to the other prisoner in the accomplishment of it, she was an accessory before the fact, and equally guilty with him. And the clearest proof of her complicity was this—that the will, the will which stripped Lady Boldon of the wealth she had been enjoying, the moment she gave her hand to any man in marriage, was found under some other papers in a locked drawer of Lady Boldon's writing-table.

Hugh Thesiger started as these words were uttered, and threw a quick glance—a look of wonder and of grave reproach on Lady Boldon.

Hardly any one noticed this, however. Everybody was looking at Lady Boldon; she sat perfectly still, her hands resting in her lap, her eyes cast down. Only, at the mention of the finding of the will, a troubled, anxious expression crossed her face.

Then the tedious process of examination of witnesses was gone through.

Mr Soames was characteristically mild in his manner when he cross-examined the witnesses for the Crown. It was his principle that a man can more easily be coaxed than bullied into making admissions. He had no difficulty in eliciting from Matthew Fane the fact that Mr Felix was, to the best of his belief, alive, and sleeping a natural sleep, when he returned to the office at half-past four.

'Had any suspicion crossed your mind, Mr Fane, as to your employer's condition, you would at once have gone for assistance?'

'Yes; certainly.'

'And as you did not summon any one?'

'It never occurred to me to do that. I saw no cause for alarm,' said Mr Fane.

'Exactly.—Now, as to this alleged will. Do you know anything about it?'

'I was not present when it was signed.'

'No—no. I don't mean that. Can you identify it in any way?—Just hand it up to the witness.'

'Yes,' said Fane, glancing at the document from the corner of his eye. 'I engrossed it. It is in my own handwriting.'

'Do you know why it was not produced at the time of Sir Richard's death?'

'No.'

'Do you know where it was at the time of his death?'

'No, sir.'

'Can you tell us anything about its adventures after it left your hands?'

'No; I can't, sir.'

'You don't know whether Mr Felix had it?'

'I can't say, sir.'

'Or whether Lady Boldon knew of it?'

'I don't suppose she did, sir,' said the witness with apparent simplicity.

'You mean that you know nothing from which you could have inferred that she must have been aware of the existence of this will?'

'Exactly, sir.'

'Exactly what?' asked the judge sharply.

'Exactly what the counsel said, my lord,' said Fane. 'I knew no reason why Lady Boldon should have known of the will. She might, or she might not, for all I can tell.'

'When did you see it last?' resumed Mr Soames.

'When I gave it to Mr Felix after engrossing it—before it was signed.'

'Then you can form no idea as to who had kept it since Sir Richard's death?' put in the judge.

'No, my lord.'

'Nor how it came to be found at Roby Chase?'

'No, my lord.'

The other witnesses were called, one after the other, including some experts in handwriting, to prove the handwriting of the prescription, as well as the witnesses who had been called at the inquest, and the detectives who found the will. Then Sir Edward declared that his case was closed; and Mr Justice Cherry announced that the court would adjourn for half an hour.

BAMBOO AND ITS USES.

A MUSEUM or an Exhibition arranged for the single purpose of illustrating the innumerable and varied uses to which the Bamboo is put would be neither a small nor an uninteresting one. Exterminate the bamboo, and the poor Chinaman is deprived of his big sun-hat, and the wealthier Chinaman of the soles of his shoes. But although we are inclined to associate bamboo chiefly with the Chinese, yet it is hardly if at all less important to the natives of India, the Malays, the Dyaks of Borneo, and the Japanese. The gracefulness and beauty of its foliage render it an irresistibly attractive subject to the Japanese artist. And, indeed, hardly a fitter frame could be desired to an outline of Fusi-yama, the Peerless Mountain, than a cluster of slender bamboos gracefully arching the foreground. Hardly a screen, fan, vase, or lacquer tray but probably owes more or less of its decoration to the feathery leafage of the bamboo. And if some invisible power were suddenly to abolish all traces and suggestions of it, many a Kensington drawing-room would become surprisingly modified.

The Chinese cultivate it in plantations. They have a method of keeping the shoots cut down close to the ground for three years, not allowing them to grow until the fourth. These young shoots, besides being boiled and serving as fresh vegetables, are also preserved by different methods, being either candied or pickled. One of the medicines of Chinese physicians, called *tabachir*, is extracted from the bamboo, being developed from a fluid secreted in the joints. But if the leaves possessed the wonderful properties claimed for them, there would be no need to extract *tabachir*. A charm against sickness or misfortune has only to be written on a bamboo leaf, the leaf burnt, and the ashes mixed with tea and drunk. Whilst speaking of it as food and medicine, a more direct application may be mentioned: administered externally in the form of bastinado, bamboo has extinguished the life of many an unhappy wretch, depriving him of the existence which it might also have been the means of supporting. A most barbarous form of punishment consists in tying down the victim over several growing bamboo stumps cut down close to the ground and sharpened to a point. In 'pidgin-English,' 'Bamboo chow-chow' is a term expressing the application of the rod.

In some places, bamboo forms the only material in the construction of a house. The framework consists of poles lashed together with long strips of the outer fibre; the roof is thatched with the leaves, the walls are of matting, and for flooring the largest poles are split into narrow strips. In Borneo the houses are built thus, and there also the same material is exclusively used in the construction of pathways round the faces of precipices, and of bridges spanning the streams and gorges. Some of these native bridges are formed of a single bamboo for a footway, and a smaller one for a handrail—the very simplification of a bridge. These bridge-builders smoke tobacco-pipes which are a kind of large hubble-bubble formed of the same material as their houses and bridges. More than thirteen centuries ago, in the year 550, a small hollow bamboo cane—so it is said—formed the packing-case in which the first silkworms' eggs were smuggled from China to Constantinople by two Persian monks in the service of the Emperor Justinian.

Some of the oldest Chinese books consisted simply of strips of bamboo pared thin, upon which the writing was scratched. And to-day, paper is made from the inner part of the stem beaten into a pulp. From this paper the thick soles of Chinese shoes are made. From the fibre also is manufactured a very light, cool material, which not only the Chinaman but the European resident uses for summer clothing, the only difference being in the fashion of the garments.

The rain-coats which in wet weather make the coolies and the jinricksha and sampan-men look like strange big bedraggled birds, are made simply of dried bamboo leaves. The leaves also serve as bedding for cattle, and the shavings are used to stuff pillows and beds. Ropes and cables are made from the fibre, and masts

from the poles. One species has so hard a surface that it can be used for a whetstone. On the busy wharfs where steamers load or discharge, the weight of heavy loads is distributed amongst a dozen or more coolies by an ingenious but simple arrangement of bamboo poles. In the same way, large blocks of stone are transported as rapidly as one can walk. Burdens light enough for one man are carried suspended from either end of a bamboo carried across the shoulder. But a load for two men would be slung from the centre, each man taking an end of the pole on his shoulder. In this way, pigs, poultry, and vegetables go to market; and the hawkers and itinerant restaurants transport their stalls about the streets.

One of the simplest and at the same time prettiest uses of bamboo is probably familiar to every reader in the form of the ordinary Japanese fan. A piece of bamboo about a foot long with a joint in the middle is taken. One half forms the handle; and the other half, split down to the joint into numerous fine strips, which, being spread out, form the framework upon which the paper is pasted. And frequently enough, its only decoration will be a simple, boldly drawn spray of bamboo. In front of nearly every tombstone in a Japanese cemetery may be seen a short length of bamboo forming a very simple vase, containing a small branch of green leaves or a few flowers.

It would be tedious to do more than enumerate all the miscellaneous articles which bamboo enters into the construction of—such as handles for pens, brushes, and agricultural tools; holders for pens or joss-sticks; fishing-rods, water-pipes, carved tobacco-boxes, mats, sedan-chairs, cages, stools, flutes, shopkeepers' measures of both length and capacity, and a host of other articles literally 'too numerous to mention.'

Regarding its use as fuel, the following quaint lines from the book of Messer Marco Polo, the Venetian, forms an interesting example of travellers' tales in those days, when travellers were so few that there was little fear of their meeting with contradiction. He says: 'The people cut the green canes, of which there are vast numbers, and set fire to a heap of them at once. After they have been awhile burning, they burst asunder, and this makes such a loud report, that you might hear it ten miles off. In fact, any one unused to this noise who should hear it unexpectedly might easily go into a swoon or die of fright. But those who are used to it care nothing about it. Hence those who are not used to it stuff their ears well with cotton, and wrap up their heads and faces with all the clothes they can muster, and so they get along until they have become used to the sound. . . . I tell you the truth, however, when I say that the first time you hear it, nothing can be more alarming.'

In those climes where the bamboo does not flourish, but where humanity boasts of a higher civilisation, the mathematician proves with deep abstrusities of x and y that a cylinder is the strongest form a material can take. He simply recognises in the style of architecture which nature adopts in bones as well as bamboos, a combination of strength and lightness, which he

clumsily endeavours to imitate in hollow rods for his clanking machinery. Yet he condescends to lean upon a yard of bamboo for a walking-stick.

ROMANCE OF A BULLOCK CART.

By RODERIC BETHUNE.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

THERE is not much romance in a Bullock Cart, yet it was in such a vulgar vehicle that old Stanley Brown found the only romance in his life, and the foundation of one of the largest fortunes that was ever taken out of Buenos Ayres. He was not old then, for it was twenty-three years ago that the incidents herein related occurred. In fact, he is not very old now; but, as the nervous and mental strains he encountered at that time had whitened his curly auburn locks, he became known as 'Old Stanley Brown' from that date. Brown is an aristocratic name, and in high request; and as there was another clerk in the house of Gilroy & Company who bore it, it became necessary to distinguish between them. The one was simply Mister Brown, the other (the junior) received his full cognomen, familiarly Stanley Brown.

The Paraguayan war had just closed; trade was beginning to look up, and everybody anticipated a high old time. The two railways that have now become the great trunk lines—Southern and Western—were unable to accommodate all the traffic which quickly followed on the peace, and long trains of bullock carts still continued to bring produce in from the camp. These found temporary resting-places in great open spaces, which were sloughs of despond in wet weather, and Deserts of Sahara in dry. They are now pleasant lounging-places almost in the heart of a great city, shady with foliage, and redolent of flowers, the Plaza Once on the western, and the Plaza Constitucion on the southern sides of Buenos Ayres. The principal merchants had *barracas* or storehouses at both plazas, one of which belonged to the great English house of Gilroy & Company.

After the bad years of the war, the revival of trade had put every one in good spirits. Every person engaged in it had frequent spells of extra work; but they had their periods of rest between seasons, or between the arrivals of ships, when sport in the daytime and gaiety in the evening held sway. The English community—then much smaller in numbers than now—were a happy family. Tom might call on Dick, and say, 'I have come to dine,' without exciting any astonishment; and Harry might ride out to Fred's *quinta* at Quilmes or Belgrano, and declare his intention of stopping a week, without inducing his host to set a dog at him. Hospitality was such a common thing that nobody would dream of calling it sacred. The officers and men of Her Majesty's ill-fated *Dotterel* found that out when they were all made tipsy on champagne at the Palermo sports meeting. They had dropped their anchor in the roads unexpectedly, and special races with special prizes had to be hurriedly extemporised.

Lieutenant Block and Engineer Setscrew made asses of themselves with the *porteñas*; but that is another story, as Rudyard the raconteur would say.

In the central offices of Gilroy & Company, both principals and clerks were in a state of complacent satisfaction with themselves and each other; for they had just cleared off a large consignment from England, and their return cargo had not yet arrived from the camp. The slack tide between this flow of imports and ebb of exports would be celebrated that evening by a *baile* in the *Quinta* Gilroy. The young men were in eager anticipation of spending a jolly night, for the 'old man,' as they irreverently called their principal—was famous for his hospitality. *Baile* is Spanish for a ball; but no such white-chokered and black-clothed solemnity was then known in Buenos Ayres. It only meant a dancing party—the gentlemen in light ducks or nankeen garments, and the ladies in the flimsiest of muslin. The dancing would be both within and without the house. The garden lit up with Chinese lanterns. The newly imported windmill would force water-jets from the fountains. The clustering grapes were ready for plucking; those few who delighted in fresh ripe figs might regale to their heart's content; and there would be unlimited iced champagne. In those days the English community, as they delighted to style themselves, conformed more to the exigencies of climate than to the demands of stiff-necked imitation of home customs. They sought their own comfort, and were happy in the quest, rather than—as now—in the vain pretence of posing as genuine habitués of Mayfair. There might have been a vulgar reason for this—there was but one English tailor in Buenos Ayres, and he was only a Scotsman. True, sometimes the starch would melt in the gentlemen's collars, and the ladies' skirts might be sadly rumpled and torn; but these were trifles, and did not interfere with their enjoyment. They were all courteous and considerate, and in the quiet grottos and under the arching vine-trees there was formed many a romantic attachment, wherein young hearts had it all their own way, wherein the great business of human life and the story of creation went on.

It might appear that Stanley Brown was the only diligent clerk in Gilroy's office. He alone was poring over a big wool ledger; the others were chatting and laughing and smoking. A familiar slap on the shoulder made him look up.

'I say, Stanley, have you not finished yet?'

'Well, I don't know,' replied Stanley; 'there is a discrepancy in the sheep-skins.'

'Hang the sheep-skins! What matter a few sheep-skins?'

'Hang them by all means, if that would only balance the account.'

'Write off the balance. What does it matter? Have a smoke.'

'You had better not utter such awful heresy before Mr Brown,' said Stanley.

'I can't see, for the life of me, why such valuable time as yours and mine should be wasted over a few trumpery sheep-skins. Why,

with half a day's pay, I could buy all your discrepancies in the season.'

'Quite so. But you see it is not the sheep-skins that make the bother; it is the figures when they don't come right.'

'Ah, I don't understand. But let us talk about something else.'

'What is it now?' asked Stanley.

'You are a real good-hearted sort of fellow. Ain't you, Stanley?'

'Oh, you want something.'

'Yes; of course; but it won't cost you anything—only a bit of your usual good-nature. I want you to give me a chance with little Miss Chumley to-night.'

'Oh! Ah!' replied poor Stanley with a pang, for he nourished sweet thoughts about Miss Chumley himself. 'What can I do?'

'I want you to get her away from Mr Brown—he is after her too, hang him! Take her for a walk down the quinta. When you meet me, leave her with me. Will you do that, like a good fellow?'

Stanley, like the good-natured numskull that he was, weakly consented; and then, as ideas came slowly into his brain, he asked: 'Mr Brown! what does he want with Miss Chumley?'

'To make her Mrs Brown, of course.'

'And do you want to make her Mrs Bowman?'

'Well, dear boy, it would perhaps not be such a long engagement, if old Gilroy would consent.'

Stanley stroked his downy whisker. He had looked on Mr Brown as a confirmed old bachelor, old enough to have been Miss Chumley's papa; but when this idea was put to him like that, he had to admit to himself that there was nothing preposterous in it, for Mr Brown was a well-preserved gentleman, and held a responsible and highly paid post. The other continued: 'The old fox thinks we don't know about it. If it was only the cash he was after, why does he not take her aunt? She would jump at him. But to steal the little niece—it would be a Jephthah's sacrifice—it would, by jingo!'

Although hazy in the knowledge of all history, sacred or profane, the young fellow thought he had made a good point there, and repeated it: 'A Jephthah sacrifice, by jingo!'

Stanley continued stroking his cheek, and asked hesitatingly: 'Is there an understanding betwixt you, then?'

'Of course there is. She can't misunderstand my attentions.'

'Does she—does she—I-like you?'

'I know I have made an impression. I believe it is a regular case of spoons. You might have noticed it at the cricket match; but I suppose you were too busy with your play to notice anything.'

At that moment Stanley's energies were devoted to the bottling up of his own internal perturbation, and he did not notice the ludicrous vanity of Mr Bowman's speech and manner. 'Has she—has she told you so?'

'Well, I can't go quite so far as to say that,' said Mr Bowman with a modest deprecatory smile. 'But I intend she shall tell me to-night;

and so she will, if you will only fence off that old fox Brown; and mind, you have promised.'

'Have I? No. Well, it can't be helped. You are entitled to your chance.'

'Ta, ta,' said Mr Bowman. 'Look after your sheep-skins.'

But Stanley had no further heart to hunt out his erring figures. He put away the book, locked his desk, and went out for a stroll and a smoke.

In spite of the liberal provision made for the enjoyment of the guests, there was an indescribable aspect of gloom over the Gilroy party.

The music was brilliant and harmonious as ever; the rooms within and the gardens without were lit up like a fairy dream; the young people were dancing as merrily as their wont, and popping of corks and hurrying waiters proclaimed that the bodily desires of the creature were being gratified. But there was something which jarred with it all. Middle-aged and elderly people were conversing gravely in whispers. The laughter of youth was not quite so boisterous as was usual at those parties where everybody knew everybody. The pauses between the dances were unnecessarily long. The genial gentlemen who welcomed any excuse for a drink forgot sometimes to invite their friends to crack a bottle together. Clearly, there was a want of go in the party. The brothers Gilroy, as hosts, were doing their best; but in some unaccountable fashion would drift into a corner and remain there until conscience pricked them, and they would start off anew to chat to their guests and stimulate the merriment. It was plain they did so under a sense of duty with preoccupied minds.

Stanley had strolled into the central *patio* from the garden. He did not feel well satisfied with himself. He had, according to promise, after dancing with Miss Chumley, walked with her down the arcade of vines, she rattling on in a happy mood about the clusters of grapes, and the astonishing and delightful absence of mosquitoes, that season. He had noticed it, and also that they had been spared the usual plague of flies that come in February. He might have spent a delightful half-hour with her, when they encountered Mr Bowman, and remembering his reluctant promise, he made some excuse, and surrendered her to his colleague in office. He thought he saw an offended look of surprise in the young lady's glance as he turned away. He was not sure, but the suspicion made him still more uncomfortable. It was his foolish habit to believe in everybody but himself, and he quite credited the vain boasting of his rival when he announced himself as the young lady's favourite. Now, he was tormenting himself with the vague pain of having lost something which he never possessed. In this mood he stumbled across his namesake Mr Brown.

'Ho, Stanley! Enjoying yourself, of course.'

'Yes, of course,' said Stanley vaguely.

'You don't look like it. A young fellow like you should be dancing all night. Go and get hold of Mr Gilroy's niece.'

'I have just been dancing with Miss Chumley.'

'Where is she now? I don't see her.'

'She is with Bowman in the quinta,' replied Stanley in a melancholy tone.

'Are you going to let him cut you out?'

This was very kind of Mr Brown. Stanley was surprised. It did not sound like a remark that would come from a gentleman who had matrimonial intentions towards the lady.

But before he could reply, Mr Brown continued: 'By the way—excuse me talking shop for a minute—whose turn is it for the barracas, yours or Bowman's?'

'Bowman's, sir: I had the last consignment.'

'I wish it were yours. He gives us enough to do in the office correcting his mistakes.'

Stanley felt a guilty pang connected with those lost sheep-skins, and did not answer.

'Well, it will be time enough to-morrow to give him his instructions; but, as I said before, I wish it had been your turn, for the *Lady Gertrude* is only a chartered ship, and the cargo rather an important one.'

Stanley thought of offering to take up the duty; but before he could reply, Miss Chumley entered alone from the quinta. He stepped forward hesitatingly; but she dexterously slipped in between the two gentlemen, and giving him a cool nod, addressed herself to Mr Brown.

'Are you two discussing business? For shame!'

'We have quite finished; and here is Stanley Brown looking out for a partner.'

'But your dancing days are not yet done, Mr Brown; and although it is not leap-year, I ask you to give me a dance.'

'I will try,' said Mr Brown gallantly.

She went off smiling, on Mr Brown's arm, with the indescribable grace of the English *porteña*—the grace of the southern-born damsel combined with the freedom of English descent and education. The smile was not addressed to Stanley, yet he felt as vaguely relieved as he was before vaguely uncomfortable. Ere he could analyse his feelings, his mental processes being slow, Bowman came sauntering in from the quinta, a huge cigar in his mouth.

'Ha! Stanley, old man,' was his salutation.

'It has not come off, then?' inquired Stanley.

'No, not yet; but it will. Fact is, she is scared, like the rest of them;' and he actually turned round to expectorate in one of the large tubs which held the plants that adorned the patio. Evidently his cigar did not agree with him.

'Scared! What do you mean?'

'Pooh! This yarn about the yellow fever.'

'Explain. I don't understand.'

'Of course not—you never do understand. It is now a fact that the fever has broken out at the Boca. Government have been doing their best to hide it; but down there, they are dying like flies—twenty deaths to-day, by jingo!'

Engrossed as Stanley had been with his duties, he had never paid much attention to the reports that came in about the advance of the epidemic that had broken out two months previously in the upper provinces, and how it was advancing steadily towards the capital. Like many others, he believed, if he gave it

a thought at all, that it could never jump over the broad expanse of the river Plate. But here it was, and he received the news with a chilling sensation of dread. He could only reply after a pause: 'And Miss Chumley is scared, is she?'

'Yes. It is evidently not the time to talk love to her.'

'Ha! quite so. Does she know of it? Has she been told?'

'I suppose so. 'Pon my honour, can't say. But I say, old boy—and Bowman sidled up to him entreatingly—'we are chums, you know; let me have a fair chance. There she is, waltzing away with old Brown, hang him! Give me a fair chance, and I will cut him out.'

'Have you not had your fair chance? Have you not spoken to her already?'

'Well, you know, I was just beginning, when she sort of pulled me up. But you know she could not guess what I was going to say, or she would have waited. Don't you think so?'

Stanley did not know what to think. Bowman was an insignificant-looking young man, with light-blue, shifty eyes; but he was choke-full of vanity, which he called self-esteem. Stanley himself was really a handsome fellow, but he did not know it.

'How can I give you a fair chance?' he inquired.

'It is my turn to take tally of those dashed bullock carts, and I will be in dust and grease for the next fortnight. If you take my place, I will see her again before they go to the camp. Do promise, old fellow, and I will work double tides next time, I will indeed.'

'That depends,' said Stanley, touched on a tender point. 'I can only obey orders; and so must you, Bowman.'

'Obey orders, of course. But if you say "Yes," I can tell the governor. Why do you hesitate?'

'I don't hesitate; but'—

'Thanks, old man. I knew you would do it. You are a good fellow.'

'Here, Bowman—don't misunderstand me. I am not promising.'

But Bowman was off, and skipped in among the dancers. He heard the last words of his friend distinctly, but he heeded them not; he was quite prepared, if necessary, to swear that he did not hear them. He indulged in a quiet chuckle to himself, and determined to settle the matter promptly. He watched his opportunity to address his supposed rival, Mr Brown, to whose face he was much more respectful than behind his back. Mr Brown was at that moment helping Miss Chumley to an ice; but soon the young lady was claimed by another partner, and left the way clear for him.

'Ha! Bowman, enjoying yourself,' said Mr Brown.

'Trying to do. It is rather slow. Don't you think so?'

'No; I don't. But you are a used-up young man.'

'I suppose, sir, there is a reason for it, if there is any truth in this story about Yellow Jack.'

'I fear it is only too true.'

'But it never came to Buenos Ayres before. Do you know if it did, sir?'

'I have never heard of it coming farther south than Brazil—that is, coming to stay—and therefore I am in great hopes that these few cases will end the matter. The Government have declared hitherto that it is only confined to the poor fellows who were prisoners of war in Paraguay and Brazil. I quite believe them; so you must not be frightened.'

'I am not frightened.—But excuse me, sir, a moment, as I might not have another opportunity. I wanted to mention that Stanley Brown has agreed to take my turn with the lading of the *Lady Gertrude*.'

Mr Brown looked at him keenly.

The young fellow blushed, and said hurriedly: 'Oh, believe me, sir; it is not that. I care no more for Yellow Jack than that'—snapping his fingers; 'I believe our factory is as safe as a church. It is only for a mutual convenience of our own. I will take up the next two turns.'

'All right, then. I am glad to hear it,' said Mr Brown with a smile.

'All right, is it?' muttered Bowman, glancing at himself in one of the panel mirrors. 'If he knew the real reason, he would not say it was all right.'

For the rest of the night he took care to keep out of Stanley's way. He looked upon his fellow-clerk as one of the 'softies' out of whom it was justifiable to exact as much friendly service as possible. He knew from experience that Stanley would not create unpleasantness by contradicting his story; yet it was not advisable to give him an opportunity to renew the conversation, until at least after he had received his orders to go off to the barracca.

BRITISH DESERTERS IN TIME OF WAR.

IN most military conquerors the genius for plunder has been largely developed: to Napoleon Bonaparte belongs the credit, or discredit, which is much the same thing, of reducing the practice to a system. It was the special duty of Dominique Vivant, Baron de Denon, Director of the Museum at Paris—known to the soldiers by his familiar nickname of the 'Auctioneer'—to follow him in his campaigns, to select objects of value in every conquered city, for the purpose of adding them to the treasures of the Louvre. He fulfilled his mission with such affection that he has been accused—probably with truth—of appropriating a portion of the spoils. That such portion was neither small nor valueless, we may, by reference to the practice of his military companions and co-adventurers in such cases, rest assured.

As for the marshals and generals of the Empire, for the plunder *they* were enabled to amass, the reader must be referred to the pages of Madame de Rénusat. Without trenching upon this authority, we may give a few examples, in illustration of our opening. Marshal Soult was eager in his search for Murillos and Velasquezes, and possessed a fine collection.

The special predilection of Junot, Duc d'Abrantès, was gems and precious stones. To him belongs the peculiar infamy of having despoiled the famous gold crown of the Virgin in the cathedral at Toledo of the emerald of matchless colour and value which formerly surmounted the diadem. The act was done with the dexterity of an accomplished 'cracksman.' With the observation, 'Ceci doit être à moi,' he deftly twisted off the emerald with his finger and thumb and put the gem in his pocket. The French general who occupied the Escorial carried away the gold and jewelled shrine which held the charred relics of St Lawrence. He had the grace, next day, to return the *relics*, tied up in a blue cotton pocket-handkerchief, accompanied with an apologetic note, but, with the careful thoughtfulness of his fellows, retained the gold and jewelled shrine.

We might multiply examples, but these few shall suffice. Throughout the Peninsula, it was common for sacristans to show strangers articles of church-plate and jewellery which had been concealed under ground, in the hope of preserving them from the rapacity of the invader. This hope was oftentimes doomed to disappointment. The soldier of Napoleon had graduated in the school of plunder, and the *cache* which baffled *his* experience must indeed be clever. New masonry, a slight unevenness or inequality in the ground, were sufficient to awaken his suspicions; water was called in, to indicate, by absorption, recesses where coin or valuables might be stowed away. The name of the individual whose scent for wine was so acute that it guided him with unerring accuracy to the spot where 'prime growths' had been concealed, has not been preserved to us. Anonymous as he is, he was scarcely a figment of the imagination, or 'gifts' which might excite the envy of a *gourmet* would not have been noticed by grave historians of the Peninsular War.

The 'Soldier of Fortune,' like Junot and his comrades, who 'carried a marshal's bâton in his knapsack,' was unknown to the English service. By the maxims of that service, and the position he occupied in the Peninsula, the soldier of Sir Arthur Wellesley was precluded from plunder. After a town was captured by storm, and his blood was heated by resistance and strong waters, we all know the English soldier *did* plunder. In the search for 'loot,' he laboured under difficulties and disadvantages which did not trouble his French opponent. The English soldier was in a friendly country: if his 'friends and allies' left him to do the fighting, and hated him cordially into the bargain, it was all in the day's business: he had no cause to grumble. If caught pilfering even from the routed French, instead of earning a marshal's bâton, Tommy Atkins stood a fair chance of making the acquaintance of the provost-marshal. The scoundrels who profited by his victories—and they profited to some purpose—were the jackals of the English army. Of the five and a half million dollars which are said to have formed part of the spoils of Vittoria, only a fiftieth part reached the hands of the English general. The rest fell into the

hands of marauders, the majority of whom were non-combatants, not amenable to discipline, and richly as they deserved the halter, far too numerous to be hanged.

It was inevitable under such circumstances that the English soldier should begin to think. When he looked around him, he found ample food for reflection. The English army was suffering from the mismanagement of its Government and the War Office, which had become so chronic, so persistent, and withal so dangerous. In marked contrast with the completeness of Napoleon's hospital service, the English medical and ambulance departments were wretched; the cutting tools were so worthless, that but for those captured from the French, the siege of certain fortified strongholds must have been abandoned; the military chest was empty; the commissariat often miserably supplied; and Tommy Atkins—the most magnificent soldier the world has ever seen—was frequently without, his food. 'The bar to our felicity,' says one of the officers of the famous Light Brigade, 'was the want of money, as, independent of long arrears already due, the military chest continued so very poor that it could not afford to give us more than a fortnight's pay during these three months; and . . . we were obliged to sell silver spoons, watches, and everything of value we possessed, to purchase the common necessities of life.' If this was the case with the officers, it told, we may be certain, with ten times greater force upon the British private and his comrades.

Tommy Atkins was not an acute reasoner, and a reasoner, however 'acute,' seldom argues with logical accuracy on an empty stomach. He put two and two together, and, as sometimes occurs in such cases, put them 'together' wrong. The inevitable result followed: desertions from the British army became numerous. Out of that circumstance, History has painted one of the most ghastly pictures which can be suggested to the mind of an Englishman: side by side with the French who fell in the breach at Ciudad Rodrigo, says Sir W. F. Napier, 'many British deserters—desperate men—were bayoneted.'

They sought death because no alternative was open to them. If they escaped it in the breach or the battle-field, they knew it must find them among the prisoners. Several deserters taken after the fall of Ciudad Rodrigo were shot. Some of these men were bad and irreclaimable; others were merely thoughtless and reckless. To every one who could produce a fair record from his commanding officer, mercy was invariably extended. Six utterly black sheep were shot near the village of Ituera. One protested against the legality of his sentence on the ground that until he had received the arrears of pay due to him at the time of his desertion, his judges were in no position to condemn him. The pleading lost none of its significance because it was uttered in front of the degraded man's coffin, in sight of the troops who were assembled to witness his execution.

Desertion to the enemy is a crime of the blackest character; it transforms the man who deserts into a murderer, because he imbrues his

hands in the blood of his former comrades. Although desertion in time of peace is far too frequent in our service, the British soldier rarely deserts in war-time, unless special inducements seem held out to him. This is partly proved by the fact that although the War Office repeated its lamentable blunders in the Crimea, British deserters to the Russians were few and far between. On the other hand, in Canada, at the time of the Indian Mutinies, when England required the services of every one of her soldiers, desertions became so frequent and so scandalous, that they provoked the most indignant comments from General Eyre upon the subject. The men were led to believe they would obtain employment in the States; and as no excuse can be found for such fellows, it is very satisfactory to be able to add that they lived to repent their folly. Few as the cases of desertion to the enemy are, there are some which can be explained away by no hypothesis of pique, or passion, or impulse, or even of 'pure cussedness.' The strangest, perhaps, on record is that of a sergeant in the artillery, whose name, even at this distance of time, we purposely withhold. This man deserted to the enemy at the siege of the Mahratta fortress of Bhurtpore in 1825-26. The sergeant was a Waterloo man, and had always been a steady, good soldier, who regularly remitted a portion of his pay to his old mother in England. No conceivable cause could be assigned for the base act of treachery by which this man brought disgrace on himself. He was seen pointing the guns against his former comrades, and is believed to have given information to the enemy of the hour of relieving trenches. The result was one which must have been taken into the wretched man's calculation at the moment he went over. Bhurtpore fell; and the sergeant was caught, tried by court-martial, and most deservedly and most righteously hanged out of hand.

ON HER WEDDING DAY.

By GEORGE G. FARQUHAR.

It was a quiet wedding—no show, no fuss, no flurry, but just unostentatious and decorous, as best becoms the ceremony. No carriage even. Only a step separated Ben Varley's cottage from the church, and old Ben, with his daughter, the bride, and her cousin, Kate Fletcher, had walked the distance. Dick Ford and his 'best-man,' Reuben Græme, in like wise reached the ancient, lichen-edifice. The little building was well-nigh full of interested fisher-folk, a state of repletion which the rector's most learned sermons failed to bring about on Sundays. Various ejaculations uttered in would-be undertones—'Doesn't her luik bonnie?' 'She's paler nor I like to see;' 'Gray suits her, it do'—from the women, with sundry sniggerings and rib-diggings on the part of the men, marked the passage of the 'happy pair' as, leaving the church, they trod the leaf-strewn path of the churchyard.

'Eh, but he's fort'nit' to get sich a winsome young woman,' said Miss Mitchell, an elderly spinster.

'She noan knows what she's venturin' on,' replied Mrs Hogan, whose husband was reckoned the most henpecked man in Port St Bede. 'The troubles, the worrits o' men folk's enow to drive a body crazy. Oh, I know it, Miss Mitchell, nobody better,' shaking her head dolefully.

'Guid luck go wi' ye, Mrs Ford,' chorused the women; and 'May ye iver be blithe, Dick,' shouted the men.

Dick smiled, and raised his hat awkwardly—it being the first time he had ever donned a silk hat, he did not feel at home in it—while Esther clung more tightly to his arm as the good wishes thronged in on every side. Bride and bridegroom came first, of course; Rube Graeme linked next with Kate; then followed, in straggling order, old Ben and Dick's father—his mother, like Esther's, had long been at rest beneath the shade of the church tower—Bob Yards, Ralph Thwaites with Mrs Thwaites, Simeon Howker and wife, and other friends who had been invited to celebrate the event. And so the little train wended down to the Trawlers' Inn, in the big up-stairs room of which the wedding breakfast was spread.

The weather since early morn had been none of the best; a tempest hovered in the air. The elms in the churchyard creaked and bent their tops, although no wind was astir; the hush that presaged the coming storm was painful in its brooding stillness. The long-drawn roar of the ocean smote the ears of the wedding party as they left the church; from the hill, the waves could be seen breaking far out to sea, overleaping and licking the Fork Rocks like angry tongues of flame round a martyr at the stake. The wind, too, had come, at first in short, fitful gusts, gradually prolonged, until, before the inn was reached, the full force of its strength was put forth. Heavy drops of rain fell spattering on the uneven cobbles of the street, and on the gray shales of the roofs.

'We shall ha'e it noo,' muttered Reuben to Kate, glancing with puckered brow to seaward. 'There'll be no boats ventur' out to-neet, I'm thinkin'.'

'Nay, an' I hope not,' was the reply.

Kate was too engrossed just then to give more than a laconic answer—too much engrossed in the study of her cousin's gray dress, in considering what improvements its style, fit, and texture were susceptible of, anent the time when she herself should take the foremost place in such another procession. Besides, she resented the transference of Rube's attentions from her own pretty self to the black, wrathful elements. What place have storms and discord in the music of marriage bells? Verily, none. They might reserve themselves—at least, so Kate thought—for a later period.

But her pique soon wore off when the company was seated round the loaded table at the Trawlers' Inn. Here, the sullen moan of the wind, the thunder of the sea, the patter of the rain, were forgotten in a flow of boisterous humour more appropriate to the occasion. Geniality and high spirits blotted them from the memory as effectually as if they were

non-existent. The season was to be a season of joy, despite all drawbacks, and right jovially was it inaugurated. Mine host had catered to taste.

There were speeches of course—speeches a little disjointed, perhaps, but full of pleasant banter, and of that species of wit denominated 'broad.' The homely sentiments were received with vast applause, and the lively sallies evoked grins and laughter that showed a thorough appreciation of their point.

Dick rose to reply. On entering the inn, he had been in sore perplexity as to whether he should remove his gloves or not, his knowledge of the usages of 'society' not extending to certainty on the matter. In fear lest he should violate some unknown canon of etiquette, and probably remembering the trouble he had had in getting them on, he finally decided to retain the lavender-coloured 'hand-shoes' as long as he could endure the infliction. When he now stood up, he twitched nervously at them, thereby unwittingly drawing attention to the rents between the fingers. 'Friends all,' he began. 'For Esther an' mysen I thank you every one for what you've said about wishin' us both good fortun'. We mean to pull together all through life, as t' parson said, "till death do us part"—an' I hope that'll be a goodish while yet. As for them other things you've a'most all spoken about—well, you've had a go at me to-day, an' welcome; an' I hope I shall have a chance one o' these days o' havin' a go at some o' you.'

'Hear, hear!' broke in Simeon Howker.

A loud burst of merriment greeted the interruption. Simeon's exclamation had been simply thrown in to fill up the hiatus caused by Dick's momentary hesitation. A vile misconstruction had been put upon his sympathetic encouragement, and it only needed his wife's angry glance to drive away for that day all poor Simeon's enthusiasm and appetite.

'Well,' continued Dick as soon as the mirth had subsided, 'I trust you'll all luik back o' this day wi' as mich pleasure as I allays shall—an' I can't wish you better nor that. Let me thank you again, for Esther an' mysen'. An' now you mun a' ha'e a bit o' bride-cake.'

The sugared pyramid in the centre of the table had been specially ordered and baked at Jennings's, of Morperland. Admiring eyes made it their cynosure; it was unanimously voted a real *chef-d'œuvre* of the confectioner's art. Hardly had Kate taken up the knife wherewith to cut the cake, when the landlord of the Trawlers' Inn hastily entered the room. His usually placid visage was pale with agitation; he plied his short legs rapidly as he hurried across the floor to utter a few breathless words into the ears of Ralph Thwaites, the smack-owner.

'I hopes you'll all excuse me,' Ralph said, rising quickly to his feet. 'I'm called away sudden. Theer's a ship on the Forks!'

Instantly, the smack-owner's excitement was communicated to the rest of the company. Thwaites could have been summoned for one purpose only: an effort was about to be made to save the crew of the ill-fated vessel.

There was no lifeboat at Port St Bede, the nearest station being at Morperland, ten miles distant. Unfortunately, the absence of the means of help does not imply absence of its need, for in blustering weather the services of a lifeboat were only too frequently required at Port St Bede. The fishermen, however, had organised a volunteer crew, captained by Thwaites, and many lives had Græme's pilot gig venturously snatched from the sea's maw. Dick was only one of a dozen—to their eternal honour, be it said—who often pitted their lives against wind and wave to succour their tempest-smitten fellows.

'Theer's a ship on the Forks!' said Thwaites.

The words were scarcely out of his mouth before Rube also rose. 'I mun go too,' he said quietly.

'An' I,' cried Bob Yarde, making for the doorway.

Straightway, the whole assembly followed suit. There was a stampede for the door—the women impelled thereto by mingled dread and curiosity; the men, by a laudable desire to help, should their help unfortunately be required. Dick seemed to hesitate a moment before he also rose to his feet and sidled from the table.

'You need not go to-day, Dick,' murmured Esther tremulously; 'surely not to-day?'

'Nay, nay, my lass, don't talk so,' replied Dick with a smile. 'I may be o' some use down theer. Think a bit. Theer's men aboard that ship belike as ha'e wives an' sweethearts at home, wearin' their e'en out for 'em. You can tell what their feelin's is, just as I can. You wouldn't ha'e me stop here, easy an' comfortable, if I could do aught for 'em; now, would you, lass?'

Esther made no answer. She dared not trust herself to words; she felt that her utterance would show the selfishness she well knew was at the bottom of her reluctance to let her husband go. Yet how hard it was to forswear her thoughts!

'Come, cheer up, Esther,' added Dick, kissing her. 'We've had t' boat out i' as ugly weather as this before, an' you may be sure I won't stop away fro' you a minute more'n I can help. I'll just step across home an' doff these fine clothes; I must not spoil them.'

Meanwhile, the whole population of the village had gathered on the shore. Overhead, the murky clouds sped rapidly by, so low that they appeared to touch the rugged headlands to north and south of the little bay. The air was darkened, as it were dusk. Vast mountains of water curled and broke over the beach with thunder-like peals, hissing and spuming up to the very feet of the watchers. The chill, cutting rain beat in their faces so fiercely that they could scarcely discern the quivering ship that was beating out her heart upon the rocks. Heavy seas swept her decks, on which the stump of the mizzen was the only spar left standing; fore and main mast had both gone by the board. She was fast upon the Forks, every succeeding wave just lifting her clear to dash her down again upon the jagged mass.

A man had been despatched on horseback to apprise the Morperland lifeboat crew of the disaster; but it was plain that before aid could

arrive from that quarter, the vessel would be a total wreck. She could not hold together much longer; the adamant battering-ram of the Forks was fast splintering her timbers to matchwood. The barque herself was doomed. No rocket could reach her; the sole hope lay in the possibility of a boat approaching near enough to throw a life-line aboard. The possibility! We had all but said the impossibility. Yet the attempt was about to be made. Already the fishermen had run Græme's pilot gig down to the water's edge, and already one luckless essay had been made to launch her. An incoming wave had filled her and tossed her back mockingly upon the shingle, her crew scrambling to land as best they might, Tom Croft with his arm broken.

Dick arrived just as the catastrophe occurred; he was now dressed in oilskins. Esther followed him, a cloak thrown over her wedding dress, and a heavy shawl supplanting bridal veil and orange blossoms. Dick mechanically stepped forward and took Tom's place in the boat.

The second attempt was more successful, for, although some water was shipped, the gig safely topped the advancing wave and rode in deep water. Now came the struggle—the unequal combat between man's puny strength, backed by courage and determination, and the convulsive power of the sea's onslaught. Anxious eyes, half blinded by the driving scud and salt spray, followed the frail craft as her oars plunged deeply below the swirling surge, rose and dropped again. Now she was seen on the crests of the billows which broke around her in clouds of foam, and anon she disappeared wholly in their hollows.

Not yet, however, had she felt the full brunt of the seas. Open as the bay was, the protection it afforded was appreciable, so much so, that no sooner had the gig got clear of its shelter than the change became terribly apparent. She no longer met the oncoming waves head on, but broadside; she pitched and staggered, the oars rising and falling spasmodically like the tentacles of some floundering sea-monster.

'She'll ne'er mak' the wreck,' exclaimed Ben Varley fearfully. 'Ne'er i' this world can she do t'. Sure as I'm livin', they'll be swamped if they go forrarder.'

He had but spoken the words when a huge sea struck her. It hurled her back into the trough, the waters breaking high overhead and pouring into her. For some seconds she was invisible; at length she rose, heavy and inert. She was floating keel upwards.

'My God!' old Ben cried hoarsely, 'she's over—she's capsized.'

Esther, standing near, heard the dire exclamation; but it was not necessary to hear—she had seen. Yet no cry escaped her lips. She simply stood there, as before, pale with a death-like pallor, mute and motionless. She was still staring, with stony gaze, in the direction of the overturned boat, when her father touched her gently on the shoulder.

'Come, my lass,' he said, in hushed tones. 'Thee'd be best at home. Come.'

Esther put her hand to her throat; a muffled sob struggled for utterance, but no tears came.

Silently, she took her father's arm and hastened away. Hers was of the grief that is too deep-living for outcry—a sorrow that gnaws the heart-strings.

Two hours later, the cart on which the Morperland lifeboat had been transported overland rumbled down to the beach. In the interval, however, the ship on the Fork Rocks had gone to pieces. One of her crew, clinging to a fragment of floating wreckage, was picked up by the lifeboat, which also brought ashore the only survivors of the rescue party—Rube Græme and Bob Yarde, both of whom had managed to hang on to the boat's keel when she capsized.

Brooding sorrow long gloomed the little fishing thorp of Port St Bede—sorrow for brave, stilled hearts. And over the cottage of old Ben rests a sombre pall that time has failed to raise, or the holy light of resignation to pierce.

AN UNFASHIONABLE LOCALITY.

It is eleven o'clock on a week-day morning; the long unsavoury thoroughfare is swarming with a crowd of eager, anxious faces; the air is filled with a babel of discordant cries; the hoarse shouting of men, the shrill, strident tones of women, and the thin piping treble of children, are all mingled in one huge volume of sound. The clamour of voices jars on the ear and frets the nerves. Ever and again a burst of laughter, loud and boisterous, rises above the universal din. Some minutes elapse before individual notes and intelligible accents can be distinguished amidst the unceasing strife of tongues, the beating of heavy knives upon butchers' blocks, and the quick, sharp, splitting rattle of crockery handled by an expert salesman. For this strenuous, palpitating mass of vulgar humanity is on business bent. These people are here to buy and to sell. But of the buyers, very few will have in their pockets more than a 'splendid shilling' wherewith to purchase the food of the family for the day. Sufficient for the day sufficeth for them.

This busy, bustling thoroughfare, lying midway between London's broad river and one of the great high-roads leading into Essex, is the poor man's market; and in the vast variety of choice it offers him, the market will take a lot of beating. Autolycus may here snap up many an unconsidered trifle, which, after adorning the home or the person of Lady Beautiful, has found its way eastward, and can be bought any morning in this unfashionable locality for a small joke and a few coppers. Supersensitive people who can't appreciate rough mother-wit had better keep out of the poor man's market.

Starting from the new railway station which the East London Company have recently built themselves in this quarter, and steering due north, we are soon in the heart of the crowd, which is buying prime joints at threepence and fourpence 'full weight'; chops and steaks at fivepence and sixpence, and fish: the appetising skate, the humble herring, the toothsome plaice, the dainty mackerel, and the

succulent haddock, at 'any price you like, ladies,' as the salesman shouts incessantly while he bangs the cutting-board viciously with his murderous-looking knife. The stalls and boards and barrows stand as thick as they can stick, each with its little knot of customers, who are daily disappointed to find that, notwithstanding the most diligent efforts, they never succeed in discovering more than four farthings in a penny.

Green-stuff lies about in heaps. Potatoes to right of us, potatoes to left of us, piled up in bins and baskets, or sold at the cart's tail. Fruit in bulk is being hawked in a dozen places. Eggs are everywhere. The boxes are opened in the public street, and with a noble disregard for everything on wheels, are left standing in the roadway until the market closes.

The living stream which fills the space between the double row of stalls is composed chiefly of women, many of them with infants in arms or children tugging at their skirts. They are the wives of dock labourers and longshoremen. They are women employed in the lower and worst-paid departments of human industry. Some, alack! are women sinking into the deepest abysses of shame and sinful misery. Coarse, blowsy, drink-sodden cheeks, sunken eyes, and faces haggard with care, and stamped with vice, are, alas! to be seen too frequently; but, happily, they are in the minority. None of these ill-clad, badly-fed women but live hard lives, which are reflected in the hardness of their features. Always in close contact with the ugly side of existence, its painful influence soon works havoc in their personal appearance. A shawl thrown over the head suffices many of them for protection from the weather. On fine days there will always be a large proportion who think headgear of any sort quite unnecessary. A stranger cannot fail to notice that nearly every woman wears enormous ear-drops; frequently she also displays a wonderful brooch of alarming dimensions; and invariably pays for her purchase from something she calls a purse, which as a rule she always keeps in her bosom. It is remarkable, too, how large a number wear the wedding ring and keeper. The small vanities and amiable weaknesses of feminine nature may surely be pardoned these poor, faded, and workworn daughters of Eve.

With an empty sugar-box for a platform, a big-boned, woolly-headed negro, whose broad black face is wrinkled with smiles and brimming over with fun, is discoursing with great volubility, and to the evident amusement of his mixed female congregation, upon the manifold virtues of his Electric Blood Mixture and patent Purifying Pills. He announces himself as Doctor Belshazzar from the Gold Coast, and addresses his audience indifferently as 'ladies of England and mothers of London.' He is a sharp, shrewd fellow; and although the bulk of his talk is an incoherent gabble of 'learned' words with 'thundering sound,' garnished with a few rough jokes and several witticisms well understood by the women, he sells his pills and his potion at threepence a bottle and three-halfpence a box as fast as his white attendant can hand them out.

A few paces bring us into the presence of a rival professor of the art of healing. This gentleman's belief in the credulity of poor humanity is profound and unshaken. Since it is built upon an experience the most varied and extensive, doubtless he does well to shape his policy by it. He exhibits a diploma dated from Philadelphia, and is 'got up' to impress the spectators with an overpowering sense of the authority and respectability of the legitimate practitioner. Immaculate stove-pipe hat, black frock of sober cut, irreproachable trousers and boots, expansive white shirt front, spotless collar, and cuffs to match. He threw up an excellent position in America, and left the profession in disgust when he discovered what humbug the practice of medicine really is. Of course, he became a marked man, and in every country of Europe the hospital schools were banded against him. In the course of his wanderings, he visited Tibet, and from the Mahatmas—about whom Mrs Besant had been writing to the newspapers—he obtained the recipe of their wonderful Elixir of Life and Plenipotent Pills of Health. These he offers to the British public at fourpence the bottle and twopence the box. But why that section of the British public which uses the poor man's market should rush to buy an Elixir of Life must remain one of the unsolved problems of human nature. At intervals—that is, when there is a temporary cessation in the transfer of pence and parcels—our M.D. distributes samples of his miraculous lozenge for all diseases of the chest and lungs. He has only a very few boxes with him this morning, which he refuses to sell, but will give gratuitously to any person who is suffering from a cough or a cold. 'The lozenge, bear in mind, will be on sale next week.' Willy doctor!

Moving up the street past the display of hardware and crockery, the Dutch herring-man, and the purveyors of the internal arrangements of sheep and cattle—giving a fearful glance at certain gruesome-looking boards whereon one sees exhibited a number of small heaps of animal food, which the salesman is bawling at 'twopence a lot, ladies, where you like, on'y twopence'—we soon reach the millinery and soft goods department, the dealers in bric-a-brac, and hawkers of the hundred-and-one etceteras always to be seen in these places. Thrown together upon the ground are dresses and dress skirts, in silk, satin, and stuff; petticoats and corsets, bodices and blouses, here a pile of bed-clothing, there window-curtains and carpeting; while in close companionship to these are boots and shoes of every description and in all conditions—the soiled dancing-shoe of beauty hobnobbing with the heavy clouted boot of the navy. Women are trying on jackets and mantles, or cheapening cloaks and overalls, buying for a few pence yards of ribbon or cards of lace, and for less than the price of a friendly drink, setting themselves up in flowers, feathers, and fancy trimmings. There is always a pretty thick crowd of womankind hereabouts, turning over the frippery and finery appertaining to the sex, and unconsciously proving their close affinity to the divinities of the social Olympus. A more touching spectacle, since it appeals to

the better side of the eternal feminine, is the large number who are sorting out toys for the children, the overplus and damaged stock of some wholesale warehouse. One notes with satisfaction the softer light which gleams in the mother's eye, and steals gently over her features, refining and subduing them, as she lingers over a doll with a pretty face but minus an arm, or a horse covered with real hair but wanting a leg. The buyers are all women. Very rarely, indeed, is a man seen amongst them. It is only the seller who belongs to the masculine persuasion.

A curious thing about the market is that while the purchasers are nearly all females, the vendors are nearly all males. There is, however, one corner devoted to the interests of the British workman. Here, sometimes, he may be seen examining a wonderful collection of tools and odds and ends from the factory and workshop.

But we have now got to the northern outlet of this busy haunt of humankind. A church clock is striking twelve. In another hour the bloomy flush of life will be fading. Two hours hence it will have fled, and the thoroughfare have again become nothing but a dull, dirty, uninteresting street.

'IS IT STRANGE?'

I.

WHEN the day is slowly dying,
And the stars begin to peep,
While the summer flowers are lying
Bathed in dew and kindly sleep,
By my door I stand and listen
For a dear loved step again;
Is it strange the tears should glisten
When I wait so long in vain?
Is it strange the sob should gather
As a token of my pain?

II.

Day by day flies by without him,
Ne'er a message of his love.
Shall I, can I, dare to doubt him,
Once as true as heaven above?
Once so eager I should listen,
Does he treat me with disdain?
Is it strange the tears will glisten
When I ask myself, in vain,
'Is he false to me, my lover?
Will he never come again?'

III.

Every hope is quenched in sadness,
Even life grows dark to me,
When a sudden tale of gladness
Comes across the deep blue sea.
Standing in the shadow dreary,
Waiting with a wild unrest,
Is it strange a footstep near me
Tells of him that I love best?
Is it strange I should be weeping
When he clasps me to his breast?

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 567.—VOL. XI.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1894.

PRICE 1½d.

THE THIRLMERE SCHEME.

THERE is no department of sanitary science which has received so much attention in ancient as well as in modern times as finding a good and sufficient supply of water for large towns. This is so indispensable to the health and comfort of every community, that no difficulties or cost can be allowed to stand in the way. The subject is one of enormous difficulty; public feeling demands, and public law makes it absolutely compulsory on the part of municipal corporations that they shall not only satisfy, but also forestall the demand by anticipation.

The main requisites of the source of a supply are—that there is a sufficiently large area of gathering-ground; that it should be in a district where the rainfall is known to be great; the surrounding country should be sparsely inhabited; and where the work would be simple and inexpensive to make. The Lake of Thirlmere is exactly such a place as that described; and Manchester has just celebrated the completion of works which have occupied nine years in construction, and are said to be the largest of the kind ever made.

The supply of water to a city is usually one of gradual development. Until 1851, Manchester was chiefly dependent on rain-water stored in cisterns, pumps, and wells, and the limited resources of the Manchester and Salford Water-works Company, augmented by a supply from the Manchester and Stockport Canal. The consequence was that from these resources the supply was very inferior in quality and very small in quantity. In 1847, the Manchester Corporation were again turning their attention to obtaining a larger supply, and ultimately fixed on the Longdendale district, which lies about eighteen miles east from the city. The watershed embraces nineteen thousand three hundred acres, and the valleys range from five hundred to nineteen hundred feet above the level of the sea. These works were completed

in 1874. The great increase of consumption which at once followed, amounting to eight hundred thousand gallons daily per annum, showed that in a few years this water-supply would be insufficient; and before the Longdendale works were quite finished, the Manchester Corporation were again making inquiries through their engineer as to where a largely increased supply could be obtained.

Manchester stands alone in her peculiar position. Nowhere on the earth's surface is there such another number of large towns clustered together containing collectively so great a population in so small an area; and in her case there were these peculiar difficulties to be encountered. The Longdendale works were among the first of the kind in this country, and there therefore existed no precedent or experience which could be used for imitation or to improve upon, and up to 1874 the average consumption for one million of people had risen to twenty-four millions of gallons daily. In the year 1874 the Water-works Committee came to the conclusion, under the advice of their engineer, that in the course of seven or eight years the supply from Longdendale would be insufficient; and it was resolved to make inquiries as to the best locality whence a larger supply could be obtained.

After a long inquiry and investigation, the Water-works engineer came to the conclusion that the Lake of Thirlmere was the most suitable place to meet all the necessary requirements. The water of the lake was analysed by several eminent chemists, and pronounced the 'purest known.' The collecting-ground is nearly all gravel and shingle or bare rock, and so free from loose or soluble earths, that the water, even after severe winter storms, falls into the lake without sediment or discoloration. The rainfall is exceptionally great, averaging fully ninety-three inches per annum; and a supply of fifty millions of gallons per day can be obtained, sufficient, with the Longdendale valley supply, to set any anxiety on this

subject for Manchester and surrounding district at rest for many years to come.

There were, of course, some necessary alterations on the lake to be made, such as would enlarge it to more than double its area and capacity. Thirlmere Lake lies by the side of the highway from Ambleside to Keswick. It was about a quarter of a mile broad, and two and a half miles in length, and stands highest of all the lakes in this district, with the exception of Haweswater, being five hundred and thirty-three feet above the level of the sea. It is hemmed in on all sides but one by rocky crags, and this one place where its waters found an outlet is extremely narrow. The promoters of the scheme declared that 'the conformation of the ground is such that Nature seems to have ordained it for the very purpose to which it is to be applied;' and that 'seldom has Nature made more seemingly careful and elaborate preparations to secure success to engineering efforts.' This may be considered a fair description of the lake and its surroundings previous to the alterations which have been made. An embankment two hundred and eighty-six yards in length has been constructed at its northern end or narrow gorge, through which alone its surplus waters could escape; with the result that Thirlmere has been increased in area from three hundred and thirty-five to eight hundred acres, and fifty feet added to its depth. These alterations have increased its length to about three and three-quarter miles, and its cubical contents to eight thousand one hundred and thirty-five million gallons.

As was to be expected, the proposition to make the beautiful Lake Thirlmere into a 'huge tank' met with fierce reprobation and opposition from the first mention of the scheme. Soon there was formed a 'Thirlmere Defence Association,' numbering in its Committee such names as Ruskin; T. Carlyle; Professors Seeley, Adams, Clarke, and Knight; the Bishop of Carlisle; the Earls of Bradford and Bective, and many other well-known names in the literary, scientific, and social world. The objections to the scheme were chiefly on æsthetic grounds; and a pamphlet with a coloured map of the lake was published, showing a vast expanse of oozy mud and decaying vegetation. The map contained an outline of Thirlmere as it was at that time, with an outer line showing the extent of the muddy foreshore, which was to follow the enlargement of the lake when the water was lowered during the summer months; and rather more than one-half of the area of the lake was thus shown as mud. All kinds of evil sights and smells were to be encountered on its borders if the scheme were carried out. One London newspaper delivered itself as follows: 'In the summer-time, when the store has been used, and water been more scarce, there will probably be a resurrection of buried beauties. The fell side decked with flowers and trees, the quiet farms, and the pleasant winding high-road, may again come to light thickly coated with reservoir mud, mud either parched and cracking with heat, or seething with unwholesome moisture.'

An additional consideration of the motive for the scheme was given by another opponent.

It was suggested 'that it could only be looked on as a scheme of the Town-council of Manchester to use its position as a Corporate body with good credit to borrow money at a low rate of interest, in the hope of making such a large profit by an increased sale of water in the neighbourhood, and a new arrangement to supply South Lancashire and North Cheshire towns, that the ratepayers in Manchester itself will speedily be relieved from paying any rates at all.'

In addition to this opposition, the purchase of way-leave and land in the district was a peculiarly heavy item in the expenditure; some farms had to be bought at one hundred years' purchase, and various pieces of land at a similar ransom. Thus the chorus of disapproval went on in many forms.

But all these objections and bitter feelings are now buried in the past; Manchester has got her water-supply from Thirlmere; and her contention that Thirlmere would in no way be injured, but improved, is generally acknowledged to be justified by the result, inasmuch as, now that it is enlarged, it is more in harmony with the surrounding scenery than formerly. Besides, the raising of the lake has converted the two promontories, Hause How and Deergarth, into a pair of charmingly wooded little islands, standing thirty feet out of the water. The whole valley at the southern end is now submerged; and the hills, by rising from the edge of the lake, form a fine expanse of water, which follows the natural outline of the hills surrounding it. The embankment is scarcely noticeable, and is at the first sight, in the combination, as picturesque as the most ardent lover of Nature could desire; besides, when covered with trees and vegetation, all appearance of artificial construction will be completely removed. A portion of the old road from Ambleside to Keswick being submerged, another has been made higher up the hill-side; and an entirely new road made on the opposite or western shore, five miles long, in place of the rough footpath which was along the margin of the lake, now making that side quite accessible.

It will be understood that the interference with Lake Thirlmere as it was, simply amounts to making it fill up the whole valley, increasing it to double its size. There are no obtrusive buildings, with the exception of a handsome tower at the western end, opposite from the embankment; nothing to mar the beauty of the lake anywhere; and the water is at once conveyed away in a tunnel under ground carefully hid from view.

The contention of the opponents to the scheme amounted in effect to the following: (1) That the beauty of the lake would be destroyed; (2) That there were other places where Manchester could obtain water; and (3) That this example would form a precedent for further encroachment. There is one important fact which may be mentioned in reply to the second objection—that is, that no one has ever named any other suitable place which could fulfil all the necessary conditions. On the other hand, some of the most experienced engineers who have made the supply of water to towns their life-long study and profession have dis-

tinctly stated that 'the Lake District is the only one from which a supply of good and wholesome water can be procured, and no other place is sufficiently high to allow the water to be taken to Manchester by gravitation.'

The first objection was, that the beauty of the lake was sure to be destroyed. It is strange that already the answer can be given to this objection when the enterprise is just completed, and when the scars and wounds left in the landscape are most conspicuous. Let any person acquainted with the district as it was twelve years ago, compare the appearance of the lake at that period with what it is now, and he must acknowledge it to be improved. It is clear the Manchester Corporation could not have gone to a place better adapted for giving its inhabitants a plentiful allowance of pure and good water. The rainfall is greater than at any other place within reach, and the lake is so placed that works of the simplest description only were necessary. The locality is almost without population, and there is no danger of the description most to be apprehended in works of a similar kind and for the same purpose. But all these alarms as regards the destruction of Thirlmere's attractions were raised long before any right conclusion could be arrived at, and by people who could not have had the opportunity of studying—under a competent guide—the details of the scheme on the spot. Loch Katrine, for instance, had been raised by an embankment much higher than the one since erected at Lake Thirlmere, and it has never been suggested that this, the most beautiful of the Scottish lakes, is in any way less beautiful now than it was before, or less frequented by visitors in consequence.

That the third objection has some foundation may be true—that is, that the other lakes of the district would soon be used for a similar purpose if Thirlmere were given up to 'this piece of vandalism.' 'One hears,' wrote one active opponent of the scheme, 'that another large town has got its eyes upon Haweswater; why should not Buttermere and Crummock be in like manner utilised? Ulleswater has been already threatened. The time may come when, instead of a trip to the lakes, we shall hear of a trip to the Tanks, or a month at the Reservoirs.'

The general feeling on the part of the opponents to the scheme was, that if carried out, it would spoil the recreation ground of the toiling population of Lancashire and Yorkshire; and that there was serious danger from the embankment bursting and flooding the country, like the Bradfield and Holmfirth reservoirs when their high insufficient dams were undermined and carried away.

That the motives of most of those who opposed the scheme were sincere and praiseworthy is not to be questioned. They were doing their very utmost to prevent what they considered one of the worst pieces of Vandalism of this century; and it is well that we have in any community gentlemen of position and influence who give their time and means to prevent what they believe to be a serious evil. But was it so? Have they not in their zeal made this a needless controversy as to the

comparative claims of Utility and Beauty? Or, as it has been put, Could the health of Manchester be saved only by the mud of Thirlmere? and in this lies the misconception. For if the opponents of the scheme had clearly understood what was to be done, they would have known that the works at Thirlmere would be scarcely visible, and that the aqueduct itself, except where crossing streams, would be buried deep in the ground, and invisible nearly all the way to Manchester. For really this is not a question of Beauty versus Utility, but whether they can exist together. The rainfall is, as we know, very great, and Manchester simply takes the surplus water of the lake which was flowing away, and makes it contribute to the greatest good of the greatest number; giving them the opportunity, at least, of learning the truth, that 'cleanliness is next to godliness,' while the lake which is to do all this is merely enlarged in area and capacity, and made more proportionate to its surroundings.

THE LAWYER'S SECRET.*

CHAPTER XXIII.—THE VERDICT.

WHEN the judge took his seat on the bench after lunch, Mr Soames was already in his place, busily engaged in knotting, and then carefully unknotting, a bit of red tape. To those who knew him, this was a sign that he was trying to make up his mind on a point that was not easy to settle. He was, in fact, trying to decide whether he ought to put Mrs Embleton (Lady Boldon's companion) and one or two other witnesses into the box, to prove that Lady Boldon had been complaining of neuralgia for some days before her visit to London, and also call evidence to show that cocaine was sometimes taken as a remedy for that complaint. If he could get the jury to believe that the prescription for cocaine was obtained or copied with an innocent intention, that would be a great point gained. But if the jury were inclined to think Lady Boldon guilty, they would probably believe that the neuralgia was only pretended; and then, if he called witnesses, he would give the Solicitor-general an opportunity of replying—that is to say, he would lose the last word with the jury.

On the whole, Mr Soames thought it better not to forfeit that privilege. He therefore said shortly, 'I call no witnesses,' and Sir Edward Spencer proceeded to sum up the case for the Crown. When he sat down, hardly any one in court doubted that Lady Boldon had had at least a guilty knowledge of the crimes her lover had confessed, if she did not herself inspire them and aid him in committing them.

Mr Soames slowly rose to his feet. In a voice so low that some of the jury had to strain their ears to catch what he said, this skilful advocate began by speaking of the heavy responsibility which rested upon the twelve men before him, and his conviction that they would respond to it. He then begged leave to warn them against a subtle form of injustice which sometimes beset men in their position, anxious to do their duty without fear or favour. The

* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

first and natural impulse was to allow the sympathy to bias the judgment. In the present case, their sympathies must be with Lady Boldon—and here Mr Soames digressed to paint, in a few graphic words, the humiliation and distress of his client's position, and the suffering which at that moment she must be enduring. But, he urged, in the effort to be rigidly just, men not infrequently so steeled themselves against a person in distressing circumstances, that they leaned too much to the opposite side, and thus were positively cruel and unjust to the very persons whom, in their hearts, they pitied. 'You, gentlemen,' he proceeded, 'must be on your guard against this reaction of feeling, as I may call it. I ask for Lady Boldon nothing but justice; but I say let it be that full measure of justice which the poorest woman in the land would be entitled to at your hands.—Gentlemen, it is next to impossible that the purchase of the cocaine was made with a guilty intent. Think a moment. If you are living in the same house with a man, you may, if evilly disposed, drug or poison him. But who would ever dream of walking into a solicitor's office with the intention of poisoning him? Nobody; for the simple reason that in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand there could be no possible opportunity of committing such a crime in a man's office.'

'What Lady Boldon tells you by my lips is this—That she had been suffering from neuralgia more or less for some days—that she consulted a work on medicine, and found that cocaine was recommended as a palliative—that she copied out the prescription, and that, happening to pass a druggist's shop, she handed the paper to Mr Thesiger, who was her escort at the moment, and asked him to go into the shop and buy the drug. Could anything be simpler or more natural? She remained in the cab, because there was no reason in the world why she should do anything else. But if she could have divined that she might have an opportunity of administering the drug to Mr Felix—which was in itself impossible—if she procured it with that object, do you imagine that she would have gone in broad daylight and sat in a hansom outside the shop, where any one, every one, might see her, while the first act in the drama of guilt was being played? Gentlemen, to say that she then plotted murder is not only a guess; it is, to my mind, a singularly bad one.'

Mr Soames then went on to tell the jury that they must place no reliance whatever on Lady Boldon's voluntary confession of guilt. No one could doubt that it had been prompted by one mad, generous impulse—the desire of taking upon her own frail shoulders her lover's punishment. Facts, he said, had already disproved that confession. Facts had shown that this lady, who, on the theory of the prosecution, must be a clever criminal, could not concoct a plausible story to serve her own purpose. He then proceeded to enlarge on the absence of any proof of conspiracy between the two accused persons, any proof that they had even talked over the affair of the will.

That brought the advocate to what was

really the crucial difficulty in his case—the finding of the will in Lady Boldon's writing-table drawer. He had already made the jury believe that he was too superior a man to be guilty of throwing dust in their eyes, and he had made no great demand on their credulity so far. Now he boldly maintained that this incriminating fact was the weakest of all the weak scraps of evidence which the prosecution relied upon. He reminded his audience of twelve that it must not be assumed that because a man generally uses a certain table, and it is called his, therefore he must be held to know the contents of every drawer in it. As for the drawer being locked, that was nothing. Drawers in which papers are kept are, or ought to be, always locked. And drawers, he suggested, may be locked, as well as unlocked, by keys that never were made for the locks fitted to them.

'As for the will, gentlemen,' said Mr Soames, 'we know—for my friend cannot ask you to forget what passed in open court this day—we know that Mr Thesiger took it from Mr Felix's office; and we may infer that he conveyed it to Roby Chase. We do not know with certainty that Lady Boldon so much as suspected what the contents of the envelope really were. But let us suppose she did; she may have intended to produce it, and may have feared to do so while suspicion attached to her lover. Nothing, indeed, is more likely.'

'I repeat, we cannot feel at all certain that Lady Boldon knew that her late husband's will was in that drawer. But even if she did know it, how can it be supposed that she intended to destroy it? Unless she intended to destroy it, of course there was no motive for her forming any designs against Mr Felix. And what proof is there that she *did* intend to destroy it? None! Absolutely none. In fact, it is in the highest degree unlikely that she kept it—if she knew it was there at all—with any such intention. Think, gentlemen! You are positively asked to believe that, having got it, after running such frightful risks, she calmly put it into a drawer of her writing-table, and kept it there! A real criminal would have destroyed that document within five minutes of laying her hands on it. Lady Boldon either knew nothing of it; or if she did, kept it by her for days and weeks, without apparently dreaming of injuring it. Gentlemen, that fact speaks for itself. There is no need to say more.'

An involuntary sound, like a long-drawn sigh, followed by a little hum of admiration, told how intently the audience had been listening. Almost before the sound died away, Mr Justice Cherry had turned sideways in his chair, and had begun to address the jury in commonplace, conversational tones. As a whole, his summing-up was of a very neutral tint. One observation, however, he made which was of weight. The fact that Sir Richard Boldon's will was found where it was found was, he said, of extreme importance in considering whether Lady Boldon had stolen the will, or whether she was fraudulently concealing it. But Lady Boldon was not being tried for either of these offences. She was being tried for complicity in the death of Mr Felix; and they could not infer that she was an accessory to

the solicitor's death from the fact of her having the will, with as much certainty as they might infer facts about the will itself. For aught they knew, the prisoner might have received the will before she had so much as heard of Mr Felix's death.

When the summing-up was over, the jurymen rose and began whispering among themselves. Then they sat down again.

'Do you wish to retire, gentlemen?' asked the clerk of arraigns.

'No; we are agreed,' was the answer.

'How say you, then, gentlemen of the jury, do you find Dame Adelaide Boldon guilty of the murder of James Felix, or not guilty?'

And in the midst of a dead silence the foreman answered: 'Not Guilty.'

'And as to the manslaughter?'

'Not Guilty.'

There was a bustle in the court; everybody said something to his neighbour; and here and there some people softly clapped their hands. O'Neil looked at his friend. Hugh Thesiger's face was kindled with triumph, as he looked at Lady Boldon and then glanced around him. He seemed to forget that he was himself awaiting sentence for the crimes of which Lady Boldon had been declared innocent.

'Then as to the second indictment, my lord,' said the Solicitor-general, rising slowly, as he looked fixedly at the judge.

The question was whether it was worth while proceeding with the charge of stealing or concealing the will, seeing that the more serious charge had fallen to the ground. Sir Edward Spencer was tired, and anxious to get away; Mr Soames was tired; the judge was tired; and, now that the excitement was over, the jury were yawning, as it were, in a body.

But Mr Justice Cherry was not the man to assume a responsibility that was not his by rights.

'You must use your own discretion, Mr Solicitor,' he said, with a soft smile on his round, dimpled face. 'The cases are not exactly alike; and if you think there is a chance of your obtaining a verdict, by all means go on.'

'The evidence is the same,' said Sir Edward.

'Yes; but the inferences—' However, if the jury think—' He paused, and glanced at the jury. These gentlemen, alarmed at the prospect of going over all the ground a second time, were longing to say something that would procure their release.

'If we have heard all the evidence, my lord,' said the foreman, 'there's no use in our hearing it again.'

'The question is,' said his lordship, 'whether you think the fact that the will was found in Lady Boldon's custody at the time it was found is sufficient evidence to warrant you in finding her guilty of stealing it, or hiding it with a fraudulent intent?'

'My lord, I had no idea the will was in my drawer; I never put it there,' cried Lady Boldon from the dock.

'You must let your counsel speak for you,' said the judge; but this time there was no severity in his tone.

Hugh Thesiger started and looked up when he heard the familiar tones of Lady Boldon's

voice. He opened his eyes, as if in astonishment, and immediately looked down again.

The denial, however, had its effect on the jury. They hurriedly consulted together, and then intimated that they were not prepared to convict on the second indictment. The Solicitor-general then said: 'I offer no evidence, then;' and a verdict of Not Guilty was recorded.

Lady Boldon was let out of the dock, a free woman. At the threshold of the enclosure she stopped, turned round, and held out both her hands to her lover.

But the judge was already speaking, and the prisoner's eyes were fixed on him.

'As to Hugh Thesiger,' said his lordship, 'let him be brought up for sentence on Monday morning;' and thereupon he rose from his seat.

Everybody seemed to rise at the same instant. Lady Boldon was almost pushed out of the dock, while two warders placed themselves close to Hugh, one on either side of him. He tried to touch the woman he loved; but it was not permitted. One look he gave her, and a smile was on his face. She gazed after him, uttered one cry, and sank down on the dock-steps. She had fainted.

ART OF MOSAIC.

THIS beautiful method of cementing various kinds of stones, glass, &c., seems to have originated in Persia, whence it found its way into Greece in the time of Alexander, and into Rome about 170 B.C. The critics are divided as to the origin and reason of the name. Some derive it from *moisaicum*, a corruption of *musaicum*, or, as it was called among the Romans, *musivum*. Scaliger derives it from the Greek *Morisa*, and imagines the name was given to this sort of work by reason of its ingenuity and exquisite delicacy. Nebricensis is of opinion it was so called because 'ex illis picturis ornabantur musea.' Mosaic-work of glass is used principally for the ornamentation and decoration of sacred edifices. Some of the finest specimens of this work are to be seen in the pompous Church of the Invalids at Paris, and the fine Chapel at Versailles. Mosaic-work in marble is used for pavements of churches, basilicas, and palaces; and in the incrustation and veneering of the walls of the same structures. As for that of precious stones, it seems to be used only for ornaments for altar-pieces and tables for rich cabinets.

The Mosaic Manufacture at the present day in Rome is one of the most extensive and profitable of the fine arts, and the trade is carried on entirely at the cost of the Government. Workmen are constantly employed in copying paintings for altar-pieces, though the works of the first masters are fast mouldering away on the walls of forgotten churches. The French, at Milan, appear to have set the example by copying in mosaic the 'Lord's Supper' of Leonardo da Vinci; but their plan was to do

much for Milan and nothing for Rome, and consequently a great many invaluable frescoes of Michelangelo, Raphael, Domenichino, and Guido, were left to perish. It takes about seven or eight years to finish a mosaic copy of a painting of the ordinary historical size, two men being constantly occupied in the work. It generally costs from eight to ten thousand crowns; but the time and expense are, of course, regulated by the intricacy of the subject and quantity of the work. Raphael's 'Transfiguration' cost about twelve thousand crowns, and it took nine years to complete, ten men constantly working at it. The execution of some of the latter work is, however, considered very inferior. The slab upon which the mosaic is made is generally of travertin (or tiburtin) stones, connected together by iron clamps. Upon the surface of this a mastic, or cementing paste, is gradually spread, as the progress of the work requires it, which forms the adhesive ground, or bed, upon which the mosaic is laid. The mastic is composed of fine lime from burnt marble, and finely powdered travertin stone, mixed to the consistence of a paste with linseed oil. Into this paste are fixed the 'smalts' of which the mosaic picture is formed. They are a mixed species of opaque, vitrified glass, partaking of the nature of stone and glass, and composed of a variety of minerals and materials, coloured, for the most part, with different metallic oxides. Of these, no fewer than seventeen hundred different shades are in use. They are manufactured in Rome, in the form of long slender rods like wires, of various degrees of thickness, and are cut into pieces of the requisite sizes, from the smallest pin point to an inch. When the picture is completely finished, and the cement thoroughly dried, it is highly polished. Mosaic, though an ancient art, is not merely a revived, but an improved one. The Romans only used coloured marbles at first, or natural stones, in its composition, which admitted of little variety; but the invention of 'smalts' has given it a wider range, and made the imitation of painting far closer. The mosaic-work at Florence is totally different from this, being merely inlaying in *pietre dure*, or natural precious stones, of every variety, which forms beautiful and very costly imitations of shells, flowers, figures, &c., but bears no similitude to painting.

Besides the Government establishment at Rome, there are hundreds of artists, or artisans, who carry on the manufacture of mosaics on a small scale. Snuff-boxes, rings, necklaces, brooches, ear-rings, &c., are produced in immense quantities; and since the English have flocked in such numbers to Rome, all the streets leading to the Piazza di Spagna are lined with the shops of these *mosaicisti*, &c.

Oriental shells are made at Rome into beautiful cameos by the white outer surface being cut away upon the deeper-coloured internal part, forming figures in minute *bassi-relievi*. The subjects are chiefly taken from ancient gems, and sometimes from sculpture and painting. The shells used for this purpose are principally brought from the Levant; and a great many of these shell cameos make remarkably beautiful ornaments. Hundreds of artists also

support themselves in Rome by making casts, sulphurs, &c., from ancient gems and medals, and in selling or fabricating antiques.

In Clavigero's 'History of Mexico,' a curious and extremely quaint kind of mosaic-work is mentioned as having been made by the ancient Mexicans of the most delicate and beautiful feathers of birds. Various species of birds of fine plumage, with which Mexico abounds, appear to have been raised specially for this purpose, in private houses as well as in the palace of the king; and at certain seasons the birds were plucked and the feathers sold in the market to the mosaic-workers. A high value was set on the feathers of these wonderful little birds, which are called by the Mexicans 'Huitzitzilin;' and by the Spaniards 'Picafloras,' on account of their small size and diversity of colour. When a work in mosaic was about to be undertaken, all the artists assembled together, and after having agreed upon a design, and taken their measures and proportions, each artist charged himself with the execution of a certain portion of the work. They exerted themselves with such diligence, patience, and application, that frequently one of the artists would spend a whole day in adjusting a single feather, first trying one, then another, viewing it sometimes one way, then another, until he had hit upon one which he considered gave his part of the image that ideal perfection which all the workers had set themselves to attain. When each artist had performed the part allotted to him, another meeting was convened, and the whole design carefully put together. If any part was the least accidentally disarranged, it was done all over again until it was perfectly finished. Small pincers were invariably used for holding the feathers, in order to avoid the least injury; and a special sort of glutinous matter called 'tzanhtli' was used for pasting the feathers on the cloth. All the parts were then united upon a little table or plate of copper, and softly flattened until the surface of the design was as equal and as smooth as that of a pencil.

These were the images so much celebrated by the Spaniards and other European nations. Whoever beheld them was at a loss whether to praise most the life and beauty of the natural colours or the dexterity of the artist and the ingenious disposition of art. These images (says Acosta) were deservedly admired not only for the wonderful execution of the work, but principally for the exquisite appearance they presented when viewed in different shades of light and from alternate sides—exhibiting such delightful colouring that no pencil or painting, either of oil or water colours, had ever been found to produce anything so rich and beautiful.

Some Indians, who were able artists, were so skilful in copying engravings and paintings with various kinds of feathers, that their works are said to rival the best paintings of the Spanish artists. These works were, in fact, so highly esteemed by the Mexicans, as to be valued a great deal more than gold itself. Cortes, Bernal Diaz, Gomara, Torquemada, and many other historians who saw them, were at a loss for expressions sufficient to praise their perfection and beauty. Several works of this kind, we believe, are still preserved in the

museums of Europe, and many in Mexico; but few of them belong to the sixteenth century, and still fewer are of those made before the Conquest.

ROMANCE OF A BULLOCK CART.

CHAPTER II.

It was thus that Stanley found himself detailed for a second spell of unpleasant duty, which entailed a temporary residence in a little quinta a few squares distant from the small river called the Riachuela, on the banks of which was situated the *saladero*, or factory, which belonged to 'the house.' Part of his duties was discharged at the factory wharf, where the lighters were loaded that carried the cargo to the ship waiting for it in the outer roads of the river Plate; part at the Plaza Constitucion, where he received the bales of produce from the sorters and packers in the barracca. He was of course compelled to make frequent journeys between the two points, distant about five miles from each other; but that was the pleasantest part of his task, for he rode well and had a good horse, which was at once his companion and servant. As work went on from dawn till dark, with a liberal pause at mid-day for *siesta*, it was out of the question that he could continue residence at the central establishment. The duty was therefore equivalent to a temporary banishment, in which his only companions were Italian *peons* and native *gauchos*. As for his other comforts, they were carefully looked after; 'the house' having provided and furnished the aforesaid quinta specially for the members of their staff who were engaged in such duties.

In this case he had been urged to quick despatch, and it was extremely probable that he would have been ordered to this duty, Mr Bowman's interference notwithstanding. The outbreak of the epidemic had excited general alarm, and it became a matter of the greatest importance to load and despatch the ship before its development might suspend operations indefinitely; for, as every one knows, business is as exacting as war—neither life nor death, nor pleasure nor pain, must be allowed to interfere with its progress.

This was not explained to Stanley, nor did he trouble himself to think about it. Mr Brown relied solely on his proved diligence and fidelity to orders, and was as satisfied that the work would be done as if he had argued the matter out with him. Working, however, in the very heart of the outbreak, it was impossible for him to escape the signs of it, or to avoid noting its progress. Every other day there was a man missing, and sometimes another one in the afternoon. He would then ask for the absentees, and would receive a sullen reply, 'Muerte,' or perhaps only 'Enfermo.' This had startled him at first, and excited his liveliest sympathy; but finding his utter helplessness, he had to harden his heart, and soon he pretended not to notice the shrinkage in numbers of the various gangs.

More than a week passed away, and the work which he had hoped to finish by that

time was little more than half done. He had ceased to urge the men to diligence: they paid no attention, or answered in sullen murmurs; nor would they adopt some simple measures which he recommended to them to avoid the infection. Some of them had money, and brought flasks of *caña*, or native rum, to their work. They were among those who quickly succumbed. Natives and Italians, *gauchos* and peons alike, regard death and suffering with callous indifference. Few are the tears they shed over a departed comrade; and if they have secret heart-yearnings common to a higher civilisation, they effectually conceal them with a shrug of the shoulders as they roll up another cigarette of black tobacco. But this visitation was different from all former experience. At first, when it was a mere isolated case, paying the debt of nature in the ordinary way, it was dismissed with a rough jest, and work went on as merrily as before; but with gaps occurring every day in their ranks, and no one to see the enemy that struck them down, '*Carramba!*' they would say, and eye one another with suspicious looks. Then apathetic lassitude claimed them for its own.

Being then short-handed, and having a spiritless crew to work with, Stanley began to have serious fears for the completion of the work, and his practical mind conjured up demurrage claims from the ship, which always irritated the chiefs, and made everybody in the office uncomfortable. Accordingly, he sent off his *chasque*, or mounted messenger, to headquarters reporting the state of affairs. In reply, he received a letter from Mr Brown, authorising him to engage outside workmen at any cost, and suggesting a consultation with the skipper of the *Lady Gertrude* with the view of engaging his crew. He opined that Englishmen would work in *infierno* itself for double pay. In fact, the letter threw him entirely on his own resources, and made it more than ever incumbent on him to see the work well finished. He resolved first to double the pay of his own men; then he consulted with his *capataz*, or foreman. That worthy scratched his head stolidly.

'I fear it will be difficult, señor. The men are getting afraid to remain. I hear them talk of throwing up their work, and departing for the camp, even if they abandon their wages; but this extra pay may change their intentions.'

'They are fools if they think they can run away from the fever,' said Stanley. 'And they will starve in the open country. The camp-people already have taken the alarm; every *puestero* will set his dogs at the fugitives from town.'

'Very true, señor. I am sure they have not thought of that. I will tell them so.'

'Tell them also that the infection is in the filthy houses in which they sleep.'

'They know that. But what can they do?'

'If they will abandon their lodgings, I will put up tents for them here in the open fields, where they will be as safe as in the camp. Will they agree to that, think you?'

'I am sure they will agree to anything, señor, that will be a change for them.'

'How many of our own men have we here now?'

'Twenty-three all told, señor.'

'My God!—twenty-three out of forty-two!'

'But eight of them ran away, señor—only eleven of them *gastados*.'

'Eleven in nine days.'

'*Eso es, señor.*'

'Go, speak with them at once. If any refuses to come and sleep in the tents, he may march without his pay. I will despatch a couple of carts now to bring the tents.'

The capataz soon returned with the intimation that every man was willing and pleased to make the change; on which they mounted their horses and set off in the endeavour to pick up another dozen of men or so.

From the factory to the nearest houses in the suburb of North Barraccas, distant about a couple of miles, the road was easy enough for foot-passengers, who could climb the numerous fences that intervened; but for horse and car traffic a long detour was necessary—past the Corrales, through the Plaza Constitucion, and along the Barraccas road, now called the Avenue of Montes de Oca. This way led them past the Southern Cemetery, and here, for the first time, Stanley saw the outward visible signs of the dreadful ravages of the plague. A long array of funeral processions were waiting their turn to enter the gates. Hearses, coaches, and carts of all descriptions had their cargoes of defunct mortality. Drivers and attendants smoked, jested, and played cards; while isolated groups of mourners clustered silently together, the image of mute despair. At that time more than a hundred of such processions had to be dealt with daily. Later on, the number reached a fabulous amount, making separate individual interments impossible, and necessitating a wholesale system unparalleled since the Great Plague of London.

Coming in such a shape, the scene was inexpressibly shocking, and almost more than Stanley's equanimity could bear. There was a difficulty, also, in forcing their way through the multitude of vehicles; and, at his suggestion, they turned back and took the path he was in the habit of using when going to and from the storehouse near the Plaza. Here he left a note to report progress, and learned that the pest had appeared in the residential and business part of the city proper; but shutting from his mind all considerations but that of duty, he pushed on with his companion to the suburb. Arrived there, they stopped at a row of galvanised huts, and the capataz dismounted.

'My two cousins live here; I think I can engage them,' said he. He knocked loudly at a closed door, and getting no reply, he pushed it open. A fetid odour rushed out and made him stagger back. 'Pedro! Pedro!' he called out from the street.

A shaggy, bearded man, in dirty canvas trousers and woollen shirt, appeared at the doorway, sleepily rubbing his eyes.

'Ha, Luis,' said the capataz, 'you are at home to-day. Is your lighter not working?'

'No; the *patrón* is dead—is dead, and I am waiting my turn.' He yawned, and took out

from his pocket a dirty paper of black cigars, drowsily lighted one, and put it in his mouth.

'*Que disparate!* (What nonsense!) Where is Pedro?'

'There he is,' pushing the door wide open. On the earthen floor lay a stark form covered with a much-soiled sheet.

'*Santissima!* When did he die?'

'A little ago. I don't know the hour. Pedrito is gone to the carpenter to buy a new jacket for him.'

'And Maria?'

'Gone—*gastado*; buried yesterday or day before—I forget. Have you any tobacco? Mine is nearly done.'

The capataz gave him a handful of cigarettes, and turned to Stanley, still sitting on his horse.

'What must I say to him?'

'Ask him if he will come after the funeral, and bring his little boy with him. His clothing must be disinfected by the police.'

A conversation ensued between the two cousins, during which the eyes of Luis sparkled and he laughed aloud. 'I will do anything to get away from here, and I will bring two good men with me, and rub them with the *fluido* myself if necessary. But go thou away, thou and thy patrón; every house in the infernal Boca is like this. You will do no good. Let the *canalla* rot.' This he uttered in a loud, defiant voice, with right arm extended. Then turning to the capataz, he said softly: 'Francisco, a word with thee. Pedro in there'—indicating the house with a jerk of the head—'has money in the London bank. So have I. If I go, and thou art spared, thou wilt find the books. Send little Pedrito with the money home to his grand-dad in Genoa.—Wilt thou do that? Swear.'

'I swear by my saint, Francisco, I will do it.'

'Swear also by his and mine.'

'I swear it by San Pedro, San Luis, and San Francisco.'

'I am satisfied: your patrón is English—he believes not in the saints.'

'I will go bail for Francisco's honesty, if that is what you mean,' said Stanley.

'So will I,' replied Luis. 'But he is no scholar, and the police and lawyers are all *ladrones*. If you will show him how to go about it, I will be grateful.'

'I promise that. But if you come to our tents, I do not think you will need his services.'

'I am satisfied. I will come to the tents. But take you my advice, and get away.'

The general aspect of everything round about seemed to support that advice; and returning the man's salute, they rode back to the factory with all possible speed.

The encampment was a great sanitary success. The plague that raged not more than three miles away never entered it, although this was no doubt due to its locality as much as to its sanitary regulations. For it came to be known that outside of the city boundaries the yellow fever of 1871 had never made any spontaneous appearance. Nevertheless, when censure and praise came to be awarded, Stanley Brown

came in for his share of the latter. The men were practically isolated from the town, away from the depressing influence of the sadness that reigned there. They worked with hearty good-will, and kept the crew of the *Lady Gertrude* busy stowing cargo. It was with a feeling of unmistakable relief that Stanley saw the last boat-load of her cargo drop down the stream. Another day's work arranging his papers and leaving the encampment in charge of Francisco, he set off with a light heart for the city. The aspect of the streets as he rode along was disheartening. Traffic was entirely suspended. Occasional carts laden with plain white oblong boxes moved slowly along, the driver seated in front smoking the eternal black cigarette; the attendant perambulating the narrow pavement, calling out in a monotonous sing-song, '*Cajones funebres.*' The knockers of numerous doors were tied up with black cloth. At the *zaguan* or hall door of many houses appeared an Italian hawker, seated on one of these boxes, waiting the summons to carry it inside to receive its expectant occupant, who lay dying within.

At the office he received a solemn welcome. Mr Gilroy thanked him briefly, and dismissed him to his usual desk.

'I say, old man, you must have had an awful time of it,' whispered Bowman from the opposite desk.

'Oh, no, it was jollier than here,' said Stanley.

'Of course you know that old Brown has gone.'

'Gone—where?'

'Gone aloft, stupid—at least, we hope so.'

Stanley had noticed, as he passed through Mr Brown's room, that it was empty; but he did not for a moment connect with his absence such a reason as that. He took refuge in his usual silence, and turning over the pages of his wool ledger, he attempted to renew his search for the missing sheep-skins.

Bowman's forte, however, was not silence; he continued, with an affected sigh: 'Poor old chap! I hope he is well off—better even than if he had married Maggie.'

'Do you mean Miss Chumley?'

'Yes, of course. But I call her Maggie, you know.'

'Are you engaged, then?' asked Stanley with a sudden sinking of the heart.

'No; not exactly engaged. The time is out of joint. I am not so selfish as trouble her with a formal declaration, with all this worry and sickness around. But we understand each other—the language of the eye, you know; two souls that beat as one, you know.'

'Does Mr. Gilroy know that you talk that way about his ward?'

'Oh dear, no. I am mum to every one except you; you are my chum, you know. I must tell you, or "bust."'

'You see her often, then?'

'Sometimes. She and her aunt go to the *estancia* to-morrow, and I am going to escort them.'

'Did Mr Gilroy tell you so?'

'Not yet—time enough for that. He sent me out last night to acquaint them with the

arrangements; and when she asked who would go with them, I offered promptly, and she was delighted.'

'But he may go himself.'

'Not he. I heard him say he could not get away because of poor Brown, you know. Fact is, if this dashed fever gets worse, I believe he will shut up shop and send us all in to the camp. That would be jolly, eh?'

Stanley was in no mood to appreciate the jollity of it, and yet he reproached himself for being unworthily jealous. If they were, as Bowman said, practically engaged, he had the best right to the escort duty; and in the proffer of his services he had evidently secured the approval of the young lady. But was his story to be relied on? His friend Bowman may have too liberally interpreted the language of the eye, and the theory of the unison of souls evolved from his own conceit.

There was a minute's pause. Bowman was burning to enlarge on the subject, when Stanley was summoned through the speaking-tube to Mr Gilroy's room. That gentleman had a sheet of paper in his hand. 'Stanley,' said he, 'I am pleased with your conduct in the *Lady Gertrude* business. I have another task for you—I hope a pleasanter one. My ward, Miss Chumley, her aunt, and maid, go to the *estancia* the day after to-morrow. They will not use the railway, as contact with odd people is not very safe. They will go all the way in the carriage. I wish you to escort them. As you will only have our own horses, you must make two days' journey of it.—Do you know the road?'

'Only as far as Lujan; but I cannot possibly miss it.'

'You must sleep there; it is the only place on the road with a fairly good hotel. That will give you fifteen leagues to travel the second day; so you must start at daybreak.'

'I quite understand, sir.'

'The *estancia* house is rather poorly provided at present; here is a list of requisites. Take one of the bullock carts from the barraca; get it loaded with these goods and despatched immediately. It must arrive as soon as you, or the ladies will be put to some inconvenience.—Have you a weapon?'

'I have a revolver.'

'You'd better have it handy. They tell me that the camp roads are infested with fugitives from the city.'

Stanley went out feeling an inch taller, his bosom swelling with delight at this commission. His alacrity in putting past and locking up his books attracted Bowman's attention.

'Hollo! What's up now?' he shouted.

'I am sent to buy a lot of things for the *estancia*, despatch them by bullock cart, and then'—He paused: he thought it would hurt Bowman's feelings if he told the rest. It would look like crowing over him.

Mr Bowman did not notice anything; he chuckled, 'The governor always sets these jobs on you; sort o' head-porter's work, eh?'

'All right; it suits me,' replied Stanley as he left the office with chin erect and beaming countenance.

'By jingo! he looks as if he liked it too,'

muttered Bowman. 'It would take me down a peg if I were asked to do such work.'

If the work of a head-porter did not suit him, he at that moment received a commission which was more in the way of a junior porter. A sealed letter was handed to him from a fellow-clerk. 'The governor says you are to take that letter at once, Bowman.'

It was addressed to Miss Ada Chumley. Miss Ada was the aunt, and near enough to his divinity to take the sting from the menial character of the order. He also put past his books, locked his desk, and left the office with a smirk on his face. He heard that a remark passed from one clerk to the other as he went out; but he did not overhear its purport. Had he done so, it would have been of no consequence, for clearly it was to be attributed to envy. It was: 'What a conceited ass that fellow Bowman is!'

A smart ride of half an hour took him to the quinta Gilroy. The boulevard of Santa Fé did not then exist in its present form. It was a broad, rough road, lined with cactus hedges, having here and there a secluded quinta house embosomed in fruit-trees, vines, figs, and peaches. The tramway was then in course of construction, the rails running on a causeway elevated in many places three feet from the road-level. The suburb of Belgrano was even then the favourite dwelling-place of the English community, notwithstanding its difficulty of access. There was a railway, but the horse was the great instrument of locomotion. Every errand-boy had his nag, and beggars—of whom there were always abundance—plied their vocation from horseback. In the great merchant-houses, the principals and clerks all lived on the premises together. There was a *corralon*, or yard, attached or adjacent, in which the horses required for daily use were accommodated. Bowman therefore had no train or tram to catch; he simply saddled his horse and rode off, congratulating himself mightily.

TANGHIN, OR THE POISON ORDEAL OF MADAGASCAR.

THOUGH ordeals by fire and water are, or have been, national judicial institutions of world-wide distribution, resource to a deadly poison as a legal remedy has not met with such universal recognition. With the exception of the 'Red Water' ordeal of the Papuans, and the 'Bitter Water' of certain Melanesian tribes, Poison Ordeals are strictly confined to the Dark Continent, of which the ordeal of the Calabar Bean as practised by the negroes of Old Calabar is the most popular and well-known instance. Although Livingstone, Du Chaillu, and other African explorers mention the use of certain roots for poison ordeals by Central African tribes, and Guinea natives are known to use a form of *strychnos* for the same purpose, we think we are justified in stating that no exact analogue of the Tanghin of Madagascar can be found in any of the ordeals practised elsewhere.

The source of the poison—from which it also derives its name—is the '*Tanghinia venenifera*,' a plant indigenous to Madagascar. Flacourt,

governor of the French settlement at Fort Dauphine in the seventeenth century, wrote an account of the island of Madagascar on his return to France, and in this quaint and interesting work a description of '*Le Tangèna*' is given, which evidently was not the modern form of the ordeal, but was more akin to the Melanesian 'Bitter Water' in that death never resulted from the direct action of the poison. Evidence from various sources leads to the conclusion that the '*Tanghinia venenifera*' was first used for judicial purposes at the beginning of this century, from which period it was consistently employed until the abolition of ordeal by poison in 1864 by international treaties.

The Tanghin tree is somewhat like a chestnut in appearance. As its foliage is of a dark-green hue and its flower of a gorgeous crimson, it presents a very attractive sight during the months of October and November. Botanists would more accurately describe the tree as belonging to the order of the '*Apocynaceæ*,' and its fruit as a drupe; but as botanical names only appeal to the initiated, we will continue the description without employing them.

About the middle of November, the flowers fade, and a small green fruit appears, which rapidly increases in size until Christmas, when the fruit attains maturity. It is then something like a large yellow egg-plum, though the skin is not of one uniform tint, but is streaked with varying tints of red and brown. The pulpy portion of the fruit is of a repulsive gray colour, and possesses a correspondingly disgusting taste; and in the centre of this is found the kernel, which is enclosed in a bivalve like the common almond. The kernel is the poisonous part of the fruit, and has been found to contain a most violent poison, which is not strychnine, or, in fact, an alkaloid or nitrogenous compound at all, but a substance which is probably unparalleled in the whole range of toxicological chemistry.

The Tanghin was reserved for the detection of such crimes as treason and witchcraft, or anything directly or indirectly due to the intervention of the supernatural; and as such crimes were frequent and the circle of suspicion wide, it acted as a constant drain on an already scanty population. Ellis computes that three thousand persons perished annually under this ordeal, that a tenth of the entire population drank it in their lives—some four or five times—while, of those who drank, more than half died on the spot or from the after-effects.

For minor offences the ordeal was performed thus: If two parties disputed on a subject on which no direct evidence could be got, each selected a dog from a pair of equal size and condition, and both animals received similar doses of Tanghin. The party whose dog first succumbed was adjudged to be in the wrong; and if both dogs expired simultaneously, the case was decided on a basis of equality; or if this was out of the question, the ordeal was repeated.

In the case of serious crimes, however, being alleged against any one, the ordeal was much more severe, as the persons suspected had themselves to swallow the Tanghin. The ordeal was a truly national institution, government officials called *mpanozon-doha*, or 'cursers of the

head,' or, more colloquially, *mpampinona*, that is, 'those who compel to drink,' administered the ordeal; and to be a *mpampinona* was considered both a lucrative, respectable, and even an honourable position. The *mpampinona*, by personal and secretly transmitted experience, could so manipulate the ordeal that their clients had a chance of escaping with little more than a violent fit of vomiting; while they could insure with deadly certainty the removal of an obnoxious individual. The Tanghin thus administered became a most powerful agent in carrying out the crooked ends of an unscrupulous state policy; and we need hardly say that the Government in power freely availed themselves of this convenient method for the removal of prominently obtrusive members of the Opposition.

A great gathering always collected to witness a Tanghin ordeal, the centre of attraction, of course, being the *mpampinona*, his executive, and the victim or victims. To inspire confidence, the poison was prepared in public by the *mpampinona*, who took two kernels of the fruit of the 'Tanghinia venenifera,' and having split each carefully in half, he ground two halves of different kernels—to insure uniformity of poison—on a stone with a little water. A white emulsion is thus obtained, which, on dilution with the juice of a banana leaf, partially dissolves. Having administered this potion, the 'curser of the head' placed his hand on the brow of the victim, and broke forth into a wild stream of denunciation and invocation, beginning, 'Ary mandranesa, mandranesa, Manamango. Listen, listen, oh Manamango [the Poison Spirit or "Searcher of Hearts"]. Thou hast no eyes, but thou seest; ears hast thou not, but thou hearest; a round egg brought from afar, from lands across the great waters [possibly an allusion to the introduction of poison ordeal by the Arabs], thou art here to-day. Hear and judge, for thou knowest all things; and wilt decide truly. If this man hath not done aught by witchcraft, but has only employed natural powers, let him live. If he has only committed a crime against the moral code [in the original, a long category of these offences is given], slay him not; but by the door where down thou wentest, return, oh Manamango! [The poison is a violent emetic.] But if he has employed witchcraft, then hasten; stay not; end him; slay him; choke him; seize his vitals in thy deadly-clutch, and destroy at once and for ever the foul life of this wicked man, oh Manamango, thou that knowest all things, and who searchest the secret hearts of all men.'

Some years ago, a friend of the writer's took a verbatim copy of the above harangue as reproduced by a native who had twice successfully undergone the ordeal, and on whom the whole ceremony had left very vivid and lasting impressions. The above is a fair translation of the leading points in the argument, which in the original are fully expanded by minute details as to the crimes within and the misdemeanours without the jurisdiction of the Tanghin, as well as by very horrible minutiae of the fearful agonies to be inflicted on the guilty, and the exhilarating prospects for the self-righted innocent.

This adjuration ended, the accused was forced to swallow three pieces of fowl-skin, each about an inch square, without touching them with his teeth. Copious draughts of rice-water were then given to wash down the three pieces of skin; and when this was at last effected, warm water was added to accentuate the emetic character of the poison. If the three pieces of skin are discharged intact, Manamango has decided on the innocence of the suspect; and his friends are then free to do anything they please to increase his chances of recovery. If the three pieces are retained, or are only partially discharged, the man is declared guilty; and one of the executive, whose especial duty it is, puts an end to the writhing and speechless agony of the unfortunate victim by a blow from a wooden rice-pestle or *fanolo*.

Establishment of innocence by this method more often than not resulted in death from the after-effects, unless special precautions had been taken, or the subject was possessed of an abnormally tough constitution. Practised experts, by using immature fruit and selecting kernels of light colour, which are not so poisonous as the redder ones, and also by skilful arrangement of things, could secure a satisfactory termination—from the patient's point of view—of the ordeal, so that it became quite noticeable that filthy lucre could often tempt the immaculate Manamango to favourable decisions. Notwithstanding this obvious corruption, the masses of the people believed confidently in the Tanghin and in Manamango; and even now, many natives would avail themselves of it, if allowed to do so.

In 1857, a Frenchman called Laborde, who headed a frustrated conspiracy to assassinate Queen Ranavalona I. and to place Radama II. on the throne, was arrested and charged with high-treason. He appealed to the Tanghin ordeal; but the Government refused him that privilege on the ground that he was a foreigner; and so he was banished from the island, much to his chagrin.

It is thought that M. Laborde had cultivated a provident intimacy with the chief *mpampinona*, and consequently was quite prepared to undergo the necessary gastric convulsions, if thereby he could 'quash' an inconvenient charge of high-treason. However that may have been, we think M. Laborde was the only European who had sufficient confidence in this somewhat risky tribunal to be willing to stake his existence upon it.

ROMANTIC TALES OF INDIAN WAR.

THE BLOCKADE OF AGRA IN 1857.

ONE of the most prominent sights in Agra is the majestic fortress built by the Great Akbar, with walls seventy feet high, and more than a mile and a half in circuit, surmounted by beehive crenellations, and surrounded by a deep and broad ditch, lined by solid masonry, and crossed by drawbridges of great strength, commanded by flank defences. The walls are built of great blocks of red sandstone; and even if not so strong as they look, or not calculated to resist modern artillery so well as earthworks,

still, if well defended, the fort of Agra would prove a very difficult place to take, because, if the walls were knocked down by a bombardment, the mass of material to get over would be so great that it would be exceedingly difficult to take the place by storm, even if the stormers were supported by every modern appliance of war.

The date of the building of this stately fortress is not correctly known; but Akbar, the greatest of the Mogul Emperors, ascended the throne in 1556 A.D., and the great fort of Agra is supposed to have been completed within the first twelve years of his reign. The reign of Akbar has always been considered the palmy days of the Mogul Empire. Akbar may be said to have been a 'Home Ruler.' Early in his reign, he fully recognised the fact that to successfully rule the Hindus he must not treat the Mohammedans as favoured foreign conquerors, but do his utmost to blend all his subjects into one common nationality, with common rights and privileges; and it was the foreigners of his own creed who were first made to feel the weight of his strong hand. But enough by way of introduction; this is not a history of the Mogul Empire under Akbar, but a Romantic Tale of the Mutiny of 1857.

In 1857 Agra was the capital of the North-west Provinces, and Mr John Colvin was the Lieutenant-governor; and but few places were considered more capable of resisting rebellion and standing a siege than the stately fortress of Akbar, if properly victualled. In July 1857, General Sir Patrick Grant, the acting commander-in-chief before the arrival of Sir Colin Campbell, described the fort of Agra as 'a strong and regular fortification, thoroughly armed with heavy guns, manned by a European garrison of over a thousand men, with an arsenal thoroughly supplied with every munition of war within its walls.' The only fear on the mind of the officiating commander-in-chief was lest the authorities had neglected to collect and store provisions. In such a case, the garrison of Agra might be starved into submission; and this the authorities had neglected to do. When the waves of mutiny and rebellion burst upon Agra, and the cry arose on all sides, 'Feringhee ke Raj hogaya' (The rule of the Feringhee is over), the fort of Agra was without victuals of any sort. But I will give the remainder of this Romantic Tale in the words of Rahim Buksh as nearly as I can remember them. My readers can form their own conclusions about the credibility of the story, but the moonshree always related it as a fact of which he had been an eye-witness.

When the rebellion and mutiny of 1857 overtook the authorities of Agra, the treasury was without money and the fort without victuals. There was not even sufficient grain

stored in the fortress to grind flour for one day's bread for the European troops of the garrison, and the grain-dealers in the city absolutely refused to supply the commissariat department with grain except on cash payment; and there was no cash in the treasury. By order of the Lieutenant-governor, Mr E. A. Reade, the Financial Commissary, tried to negotiate a loan of five lakhs (500,000) rupees from the principal bankers and merchants of Agra; but none of them would advance a farthing; nor would the grain-dealers accept supply bills for grain even at a profit of one hundred per cent.

Matters stood thus on the 5th of July, when the Kotah Contingent, a compact force of cavalry, infantry, and a battery of six guns, mutinied, and murdered the most of their European officers, a few miles from Agra, and were reported to be advancing to sack and burn the cantonments and to lay siege to the fort.

On Sunday, the 5th of July, the authorities of Agra committed the same mistake as was done at Lucknow in the unfortunate attempt to fight the mutineers at Chinhat, with much the same result. A force consisting of six hundred and fifty of the 3d Bengal Europeans, a battery of field-artillery, and two hundred volunteers, composed of officers of mutinied regiments, Civil Servants, merchants and clerks, left the fort of Agra to give battle to an enemy estimated at ten times their number, with the result that the British were defeated with a loss of one hundred and forty-one men killed and wounded, but mostly killed, because no proper arrangements had been made for carrying back the wounded. Amongst the slain was the brave and chivalrous Captain D'Oyly, commanding the artillery, whose death was not only a calamity, but an irreparable loss for the garrison. He had protested against the expedition from the first, but was over-ruled, and, like the brave soldier that he was, he nobly did his duty. His horse was shot under him at the commencement of the action; and when his gunners were decimated by the fire of the enemy, Captain D'Oyly took his place amongst the men, and whilst assisting to extricate the wheels of a gun that had sunk in the soft ground, which was soaked with heavy rain, he was mortally wounded in the side by a grape-shot. He was lifted on to a tumbril, where he supported himself, and continued to give orders till he fell exhausted from loss of blood. His last words were: 'Ah! they have done for me now; but don't leave my body to be cut up and mutilated. Carry me back to Agra, and put a stone over my grave, and say I died fighting my guns.' Lieutenant Lamb, another promising artillery officer, was also mortally wounded.

At this point the retreat of the British became a rout, which was seen from the high towers of the fort. The alarm was passed to the cantonments, and the European residents rushed to the gates and into the fort for protection. When the retreating troops reached cantonments, they were joined by a detachment which had been on guard on the civil jail, and all rushed for the protection of the

fort. The prisoners in the jail broke loose—3500 convicts—and all the *budmashes* (bad characters) of the city rose and armed themselves and joined the escaped convicts, and hastened to pillage and burn the European quarters in cantonments, and on all sides the cry was: 'The rule of the Feringhee is over.'

The night closed dark and rainy, and all was confusion inside the fort, and outside resembled 'hell broke loose.' Every European house was plundered and then set on fire; and thirty Europeans, or persons classed as Europeans, who had not gained the protection of the fort, were cruelly murdered. When, at midnight, the noise of a great cavalcade was heard approaching from the direction of Sikandra—a beautiful garden about five miles from Agra, where the tomb of the Emperor Akbar is—the noise of the advance of this cavalcade was heard above the uproar of murder and plunder going on in cantonments lit up by the glare of burning houses. Above all this dreadful din, the trumpeting of elephants, the neighing of horses, and the beating of drums—in brief, the noise of the advance of a great host—was distinctly heard approaching the main gate of the fort, which was securely barred, with drawbridges raised. The sentries stood on their posts paralysed with fear at the sound of the great commotion as it came nearer and nearer, till at length the cavalcade appeared to be advancing over the raised drawbridge and through the closely-barred massive gates, without the least delay or opposition. The Europeans heard the noise, but did not see the figures of the cavalcade; yet the noise was sufficient to paralyse them with fear.

At this stage, a Sikh sentry, named Jawhir Sing, posted on the quarters of the Lieutenant-governor, was suddenly inspired with courage to challenge the uncanny intruders by asking the question, 'Kis ke Sowaree hain?' (Whose cavalcade comes?) The reply was instantly given in three languages at once, Urdu, Punjabi, and English: 'The cavalcade of Akbar, king of kings, whose palace is in Paradise; come back to his throne on earth to give strength and power and wisdom to the English. Fear not, Jawhir Sing; the rule of the English is not over, for Allah has given them the kingdom, and no power which shall rise up against them shall prosper. Allah Hu Akbar—God alone is great.'

The sentry, in spite of his fear, replied: 'Advance, Akbar Badsha. All is well,' when an enormous elephant, with tusks more than two yards long, glistening like silver, advanced and kneeled down; and an old man, his kingly robes glistening with jewels, his eyes shining like carbuncles, with a glistening white moustache, just like the pictures of Akbar Badsha so common about Agra, descended from the golden howdah and stood before the sentry, who had been inspired with the boldness to challenge, and in a commanding but sweet and pleasant voice said: 'I am Akbar, king of kings. Prostrate thyself, and repeat after me, and say: "God is one God. He is the Eternal God. He begetteth not, neither is He begotten. And there is not any one like unto Him." In the name of the Most Merciful, arise, go, and be

circumcised, and assume the name of Abd'allah Rahman' (a follower of God, the Most Merciful, a common name for all converts to Mohammedanism), 'and repeat the prayer: "Praise be to God the Lord of all creatures, the Most Merciful, the King of the day of judgment. Thee do we worship, and of Thee do we beg assistance. Direct us in the right way, in the way of those to whom Thou hast been gracious, against whom Thou art not incensed, and who have not erred from the right way. Amen!"'

The vision of the Emperor continued: 'Arise! Go to the great mosque, and be circumcised, and proclaim to the Faithful: "Verily, the rule of the British shall not be overthrown, although they are sore pressed; but Allah hath given them the kingdom." This I swear by the Holy and Instructive Koran. As for John Colvin, Bahadur' (Valiant or Mighty), 'bear good tidings to him of mercy and an honourable reward. For, verily, sixty-six days hence he shall join me in Paradise; and within the compass of one moon from the date on which he shall be carried to his rest, his people shall no longer need my protection. Till then, I and my retinue shall guard this fortress. Amen! Allah Hu Akbar.'

On this, the vision of Akbar remounted the elephant, and the cavalcade passed on. But from that date, every night, until the relief of Agra on the 10th of October by General Greathead, the cavalcade was regularly heard passing through the fort at midnight. And when challenged by any sentry, in the usual terms, 'Who comes there?' the reply was invariable: 'The cavalcade of Akbar, the guardian of this fortress, passes;' and the sentry was always compelled to reply, in spite of himself: 'Pass, Akbar Badsha. All is well.'

But although the European sentries heard the noise every night at midnight, they never saw the vision. After the first night, it was only seen by devout Moslems. How Abd'allah Rahman, the converted Sikh, got to the great mosque, which was outside the fort, he never knew. But he got outside and to the mosque somehow; and long before the cock crew, he had proclaimed the vision to every follower of the Prophet in the city of Agra. And on peeping through a chink in the wicket of the main gate at daybreak the following morning, the first thing the European sentries saw was about a score of carts, on the opposite side of the drawbridge, loaded with bread fresh from the ovens, which Lalla Jotee Pershand had baked at his own house in the city after hearing the proclamation of the vision of Akbar Badsha. And within the next few days, the Lalla (a Persian title given to gentlemen of position in Upper India, equivalent to the honorary title of Doctor, in English, LL.D.), Jotee Pershand, had poured sufficient provisions into the fort to victual the garrison for a siege of more than six months' duration, accepting payment in supply bills bearing five per cent. interest.

Such was the effect of the vision of Akbar. And on the 9th of September, just sixty-six days from the night of the vision, Mr Colvin, worn out with hard work and anxiety, died; and within the revolution of another moon from the date of his funeral, the blockade of

Agra was raised, and the garrison relieved. Such was the romantic tale of Rahim Buksh, moonshee.

Although I well remembered the story, I never had an opportunity of verifying it by any other testimony than that of the moonshee till December 1893, when I visited the fort of Agra in the company of Colour-sergeants Gunn and White, and Armourer-sergeant Smallwood of the 2d Battalion Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, the successors of the old 93d, to whom I related the romantic story of the vision of Akbar. And I asked the old maulvie who was acting as our guide if he had ever heard the story, when, to my surprise he told me that he had not only heard it, but that he was actually an eye-witness to the vision, and could vouch for the truth of every word of it. I asked if he knew if Abd'allah Rahman, the converted Sikh, was still alive; and he told me that, after the Mutiny, he had received a grant of several villages from the Government, which he had sold, and spent the money in religious endowments, after which he retired to Mecca, and became a saint, and died there some years ago.

I then suggested to the maulvie that I did not in the least misdoubt his veracity or the correctness of his judgment, but that I thought the vision might be accounted for on natural grounds, as a pious fraud performed by some one possessed of a magic-lantern, an instrument which was not so well known in India in 1857 as in 1893. And I suggested that the vision might have been performed on behalf of Lalla Jotee Pershand, who was known to have held about a million and a half sterling in Company's paper, the whole of which he would have lost if the rule of the British had been overthrown.

The old man indignantly repudiated this solution of the mystery, and exultingly asked how a reflection from a magic-lantern could have repeated a whole chapter from the Holy and Instructive Koran, and caused a bigoted Sikh to undergo circumcision and become a devout follower of the Prophet; besides having spirited him outside the locked gates and uplifted drawbridge of the fort to the Jumna Mosque, where the officiating mullah had been warned in a vision to be ready to perform the rite of circumcision. Furthermore, how could the reflection from a magic-lantern have predicted the death of the Lieutenant-governor, or the raising of the blockade, and the relief of the garrison? A magic-lantern be blown! only an unbelieving heretic could suggest such an explanation.

I had to admit that the logic of such an argument was irresistible. But I only regained the good opinion of the old maulvie by tipping him a couple of rupees backshish. Such is the story of the vision of Akbar and the evidence in support of it. I am informed that the story is related either in a biography of Mr John Colvin or some other work about the Mutiny in Agra in 1857. I have never seen any such work. But my informant positively assures me that he read the story in some book in the Public Library of Melbourne. Be that as it

may, I have no doubt that the reported vision did the British good service in the dark days of 1857, as also did the great comet of September 1858.

WHAT BECOMES OF UNCLAIMED MONEY.

THERE is a vast amount of buried wealth in the world besides that which the ocean covers, and the virgin ore awaiting the miner's call; but few people know the *locale* of these hidden moneys. In the following jottings, we have endeavoured to indicate the chief sources from which Unclaimed Moneys arise, and how they are dealt with.

Funds in Chancery (England).—The exact amount of the unclaimed funds belonging to suitors or their representatives, undealt with for fifteen years or upwards, is £2,327,823. Prior to 1869, such money was invested in Government securities; but in 1870 the funds were used towards the reduction of the national debt, the Consolidated Fund being thenceforward liable in respect of all successful claims to such funds. On the 28th of February 1893, the total funds in the Supreme Court of Judicature were £65,481,866; but the proportion unclaimed is not stated. It is a remarkable fact that part of the surplus interest of these funds—representing over one million pounds—was applied towards the erection of the Royal Courts of Justice. Moreover, in 1881, Mr Gladstone's Government borrowed no less than forty million pounds of the suitors' funds for national debt purposes.

Funds in Chancery (Ireland).—It is proposed to build a new Law Library in Dublin, at a cost of some fifteen thousand pounds, out of the unclaimed suitors' funds. Many years ago, a similar appropriation of nearly two hundred and fifty thousand pounds was made towards building the Courts of Law in Dublin. The Consolidated Fund is liable to make good this deficit.

Unclaimed dividends on Government Stocks.—All dividends and stock unclaimed for ten years are transferred to the National Debt Commissioners till claimants appear. In 1866, no less than three million pounds of the unclaimed stock was cancelled, and the Consolidated Fund made liable in respect of successful claims to such money. In 1890, the balance of stock remaining unclaimed was £853,132, and the unclaimed dividends amounted to £1,387,969. It may be mentioned that the Exchequer some years since realised a windfall of £150,211, representing fractions of pence saved in the payment of dividends. This is one more proof of the old saying, 'Many a mickle makes a muckle.'

Estates Reverting to the Crown.—In 1884, the Statute of Limitations was applied to the recovery of estates falling to the Crown by

reason of persons dying intestate without known heirs. Funds which had been accumulating for centuries were thus swept into the coffers of the State. The total amount received by the 'Crown's Nominee' from 1876—the date of the passing of the Intestates' Estates Act—to 1893 reached £1,708,963. A large portion, however, was claimed by the rightful heirs; and, after payment of the Crown's share, for Her Majesty's use, the balance in hand in 1893 was £96,147.

Bankrupts' Estates.—The new Bankruptcy Offices have been erected out of part of the unclaimed funds in Bankruptcy. The total liability of the Exchequer in respect of unclaimed moneys arising from bankruptcy in England and Ireland is £1,136,055.

Scottish Estates.—The Register Office, Edinburgh, was built out of funds arising from 'forfeited estates.'

Soldiers' Money.—No less than £114,170, representing the amount of the effects of deceased soldiers, has accumulated during the past twenty years. This amount has been handed over to the Patriotic Fund Commissioners for distribution, owing to the rightful heirs failing to claim.

Army and Navy Prize-money.—Upwards of six hundred thousand pounds of the unclaimed army prize-money has been used for keeping up Chelsea Hospital and grounds, &c. The balance due to soldiers or their representatives in 1893 was £102,089. Curiously enough, only fourteen pounds was paid to claimants during this year; while the expenses of the Prize Department were about four hundred pounds. Unclaimed naval prize-money is transferred to the Consolidated Fund. Considerably over two hundred and fifty thousand pounds is due to sailors or their kindred.

The foregoing extracts show part of the large amount of money lying unclaimed in the United Kingdom. It is officially stated that liabilities of the Consolidated Fund are considered to be remote, and the State not likely to be called upon, to any material extent, to discharge. But, on the other hand, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in his Budget speech in 1891, stated that in that year 'he had been called upon quite unexpectedly to provide one hundred thousand pounds in respect of unclaimed funds in Chancery. It was supposed that a large sum owing to suitors would never be claimed, and it was written off. Experience had proved that an increased spirit of research, assisted by those means of increased publicity which the day demands and receives, had enabled many suitors, who it was believed would never claim, to make their claim.'

Discussions in Parliament, the Press, and elsewhere, show the urgent need of greater publicity as to all unclaimed funds. Lists of some unclaimed moneys are still only published in the *London Gazette*, while many others are

not published at all. Until these lists are published in newspapers likely to be seen by the persons interested, the amount of money must go on increasing.

THE OLD HOME.

AN IDYL OF MEMORY.

THERE is a gray old homestead into whose dusky chambers and corridors I sometimes stray. It is delightful to become acquainted with their coolness and seclusion on a bright afternoon such as this is; it is delightful to leave the noisy world of reality for this silence, whose peace is as the peace of dreamland. I pass under the low crumbling portal, whose steps are worn with the feet of many generations; and as I pass, it seems to me that a stranger comes forth to greet me, taking my hand and leading me into the quiet shadow.

'Hush!' says this stranger; 'tread softly. Your poet says that all houses wherein men have lived and died are haunted; this is a haunted house.'

A tremor passes over me as I take his hand and hear his words, and I glance around somewhat timidly.

'There is nothing to see,' says my companion, 'and nothing to fear. They that haunt these chambers are spiritual, and can be seen by the spirit alone. I myself, it may be, am only discerned by the souls of those who are willing to know me.'

I look at the speaker curiously, not without a dim sense of fear. His presence is not quite unfamiliar; he has been with me before. Perhaps I should not say 'he,' for I hardly know whether the indistinct figure be that of man or woman. But it seems to me that silence will be golden, so I make no reply, merely following my guide along the shadowy passage.

How quiet it is—how dreamy! Yet these passages, now so deserted, once rang with the voices of children and with the scamper of little feet. Boys and girls played together at hide-and-seek in these corners. Does it not seem that the little feet have left traces upon the stained floor? Does it not seem that a little face might look out upon me from every corner and nook? Those children now—where are they? Some are asleep in the churchyard, with twining grasses and flowers above their heads, buried within sound of the cuckoo and the skylark. Some are busy and careworn men and women, treading places far different from the quiet old homestead. Do they still think of the old haunts, and of their games in the happy bygone? Perhaps they tell their own children tales of that early and half-forgotten time. Perhaps mothers hush their babes to rest with songs learned in this old home. Perhaps visions of the place follow men strangely, as they pace hastily through thronging streets or toil in city offices.

'Look into that old cupboard,' says my companion, 'and you will still find some remains of the children's playthings. There is a wooden horse, with its head broken and all its colour gone; there is a rag-bundle that was once a doll. Time does not spare even the children's

toys; yet he is busier with the children themselves. That wooden horse, that tattered doll, may still lie in some dusty corner, unnoticed and forgotten, long after those who played with them have passed into silence and rest. You take nothing with you out of this world—not even the toys of your childhood, and certainly not the heaped-up possessions of your riper years.

It seems like sacrilege to touch these relics, or even to look at them; and the stranger's words have made me sad. I pass onward into the low-roofed kitchen whose ingle was once big enough to receive the old settle into its warmth. At first, I seem to hear the crackle of logs in the fireplace, the roar of a winter's storm without; but soon the delusion passes, and I know that there is nothing but summer sunlight falling through a whirl of motes upon a dusty floor. Then my comrade breaks the silence, and tells me of glad gatherings that have been held here so frequently. I hear the stories that have been told by the winter-fire, the jests that wakened laughter, the tales of grief that caused a shudder of pity. I see the children sitting with the ruddy glow on their bright faces; and the mother's eye glances from one to another. By-and-by they are kissed and sent away to bed; and husband and wife remain awhile longer by the fireside. He smokes his long pipe quietly; she is mending stockings that the restless little feet so soon wear into holes.

One by one these children have passed out into the world, or up the mossy path of the churchyard. Then the father also was called to the place of sleep; and the mother, lonely, bowed, with failing sight and trembling hands, stayed yet a little longer by the old hearth, dreaming of the bright faces that had gone. I seem to see her even now; but the sight brings tears into my eyes.

Here are the bedrooms where the children slept. Babes have been born here, and lives have ceased within these walls. An echo as of old lullabies still lingers about the chambers; sometimes, also, a sound as of childish laughter, and the patter of little bare feet. But only the sunlight falls through the dusky casements; and a lonely breeze sighs along the corridor. The rooms are sad and desolate. Birds are twittering outside in the eaves. Let me step forth once more into the golden sunshine; the silence and the solitude have become too heavy, too oppressive. Lead me forth, strange companion! The dusk and dimness of these old chambers weigh upon my soul—I am saddened and dispirited with these memories. Let us go forth into the quaint old-fashioned garden, and the orchard laden with young apples.

But when I look round for my companion, I see no more the dim figure. A sudden dread comes on me, as I hasten tiptoe down the staircase and through the passages. It is a relief to open the creaking garden door.

Greeted by the song of birds, and by the soft breeze that has wandered over cornfield and meadow, I step forth into the sunny air. It is quite a garden of the olden time. The hedges of box still bear a distorted trace of the strange shapes in which they were once cut. Here and there stands a moss-covered image, once the handiwork of man, but now

claimed and taken possession of by nature. I remember how the boy Heine once fell in love with such an image, and kissed its cold lips with rapturous passion. Is he merely feigning when he tells us of this? How well I can realise the impulse to love even a cold statue! Some of us do this in days of ardent life, and find afterwards that we have been loving mere stone. But these poor statues are too much changed, too mouldy, too defaced with creeping things, to allure the lips of any fond admirer. There is no Galatea here, to be called into life by passionate adoration.

Yet do I not hear voices among the shadows, and laughter as of children at play? They are racing to and fro along the tangled paths, hiding in the recesses of laurel and lilac. Surely if I turn this corner I shall see the bright young faces. Perhaps I might forget that I am no longer a child myself, and might join them in their happy frolic. But I glance along the green-sward and up the cool pathways, and see no one; the voices sink into silence. It was the breeze in the orchard that mocked me with a semblance of childish laughter.

The rich light of sunset is beginning to deepen; and through the fragrant air steals a peace that is better than anything daytime had to offer. The birds whisper soft sleepy notes in the branches; night creeps on with gentle pace. A few faint stars begin to glimmer in the quiet sea of blue. Mists rise up from the lowlands, like a silvery veil that slowly possesses all things; but I linger still in the old garden, and beneath the orchard trees, thinking of those bygone times that live in the great treasure-house of eternity.

A COUNTRY MAID.

Her eyes the sun-kissed violets mate,
And fearless is their gaze;
She moves with graceful, careless gait
Along the country ways.
The roses blushing in her cheek
That ne'er decay nor fade,
Her laughter gay, her words bespeak
A simple, country maid.

No flashing gems adorn her hair,
Nor clasp her lily neck,
No jewelled circlets, rich and rare,
Her sun-browned hands bedeck;
But pearly teeth through lips as red
As reddest rubies gleam;
The tresses o'er her shoulders spread
A golden mantle seem.

Her looks are kind, and sweet the smile
That sparkles in her eyes;
Her mind, her heart, are free from guile;
She is not learned or wise.
No worldly art, no craft has she
Acquired, her charms to aid;
And yet she stole my heart from me,
This simple, country maid.

M. ROCK.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 568.—VOL. XI.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1894.

PRICE 1½d.

FROM TURMOIL TO REPOSE.

By Mrs LYNN LINTON.

THE roar of the busy city never ceases. The restless tide of human life for ever flows. Through all the day, and through more than half the night, the world of man is up and doing; and of rest or repose there is none. Cries of pain and distress break through the stillness of those two quieter mid hours of the night. The hoarse shouts of straying revellers waken you from dreams of your childhood and visions of your lost love. The consciousness that, out in that pitiless storm, human beings are wandering hungry, penniless, homeless and wholly desperate, seems to rob your own comfort of all its pleasantness. Even the very carriage wheels, as they roll rapidly away, give you a pang for thinking of the men and cattle who have to meet that stinging hail and face that cutting wind.

With the uprising of the sun come the increased activities of the day. Labourers slouch out to their work and the early trains begin to run. Soon, delicate girls, whose rightful place is the sheltered home, turn out for their offices, their shops, their schoolrooms. Young clerks, a little belated, go sleepily by; older men, with the accuracy gained by long years of training, measure their steps to the minute and neither hurry nor lag—neither give an extra moment to their employer nor bring on themselves the rebuke due to unpunctuality. The omnibuses begin their monotonous journeys; the cab-stands fill. The shops take down their shutters; and the night-stalls fold their tents like the Arabs and disappear from the streets. The milk has long since been delivered; and the tradesmen are up and stirring about the area gates. The whole machinery of the day has got under weigh and the turmoil of life has begun.

The sense of all this fierce seething restless life comes to you like a hot blast on your face.

If you are fresh and young and vigorous it inspires you, and spurs you up to an excitement commensurate with itself. If you are wearied and old, nerveless and worn out, it oppresses you with an unspeakable sense of fatigue, and you long for nothing so much as the stillness of the country, where Nature alone has a voice and humanity is dumb.

The physical conditions of city life fatigue you; the moral circumstances of society afflict you yet more. Turn where you will, you are met by things which make safe speech difficult and wary walking imperative. Insincerity is the one great danger, because the one great disease, of society. Things are not what they seem to be, and no one can afford to be true or candid. Every one is bound to accept life as it offers itself and as it wishes to be accepted; and the curious who would probe—the blunderer who would declare aloud the mysteries he has stumbled on by chance—are criminals whom it is the duty of the self-protecting to boycott and denounce. Beneath the smooth surface all sorts of rugged linings fret and gall. False friends smile into each other's faces; and that pretty little confidante is her friend's worst enemy and most dangerous rival. Men shake hands and slap each other familiarly on the shoulder, who, were secrets made public, would stand at twenty paces, pistol in hand, to separate only when one had put a bullet into the other. Advisers show you how to make a good investment—when they will palm off their rotten shares on you, the poor gulled dupe, and make themselves safe at your expense. Flatterers pour out their honeyed words in drops of golden sweetness, celebrating all you are and much that you are not, then turn from you to the next comer and vilify you as vigorously as they have belauded you. The thin veneer cracks everywhere, and you see the coarser grain beneath. But woe be to you if you act on what you know and publish what you see! The world has agreed to live as though lies were the truth and insincerity were white-robed

candour; and aught contrary to this convention ensures ostracism on the spot.

To those who get at all behind the scenes of society, and know something of the falsities and intrigues with which it is riddled, the feeling of unrest becomes terribly oppressive. Life is as an ever-changing phantasmagoria, where the one individual assumes half-a-dozen forms and bewilders you by the perpetual changes included.

And then the distractions of Society, under the head of entertainment! The dinners and at-homes—the crowded evenings and the feverish afternoons—the heavy luncheons, the deadly suppers, the bad air we breathe and the distracting noise we have to listen to in that mingling of music and voices, songs and chatter! Of a truth that genial cynic was right who said that life would be tolerable but for its pleasures; for the pleasures of the Season soon become torments, and galling is the whip of scorpions wherewith we are chastised. And when we add to all this the need of doing an appointed bit of work, we pile Pelion upon Ossa and lose our heads and go near to lose our lives in the process.

Then we shake the dust of the city from off our feet and go down into the quiet solitudes of the country for repose after the riot.

Oh! that first waking in the country or by the seaside after a spell of the London Season! Can any contrast be found more lovely to soul and sense! Instead of the grinding of the underground trains carrying the workmen to and fro, the morning songs of the birds float up in a cloud of melody from earth to sky; the sharpening of the scythe, as the gardener leisurely shears the already close-mown lawn, marries itself to the fragrance of the freshly-cut grass, to the perfume of the flowers, and the subtle scents which steal from the bushes and the newly-turned earth. In the distance a sheep-dog's bark shows the way the bleating flock has to move. A ploughboy whistles as he goes, or directs his horses by his voice. The 'lowing kine' turn from the milking-shed to the pastures; and the voices of the village children are heard in play or laughter as they run along in groups, some late and some too soon for school. But not a sound of all this easy-flowing life jars on the nerves. Somehow distance seems to blend all into one chord of harmony, and not a single false note sets the teeth on edge. The whole is like the gracious pageantry of a dream, where passion does not enter and perplexity is not. It is emphatically the return of the prodigal to his father's house—the exile home, once more in the arms of the great Allmother.

No one appreciates the country so much as the Londoner when he escapes from the turmoil of the streets and Society, and finds himself once more in the holy peace and calm of Nature. It is the true renewal of his youth. Sights and sounds and perfumes bring back the long-past associations of those early days while yet the silver was untarnished and the limpid mirror had received no scratch or stain. He goes over the old times and sees again the dear dead faces of the loved and lost. He forgets the more sordid experiences of his matu-

rity, and lives once more in the world of truth and innocence, where all things were to him as they seemed to be, when he knew no more of the secret sores of Society—of the hidden sins and moral curses done and suffered by men and women—than he knew, the luckless lamb! of the pains and penalties of a 'collegiate career,' and the force of temptation to idleness here, with the forfeit to be paid if yielded to there.

Again, what a priceless boon it is to be admitted into the ranks of a simply-living family, after having luxuriated to satiety in stately houses, and been overwhelmed by ostentatious grandeur! For late to bed and late to rise are substituted those early hours when the soft warm air weighs down the eyelids with that unwonted drowsy peace, so unlike the feverish activities of the London midnight!—when the birds and the fresh morning breeze waken up to a gladder energy than aught that has been known for all these heated weary months! The languor left by the fever of the London Season gradually gives place to a brisker sense of power. The strained nerves come back to quietude. The exhausted system is replenished with healthy blood, and all those mysterious pains and aches, and that yet more mysterious depression of spirits, fade gradually away like spectres at cockcrow, after a few weeks or even days of quiet, healthy, simple living. For the heated atmosphere of crowded rooms we have the fresh breezes from the sea, the aromatic airs from the pinewoods and the fir-trees. For the noise of crowds, and the ceaseless hurry of the streets, we hear the soothing ripple of the gentle waves, or the tender stillness of the drowsy noontide, when only the grasshopper sings to his mate. The chirping of the young birds on the lawn is the sole break in the silence of that Hour of Pan when the gods themselves slept on the hills and in the osiers, and the young fauns were cradled in the arms of the nymphs, and the hamadryads dreamed within their oaks. No chlorals, no bromides, equal the soothing influence of such hours! To lie on the grass under the shadow of the hornbeam, thinking of nothing, scarce feeling, hardly conscious of the world outside, the big dog half asleep by your side, all the activities of life dulled and distant and out of your immediate range—these tranquil hours heal you as nothing else can; and the touch of Mother Earth works again the old-time miracle. By the time your visit is ended your health has returned; perhaps, too, some of your lost illusions have reappeared, and the broken rainbow has repieced itself. All men are not dishonest, as in your bitterness and haste you were prone to believe. There are true and tender women still to be found, faithful to their duties and loyal to their word; and the world is not given up to chicanery and deception. Then you go back to the turmoil you had left, refreshed and better able to bear the burden which with our own hands we overweight our own shoulders.

What is true of times and seasons is still more so of age and conditions. All youth worth its salt at all goes through that period of Storm and Stress which is as the boiling of the broth

ere it settles between the scum and the dregs. Impossible aspirations render our practical work a botch, because of the impracticable attempted to be done. Vague desires lead us into cloud-land, whence we fall, like so many Phaethons, into the abysmal depths of disappointment and despair. Strong passions wreck our peace, and reason mocks our hopes. We lift up our hands to the stars and we clutch only the gossamer threads that float in the summer air. Our life is made up of illusions, of vain endeavours, of feverish dreams; and we know neither rest nor repose, racked as we are and flung like a rudderless ship on the foaming ocean. But by degrees and the slow beneficent action of time, we calm down into something more staid and steady—something less passionate and eager, more reasonable and practicable. We cease to break our hearts for the offences that needs must come, and we accept imperfection as part of the law of life. We no longer rail because the sun has spots—because the moon wanes—because the stars are unapproachable. We take things as they come, thankful for the beauty they bring with them—patient under the pain they leave behind them—tolerant to those persons whom we do not like—shutting our eyes to those things which are abhorrent and which we cannot mend. So, from the turmoil and riot, the passion and unreason of our youth, steals out the peace and wisdom of age, when we see all things with more kindly eyes and a wider vision—thanking God for the repose to which we have attained. And we thank Him, too, for the greater peace that is yet to come, when we shall say, 'Farewell to life and all its vanities and vexations, its turmoil and its riot'—when we shall turn our faces to the wall and enter into the rest that is beyond the grave!

THE LAWYER'S SECRET.*

CHAPTER XXIV.—A GLEAM OF LIGHT.

THE trial, as we have seen, came to an end on Saturday night. Sunday was a blustering autumn day. A high wind was blowing, and at intervals heavy showers of rain came down. About four o'clock that Sunday afternoon, a girl might have been seen pacing round and round Alton Square, one of the smaller squares in the West End of London. Slowly she pursued her way, minding, apparently, the driving rain, which from time to time beat against her tiny umbrella, and almost drenched her; as little as she minded the brown leaves that whirled past her from the trees in the square.

From the western side of the enclosure, a broad street of large, dull-looking houses opened; and as often as the girl passed this street, she paused for a few moments, and glanced along the wide, solitary pavements. Evidently, she was waiting for some one who had failed to keep his appointment. After a time, she became more impatient; angry tears came into her eyes, and rolled unheeded down her cheeks. The square was deserted, and there was no

one to cast curious glances at her. Then, again, she would let her pace become slower, as if she could not bear to leave the trysting-place. Finally, she left the square, and turned into Alton Street—as the broad street just mentioned was named—walking slower and slower as she went. When she came to one of the large dull houses—No. 43—she moved so slowly that she all but stopped, and gazed wistfully at the door as she passed. The aspect of the house told her nothing; and no face appeared at any of the windows. Once fairly past the house, however, the girl's bearing altogether changed. She walked blindly on, faster and faster, by a great effort keeping back the sobs that almost choked her. Presently, she became calmer; her indignation had mastered her grief.

By-and-by she found herself in a great thoroughfare, through which a few omnibuses were rolling. One of these she stopped; and by its help she reached a small family hotel of the old-fashioned exclusive type, some distance off—Benson's Hotel. Here she alighted, entered the house, and climbed up several flights of stairs to a tiny room wedged in a corner. This was her bedroom. Seating herself on the edge of her bed, she remained perfectly still for some minutes. Then she took a sudden resolution, sprang to her feet, rapidly changed her wet raiment, and went down-stairs. This girl was Julia Stephens, Lady Boldon's maid; and the man she had expected to meet was Ducrot, Frederick Boldon's valet. She had been brought up to town by Mrs Bruce, that she might be ready to wait on Lady Boldon on her release from prison; and she had written to Ducrot to tell him that she would be able to see him if he came to Benson's Hotel on Friday evening. He had not come; and Julia naturally supposed that he had not been able to get leave, and expected a note from him on Saturday morning. But no letter came, and Julia then began to fear that Mr Boldon had left town and had taken his valet with him. She therefore confided her little secret to a commissionaire, a respectable elderly man attached to the hotel, and got him to go on Saturday forenoon to No. 43 Alton Street and make inquiries. In this way she learned that Mr Boldon was ill of typhoid fever, and had nurses attending him; also, that Ducrot was staying in the house, but had nothing to do, and was for the time being practically his own master.

The girl's face flushed with indignation as she heard this intelligence; but after an hour her anger cooled sufficiently to allow her to write a second time to her faithless lover, and tell him that she would be in Alton Square at four o'clock next day, Sunday, and that he must meet her there if he ever wished to see her again. He had treated the message with disdain; and Julia now began, not only to hate him, but to suspect that love had blinded her eyes in more ways than one.

When she went down-stairs, she proceeded to her mistress's sitting-room, and there she found Lady Boldon, pale, and thin, and worn, sitting alone. There was no light in the room beyond what came from a dull fire in the grate, and Julia was glad of this.

* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

Her mistress did not look up, but sat gazing at the smouldering coals with despairing eyes. Julia tried in vain to attract her attention, and at last took up the tongs and began to arrange the coals.

'You may go, Julia—I didn't ring,' said Lady Boldon absently.

'No, ma'am. But may I speak to you a minute?'

'Certainly.—What is it?'

'I'm sure I don't know whether I ought to speak of it or not, ma'am. It's not my place; and I may only give offence.'

'Oh no,' said the lady wearily. 'Tell me what you want to say, and be done with it.'

'You will forgive me if I am taking a liberty; but something has made me think it might not be all right, though he said it was'—

'What on earth are you talking of, girl? (This with a touch of temper.)'

'Did you, then, ma'am—since I must speak of it—did you tell Ducrot, Mr Boldon's valet, to put a paper in a blue envelope into your drawer?'

'What? I? Never! What do you mean?'

'Oh, I might have known!' Julia burst out crying.

'Tell me what you mean!' cried the lady, seizing the girl's wrist with her left hand. 'Begin at the beginning, and tell me what you are talking about.'

'We were sweethearts, ma'am, this fellow Ducrot and me, though we are not such any longer; and when you were up in town, he came down to Roby Chase. And—I took him into the library—I know it was wrong, but'—

'Yes; never mind: go on.'

'And one day when he came up to see me, I found him in your boudoir, kneeling at the table. He had one of the drawers open; and I just saw him put something in a long blue envelope into the drawer, under some other papers.'

'Oh, my God! Then it was not he! I might have known it—oh, I might have known it! But Frederick Boldon's servant? I don't understand. Tell me what happened next, girl—quick!' Her grasp on the maid's arm tightened convulsively, and she gazed into the girl's eyes as if she could read there the secret that had caused her so much sorrow.

'I said to him: "What are you doing there, Louis?" And he laughed, and said: "I am only doing an errand for your mistress. She sent me this paper and the key of the drawer, and told me where to place it, and said I was to put it in safe with my own hands."'

'Then it was a plot to ruin me! But yet I don't understand.—Go on.'

'I said: "It's very odd my lady didn't send it to me;" and he said: "Likely, she thought I would be more careful not to speak of it. She is very anxious that it shouldn't be spoken of.—Promise me," he said—"promise me, by all that is holy, that you won't let out that I let a soul know of it;" and I promised. But after what I read in last night's paper—about what you said in court, my lady'—

'Yes, yes; go on!'

'I thought perhaps there was something wrong; and I intended to speak to Louis to-day; but I didn't see him; and— Oh! my lady, you are hurting me!'

'Why did you not speak of all this sooner, you wretched creature?'

'I didn't know, my lady. How could I tell he was not speaking the truth? He locked the drawer; and I thought, from his having the key, it was all right. He must have done it with a picklock.'

'Why didn't you speak sooner?—Stop! Let me think, or I shall go mad!' She dashed the girl's hand away from her, and buried her face in her hands.

'It's clear *he* never gave it to that man,' she said to herself in a whisper. 'Frederick Boldon must have got it, and put it there for a purpose. Then *he* may be innocent altogether of everything! And I—what have I believed of him? What have I done?—Julia!'—suddenly raising her head—'if you wish to make some reparation for the misery you have caused by not speaking sooner, fly, rush to Mr O'Neil's chambers in the Temple. He lives there, I know.—Stay; I will give you a note for him; but you must bring him back with you. If necessary, tell him what you have told me. That will make him come. I must see him to-night.—Ring for a hansom—run yourself, and tell the porter to call one! That will be quicker. And get on your things while I write the note.'

Fortunately, Terence O'Neil was in his chambers when he was summoned; and he hardly waited to put on his hat and coat before rushing down-stairs, Julia stumbling along at his heels. Her cab was in waiting, and they both entered it.

On the way to the hotel, O'Neil tried to question the girl, as he knew from Lady Boldon's note that she had something to reveal; but she was dumb. Already, she had begun to fear that she had, in some way that she could not understand, endangered her former lover. And her conscience—some people's consciences are curiously bad guides—began to reproach her with having broken her promise of silence. It is hardly too much to say that if she could have retracted her words, and blotted out from Lady Boldon's memory all remembrance of the story she had told, she would have done it.

As soon as O'Neil entered Lady Boldon's room, a few rapid questions and answers put him in possession of the facts, as far as Lady Boldon herself knew them. He was hardly less excited than she was.

'What are we to do, Mr O'Neil?' she asked eagerly. 'What steps are we to take?'

'Upon my word, Lady Boldon,' he said, 'that is no such easy question to answer. We must see this fellow Ducrot as soon as possible; but as to the manner of dealing with him so as to make him tell the truth, I must first think a little.—I had better hear the girl's story from her own lips, to begin with.'

In her mistress's presence, Julia could not refuse answering O'Neil's questions; but when he asked her for Ducrot's address, she flatly refused to answer.

'You foolish girl!' exclaimed her mistress. 'Don't you suppose I know Mr Boldon's address? If you take my advice, you will have no more to do with this worthless fellow; and if you warn him by telling him that'—

At a sign from O'Neil, Lady Boldon stopped. 'There can be no doubt,' said he gravely, 'that Ducrot acted for some one else. I think we should never be able to show that he knew at the time how serious an offence he was committing; and therefore I don't think he is in any danger.—I am very glad you cautioned the girl, Lady Boldon,' he added, when Julia had left the room. 'She meant to warn her lover: I could see it in her face. Now I shall take care to be beforehand with her. If you can only prevent her from posting a letter to him to-night, I think I can promise myself an interview with the interesting foreigner to-morrow morning.—I must leave you now, for I have a good deal to do this evening. For one thing, I must see the Judge, Mr Justice Cherry.—Good-night.'

O'Neil went back to the Temple, and with much difficulty—as it was Sunday night—hunted up a man who was willing to furnish him with a letter of introduction to Mr Justice Cherry.

Armed with this, the young barrister made his way to Eaton Square, where the Judge lived, and insisted on seeing him.

He found the Judge seated at a cosy fire, smoking a fine cigar, and reading a 'yellow-back.'

'Glad to see you, Mr O'Brien.—Beg pardon, 'm sure—O'Neil. You were one of the counsel for that poor fellow Thesiger yesterday?'

'I was, Sir Benjamin; and I came to tell you that we have, I may say accidentally, discovered the man who actually placed Sir Richard Boldon's will in a drawer of Lady Boldon's writing-table.'

'You don't say so!' cried his lordship, starting up in his big easy-chair.

'We have. The fellow is a servant of Frederick Boldon.'

'Ah!'

'He avers—at all events, he declared on one occasion—that he put the will in the writing-table drawer at Lady Boldon's bidding; but that seems incredible, and I hope to prove that it is a falsehood.'

'But if his master got hold of the will, why did he not produce it? Why go and hide it in Lady Boldon's drawer, knowing that if she found it, she might possibly have destroyed it?'

'I imagine it was there but a very short time.—But I called to-night to ask you to be good enough to postpone passing sentence on my friend—the good fellow said these words with gentle emphasis—'Hugh Thesiger, for a day or two. It seems to me extremely unlikely that he bade this man—Ducrot is his name—secrete the will. And in all probability the man who gave the will to Ducrot is the man who killed Mr Felix.'

'But Thesiger pleaded guilty to both charges!' cried the Judge impulsively.

'He was asked to plead first—before Lady Boldon,' said O'Neil. 'I am firmly convinced now that they are both innocent'—

The Judge started visibly.

'Yes, sir—both innocent. Yet the circumstances pointed to the guilt of one or the other of them, and each feared, and, deceived by appearances, finally believed that the other was guilty. Thesiger, imagining that Lady Boldon had drugged Mr Felix, and had thus accidentally killed him, and longing to spare her the shame and suffering of a conviction—which might very well have been her death-blow—resolved to behave like a guilty man, and, if convicted, bear her punishment himself. And Lady Boldon, thinking probably that whatever her lover had done had been done in her interest, was willing to sacrifice herself'—

'Really, Mr O'Neil,' interrupted the Judge, 'your theory is a very ingenious one; and it may be the true one—I'm sure I hope it is—but, all the same, I hardly think I ought to listen to you, except in court.'

'I beg pardon, my lord—sir, I mean,' stammered the young Irishman, in some confusion.

But Sir Benjamin good-naturedly interrupted him a second time. 'No harm, Mr O'Neil—no harm done. I will postpone sentencing Thesiger, that is, till the last moment; and if you think you can establish his innocence, better file affidavits and make an application in court.'

O'Neil thanked the Judge, and departed. Then he went to Mr Perowne's, and by the help of that gentleman, he made some arrangements concerning his coming interview with Mr Louis Ducrot.

SALVAGE.

SEAFARERS are wont to regard the law of Salvage as a kind of lottery, in which prizes do not predominate; for salvors frequently find that the courts do not value the services rendered so highly as might reasonably be expected, and the reward falls considerably short of the most moderate estimate. On the other hand, the owners of ship and cargo, and the underwriters thereof, are perhaps not less often of opinion that the sum awarded is on a far too liberal scale. Should a ship become disabled from any cause whatever when remote from the land, it does not necessarily follow that the master of a passing vessel will be eager to deviate from his course in order to assist the stranger into the nearest port. The delay is of indefinite period; there is always a risk of collision between the two ships while manœuvring to effect a connection; and the weather may require the sorry salvors to abandon the task, even after they have spent much time and put forth every effort known to sterling seamen. Moreover, the value of the salvaged property may perchance prove to be less than the expense incurred in bringing it into port.

Not every bill of lading grants permission to tow and assist vessels in distress, and the ship-master has to consider carefully what effect such a venture would have upon the insurance policy. When in doubt, he will probably make an offer to take off the crew from the crippled craft, and abandon her to drift as a derelict,

perhaps for many a month. An agreement arrived at between the two masters with respect to the compensation for salvage services may be, and sometimes is, set aside by a court, on the assumption that a contract entered into by the master of a ship in extremity is not binding, unless, indeed, it be of a reasonable nature. Needless to say the legal view of the reasonableness of a salvage agreement is not always precisely similar to that of a shipmaster who undertakes the risk of salvage. The Admiralty Court is influenced in its awards by several circumstances, such as the labour undergone by the salvors, the skill displayed, the value of the property saved, and the property used in the salvage, the risks to which the salvors were subject, the duration of the services, and the danger to which the property on either side was exposed.

Where ordinary services end, and salvage operations commence, is occasionally not easy to determine. An eminent jurist has defined salvage services as those afforded in imminent peril and danger to ships and cargoes in distress, and by which these are extricated and relieved from the peril and danger, and brought to a place of safety. This definition leaves a wide margin for disputes, and in cases before the courts, very contradictory assertions are made by witnesses desirous of magnifying, or depreciating, the importance of services rendered. Hence many inconsistencies have to be inquired into and reconciled; and Dr Lushington, in the case of the *Cuba*, while acknowledging this fact, has well said that 'the law of salvage . . . is not to be determined by any rules; it is a matter of discretion, and probably . . . no two tribunals would agree.'

Under certain sections of the Merchant Shipping Act, it is enacted that where services are rendered by any person in saving the lives of people belonging to any ship or boat, the owners of such vessel, cargo, or wreck shall pay a reasonable salvage amount in addition to all expenses properly incurred, salvage for preservation of life to take priority over all other claims. If, however, the vessel foundered from which the lives were saved, there is nothing to recover remuneration from. Moreover, the law of life-salvage is applicable only to British ships, or to foreign vessels in British jurisdiction. The Board of Trade are empowered to remunerate life-salvors where neither ship nor cargo can be attached by reason of total loss; and foreign Governments are not slow to relieve British shipowners of expenses incurred in saving life from their ships. One of the most remarkable cases of life-salvage on record is that carried out by Captain H. Murrill, the officers, and crew of the Atlantic Transport Line Steamship *Missouri*. A Danish steamer, the *Danmark*, broke down on the 4th of April 1889, when eight hundred miles from Newfoundland. Next day, the *Missouri* took her in tow; but the *Danmark* could no longer keep afloat, and her passengers and crew, amounting to more than eight hundred souls, were transferred to the British steamer. The *Missouri* had accommodation for twenty passengers, so that part of her cargo was cast into

the sea to make room for the shipwrecked people. She then steamed to the Azores, landed one-half of her living freight, and proceeded to Philadelphia with the remainder. Captain Murrill was made much of on both sides of the North Atlantic for this unprecedented life-salvage, and the Danish Government made good all expenses.

A few examples of recent salvage services will not be out of place here. Last January, the owners of the British steamer *Exeter City* brought an action in the District Court at New York to recover compensation for services rendered to an American schooner, the *Agnes Manning*, which the steamer picked up in March 1893 about four hundred miles from New York, and brought safely to port after a critical towage extending over six days. The schooner had a full cargo of coal, was derelict, and leaked badly. The appraised value of the vessel and her cargo was nearly six thousand pounds sterling, and the expenses actually incurred by the owners of the *Exeter City* amounted to nearly two hundred pounds. Judge Benedict held that a salvage award should be sufficiently liberal to induce masters of vessels to carry out such meritorious work; and the salvors urged that their compensation should be greater than usual on the ground that awards were too small to induce vessels to incur the risk of towing an abandoned vessel into port, and consequently the United States Government had been compelled to send warships to sea for the purpose of destroying these obstructions in the way of passing vessels. The salvors were awarded fifty per centum of the value of the property saved, first deducting the two hundred pounds expended by the owners of the steamer which was to be paid to them directly.

Last June, at the Admiralty Court, Mr Justice Bruce and Trinity Masters had before them a salvage suit by the owners of the *Vega* against the owners of the *Montgomery Castle*, her cargo, and freight. The Norwegian barque *Vega*, bound from Pensacola to Bruges, fell in with the British iron barque *Montgomery Castle* during a gale and heavy sea on the 18th February, about three hundred miles west of the Azores. A pair of trowsers was flying under a flag at the mizzen gaff of the British barque, and a blanket at the fore. Two of her men stood on the poop holding high aloft an improvised black board, on which was chalked: 'We have lost our captain, two mates, and five sailors. No compass, and no navigator.' The hardy Norsemen on board the *Vega* shouted to the stricken seafarers that every possible assistance would be rendered. During a lull, a little boat was launched, manned by the mate and two of the crew of the *Vega*, and reached the other vessel. Oil proved useful as a sea-smoother for the gallant rescuers, who found on reaching the deck that a heavy sea, some days previously, had swept all her crew into eternity save eight. All her boats were gone, her cabin was full of water, not a navigational instrument remained, and the survivors were so seriously injured and demoralised, that they shut themselves in the forecabin and left the barque to her own devices. Immediately the weather moderated, medicines and navigational necessities were sent from the

Vega by request of the mate, who with his two men were kept busy. They repaired the sails, tended the wounded, and were cheered by the close company of their own vessel, which signalled the exact geographical position to them each day at noon. Fayal was reached on the 23d, and the *Montgomery Castle* brought to a safe anchorage. The court deemed one thousand and fifty pounds sufficient reward for these salvage services. Of this the owners of the *Vega* received four hundred and fifty, the master two hundred, the mate who took charge of the disabled barque two hundred, fifty went to the sailor who steered her, and the remaining one hundred and fifty was divided among the crew of the *Vega*.

The steamer *Wildflower* in March rendered sterling salvage service in the North Atlantic to a German steamer, the *Ems*, and was awarded eight thousand pounds sterling as compensation. Three-fourths of this amount went to the owners of the *Wildflower*, six hundred and fifty to her captain, and the remainder was divided among the crew according to their ratings. The chief-officer and the four sailors who passed the towing hawser from ship to ship had half a share each as an extra.

The steamer *Forest Holme* struck wreckage on the 31st of January, and lost her propeller. She drifted deviously for eleven days, and was then picked up by the steamer *Priam* about eight hundred and sixty miles from New York, and towed to Halifax, Nova Scotia, a distance of five hundred miles. The value of the *Priam* was seventy-two thousand pounds, and that of the *Forest Holme* sixty-three thousand. The court awarded three thousand one hundred and fifty pounds for the salvage services, of which two thousand one hundred went to the owners of the *Priam*, three hundred and fifty to her master, and seven hundred pounds to the crew. The chief-officer was granted an additional ten pounds, and each man who went with him in the boat an extra five pounds.

Not only does the rate of remuneration for salvage vary considerably, but attempts are not wanting to burden the salvors with heavy costs. The steamer *Indianapolis* was quite recently libelled by an American firm for three thousand pounds, the value of the cargo of an American schooner, the *Frank M. Howes*, which was found derelict by the steamer in October 1893, and towed to Bluefields, Nicaragua. The cargo owners contend that she should have been taken to a nearer port on the Florida coast, and that in consequence the steamer had forfeited all claim to salvage.

An Austrian barque, the *Vila*, sailed from Egypt with a cargo of bones, said to have been gathered from the battlefields. Nothing has been heard of her crew; but rumour has it that they considered the *Vila* a haunted vessel, and abandoned her. She was towed to New York by the Norwegian steamer *Breidablik*, where nearly two thousand pounds was obtained by a United States court for the ship and her cargo. The owners of the steamer, after a delay of many months, are now compelled to sue for their share of the proceeds. A brigantine, not long since salvaged by the tug *Hercules* and towed to Southampton leaky, was sold,

owing to the fact that she was deteriorating. The amount of purchase-money was one hundred pounds, all of which was swallowed up in expenses, and the salvors were out of pocket by the transaction.

Even worse than this may happen, as the following instance shows. Last January, one hundred miles from the coast of Yorkshire, the *Rippling Wave* lay like a log upon the heaving waters, having been dismasted during a heavy snow-storm. Another vessel, the *Samuel & Ann*, attempted to take the helpless craft in tow, and, while engaged in this operation, collided with the *Rippling Wave* and caused her to sink. Her owners brought an action against the salving vessel; and the Admiralty Court held that she was guilty of negligence, and alone to blame for sinking the *Rippling Wave*. Instead of receiving compensation, for time lost in this attempt to save property, the owners of the *Samuel & Ann* were mulct in heavy costs. Hence it will be seen that salvage services are not regarded favourably, in consequence of the uncertain rewards, and there is little cause for surprise if masters prefer to have a blind eye on such occasions.

A very curious case of salvage seems likely to come before the courts in the near future. The large ocean liner, *Furst Bismarck*, one of the Hamburg-American steamships, collided with a French sailing-vessel some leagues to the westward of Ireland, on the homeward passage from New York. The Frenchmen persisted in seeking safety on board the German steamer; so the mate and some seamen of the latter were placed on board the abandoned sailer with instructions to make for Queenstown, and the liner proceeded on her passage. Strange to relate, the *Furst Bismarck* on her next outward passage actually passed this French vessel with her German crew, who signalled 'All well' to their own ship, and have since arrived at a British port with their charge. Such an instance of salvage is doubtless unique, and it will be interesting to learn the decision as to compensation for services rendered.

ROMANCE OF A BULLOCK CART.

CHAPTER III.

'I DECLARE here is that young man Bowman again,' said Aunt Ada, as she saw him enter by the stable-yard gate.

The young lady looked up from her needle-work and laughed. 'As he is to be our escort to the estancia, he wishes to learn something of his duties, I suppose.'

'Nonsense!' replied Aunt Ada. 'We will see enough of him at the estancia. Mr Gilroy has sent him with some other message. Fussy old man! I wish he would let us manage our own business.'

To a servant she called: 'Julia, set another cover, and put out some wine. Here is a gentleman come to breakfast.'

Bowman knew the ways of the place, and had a brush down before he approached the ladies, seated under the veranda. He saluted them with easy gaiety. 'Good-morning, Miss

Ada—Good-morning, Miss Maggie. I am the humble and delighted bearer of despatches to your graces.'

'Humph!' said Miss Ada. 'It is for me—only one of the graces. Some long list of articles for the camp, I suppose.'

'When do you think we will start, Mr Bowman?' inquired Maggie.

'To-morrow, I suppose; but Mr Gilroy has not yet spoken to me about it.'

'That is just like him; he thinks you should be like soldiers, ready to march at a moment's notice.'

Miss Ada was glancing through her letter, and interrupted: 'But he says here that Stanley Brown is looking after our affairs, and that he will accompany us.'

'Oh, that must be a mistake, Miss Ada,' said Bowman hurriedly. 'Stanley is only looking after the packages, the bullock cart, and all that, you know.'

'No, indeed. He says quite distinctly that Stanley Brown will go with us, and remain at the estancia till he himself will arrive there.'

Mr Bowman looked from one to the other in consternation. 'I did not think he was such a sneak,' said he.

Miss Maggie coloured, and bit her lips.

'He knew that I was to be appointed. I told him so, and how delighted I was about it, and that you ladies were pleased with the arrangement; and he has gone and sneaked behind my back. I call it shameful mean.'

'I don't think Mr Stanley Brown would do anything mean,' said Miss Chumley coldly.

'Perhaps not. It may be only a mistake. Let me explain it to Mr Gilroy. Give me a note to him, saying you wish me to come, and it will be all right.'

Aunt Ada laughed heartily. 'My dear Mr Bowman, I should be delighted if you came. It would be more delightful if both of you came. You could attend to Maggie, and Stanley Brown would look after me.'

'That's the very thing,' cried Bowman with rising hope. 'The old gov—I mean Mr Gilroy—will do anything you wish. Put that in your note.'

Both ladies laughed this time, he spoke so eagerly.

'I fear it cannot be done,' said Aunt Ada. 'Mr Gilroy is, as you know, a perfect autocrat. If a woman like me interfered with his clerks—oh my!—the heavens would fall.'

'That would be no interference. Surely you have a right to choose your own escort.—Miss Maggie, won't you say a word?'

'Oh! I dare not interfere. I am only a package, a bundle of clothes. If Aunt Ada cannot do it, how can I?'

'I never heard of such a mean, underhand trick in all my life before,' said Bowman bitterly.

He did not enjoy his breakfast, although his fair hostesses plied him with all sorts of good things; and he left the quinta with his soul full of bitterness, and internally vowing all sorts of vengeance against Stanley.

Bowman did not see his treacherous friend, as he called him, that day; and next day, his resentment being in no whit abated, he gave

no reply to Stanley's greeting at the common breakfast-table. Guessing something of what had happened, the latter ignored his discourtesy, and went about his duties without forcing an explanation. Later in the day it was discovered that a quantity of new wool-sacks was required at the estancia. Mr Gilroy instructed Stanley to despatch Mr Bowman to procure them in town, that they might be stowed beneath the driver's seat in the carriage.

'Why do you not go on your own jobs?' asked Bowman sulkily.

'I must attend to something else. At any rate Mr Gilroy said you were to go. If you don't believe me, go and ask him.'

Bowman dared not make further objection. He put on his hat and went. He called at various stores without getting what he wanted, when he heard a female voice calling him by name.

'Señor Bowman! Señor Bowman!'

He saw standing at a house-door, in a narrow street near the beach, the girl Julia, the hand-maid of the Misses Chumley at the quinta.

'I am in the greatest distress, Señor Bowman. I am out by permission to-day to see my parents before going to the camp. I am delayed, and have lost the last train to Belgrano. What must I do?'

'My good girl, I don't know what you are to do. At what hour does the carriage leave to-morrow?'

'About ten, after an early breakfast.'

'Then stop where you are, and go early to-morrow morning.'

'But they will be anxious and angry.'

'They may; but you must get over that.'

'Will you, Señor Bowman, do me the great kindness to inform the young gentleman who goes with us, so that he may explain.'

'*Que esperanza*; there is no need for that.'

'Si, señor—there is much need. I may lose my place, and my father may lose his employment at the barracca.'

She looked very much distressed, and broke into sobs. Poor girl! she dared not explain the real cause of her grief. Her mother had that day fallen a victim to the fever, and had just followed the long procession to the Southern Cemetery.

'Oh, very well,' said Bowman. 'I will tell them, and make it all right for you.—Can you tell me where I can get wool-wraps to buy. If your father is in, he will know.'

'Wool-wraps. He has some in the house now, belonging to the estancia; he brought them from the barracca a few days ago.'

'These will do. Get them tied well up, and I will call a *changador* to carry them to the office.'

'And you will explain the reason of my absence? Do not fail me, Señor Bowman.'

'All right. I will remember.'

Bowman was still brooding over his grievance, and cudgelling his brains for some method of paying out that sneak Stanley Brown. If he had contemplated the deadliest revenge that an evil, reckless passion could conceive, it could scarcely be worse than that which he was now unconsciously doing. What his impotent resentment failed to perform was now being accom-

plished by his carelessness and disobedience to orders. The house and all in it were infected. Julia and her father were only obeying the law of the native Argentine nature in doing everything possible to conceal it. It is due to him to say that, had he known of the possible consequences, he would have stood aghast at his own remissness; a frightful lesson might have flashed before him, and his own future been a brighter and a better one. But he did not know. The changador was called, the parcel handed over to him, and that evening it was stowed beneath the seat of the travelling carriage.

Bowman promised to explain the girl's absence to Stanley, that she might be excused to her mistress; but he only did so to pacify her and alleviate her evident distress. It was really such a trifling matter, and for him to be the bearer of a message from a servant girl—it was too absurd! So, of course, he said nothing about it; and the ladies in the *quinta* were in a state of considerable alarm and anxiety in consequence.

She arrived before breakfast, and was duly scolded. She had been crying, as her eyes and cheeks showed clearly, and that was attributed to her distress at having overstaid her leave.

Miss Ada gave her final instructions to the gardener and his wife about her favourite rose-tree and her Dorking fowls; had another look through the house, and then found she had forgot her smelling-bottle; inquired at her niece for the fifth time if everything was in the hamper; cautioned the driver. But at last she seated herself in the carriage and gave the word to go.

Stanley was patiently sitting on his horse, and would have been in no hurry to depart if the young lady whom he worshipped at a distance had not been so cold in her demeanour. He began to think that her affections might be fixed on his friend Bowman, and that she was resenting his supersession. Stanley almost regretted that he had been appointed to a duty that was apparently unwelcome to her.

The route lay partly citywards, striking the northern boundary by Calle Callao, thence on to the Flores road, by which the way was straight to Lujan.

Stanley rode beside the carriage, and as there had been sufficient rain during the night to lay the dust, and the morning air was fresh, there was no reason why their journey should not begin with all the exhilaration of spirits that befits a party on pleasure bent. But he was in a brown-study, and Flores was passed, and Floresta reached, before he began to discharge the sulky demon that had taken possession of him. He took off the broad Panama hat he wore, and fanned himself vigorously; then riding close to the carriage, he said: 'I hope you do not find the heat too intolerable?'

'Oh, Stanley Brown,' cried Aunt Ada, 'you have been looking so stern, that I have been afraid to speak to you. You are worse than no escort at all. I am sure I wish that young man Bowman had come; he can talk.'

'I really beg your pardon, Miss Ada; I was thinking.'

'What were you thinking of, man?—Look at

that girl Julia; she does nothing but cry and groan, although we have forgiven her long ago.'

The girl had the front seat all to herself; but she was huddled in the corner, her face buried in her hands, groaning. He pulled his horse round to the other side of the carriage.

'Come, Julia; don't be foolish. What is the matter with you?'

'Nothing,' she replied. 'I will be better presently.' With an apparent effort, she sat up and wiped her eyes. Her face was flushed and swollen, her eyes inflamed and watery. She shivered, and drew a light poncho tight about her shoulders.

As Stanley gazed at her, an awful fear took possession of his soul. He had not yet seen any one attacked by the plague, and could not recognise the symptoms; but the dark suspicion entered his mind that this was a case. What could he do? He dropped a little to the rear to think. The girl was now quiet, but was evidently repressing an inclination to cry with pain.

'Julia, you are ill,' said Aunt Ada. 'Take a sniff of my smelling-bottle.'

'Gracias—I am quite well now.'

Stanley took up a position from which he could watch her face; and for another half-hour they travelled along in silence; then, as if she could bear it no longer, she lay back in the corner groaning as before.

'I am sure you are ill, Julia,' cried Aunt Ada. 'Something must be done.'

Stanley again rode alongside. 'The girl is ill, Miss Chumley, perhaps seriously. Should we turn back?'

'Oh dear, no. If it is serious, we cannot take her to the quinta. It would be out of the question. What do you think, Mr Stanley? Oh, tell me, what do you think?'

'In another hour we will reach Moron; there is a hotel or a *fonda* there. We can surely hire some person to look after her.'

'Yes, yes. But what do you think? What is it?'

Both ladies looked at him so anxiously that he felt himself in a cruel quandary. He dared not give vent to his suspicions, in case they proved false, and he dared not continue exposing them to danger.

'Where did she sleep last night, do you know?' he asked.

'At her father's house in the city.'

'Ask her if the fever was there.'

'Julia, answer me,' cried Miss Ada. 'Is there any sickness in your father's house? Is he well? Is your mother well?'

'*Mi madre! mi madre!*' screamed the girl. 'Heaven forgive me! my mother is dead.'

Both ladies turned pale. Miss Ada closed her lips tightly. 'We may as well make up our minds for the worst,' she said.—'Now, what do you propose, Mr Stanley Brown?'

'We must leave her at Moron—that's all we can do. I suggest that one of the horses be taken out. Miss Maggie can ride him with a rug for a saddle. You can take my horse, and I will get into the carriage.'

'What for?' cried both ladies in astonishment.

'You will escape the infection if it should be the fever.'

'Nonsense!' said Miss Ada. 'I would not sit on a man's saddle for all the Yellow Jacks in South America.'

'Nor I,' said Miss Maggie.

'Then perhaps you could crowd together on the box-seat beside the coachman.'

'Indeed, we will not,' said Miss Maggie. 'Let us get on as fast as we can. If it is the fever, the mischief is done already.'

There was a tremor in her voice, notwithstanding her brave words. She leaned back on the cushions with hands tightly clasped, watching the sick girl. Julia was clearly getting worse, and from time to time writhed in pain. Anxiety was gnawing at the hearts of her companions, when, with a universal sigh of relief, they saw the blue and white tiles of the Moron church glittering in the sun.

Moron was then a small scattered village of mud ranches and a very large imposing church—a plaza or square having the church on one side, and the police-station and a few brick houses on the other. The inhabitants cultivated little quintas for the supply of the capital with vegetables, fowls, and eggs. Like the majority of the natives of the camp, they were suspicious and distrustful of strangers. Their natural lack of hospitality was now intensified to the highest degree by the presence of yellow fever in the city. Our travellers, to their dismay, found every door remorselessly shut in their faces; and packs of hungry dogs yelled and barked at them ferociously from behind the hedges. There was a fonda in the plaza, which the proprietor grandiloquently denominated a hotel. Stanley had dismounted there, and incautiously demanded a room for a sick person who was in the carriage. He further stated his wish to hire a nurse to attend upon her. The fellow who kept the place no sooner heard this than he shut and bolted his door, and requested Stanley to leave. If he required refreshments, he would carry them outside. This was the first staggering blow to their hopes. Applications to the neighbouring houses were of no avail. He went to the church, and saw an old couple, who informed him that it was closed, and all the Fathers away in Buenos Ayres, helping their brethren to attend to the sick.

He had a momentary gleam of hope when he learned at the fonda that his own bullock cart had spent the night there; but it was dissipated immediately when he remembered the impossibility of overtaking it before it reached Lujan. It seemed certain now that there was no alternative left to themselves but to continue their journey to that town, and to carry their patient with them. There was a hospital and a religious establishment there, and they would certainly succour them.

But the patient was now delirious. It was impossible for the ladies to travel with her. He tried the hotel once more. The landlord swore by all his saints that he had no accommodation for them; but he offered them horses to go elsewhere. Stanley eagerly snatched at that crumb of comfort, and immediately stated his news to the ladies.

'There is no help for it, dear Miss Chumley;

you must take this man's horses and ride on to Lujan. I will follow with the girl in the carriage. You can gallop there in less than two hours. It will take the carriage three or more. You will find the bullock cart there. Detain it; we may want the driver's assistance.'

Aunt Ada made a faint protest; but Stanley was firm, and they acquiesced. He opened the hamper to get at the refreshments; but beyond a glass of wine and a small biscuit, they could take nothing. Horses with side-saddles came out from the yard; they mounted, and went off on their sixteen-mile gallop. Stanley felt as if a load had been taken from him when he saw them ride off; and there was a glance from Maggie's tearful eyes which comforted him greatly.

Now he gave his attention to the patient. He made a couch for her between the two seats of the carriage, and attempted to force some wine into her mouth.

'Where do we go now, señor? Back to Buenos Ayres?' inquired the coachman.

'No; on to Lujan as fast as possible.'

'I wish my legs had been broken before I started on this journey. Let us leave her by the roadside—she is dying.'

'Get up, and let us be off,' said Stanley sternly. 'You are in no danger.'

The man obeyed, and they drove off. The poor girl was now delirious, and he was obliged to hold her down by main force. By an arrangement of the window-straps, he was enabled to restrain such movements and keep his seat without coming into unnecessary contact with her. An hour passed, and her moanings became feebler and her motions weaker, till they ceased entirely, and she lay in complete lethargy. Her breathing became heavy and quick, with choking gasps as a black fluid gurgled from her mouth. He attempted to raise her head and give her relief. She opened her eyes, and they remained fixed. Her breathing had ceased—she was dead.

'José, José! For God's sake, stop a minute, and look here! Is she dead?'

'Dead as a wooden god, señor.'

'No, no. Lift her up till I try her with some brandy.'

'I would not touch the thing for a thousand *putacones*,' said the man, standing off.

There was no pulse or breath, and the eyes were fixed; and the black stains over mouth and chin gave the poor girl a terribly repulsive look.

'She is dead,' said Stanley after a long pause. 'We must get on. I will now sit beside you, coachman.'

'Sit as far off as you can, then, señor;' and pointing to Stanley's hands, on which were some black stains, 'you'd better go and wash your hands in the ditch.'

'I will do that, and leave my coat in the coach.—Now, then, you need not be afraid.'

'It is a provocation of Providence, señor. You will throw this thing into the ditch first.'

'No, you barbarian! We must take it to Lujan, and report to the police before going anywhere else.'

'*Sacristi!* I am not going to drive a hearse.'

'Then you must get off and walk. I will drive myself.'

Muttering curses in a tremulous undertone, the man gathered up his reins and whipped the horses viciously. They drove fast, and went rapidly past the door of the hotel at Lujan, much to the surprise of Miss Ada Chumley, who was anxiously watching for them. She saw the rough outline of the still form lying in the carriage, and easily guessed what had happened. She hurried to the room where her niece was.

'Oh, Maggie! I do believe that poor girl is dead. The carriage is just gone past, and Stanley Brown is beside the driver.'

Maggie burst into tears. 'I wish we had never left Buenos Ayres.'

'No use wishing, child. Dry your tears, and let us make the best of it. You must say nothing to the people here till Stanley Brown comes.'

It was more than an hour before Stanley appeared, and made his report to the awe-struck women. After he had concluded, he proposed to order dinner for them in their bedroom, as the only means of avoiding the public room.

'What have you done with the carriage, and with—her?'

'The body will be interred from the *comisaria* early to-morrow. I will see to it. The carriage is being properly disinfected.'

'Will it be safe to travel in it?'

'Quite safe. I would not expose you to any danger, believe me.'

'I do believe you, Stanley Brown. Well, we are here to-day, and there to-morrow,' said Miss Ada with a pious intonation.

The dinner was not a very merry one, yet Stanley tried to make it as cheerful as possible. The human machine must receive its fuel, or it will rebel. The bright lines of life scintillate rapidly through its shadows, or it would be insupportable. Englishmen and Englishwomen make the most of the bright lines, and, at the risk of being called unsympathetic, are content to pass through the dark ones with stolid endurance. In spite of their tragic troubles, they were hungry, and the conclusion of the meal found them more comfortable in mind and body. To Stanley it was but a short respite from worry; the landlord begged a private interview with him.

'Señor, pardon me. Is it true that one of your party died of the fever on the road?'

'It is true. But there is no cause for alarm. You may consult the doctor of police; he will tell you the same.'

'Ah, señor, that may be true; but it would ruin my house if it became known.'

'*Que disparate!*—nonsense, man! Your house is full of people from the town.'

'That is true; but they brought no dead bodies with them. You must leave my house, señor, immediately.'

'Indeed, I will not,' said Stanley. 'And I defy you to put me out by force.'

'I will call a policeman.'

'Very well; you will come with me to the station.'

A policeman was called; and two mounted men, in ragged blue-gray uniforms, and with long rusty cavalry sabres, responded to the call. This was a display of force that could not be

disputed. Stanley willingly marched to the *comisaria*, quite confident that the officer there would protect him. But he reckoned with imperfect knowledge. The wisdom of the Lujan municipality had only that day decided that in view of the alarming state of matters in Buenos Ayres, all fugitives from the city must undergo quarantine before they could be allowed to occupy lodgings in the town. The carpenters were even then at work completing the wooden shanty which was to serve as the quarantine hotel. Stanley was the first arrival, and his was a particularly bad case.

Both doctor and officer cross-examined him.

'Where was the rest of his party? Why do they not all present themselves?'

Stanley stoutly replied, 'There is only myself and the coachman; the other one is dead.'

'There are two ladies,' said the landlord.

'They are acquaintances of mine; but they did not come with me; they came on horse-back a long time before I arrived here.'

The landlord had to admit the truth of this.

'But they also came from Buenos Ayres,' said the medico, anxious to have a good haul of patients.

'No, señor,' said Stanley; 'they come from Belgrano.'

'How are we to know that?' asked the officer.

'*Psst!* Belgrano, Buenos Ayres, all the same,' said the doctor.

'Not quite, *amigo* doctor; the Council's order only applies to the city of Buenos Ayres,' said the *comisario*.

'Then you dare not interfere with the ladies,' said Stanley. 'You ought to know them: they are the ladies Chumley, *Inglesas*. Their estancia is ten leagues from here, in the next *partido*, and they live at the quinta Gilroy, in Belgrano. They are now on their way to the estancia.'

The officer consulted a huge official volume, and found therein confirmation of Stanley's statement.

'Well, señor, you and your coachman must sleep in quarantine hotel to-night. You will be quite comfortable. You will have everything you can pay for. Where is your coachman?'

'No doubt he is with his horses. I have not seen him since I was here last.'

A policeman was ordered to search for and bring in the coachman; but he was not to be found, nor did his employers ever see him again. He was already trembling with cowardly apprehensions, and seeing Stanley taken charge of by the police completed his panic. He resolved on instant flight. He took the two horses belonging to the Moron innkeeper, and as the saddles were inside the hotel, he made a *recado* for himself of the wool-sacks which were in the box-seat of his carriage. Travelling inwards from the camp, he would not be objected to at Moron. He reached that village before midnight; slept camp-fashion on the infected wool-sacks, took the fever, and died of it.

The ladies supposed that Stanley's continued absence arose from the necessity of making arrangements for the funeral in the early morning. The landlord brought them a note

from him, simply begging to be excused for the night, but the garrulous innkeeper told the story in his own way, and succeeded in sending them to bed nervous and unhappy.

TENGGER, OR THE GREAT SAND SEA OF JAVA.

A TRAVELLER who has visited Java and not seen Tengger is like the man who claimed to have 'done' America without making the usual pilgrimage to Niagara. Tengger is the wonder of the island. It is also one of the wonders of the world, being the largest crater in existence. If further attractions are required, it may be added that Tengger is an active volcano; and visitors have always the off-chance of seeing another such eruption on the largest possible scale as that which Mount Galunggung favoured them with in October 1822. It must be added that scientific people consider it only an off-chance, and if the possibility had been less remote, our curiosity might have been less exacting.

Java has been styled by some writers the 'Lid of Hell,' because there are no fewer than forty-six active volcanoes scattered up and down it, and the soil of the entire island consists largely of volcanic matter. Tengger is in the east end of Java. Not far from it is Semeroe, which is the loftiest of all the volcanoes of Java. By going up Tengger you not only become personally acquainted with one of the wonders of the world, but you get a fine view of Semeroe in the distance free. Therefore, when we had partaken of Dutch hospitality at Batavia, attended the wedding of the daughter of a wealthy Chinese opium contractor, visited one of the horrible dens from which the Dutch Government derive their opium-tainted revenue, inspected a new kind of orchid which was the pride and joy of its discoverer's heart, and peeped into the working of the Dutch courts of injustice, we decided that we must go to Tengger.

We went by land. First, the way lay through picturesque villages (*dessas*), whose dark roofs of atap-leaves and golden-yellow fences contrasted admirably with the background of dark-green fruit-trees. Then came plantations of cocoa-nut palms. After that, great flat fields of rice marked out like squares on a chessboard by long embankments, on which a promising growth of *toeri* or *klampies* bushes flourished serenely. In the distance beyond the palms and the rice-fields rose the forest-covered slopes of the stately volcanic ranges.

The scenery of Java is intensely picturesque, but the people are a poor lot. Their highest ideal of life seems to be to earn enough money by rice-cultivation to be able to indulge in a grand debauch at the inevitable opium den which the Chinese opium contractors have established in every *desa* with the express sanction of the Dutch Government. The Javanese have been crushed almost to slavery by centuries of oppression. The word most frequently on their lips when addressing a European is *Engéh*. The Dutchman calls the Javanese 'brute' or 'stupid ass' at pleasure,

and the subject race replies submissively: '*Engéh, Kandjeng toean*' (Yes, your Excellency).

The spurs of Tengger, like the roots of an enormous oak, extend for an immense distance away from the parent crater, and we were actually on the lower slopes of the mountain long before the ascent became at all mountainous. The road lay through forests of cocoa-nut palms, bananas, mangoes, and other tropical fruit-trees. The natural product, however, which interested me most during this portion of the journey was the '*kamadoog*,' or devil-thistle, a strange-looking plant, with great broad heart-shaped leaves. The edges of these leaves were jagged like a saw, and the under-surfaces were covered with white hairy down. This *kamadoog* is the most terrible weed that the earth produces. The slightest contact with its leaves occasions a violent itching, which is as painful as a severe burn—at least, so I was told; and it may be imagined that I had no wish to test the truth of the story by personal experience. I was further told that the leaves were sometimes used as instruments of torture, and that a flogging administered with them caused such excruciating agony, that the strongest man would literally howl like a wild beast in the intolerable anguish of it. Pleasant people must be the individuals who apply their knowledge of botany in this fashion.

The sides of Tengger rise at an easy slope, and, as a rule, nowhere attain an inconvenient steepness. Above the palm-forests come bamboo jungles, very difficult to traverse. Additional complications occasionally turn up in the shape of tigers and wild boars. There are one tiger and one boar, however, which will never obstruct travellers again. The tiger's skin now makes an excellent rug with stuffed head and 'real' claws, over which my friends stumble with monotonous persistence.

Tengger is only about eight thousand feet above the level of the sea—quite a 'little hill,' in fact, as its name implies. Semeroe goes up for some four thousand feet higher, and from that altitude looks down on Tengger. On the other hand, Tengger has a crater which measures sixteen miles round—that is to say, is as big as a moderate-sized lake. Looking down at this crater from the trachytic wall which surrounded it, the general effect was that of a huge arena of sand walled in by a range of low hills, which varied from five hundred to a thousand feet above the sandy floor. In the centre of this arena rose a group of low hills, all ridiculously exact cones, and none over a thousand feet high. Imagine the Colosseum on a vast scale with painted panoramas of mountainous scenery ranged all round in front of the benches. Or imagine a huge pie-dish of very extraordinary shape, in the centre of which some one has placed the bowl of a wine-glass, having first snapped off the stem. The true disrespect of this latter comparison will be apparent when it is explained that the wine-glass represents the modern active crater of Tengger which is called the Bromo. This is a regular cone about six hundred feet high, which is always crowned with a wreath of smoke, and sometimes flings out columns of sand and cinders in a manner calculated to be very

embarrassing to tourists who happen to be on the spot at the time.

Near the Bromo are two other cones, respectively known as Watangan (the Hill of Audience) and Butak (the Bold), about which, owing to their height and steepness, very little is known, except that they have not been active within recent times. The sand-arena which surrounds the Bromo and its two companions is known as the 'Dasar,' and also as the 'Great Sand Sea of Java,' because all round the lower slopes of the cones the sand is blown into ridges just as is 'the ribbed sea-sand.' For the most part, the Dasar is as sterile as the Sahara; but in one spot where, owing to the slope of the surface, the rain accumulates and remains for a while, there is quite a little prairie of vegetation. All the rest of the crater is shifting sand and fine dust, which fly in clouds and columns before the winds. The unsuspecting traveller, however, who crosses the Dasar for the first time may be inclined to doubt this statement, when he sees before him a dazzling vision of bright towers and minarets, rippling waters, and waving palm-trees. Fairy-land reached at last, is the first thought, and then one remembers the mirage. And, alas, as one advances towards it, the bright vision is already melting away into the broad bare expanse of grayish plain.

The Bromo derives its name from Brama or Brahma, for it is an object of special reverence to a Brahminical community which dwells obscurely on the slopes of Tengger. At certain seasons of the year, the high-priest of Brahma goes up the Bromo and makes offerings of rice to Brahma. As the cone is entirely covered with shifting sand and the sides are pretty steep, the high-priest would have no easy climb, were it not for the devotion of his flock, who have arranged a regular staircase of broad uneven steps leading to the very top of the crater.

Up this staircase we went with the purely mundane view of seeing what was going on in the crater; but the sight which met our eyes when we reached the actual summit would well have repaid a scramble up without assistance. Imagine an immense funnel about a mile round, and some six hundred feet deep, the sides of which converge in a steep angle as they descend, and at the bottom a horrible lake of greenish fluid, on the surface of which bubbles are ever breaking, while jets of smoke come up at intervals, bringing a whiff of sulphur from below. The thought crossed my mind at once—what would happen to a man who was seized with vertigo while standing on the edge of this gulf?—and then, that this was a story which Edgar Allan Poe ought to have written as a companion to the 'Descent into the Maelström.' Even while we stood on the brink, looking down into the abyss, the surface of the greenish lake was convulsed by the forces below; the mountain trembled, as if shaken by an earthquake, and a column of smoke and ashes spouted up before our eyes, falling short of the summit, however, while our ears were saluted by subterranean rumblings like distant thunder. The idea of staying to be shot at with hot ashes, even by an exhausted

volcano, struck us about this time as having its disagreeable side. The next shot might be a better one. So, as a military despatch would put it, we retired in good order.

Some idea of what Tengger could do if it were ever to put forth its old powers may be gathered from the accounts of the great eruption of Mount Galunggung which took place in October 1822. The outbreak was preceded by the most frightful subterranean thunder and shaking of the earth. Then suddenly a huge black mass rose out of the crater, and spread with amazing rapidity over the face of the sky, blotting out the sun and burying the land in thick darkness, amid the horror of which the thunder roared continuously, and the lightning flashed in an appalling manner. To add to the terrific character of the scene, a deluge of liquid mud and boiling water sprang suddenly from the mountain-top, and flooded the country, sweeping away forests, villages, everything in its irresistible career. All the while there was a continuous discharge of volleys of stones, ashes, and sand. Great blocks of basalt were hurled to a distance of seven miles. The eruption continued for about three hours; and when the sun once more appeared through the darkness, it shone on a smoking desert.

The theory most favoured by scientific people is that, in days before the historic period, Tengger used to throw out lava like a well-conducted volcano, and built itself gradually a cone-like top. At that time probably the whole of the Dasar was an open crater belching fire in columns sixteen miles round. Then the activity of the subterranean forces became less, and the upper portions of the top fell in, choking up the crater, and forming a confused surface of tumbled blocks. Through the centre of this chaotic plain the subterranean fires forced their way in several places, and gradually built up cones over each orifice. At this time the mountain took to throwing out sand, and ejected it in such prodigious quantities as to cover the floor of the Dasar with a perfectly smooth surface of that material, and line the sides of the cones with it as well. It is to be hoped that in the interests of the surrounding district Tengger will restrict itself to this employment, without any return to the more terrific performances of prehistoric days.

THE EX-PIRATE OF DUNKIRK.

CROMWELL with great directness of speech informed the French ambassador, after the battle of the Dunes, that if Dunkirk was not at once given up to him, they should see Lockhart himself with an English army at the gates of Paris. The threat was sufficient. Cromwell's troops and Cromwell's firm resolve won Dunkirk for England. Only a few years later, and the greed of Charles II. and his mistresses led him to offer this stronghold to the highest bidder. The 'chaffering away' of Dunkirk lasted some time, for Spain, Holland, and France, each wanted it; and the merchants of London were themselves ready to offer almost any money to avert the alienation of so valuable a seaport.

They knew that when the place ceased to be a refuge for their own trading ships, it was the most convenient shelter for the ships and the privateers of their enemies. In the end, Charles sold Dunkirk to France for five million livres, not a penny of which ever reached Pepys at the Admiralty; he had vainly hoped for some of this money 'to pay the navy,' as he says in his Diary.

For many a long year, Dunkirk was known as a nest of pirates, and became a sore trouble to English traders. Among the most notable of these sea-robbers was one Jerome Valbré. His name is remembered, because he had for some time a cabin-boy called Jean Bart, who took part in many of his most desperate adventures, but who was destined to become an historical personage. The boy's origin was of the humblest, his only claim to hereditary distinction being the fact that his grandfather, a fierce old pirate, was known as 'the fox of the sea.' Young Bart, it appears, suffered greatly in the service of the cruel Valbré, and gladly seized upon the chance of passing into the employ of De Ruyter, the celebrated Dutch admiral. In 1667 he accompanied that commander in his too memorable raid upon the English coast. Whilst Jean Bart was helping to cut away the paltry defences of booms and chains across the Medway and the Thames, the streets of Wapping were full of starving seamen, who said that unless they were paid their wages, they would not venture their lives against the Dutch. Whilst Sheerness, and many a first-class naval ship, was burning, it was a fair June night, and King Charles, supping with the Duchess of Monmouth, amused himself by killing the moths that flew through the open window, fluttering round the lights on his luxurious table!

There is little doubt but that some of the disaffected amongst our men took service at this time with the Dutch, weary of working and fighting for unpaid 'tickets.' They frankly said 'they did fight for dollars now.' From some of these renegades, Jean Bart learned a fair smattering of English, which was to serve him well later in his career. When Louis XIV. declared war against the Dutch, Bart—not wishing to remain with the enemies of his country, for, as a native of Dunkirk, he was a Frenchman—sought his discharge. This they were unwilling to give him, for he had already made his mark as a man of remarkable courage and boldness; and the Dutch offered him very advantageous terms if he would remain in their service. This he declined; but it was only by great stratagems that he got clear away, and established himself at Dunkirk. Here he soon became a master-pirate, the townsmen giving him command of a galiot, mounted with two pieces of cannon, and manned by thirty-six sailors. Many an English merchantman had cause to rue the valour of Jean Bart, and to lament over the loss of Dunkirk, which sheltered the thriving trade of piracy in a port so close at hand.

The fame of the bold pirate reached the French Court, and the king actually sent him a medal and a gold chain, in acknowledgment of his services against the king's enemies. Soon

afterwards, Louis, wanting to put down piracy in the Mediterranean, secured Jean Bart, making him a lieutenant on board a royal frigate. Here his first success was to capture a corsair of sixteen guns and a hundred and fifty Moors.

History tells us that, in 1689, France was doing all in her power to ruin the commerce of England and Holland; and in consequence, Jean Bart was supplied with plenty of work. On one occasion, when having a sharp encounter with a Dutch frigate, his son, a boy of twelve, turned deadly pale as the enemy's broadside poured in upon them. This want of courage incensed the father, who seized the boy and lashed him to the mast, saying: 'Look on, and remember, if we sink, we are as near to heaven by sea as by land.'

Jean Bart's biographer describes that his next expedition was to convoy twenty merchant-ships to Havre. They were overtaken by two English men-of-war. A desperate fight ensued, and our people won the day, carrying off Bart and the Chevalier de Forbin captives to Plymouth. Such was international courtesy in those days, that on hearing of the arrival of these distinguished prisoners, the first thing the Mayor did was to invite them to dinner. De Forbin, a fastidious Frenchman, who thought a great deal about dress, was disgusted at being obliged to sit down in the garb of a common sailor, for, somehow, he had been despoiled of his uniform. He wrote home, complaining, as though of a national misfortune, that he seriously believed he was 'an object of ridicule.' Jean Bart took matters more easily—he talked English as well as he could and kept his temper.

It seems strange, but the prisoners are described as having been kept at an inn in the town. It is true the window of their room had iron gratings, and the door of the house was guarded by soldiers. Not many days elapsed, however, before the two Frenchmen managed to escape. The biography of Bart details at some length the stratagems employed, and there is a dramatic account of the prisoners waiting hour after hour for the signal, in the obscurity of a misty night, that should announce that their friends outside were ready. The plot was well and carefully arranged; and, favoured by a heavy sea-fog, they got off in a fishing-smack. The following day, they landed in safety six leagues from St Malo, where they found a brigade of soldiers stationed on the coast to arrest the unfortunate Huguenots who were trying to escape to England away from the cruel persecutions they were subjected to in their native land!

Jean Bart's safe return was marked by promotion, and as Captain of a first-class man-of-war, he succeeded in committing terrible ravages on English and Dutch trading ships. In 1691 he made a raid on the coast of Scotland and destroyed several villages. The following year, Jean Bart had the command of a squadron of frigates and a fireship, and is reported to have taken or burnt eighty-six sail of English merchant-vessels. Besides this, he landed near Newcastle, burnt two hundred houses, and is said to have returned to Dunkirk with prizes valued at five hundred thousand crowns. The

Plymouth people would have done well to have better looked after the safe-guarding of such a prisoner! His luck never seemed to forsake him, for when the English fleet blockaded Dunkirk, he managed to dash through the lines as if he were invulnerable. This adventure made him the talk of court and camp, and the king himself desired to see him.

When Jean Bart arrived at Versailles, he was detained some time in the ante-chamber, where the hangers-on looked somewhat askance at the rough sailor. He, nothing daunted, calmly lighted his pipe, declining to put it out when requested. The king hearing of the incident, exclaimed: 'I will wager it is Jean Bart. Let him smoke.' When His Majesty inquired how he managed to break the English blockade, he replied: 'Just with some smart blows and a few broadsides, sire.'

The king laughed, saying: 'I should like to have ten thousand such fellows as you.'

'I believe you would,' replied the blunt sailor.

Later on, as a reward for a signal victory over the Dutch, Louis XIV. conferred letters of nobility on the successful Captain. The erstwhile pirate was thus raised to the honours, privileges, exemptions, and immunities of a gentleman of France under the old *régime*.

Bart had sent his son to announce this Dutch victory to the king, whereupon the young man was made to relate the details of the engagement.

'You are very young,' said the king. 'Did you assist in boarding the Admiral's vessel?'

'Yes, sire; I followed my father.'

The young fellow was made much of while at court; and the loveliest woman of her time, the Princess de Conti, took a rose from her bouquet on one occasion, saying: 'Present that to your father from me, and tell him to put it in his crown of laurels.'

Throughout the summer of 1696, the redoubtable Jean Bart continued his attacks upon both English and Dutch, harassing them greatly in their carrying-trade. At the end of the campaign, which had been conducted to the king's satisfaction, the hero of so many fights was again sent for to Versailles. When he entered the presence, His Majesty greeted him by saying: 'Jean Bart, I have named you High Admiral.'

'Sire, you could not have done better,' was the characteristic reply.

Bart was as cool in deeds as in words, as the following incident will show. He was conducting the Prince de Conti to one of the northern ports, after the death of Sobieski. De Conti was at the time one of the candidates for the vacant throne of Poland. When near Ostend, they were in imminent danger of being overpowered by the Anglo-Dutch fleet.

'They never would have taken us prisoners,' observed Bart, talking over matters when the struggle was over.

'Why not?' asked the Prince. 'Their force was vastly superior to ours.'

'I had provided against any mischance,' replied the Admiral. 'If we had been getting the worst of it, my son had orders to blow up our ship, and there would have been nothing left for the English to take.'

De Conti is reported to have turned pale, and requested that as long as he was on board, whatever were their misfortunes, no such violent remedy should be applied to save their honour.

It was not till the Peace of Ryswick, in 1697, that Jean Bart found repose, after nearly half a century of constant fighting. He made a home for himself at the picturesque town of Bergues, a few miles from Dunkirk, living with an old relative, a *cure* of the place. Bergues is a place of fighting memories, and has honourable mention in the Chronicles of Froissart. In fact, in the eight centuries of its historical existence it has suffered sixteen sieges, and has been pillaged nine times. But these stirring days were past and gone when the Admiral took up his abode in the place. The picturesque belfry, dating from Spanish days, looked down upon fortifications on which even then the grass was growing. It was a tranquil place to smoke his pipe in, but he needed gunpowder and the salt sea to keep him alive; and it was generally said that the Peace of Ryswick killed Jean Bart. He was not too old to have taken part in the war of the Spanish Succession, if he had survived till hostilities were declared, but he just died of dullness, peace, and competence in 1702. His statue, in full fighting gear, stands on a lofty pedestal in the picturesque market-place of Dunkirk, which is named after him, Place Jean Bart.

SMOKE ABSORPTION.

THE desirability of dealing successfully with the Smoke problem is too universally admitted to need further argument at our hands. As each succeeding winter sets in, the heavy fogs, laden with smoke and soot, which settle down on our large cities remind us of the unsolved difficulty; and public wonder is more and more aroused that in these days of scientific progress and mechanical advance, so little has yet been achieved to grapple with a problem which on every side is recognised as a question of the day. Hitherto, invention has run largely in the direction of the consumption of smoke by means of special stoking, either mechanically or by hand, and though much has undoubtedly been achieved in this direction, this mode of dealing with smoke in no degree mitigates the quantity of sulphurous acid discharged into the air, which is most noxious to vegetation, injurious to respiration and health, and generally conducive to fog-production.

Under these circumstances, special interest attaches to the experiments with Smoke Absorption as distinguished from smoke consumption—already alluded to—which are being carried out by Colonel Dulier at the present time. Colonel Dulier's patent system of smoke absorption aims at the removal of both the soot and sulphurous acid from the waste gases or gaseous products of combustion, by treatment, before passage into the chimney, by both steam and water. The *modus operandi* consists in passing a jet of steam

into the gases as they leave the boiler-furnace, such steam having the same pressure as that in the boiler. The object of using steam is to assist in the condensation of the tarry hydrocarbons, and to saturate the mineral dust with water-vapour, thus rendering all more readily liable to precipitation by the subsequent treatment.

The second and final stage in the process consists in passing the gases through a descending flue of steel-plating, in which they encounter fine sprays of water, formed by forcing water, at a pressure of one hundred pounds per square inch, through nozzles, by which means both soot and dust are precipitated, and pass into a tank beneath, which carries off both residues and water.

The apparatus, as above described has been erected at a large sawmill in Scotland, and worked in connection with a boiler driving a two hundred and twenty horse-power engine. Careful tests of the gases and residues have been made by a leading public analyst, who certifies that in both samples dealt with the sulphurous acid has been reduced by rather more than half of the original quantity, and that the soot has been removed to the extent of ninety-four per cent. in one sample, and of ninety-seven per cent. in the other. Equally encouraging results were subsequently obtained with a more bituminous class of coal containing nearly fifty per cent. of carbon.

From the above remarks, it will be seen that with the boiler under experiment on the average about thirty pounds of sulphurous acid per day would go into the atmosphere if untreated, and that under Colonel Dulier's process the quantity is reduced to some fourteen pounds; whilst the soot is similarly reduced from one hundred pounds to about six pounds. The quantity of water consumed, as measured by meter, is about eight thousand gallons per day of ten hours. An advantage in connection with the new system is the possibility opened up of being able to burn, without producing smoke, the low-class coals for which at present there is no market.

An important branch of this new invention is its adaptability on a smaller scale to reduce the smoke from domestic and other fires, by utilising a small quantity of steam generated in a boiler forming part of a kitchen range. The principle is similar in all respects to that already detailed, and need not be repeated; while experiments carried out in London produced results of a most encouraging nature. Without descending to describe these in all their minutiae, it may briefly be stated that with a large kitchen range burning about twenty pounds of coal per hour, not only a considerable proportion of the sulphurous acid, but practically the whole of the soot, was removed, the apparatus being reported upon by experts as exceedingly simple to work, and, in fact, almost automatic. Further experiments conducted in the north have shown the process to work advantageously even with short chimney stalks, and to be in all ways suitable for use on river-boats.

Enough has been said to indicate that there

is much of promise in the new departure, and that smoke absorption has very distinct advantages, which are fully emphasised by practical working and expert examination.

TO A JILT.

WHEN first we corresponded, you
Wrote 'Sir,' and I wrote 'Madam;'
But that was when you knew not me,
Nor I knew you, from Adam.

You signed yourself 'Most faithfully.'
I thought it inexpedient
To answer you more warmly then,
And ended, 'Your obedient.'

But soon you found you knew my aunt's
Half-brother's German sister,
And so we struck the golden mean
With 'Dear,' and 'Miss,' and 'Mr.'

One day I wrote in terms that seemed
To you too *billet-doux*-ly;
You straightway took me down a peg
By signing 'Sir, yours truly.'

Next day, you feigned compunction and
Used phrases almost fervent.
I paid you back, and wrote 'Your most
Obedient humble servant.'

'Yours always' once I tried; but you
Proved more unkind than clever,
By riding roughshod o'er my heart
With 'Pardon me, yours never.'

This outrage tore my soul, and drove
Me almost from my senses.
My answer was type-written by
My girl amanuensis.

Once more you grew 'Affectionate,'
And I replied 'Sincerely;'
You pocketed your pride, and signed
Your next one 'Alice' merely.

And then I gave myself away
With 'Angel,' 'Sweetheart,' 'Goddess,'
And little dreamed the heart was false
That beat beneath your bodice.

But when at last I sign myself
'Your destined *caro sposo*,'
You calmly write and say you nev-
Er led me to suppose so.

I ask you what did 'Alice' mean?
Why, when I called you Venus
A month ago, you did not say
That there was nought between us?

Yes, e'en the worm will turn, and free
His limbs from silken fetters.
I sign myself 'etcetera.'

P. S.—Herewith your letters.

GEORGE SOMES LAYARD.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 569.—VOL. XI.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1894.

PRICE 1½d.

A QUIET HAVEN.

FROM my window, that looks over the waters of the Forth as they rise and fall between the historic grounds of Linlithgow and Fife, can be seen a group of stately beech-trees. They stand on a projecting piece of land that lies by the shore, and over them, about harvest-time, come the last lights of the departing sun. In the centre of these trees lies a small burying-ground. It is silent and alone, and at a distance from any human habitation. It has been there for centuries; and if its tongues could speak, they would tell strange tales, and carry us far back in the world's history. Amid these graves stand the ruins of an old chapel, ivy-clad, and silent as to its ancient origin. We know that it belonged to a famous monastery in the twelfth century; but it has been curiously neglected by the historian, and it is scarce mentioned in those local diurnals where one would most expect to find it. We only at rare intervals come across a fact regarding it, and there are long gaps between, left to the intelligence of the student to fill up in the best way he can.

The place is known to few. The high-road is about a mile inland, and it is only the initiated who make their way by the path lying through the plantation and the stubble-fields to this quiet spot. A pathway lies along the shore. It comes up from the rocky beach, leads through some fields, leaving but room for one to pass when the crops are standing, and gradually rises over the bushy brow of the land as it ascends to this place of rest. Passing the entrance, it continues its way round the sanded bay till it arrives at the homes of the seafaring community who hold this quiet haven as their last resting-place.

In this autumn afternoon, the only sounds that break the stillness are the cawing of the rooks, and the gurgling of the waters of the Forth as they lap over the shingle and round the boulders that lie below. And there is the

rustle of the small bronzed leaves of the beech-trees, as the wind detaches them from the parent stem and they fall gently over and around the silent graves. The place is frequented by few. The youthful pair who take their walk pass the stone steps that lead over the wall to the burying-ground. Their vision is with the future; and there is a long stretch of years between them and the old man who takes his rest on the seat beyond and smokes a pipe before returning.

Crossing over the stone steps, we find ourselves not merely alone with nature, but alone with the past. The present left behind, we share with those who lie below that peace which comes through freedom from the disturbance of life. Moving among the fallen leaves, we look at the old tombstones and the crumbling remains of the ancient chapel. There are stones that date as far back as the middle of the seventeenth century. Some have sunk into the ground, the top lines merely of their lettering being seen; others have only their heads visible; while in a few cases the grass is busy covering their lichen-grown tops with oblivion. They form a strange group, and illustrate a curious chapter in the history of the mortality of tombstones. Strange also are those pieces of stone that have strayed from and lost their original resting-place, and now lie with a forlorn look against the walls of the burying-ground. A few flat-lying stones have their lettering inlaid with moss. It keeps their tale for ever green, and it offers a beautiful sample of nature's scroll-work. It was a quaint fancy to call the narrow resting-place a *room*, yet these stones record that the owner possesses so many rooms. Of emblems there are few. An anchor, an angel with a trumpet, and an hour-glass, may be seen; and there is that lugubrious reminder of death, the skull and cross-bones. A few modern stones are here, white and cold, and sadly out of place. They seem to have nothing in common with the long line of generations who

have been brought to this place, and who pertain more to past times than to the present century.

But the main interest in the place does not lie in what can be seen and read. There are many burying-grounds that have more to show for their antiquity than this one can. Its charm lies in its unwritten history; in the knowledge that hundreds have been buried in this little spot of whom no record or tradition exists. A small army of human beings must lie here, yet not one of them is known to posterity. They have been so crowded together, that every particle of soil is a remnant of their past existence. The people have always remained loyal to the sacred spot, and did not forsake and ultimately forget it in favour of some newer and what for the time appeared to be a more attractive place. It is not always in crowded cities that the sites of old burying-grounds are forgotten; they seem to pass from memory as quickly in the country as they do elsewhere. A few skeletons turned up by the plough, or the spade of the excavator, tell their tale. The good fortune has not been reserved to every great man to have his initial letters placed between the whinstones of the thoroughfare to mark the place where he was supposed to be buried, as in the case of John Knox.

If we do not know their names, we at least know the nature of their occupation; most of them were seafaring people belonging to the neighbouring village. In their day, nearly two hundred vessels of various kinds were registered at their port. They traded round the coast and with distant parts, and their craft was known as far back as those sailing from most of the ports of the Forth. They flourished as long as the halcyon days existed for schooner, brig, and sloop; but, when the railways came, the traffic was diverted, and large steamers took what remained of the merchandise elsewhere. The hulk of an old schooner lying against a decaying harbour forms now the last relic of their former prosperity.

It was the sailors' last resting place, yet all could not cast anchor here. Many would sink amid the stormy waters of the Firth, in the hurricane that swept its way over the North Sea, or with the fog that hid dangerous rocks and treacherous sandbanks. Some would be brought here who had never thought of it: those sailors from abroad who were not permitted to return home, and who had to take their last rest among those who spoke a foreign tongue.

In their day, much trade was done with the Netherlands. One can think of these sturdy, bronzed seamen lying in their vessels in the canals of Bruges and listening with mute surprise to the bells of the carillon in the great tower; or witnessing the annual procession of the Virgin as it wended its way through the

narrow streets of Antwerp. They brought home goods that had been transported from all parts to these famous ports of the middle ages. Frontals for the altar and other articles of church decoration formed a sacred part of their cargo; and cloth and tulips from Holland, and satin, silk, and wines from France, came in return for the hides, wool, and other commodities they had carried from their native port. Nor were they without adventure at home. They ran the gantlet of foreign cruisers, who, with evil intent, watched the mouth of the Forth; and, if they did not escape capture, met with the varying fates which such circumstances offered. In quieter times, when they waited for cargo, they sought the salmon, so abundant in those days; and they would claim their share of plunder from the great whale that was stranded on their shore.

Near to this spot Cromwell's army fought a battle, at which there was great slaughter. Probably some who took part in that battle were brought here in the darkness of night, and, by the light of the flickering torch, were buried. We know that Oliver's soldiers wrecked several chapels in this district. In a neighbouring record they are called 'a vile, lawless, rough set.' Doubtless, it was some of these men who, prowling about the district, found this little chapel, which was possibly dedicated to some saint; and they made it a ruin.

Now, in this autumn day the ivy clings to its ruined walls, the clear cold blue of the October sky is its roof, and graves lie over the spot where the altar once stood. We can see on the side-wall the place where the treasures were kept, and there are still left the marks of the stanchions on which the iron doors swung. A fit ruin in a fit place. Solitary and tenantless, save for those of its past worshippers who lie around.

As we cross once more to the pathway, our eye catches sight of the dark ruddy autumn leaf of the blackberry bush, the branches festooned in graceful curves, as if forming memorial scrolls for the departing season. It seems to be quite in harmony with the place we have just left, and it forms a pleasing break between the solitude that hovers over the haven of rest and the stir and movement that lie outside. Over on the waters there is a brig in full sail, and a steamer is just passing her. It is the old and the new brought together, as if for contrast; and the old is left behind with its quiet, peaceful form of motion.

Going along the shore, we can hear the cry of the gull and the whistle of the sand-piper, as they follow up the receding tide. Some seals have swum over from the rock that lies in mid-channel, and are basking themselves near the shore. In the distance sits the solitary heron, who has come some miles to this feeding-ground, and he will remain until the sun has dipped under the western cloud before he thinks of returning to his home.

Turning once more, ere the bend in the bay hides from view the cluster of beech-trees, we take our last look of the spot where the mariners are at rest. It was a strange place to

plant a burying-ground right down on the edge of the shore, as if the seafaring community desired that the sound of the waters should still be with them in their long sleep.

R. A. M.

THE LAWYER'S SECRET.*

CHAPTER XXV.—TERENCE O'NEIL COMES TO THE FRONT.

BEFORE daylight on Monday morning, Terence O'Neil was up and dressed, ready for the interview with Ducrot, from which he expected so much. He had forgotten one thing, however. It would be necessary, he now remembered, that he should have a witness with him, lest the Frenchman should afterwards deny his own words. The best person he could think of for this purpose was his friend Rawson. He had to wait, therefore, till ten o'clock, and then he called on Mr Rawson, and easily persuaded him to go with him in quest of Ducrot. But when the two friends reached Alton Street, they found that no one seemed to know exactly where 'Mr Ducrot' was; and when, after some trouble, he got some one to take a look at the man's bedroom, it was found that there was practically nothing there belonging to the Frenchman.

'That little baggage Julia has warned the scamp, after all,' said O'Neil to his friend; and he asked a question or two, which elicited the fact that Ducrot had had a telegram delivered to him a little after eight o'clock that morning.

'Now, it's lucky I foresaw that something of this sort might happen,' said the Irishman to Rawson. 'You and I will just go quietly back to the Temple and smoke in peace. I expect to have a message from Scotland Yard in the course of the day.'

The fact was, that although Lady Boldon kept the girl Stephens in her room until the letters had been taken from the hotel letter-box, it was impossible to hinder her from sending a telegram to the nearest telegraph office as soon as it was open in the morning. When Ducrot received the message, he came to the conclusion that he had better keep out of the way for the present, and wait until his master got well, before returning to Alton Street. He therefore put all he had that was of value into a small trunk, carried it down to the hall, and waited until a man should come by who would carry it for him. He did not want to call a cab; for cabmen, he reflected, can be traced, and cabmen have memories. It was not long before Ducrot noticed a man sauntering along on the other side of the street, as if he hardly knew what to do with himself. Ducrot tapped on the window, and then opened the street door and beckoned to the man to come across to him. After a little hesitation, the stranger obeyed; and Ducrot offered him sixpence to carry the trunk to a

railway station a short distance off. Somewhat to the Frenchman's surprise—for the man seemed better dressed than he had at first supposed—the stranger took up the trunk at once; and Ducrot left the house without saying a word to any one under its roof.

Having deposited his luggage at the Left-luggage Office, the ex-valet dismissed his porter, and began to take a leisurely tour among some quiet respectable streets about a mile from Alton Street, looking up at all the houses which exhibited a card bearing the word 'Apartments.' At some of these houses M. Ducrot stopped; but he seemed rather hard to please; and it was not until he had searched for more than an hour that he apparently found what he wanted. He then set off to the railway station to fetch his luggage.

Hardly had the Frenchman concluded the bargain with Mrs King, his future landlady, and left the house, when a second knock came to her door.

'It never rains but it pours,' said Mrs King to herself, climbing her kitchen stairs. 'I'll wager it's somebody else to see about my two-pair back.'

And so it was.

'I've just let 'em,' said Mrs King, snappishly, to the shabby-genteel man on her doorstep.

'Ah! that's my luck,' said the new-comer. 'When will they be vacant?'

'I can't tell. Gentleman took them for a fortnight.'

'The gentleman I met leaving you just now?'

'The same.'

'Then I am unlucky! If I had only been ten minutes sooner.—Well—good-day, ma'am.'

M. Ducrot would have been tolerably surprised if he had been present at this short interview; for the stranger who declared himself to be so disappointed at not getting rooms was none other than the broken-down-looking man who had carried his trunk to the railway station. This person had evidently a very deep interest in the Frenchman's movements, for he had followed him at a respectful distance throughout his walk from one lodging-house to another; and had finally made sure, as we have seen, that he had not made a mistake in assuming that Ducrot had at last engaged rooms.

As soon as he had spoken those few words to Mrs King, the shabby-genteel man went to a telegraph office and despatched a message to the head of the criminal investigation department at Scotland Yard. From Scotland Yard the information was flashed along the wires to the Temple; and the result was that, when Ducrot went back to his newly engaged rooms, after lunching comfortably at a restaurant, he found, to his consternation, two gentlemen waiting for him in the little sitting-room. One of them he knew, as O'Neil had been at Roby Chase while Mr Boldon and his valet were there. The other was Mr William Rawson.

As soon as he saw them, Ducrot turned on his heel; but O'Neil was too quick for the fellow. He slipped between him and the door,

* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

slammed it, locked it, and put the key in his pocket.

Then Ducrot, looking from one to the other, and seeing nothing but grim satisfaction in their faces, turned very white, clasped his hands, and sank upon his knees.

'Get up, you cur!' cried Terence, refraining with difficulty from the inclination to kick him—'get up and hear what we have to say. You were in court on Saturday—I saw you—and you heard an innocent man condemned, and Lady Boldon all but condemned, unjustly, and never opened your mouth to save them. Ugh!—Get up!'

The Frenchman slowly scrambled to his feet without a word.

'Listen to me, sir,' said O'Neil sternly. 'I've got a policeman in the street—look out, and you'll see him marching up and down just opposite.'—Ducrot glanced timidly from behind the curtains and quaked.—'Now, that man will march you off to jail on a charge of hiding a will'—

'Mercy, sir! Good sir, mercy! It was not I. I not understand. Lady Boldon tell me'—

'Lady Boldon? Take care, my good fellow. I've seen Lady Boldon.'

'Monsieur has misunderstood me,' said the little scamp, with wonderful composure. 'I did not mean Lady Boldon. I meant Mr Boldon, my employer.'

Terence nodded.

'Just so, my man: better be careful.'

'Mr Boldon directed me to place the packet he gave me in the lowest drawer of the right-hand side of Lady Boldon's writing-table. I myself supposed it was something which he had without permission taken out from the drawer, and which he wanted to replace. It was quite natural that—he, being a relation of Milady Boldon—I should obey him.'

'Did he give you the key of the drawer?' asked O'Neil with affected carelessness.

'Yes.'

'That's another falsehood,' said the young Irishman boldly; 'you opened the drawer with a picklock, and locked it again in the same way.' (This was a guess on O'Neil's part, founded on the great improbability of Frederick Boldon being able to possess himself of the key.) He made a sign to Rawson, who immediately threw up the window, and beckoned, or pretended to beckon, to the constable below.

'Mon Dieu! Do not bring the policeman here! I will tell the truth!' cried Ducrot, in a panic.

'You opened the drawer with a picklock, didn't you?' asked O'Neil.

'Yes.'

'Very good. I have caught you telling two lies already. If you don't want to be arrested at once, you had better tell me all—mind, *all* you know about this business. And if you tell me one more falsehood, you will find yourself in jail in half an hour. So now, you know what I shall do.—What excuse did your master make for asking you to get into Lady Boldon's house by a trick, and hide a document in her drawer?'

'He said'—

'The truth, Ducrot!' cried the barrister.

His practised eye had detected a slight hesitation in the man's manner.

'He said what I told you—that he had borrowed some papers of his uncle, who was Milady's husband, and that he wished them replaced. But I did not believe him.'

'What did you think was his real reason for acting in this peculiar way?'

'I did not know what to think.'

'You will have to know,' said O'Neil coolly. 'Where did he get this document? How did he come by it?'

'How can I tell?'

'You will have to tell.'

There was no reply to this; and after a pause, Rawson rose, as if impatiently, and said to his friend: 'Why do you hesitate about giving the fellow in charge, O'Neil? If he really knows nothing, it can do no harm. If he does know anything, a week or two of solitude will loosen his tongue.'

'I do not know, but I can guess,' said the Frenchman doggedly.

'What do you guess?'

'There was a man who came several times to see Mr Boldon.'

'What was his name?'

'I do not know.'

'How was he dressed?'

'He wore a long frock-coat, very shabby, and a high hat.'

'Did you see him in court on Saturday?—Yes or No? Quick!'

'Yes, I did.'

'Hurrah!' cried the cross-examiner; 'I've got him!—Come on, Rawson; never mind that beggar any more.' At the door he turned, and said to the Frenchman: 'The police will keep an eye on you for a few days, my man, till we find out whether you have been telling us the truth. If you have, you will only be required as a witness. If you have been lying to us'—Without waiting to listen to Ducrot's protestations, he hurried out of the house, dragging his friend with him.

'You seem overjoyed at what you have heard; but it is all Greek to me,' remarked Rawson, as soon as they had gained the street.

'That's because you don't know—Oh, I could toss up my hat and halloo in the middle of the street! This clears poor Thesiger.'

'What do you say?'

'I say this will prove Thesiger's innocence, and Lady Boldon's too.'

'How so?'

'The will is entirely in Frederick Boldon's favour. Why did he not produce it, as soon as it came into his hands? Why get it secretly put away in Lady Boldon's drawer, and suggest to the police, by means of an anonymous letter—I am perfectly certain he wrote that letter—that her house should be searched? Why? He wanted to get the will made public; and yet he did not dare to produce it himself. Why? Because manslaughter, if not murder, had been committed in the getting of it!'

'But he did not kill Felix!' cried Rawson, stopping short on the street and gazing into his friend's face.

'No; not by his own hand; but his agent

did, or I am very much mistaken. Come with me, and we shall see.

'Who was his agent?'

'Matthew Fane!'

(To be continued.)

REMARKABLE HAIL-STORMS.

THE damage done by hail in this country is very trifling compared with the ruin it sometimes works in other countries. To our insular climate, which is free from extremes of heat and cold, is due our comparative immunity from disastrous Hail-storms, hail being, so far as is known, produced by the mixing of warm and cold layers of the atmosphere; the greater the difference of their temperature, the larger the hail which falls, and the more violent the thunder-storms and gales which accompany its formation. On the Continent, there are in active operation numerous Hail Insurance offices, which indemnify farmers and the cultivators of vineyards and orchards against losses caused by hail. This kind of insurance business is hardly required with us. In Würtemberg, during sixty years, hail fell on thirteen days yearly on the average, affecting one per cent. of the cultivated land, and doing damage to the extent of one hundred and twenty thousand pounds.

It is credibly stated that in the Orkneys hailstones as big as goose eggs have been known to fall; each was, however, a mass of small ones which had come together during their descent. More exact details are obtainable of the sizes of hailstones which have fallen within recent years. Near Leeds, on the 30th of June 1883, there was a heavy fall of hailstones which took the shape of irregular blocks of hard, colourless, transparent ice, some of which measured an inch in length, and contained numerous air-bubbles. At Chepstow, on the 5th of April 1887, there occurred a remarkable shower of conical, spiked, and very irregularly shaped hailstones, of which no two were alike. Some were composed of two, three, or more joined together. The largest measured were four-tenths of an inch long, and three-tenths of an inch broad. About the same time, similarly shaped stones fell near Kelso. A hail-storm at Liverpool, on the 2d of June 1889, was taken considerable notice of at the time in scientific papers. The hailstones were of irregular and very curious shapes; some measured as much as an inch and three-quarters across. A number which fell on grass took an hour and a half to melt, though the temperature of the air was sixty-five degrees Fahrenheit. The residue left when the stones were melted was found to contain minute plant-spores. Hailstones as large as half an inch in diameter rarely occur in the London district. On the 24th of May 1891, some were there observed which slightly exceeded that size.

These hailstones, which are considered large in this country, are insignificant by the side of those which frequently fall in other parts of the world. In September 1856, a strip of country near Florence was ruined during a violent thunder-storm by hailstones which weighed from twelve to fourteen ounces. At Tomsk, in Siberia,

hailstones as big as eggs fell on the 19th of July 1883. Two women were struck on the head and killed, and many birds and animals were killed. In Iowa, on the 7th of August 1883, a hail-storm passed through three counties; and over its track, which was four miles wide, all vegetation was destroyed, a woman was killed, and many people were injured. The hail fell in many places to the depth of five feet, and trains were blocked.

During the successive showers of hail which fell at Graz, in Austria, on the 21st of August 1890, at five, six, and seven p.m., the hailstones ranged from one and a half to two and a half inches in diameter, and formed in some places a compact mass of ice three feet thick. In October 1892, a large district in New South Wales was visited by a very destructive hail-storm. Some of the hailstones measured six and a half inches in circumference, and these were not the largest that fell. These monsters were triangular and irregular in shape; and the terrific force of their fall may be estimated from the fact that they dented and even perforated galvanised iron roofs. In one sheet of iron roofing, thirty holes were counted; and in another more than sixty. The gale which accompanied and aided their destructive work was strong enough to snap clean off great trees twelve feet in circumference.

The most destructive hail-storms on record have occurred in India. There is a legendary story to the effect that in the reign of Tippoo Sahib there fell at Seringapatam a hailstone as big as an elephant, which took three days to melt! The possible germ of truth in this yarn may have been the falling of a number of large stones in succession into a hole, where they may have frozen into one mass.

Big hailstones are never smooth round balls, but irregularly shaped blocks of ice, frequently studded with sharp crystals; and it may be imagined how dangerous to man and beast unprovided with shelter must be such jagged missiles propelled by a fierce wind.

Coloured hailstones have sometimes been observed. On the 7th of May 1885, near Castlewellan, in Ireland, during a shower of hail, some of the stones were decidedly red, while the rest were white as usual. The colour was not merely superficial, but pervaded the substance of the stone, and on melting, stained the fingers of the observer. In Minsk, Russia, on the 14th of June 1880, during a shower of hailstones which showed great variety of form, some being flattened, perforated, and ring-like, a considerable proportion were coloured pale red, and others pale blue. Similar coloured hailstones have been observed in other places; and a German meteorologist who examined some of these, ascribes their colour to the presence of salts of cobalt and nickel, and thinks that this favours the belief that such hailstones do not owe their origin to our atmosphere at all, but have come into it from the regions of space.

At a meeting of the Meteorological Society in the Institution of Civil Engineers, Great George Street, Westminster, Mr W. Marriott, F. R. Met. Soc., gave an account of the thunder and hail storms which occurred over England and the south of Scotland on the 8th of July

1893. Thunder-storms were very numerous on that day, and in many instances were accompanied by terrific hail-storms and squalls of wind. It was during one of these squalls that a pleasure-boat was capsized off Skegness, twenty-nine persons being drowned. About noon, a thunder-storm, accompanied by heavy hail and a violent squall of wind, passed over Dumfries and along the valley of the Nith. Many of the hailstones measured from an inch to an inch and a half in length. At the same hour a similar storm occurred at Peterborough. From about two until ten P.M. there was a succession of thunder-storms over the north-east of England and south-east of Scotland, and at many places it was reported that the thunder-storms were continuous for nine hours. Two storms were remarkable for the immense hailstones which fell during their prevalence over Harrogate and Richmond in Yorkshire. The hailstones were four or five inches in circumference, and some as much as three inches in diameter. Great damage was done by these storms, all windows and glass facing the direction from which the storm came being broken. It is computed that within a radius of five miles of Harrogate a hundred thousand panes of glass were broken, the extent of the damage being estimated at about three thousand pounds. The thunder-storms in the northern part of the county travelled generally in a north-north-westerly direction at the rate of about twenty miles an hour. They appear to have taken the path of least resistance, and consequently passed over low ground and along river valleys and the sea-coast. Several storms seem to have followed each other along the same track.

ROMANCE OF A BULLOCK CART.

CHAPTER IV.—CONCLUSION.

QUARANTINE regulations are supposed to be very strict. In the River Plate ports where the permanent machinery for it exists, it is no uncommon thing for those under detention to come and go in the most erratic fashion. In an inland town like Lujan, quarantine established for the first time was of course an official farce, out of which the doctor and a few understrappers expected to rake in a harvest of fees—a simple explanation which did not at first strike Stanley. He was up and ready to go abroad at daybreak, but found himself under detention until the medical officer had made his report. For a couple of hours he had to recall all his philosophy to give him patience. That gentleman came at last.

'Good-morning, señor. You have passed a good night, I hope.'

'I slept like a top, and am sound as a bell. Look here'—and he thumped his chest with his clenched fist.

'Ha, just so! Put this in your armpit for a few moments,' handing him a small glass thermometer.

'Hum, ha—thirty-three. A trifle high, but not too much. Your pulse, señor. Hum. Your tongue a little rough; just take a spoonful of this tonic. You have no symptoms yet; and if

you keep like this, I think you may go away to-morrow.'

'That won't do, doctor. I must go now. I have important business to attend to.'

'My dear sir, I cannot permit it. If it is the interment that you are thinking about, don't disturb yourself; that is already accomplished. It is all done as you would have wished. You will of course settle with the undertaker.'

'Most certainly.'

'And the medical fees?'

A light broke upon Stanley—stupid that he was, not to think of it sooner! Even last night, it might have saved him some annoyance.

'How much is your fee, doctor?'

'Como regular—two patacones.'

'Look here, doctor; make it ten patacones, and let me go now. If not, I swear to you that I will not pay one copper real.'

'That would be a strain on my professional conscience. But I don't think the town will be in danger from you, if you leave it immediately. I will report accordingly; I am a man of honour.'

Stanley shook hands with him in new-born gratitude, and also with the comisario, to whom he presented five patacones for the benefit of the attendants who as yet did not exist. He hurried away to the hotel, and was relieved to find that the ladies had not yet left their rooms.

He found the driver of the bullock cart lingering about the hotel, waiting to know why he had been detained. Under ordinary circumstances, he would have rated the man soundly for having loitered on his journey, but that was now forgotten. He told him to proceed on his way as fast as possible—that, as the girl was now dead, he required no further help.

Then the coachman demanded his attention. Where was he? Nobody had seen him since the preceding evening. He inquired at the hotel, at the quarantine house, and at the police station. Then he examined the crowd of horses in the corralon attached to the hotel, and missed those he took from Moron. It was easy to guess that the fellow had fled. Compared with the other incidents, this was but a petty annoyance. He would drive the coach himself.

He found the ladies waiting for him to sit down to an early breakfast, over which he recounted his woes; a tale which was indeed extracted from him by Miss Ada by persistent questioning. He was not good at telling a story.

'I declare, Stanley Brown, that young man Bowman would have been a more amusing companion than you,' said Aunt Ada irritably: 'he at least would tell us something about it.'

'And something more, perhaps,' said Maggie with a faint smile, for which Stanley was grateful.

'I hope you will be pleased to accept me as coachman,' said he.

'Misfortunes never come singly,' said Miss Ada. 'You will certainly upset us all in the ditch, and take us home in fragments.'

'At least I will promise not to do that. But you are not eating anything. Remember that

you will have no proper meal until we reach the estancia.'

'Oh yes, I can eat. But look at Maggie; she is only pretending, and she did not sleep a wink the whole night.'

Stanley had already been looking at the young lady with whom he was so hopelessly—as he thought—in love, and had noted with anxiety the pallor of her countenance and the dimmed brightness of her eyes.

'Go on with your breakfast, child, or you will be dying with the fever next. Eat your egg. The fowl is beautifully cooked. Have another cup of tea.'

'I am not hungry. Who could be hungry amid such worry? I will drink the tea; and let us be off while the morning is young.'

There was a forced gaiety about the tone which struck an anxious chord in the lover's breast.

'That is good advice, anyway,' he said. 'I will be off and bring round the carriage.'

Stanley could drive as well as any professional coachman, and where the road permitted it, he went along at a spanking pace. He had more than ten leagues to cover, and judicious driving was necessary to bring them home before sunset, for in very many places the road was akin to those of General Wade 'before they were made.' Although his attention was engrossed by the horses and the deep ruts made by bullock carts, he could overhear any loud conversation that went on behind him. There was not much of that, but there was a good deal of whispering. His quick ear caught a sound like a gasp of pain, and then came Aunt Ada's sharp voice: 'For goodness' sake, child, bear up till we get home.'

He turned round in an agony of anxiety. 'Is Miss Maggie ill?'

'I am afraid she is, Stanley Brown. Oh! why did we ever come on this unfortunate journey.'

Stanley for a minute or two was dumb. He whipped up the horses, and they flew along. Then he repented, and fearful of tiring them, he pulled up to an easy trot. Just then, a distant speck on the road became visible, which he rightly judged to be their own bullock cart.

'Is she seriously ill?' he asked, again turning round. His blood chilled when he saw her lying in the corner in the same attitude as the unfortunate girl Julia.

'Miss Ada, before it is too late, let us return to Lujan; there is a doctor there.'

'What! And put her in hospital to the tender mercies of the man you told us about. How can you advise such a thing?'

'Alas! no, I cannot.'

'Can you think of nothing else?'

'I think I see our bullock cart in front of us. Let us empty it, and make a bed for her there. And I will go back with the carriage, and bring the doctor. We will take him to the house with us. Money will do it.'

'Maggie! do you hear what Stanley Brown says?'

Maggie did not hear or heed.

'Oh! this day, this day!' cried Aunt Ada, wringing her hands, her courage for the moment broken down.

'Do compose yourself, Miss Chumley, and come to a decision before it is too late.'

'I cannot let you go. What should I do without you? Why not send the man?'

That suggestion appeared to be good enough. He drove on till he overtook the cart, and made it halt on a grassy plot by the wayside. The man was much astonished, and turned pale through his swart skin when he understood what was wanted. He had no objections to make, but must do as he was bidden; and the two men soon unloaded the cart, piling up the goods beside the cactus hedge. The cart was a roomy one, twelve feet long, covered with an arch of tarpaulin impervious alike to wind and rain. There was a couple of spring mattresses among the cargo, and these made a comfortable bed, on which the sufferer was laid by Stanley's strong arms. In his heart he thanked Aunt Ada for making a little fuss with the cushions, which delayed the fair patient some minutes in his embrace. She was quite conscious, he knew, and he had one moment of thrilling delight when she nestled her cheek against his.

The man had received his instructions, and mounting the coach-box, he drove off at a quick trot. A horrible suspicion came into Stanley's mind that this fellow would also desert; but it was too late to act upon it, and it would be cruel to Aunt Ada to give it expression. If he drove fast, a little over two hours should bring the carriage back with the doctor. Time enough then to speak of his doubts.

These doubts were too well founded. Such was the panic among the native population, that not only did servants desert their masters, but husbands their wives, and children their parents. The man drove to Lujan and saw the doctor, but positively refused to drive back with him. He went off, pretending that he would engage another driver; but he knew that no money that he could offer would tempt another jehu on to that box, and he made no attempt to find him. He left the carriage and horses in the hotel yard, and disappeared from this story.

That caress was the first touch of Stanley's romance. It awoke new hopes, and filled his heart to bursting-point with new anxieties. She was conscious; she knew what she was doing. It was a message of love to him as sure as any ever conveyed by electricity. Of that he was convinced; and being convinced, was jubilant—that is, he would have been, had it not been for those anxieties.

Alone now by the bullock cart, he walked rapidly up and down to relieve his surcharged feelings. He had arranged a comfortable seat within the cart for Aunt Ada, and had broken into the stores of wine and mineral waters with which the cart had been laden. Aunt Ada moistened the patient's lips from time to time, and not being in love, she treated herself also to a fair refreshment.

It was not oppressively hot; the 'good airs' were blowing freely over the boundless green plain. The patient bullocks had taken in a supply of grass, and had lain peacefully down to chew the cud. The ends of the cart were open, and the breeze kept the interior delightfully cool. The two hours had more than passed, and the patient was dozing fitfully,

awakening in starts. Stanley could do nothing but hand in fresh compresses of vinegar diluted—for want of the pure article—with soda water, which Aunt Ada kept applying to the head of the sufferer. The time passed more rapidly than they imagined, till the declining sun suggested fears over the non-appearance of the carriage.

'What on earth can be keeping that man?' said Stanley.

'The fool has run away,' said Aunt Ada with a sharp nod. 'I know the cowardly breed. I have been sure of it for the last two hours.'

'How is she now?'

'Sleeping a little. She will get over it, never fear.'

'I fear'—said Stanley, hesitating.

'What do you fear?' she asked sharply.

'I fear, if that man does not come, we will be kept here all night.'

'Is that all? I am sure of it. I would not trust you to drive a bullock cart in the dark. I have made up my mind to it, and really we are very comfortable, all things considered. I think there should be something left in the hamper. We might manage to dine; it will help to pass an hour away.' Evidently Aunt Ada was a very practical person.

There were cold chicken, tongue, and biscuits in abundance. There were a spirit-lamp and plenty of *aguardiente* in the cargo. There were also tea and sugar; and if they only had the water they might have a cup of refreshing tea. Stanley in his eagerness to be useful suggested digging for it. There were picks and shovels in the cargo.

Aunt Ada actually laughed. 'Ah, you are not a camp-man, Stanley Brown. You would have to dig five yards here before you got a kettleful. No *carrero* travels without his water-jar. Look beneath the cart; see what you can find there.'

He looked, and there indeed was a large jar and a small one.

'Quite so,' said Aunt Ada. 'The small one is *caña*. We don't want that. The other is water, I'll be bound.'

A little tin kettle was soon hissing on the spirit-lamp. Aunt Ada sat contentedly sipping her tea, and Stanley made such a hearty meal that he was astonished at himself; nor did he scorn the juice of the grape.

'Quite romantic, is it not?' said Miss Ada. 'Dear me, how easily we mortals console ourselves. Life is not such a burden after all. Now, don't mind me. If you have a pipe, smoke it. If not, break into Mr Gilroy's cigars. I am sure he will forgive you. I wish I could smoke. I would set you the example.'

Stanley blushed at his thoughts being so readily divined. He was in love, and would have cheerfully sacrificed his dinner. Now, he had had his dinner. Why should he strain at the gnat and swallow the camel? He would bolt the gnat whole. He lit his pipe, and on the lee side of the cart enjoyed it.

The sun's golden disc, as big as the wheel of the bullock cart, now struck the edge of the horizon, and in a few minutes had passed down out of sight, leaving a sky imperceptibly shading away from burnished gold in the west to saffron red in the zenith. These were quickly chased westerly, and disappeared before the

shadows from the east, and the stars came out. As it grew dark, Stanley hung up a small lamp from the end hoop of the cover, and dropped the apron on the windward side. The patient was sleeping, with occasional starts of restlessness and painful movements of the head on the cushions, the watchful nurse holding the cup to her lips betimes.

There was silence for a time. He refilled his pipe, and resumed his sentry-walk. At every turn near the head of the cart, he applied his ear to listen to the breathing of the dear girl in whom all his hopes were bound. There was a soft snore—he heard it distinctly. He peeped in and saw Aunt Ada's head gracefully propped against the cushions. The patient moved restlessly and muttered; but Aunt Ada did not stir. Then the lips moved, as if craving moisture. He mounted the cart-pole quietly—oh, how quietly! Poor Aunt Ada was tired; he would not disturb her for half a world. The patient opened her eyes and smiled faintly. He reached for the lemonade, and held it to her lips; then, by leaning over, he could kiss her brow. She moved her head away; was it to avoid the kiss? or was it to turn round, that, perchance, he might reach her lips?

'Dear me! have I been asleep?' said Aunt Ada. 'Yes; and I am sure you need it,' said Stanley. 'I tried to give dear Maggie some lemonade without disturbing you; but I have done it clumsily.'

'Humph! Very clumsily,' muttered Aunt Ada. 'I feel ever so much better,' murmured the patient.

'Well, then, I will compose myself to sleep while Stanley Brown keeps watch.'

No need to tell Stanley to keep watch: he lingered on the cart-pole and kept watch for another such opportunity as he had enjoyed. And it came to him again and again.

'You are much better, are you, dearest?' he whispered.

'I don't think I have that nasty fever at all,' she whispered in reply; and Aunt Ada still slept. Who knows?

The night passed and morning broke. Stanley boiled his kettle and made the tea. The patient was again feverish and restless, and he hurried up his preparations for departure. Although the bullocks had not been relieved of their heavy yokes lying across their necks in pairs, it required time and patience for his unpractised hands to manœuvre them into line to get harnessed to the cart. When about to start, a couple of mounted policemen made their appearance.

As the doctor in Lujan heard no more of the messenger who came for him, he communicated with his friend the police commissary, and the arrival of these men was the result. From them they learned that the carriage and horses were safe at the hotel. Their arrival was opportune, as the goods piled up by the wayside could be given into their charge.

Stanley had never expected to be the driver of a bullock cart, and had no skill whatever in the business. Many were the thrusts from the cruel spike at the end of the long goad, and loud and continuous was the shouting of the policemen to get them into motion; but once under weigh, they stepped along steadily,

and he allowed them to guide themselves. The result was satisfactory enough, although the progress was slow, and the anxious travellers compelled painfully to restrain their impatience. For the most of the day Maggie was in delirium. The possibility of the journey ending as it had begun was too dreadful to contemplate, and what he suffered left permanent traces in grizzled locks and an ashen-gray complexion. Before sundown, the *monte* of trees surrounding the estancia house came in sight, and very soon his responsibility was shared by the mayor-domo, who, at first indignant and surprised to see his well-kept avenue ploughed up by the huge wheels of a bullock cart, set to work with all diligence for the comfort of his visitors. The doctor arrived next day, and remained until he was able to say that the danger was past. He left his patient very weak, but improving, and dreaming daily of stolen kisses that had passed in the bullock cart.

When Mr Gilroy was made acquainted with these events, he caused inquiry to be made of the girl Julia's father, and through him learned something of the part which Mr Bowman's carelessness had played in the matter. If this story had been written about him, it would have to record that a continual course of faithlessness in small matters brought him so often into collision with his superiors that he threw up his clerkship in disgust, and because Maggie Chumley had treated him so badly. He appeared subsequently in various rôles—camp tutor, newspaper reporter, and racing tipster. But he still tells his friends pathetically that everything he attempts comes to grief through no fault of his own.

After Maggie's convalescence, Aunt Ada had a conversation with Mr Gilroy, which did not astonish that gentleman so very much as she had expected. He jocularly remarked that she ought to have nipped the affair in the bud when she saw it growing under her nose in the bullock cart.

'My dear Matthew,' she replied, 'that was the best medicine she got—it roused her from her lethargy.'

Stanley, however, was taken severely to task, and he stoutly defended himself. He was prepared to take his ignominious dismissal to-morrow; but he would not give up Maggie. She had promised, and he was content to wait. 'You stupid fool, would you be dependent on your wife's little fortune?'

'No, sir, never. I can keep sheep.'

'Then don't be an ass; and stay where you are. If you behave yourself, and don't ill-use your wife, we will take you into the firm.'

Stanley has only lately retired from the firm, of which for many years he was the head. He has an ambition to enter politics at home. He has no doubt whatever as to which party he will join. Radicals and Republicans were always associated together in his mind, and he has seen so much of Republicanism in South America, that he will enter the contest in the next general election as a true-blue Tory. His fervent prayer is that English Radicals should spend a few years in that continent to be forever cured of their republicanism.

As has already been said, he took away one of the largest fortunes ever made in the River Plate, and he dates the beginning of it from this Romance of the Bullock Cart.

AUTOMATIC SPRINKLERS.

THE disastrous ravages of fire are too well known to need comment at our hands. Scarcely a day passes without some account in the daily press of the destruction to life and property wrought by this devouring element; and so accustomed has the public become to such casualties, that it is only when some disaster of appalling magnitude falls to be chronicled that general attention is directed to the subject. Into the excellent arrangements now existing throughout this country for the extinction of fire, it is foreign to our present purpose to enter; the perfection to which the fire-engine has been brought is only equalled by the physique and organisation of our fire-brigade-men themselves. Our present notice deals rather with a comparatively modern means of fire-extinction, which is all the more effective because automatic in action.

The Sensitive Automatic Sprinkler is fitted to the ceilings of warehouses, stores, &c.; and should a fire start at any point, the heat rising at once to the ceiling, melts the fusible solder in the sprinkler—which is done at a temperature of about one hundred and fifty-five degrees Fahrenheit—and releasing the elastic valve, at once discharges a copious flood of water over the conflagration. The lines of piping with water under constant pressure are carried through the buildings to be protected near the ceilings, and from eight to ten feet apart, the sprinklers being placed a similar distance from each other. The sprinklers are thus some ten feet apart in every direction—namely, one sprinkler is provided for every hundred superficial feet of floor area.

Turning now to some little consideration of the sprinkler itself, ere dealing more generally with the leading points of the principle involved. A distinctive feature is the employment of a glass valve, which is non-corrodible, non-adhesive, and impenetrable; whilst the inlet is placed in the middle of a flexible diaphragm of German silver. The elastic diaphragm is forced upon the glass valve by the water-pressure, and the area of the former being the larger, the pressure from above tends to keep the valve tight so long as the resistance of the solder holds the glass in place. The melting of the solder removes this resistance, and then the water-pressure opens the valve.

For cotton mills the sprinkler is invaluable; and the well-known Grinnell type is protecting at this moment no fewer than fifteen million spindles in non-fireproof mills, and two and a quarter million spindles in fireproof mills in this country alone. Over two thousand fires have been promptly extinguished in all parts of the world at an average loss of only some fifty pounds; and it is calculated that from fifteen to sixteen thousand buildings, comprising cotton mills, woollen mills, flour mills, warehouses, stores, theatres, &c., have safeguarded

themselves in this manner. No better proof of the value of the sprinkler can be adduced than the fact of its recognition by leading fire-insurance companies, who grant a substantial reduction in fire premiums to those clients who thus protect themselves.

In this connection, it is of interest to note that insurance companies have adopted a code of rules in the matter of automatic sprinkler installations, and provide, amongst other requirements, for adequate water-supply and provision against frost. An automatic alarm signal is similarly stipulated for, which shall give notice as soon as any sprinkler is opened.

A bare enumeration of the many trades and industries which have availed themselves to date of the protection offered by the new means of fire-extinction, would form a formidable list; but amongst others may be mentioned biscuit factories; calico printers, dyers, and bleachers; chocolate works; corn mills; engineering works; felt works; flax and jute mills; floorcloth and linoleum works; india-rubber works; oil, candle, and paint works; paper mills; printers and publishers; rope and twine works; soap, sugar, and saccharine works; breweries, &c.; and a host of other similar undertakings too numerous to detail.

Enough has been said to show that the sensitive automatic sprinkler is coming very largely into vogue, and is justly regarded as a most valuable ally in combating the insidious attacks of fire. How fearful these ravages are, may be judged from a recent publication of Mr Edward Atkinson, the well-known American economist, who values last year's 'ash-heap' in the United States alone at no less than thirty million pounds; whilst for the current year the appalling fires in Minnesota and Wisconsin must materially swell the ill-starred list.

THE OLD BRIAR PIPE.

It was on the same evening that I went to lodge at Miss Glossop's first-floor front in Laburnum Terrace, Kennington, that I first saw the Briar Pipe. I had been forced to make a very hasty change in my domestic arrangements. My 'bed and sitting' were all that the most fastidious 'single gent dining out' could demand; my landlady was as satisfactory as a pecuniarily harassed female, burdened with a numerous family, an unsteady husband, and a chronic shortness of breath, could fairly be expected to be. But when the eldest son of the numerous family fell in love, and, being rejected, took to the flute, I felt that a change was imminent. Remonstrance was useless; parental entreaties, parental vituperation, were alike of no avail: his seared and blighted heart knew but one consolation. I felt that it was not to be for me. The flute and I must part. And so it was that I came to take up my abode in Miss Glossop's first-floor front.

Laburnum Terrace is not a cheerful thoroughfare. It must be ages untold since a laburnum, or indeed any product of the vegetable world, bloomed or thrived there. Moreover, the houses in Laburnum Terrace are tall and straight and drab-coloured, and so plain that their only orna-

ment consists in the irregular patches on their fronts where the plaster has peeled off.

As I said, it was on the first evening that I spent at Miss Glossop's that I came across the briar pipe. I was looking idly round the room when I saw—conspicuous amid the two china candlesticks and the headless Italian shepherdess which adorned my mantelpiece—a small black box. It had evidently at an early stage of its history been a tea-caddy, and at the same epoch was no doubt of a highly ornamental description. Now, however, the pearl with which it was inlaid was discoloured, the gilt was tarnished, and it had but two feet where once there had been four. I opened it, and found that it entombed several pieces of string, a broken chair-caster, two buttons, and an old briar pipe.

The last of these somehow interested me. I took it out and looked at it. It was a veteran pipe, scarred and seamed with many a hard blow, blackened and scorched and baked with heat, a bit weakened and damaged, perhaps, here and there in its good service, yet stout and faithful as ever. The top of the bowl had been chipped and knocked about a good deal, besides being blackened; the silver band was loose on the stem; the amber mouthpiece had been all but bitten through. Yet there it was, a good, stalwart, serviceable pipe—ay! and in its early days an expensive one. There were scratches on the stem of the pipe—not accidental scratches, but cut with a knife. I took it to the lamp and examined them. There was an L, a sprawling U, a C, and what might be intended for a Y—Lucy!

Who was Lucy? Who was the owner of the pipe? How had it come to Miss Glossop's first-floor front? I stood and wondered idly at these questions. There was a mystery, a charm of hidden romance, about the matter that interested me. I put the pipe back into its sepulchre and shut down the lid; but it had taken possession of my imagination strangely. Next day I found myself thinking more than once of the battered old pipe and of the name carved upon its stem. The more I pondered over it, the more interested I became. At last I made up my mind! I would ask Miss Glossop about it.

My opportunity came a few days later. I met my landlady in the hall. It was a Sunday afternoon, and Miss Glossop—the austerity of her morning devotions softened by the recent mid-day meal—was conversational. I had come across an old pipe in my room, I said. Being a smoker myself, and the pipe bearing testimony to a long and useful career, I felt an interest in it. That it was unpardonable curiosity on my part, I knew; but could Miss Glossop inform me to whom the pipe had belonged, or how it came to be in the place where I had found it?

Miss Glossop set her head slightly on one side and folded her hands on her black silk Sunday apron, as she prepared to answer my questions. I saw that they had not offended her.

'You may well ask about that pipe, sir,' she began, shaking her head mournfully. 'Not that it belongs to me. It don't belong to no one, sir—at least, only to them as are in their graves,

and it ain't no use to them, pore things! The rich man, we know, can't take his riches with him.' This last sentence Miss Glossop pronounced in a high-pitched tone of voice, as if she were preaching a sermon; and it required so many mournful head-shakings that some moments elapsed before she proceeded.

'There were a lady here, sir, as 'ad my first-floor front—as it might be you, sir. She was a very quiet lady, and a regular, always pay the tradespeople, and never behindhand with the week's rent. Not but what she often 'ad a difficulty, pore soul, as well I know, for the music-teaching ain't what it might be.—That's what she were, sir,' added Miss Glossop explanatorily, 'a music teacher. Slave all day and night it was, and not much pay when you come to the week's end. Not that she ever complained, sir; oh dear no! She were far too 'igh for that, and too proud-minded. Often and often of a Sunday afternoon—as it might be now—'ave I run up to your same room, sir, and said: "I've come to 'ave a few words with you, Miss Trevivan"—but nothing could I ever get out of her. She were with me close upon three years, sir; and you'll 'ardly believe it, but nothing could I ever get out of her—not so much as who she were and where she come from—try 'ow 'ard I might. Not that she weren't pleasant and kind and nice enough, you'll understand, sir, and I got to 'ave a liking for her, and a kind of respect; but she were for ever what you might call close.—Well, sir, one day last winter—and I've never been the same since—she were brought back here in a cab. Slipped on the pavement and fallen she 'ad, and 'urt her 'ead. She didn't die for four days after that, sir—here there was something very like a sob. One of the tender emotions had evidently broken prison—but she were silly—'adn't got the use of her senses, you know, sir—and didn't know no one, nor so much as speak. When she died, I paid the burying expenses myself and took charge of her things; for, you see, her friends didn't come forward, sir, if she 'ad any, and there was no one to do it but me. Not that she 'ad many things for me to take charge of, pore dear. There was little enough but her linen and a couple of dresses; and those, after waiting a while and no one come forward to claim them, I give to Mrs Jenkins next door, sir, as 'ad a use for them, 'aving seven growing up now, and some out in service. And in the bottom of her box, sir, wrapped up in paper, and tied with a bit of ribbon as careful as could be, were that there pipe. What she wanted with it, or what good it were to her, pore thing, gracious knows; but that were the self-same pipe as you found, sir, on your mantel-shelf.'

'What was the lady's name, Miss Glossop? I inquired. 'I think you said Trevivan. Do you know what her Christian name was?'

'Her initial were a L, sir,' said Miss Glossop after some consideration. 'I remember it were so on her cards—Miss L. Trevivan, Teacher of Music. Also on the door-plate.'

'Perhaps it was Lucy,' I hazarded.

'Perhaps so, sir,' she rejoined hastily. 'In fact, I think it were, sir. Not that I would

like to take a oath to it, not knowing for certain whether I ever heard her name or not. But seeing as her initial were a L, it might very likely be Lucy, sir, as you say.'

This did not seem very satisfactory. I put another question: 'Was she a young lady?'

'Oh dear me, no, sir! The best part of sixty, I should say she must 'ave been.'

Could this be Lucy? The Lucy that I had pictured to myself young, elegant, beautiful, the heroine of a romance! I felt somehow disappointed and annoyed with myself, and I managed to dismiss Miss Glossop with a few words.

When Miss Glossop had gone, I sat down to think over what she had told me. It was so absurdly unlike what I had expected, that I felt unreasonably irritated. The history of the pipe, if history it had, was as much of a blank to me as ever. I determined not to think any more about it. Still, this resolution was easier to make than to adhere to. Sometimes at night, when I could not sleep, I wondered painfully whether *this* was the bed on which *she* had lain, unconscious, comatose, dying; and whether her wandering thoughts had groped back fitfully to a time when some one had loved her and had called her Lucy. At other times I would argue with myself irately that probably the music-teacher's name was not Lucy, and that she had not had anything to do with the pipe, and that the airy web of romance that I was trying to spin was only fustian after all. And so the time went on.

One night—it was several weeks after my conversation with Miss Glossop—I found myself in a terrible predicament. I broke my treasured meerscham. Now, the only other pipes I had at that time were a couple of briars. One of them I had left at the office. The other, I knew, was badly choked and would not draw. In desperation, I tried to clear it out; but it was no good. What was to be done? Suddenly my thoughts flew to the pipe in the old tea-caddy on the mantel-piece. I took out the pipe and looked at it. I put it between my lips; but still I was irresolute. I felt somehow as if it were the property of the dead, and as if I were committing sacrilege in touching it. Half-a-dozen times I resolved not to smoke that night—but before the seventh fit of compunction could come over me, I was at the table, filling the pipe from my tobacco jar. After all, what possible harm could it do to any one?

The old briar smoked very nicely, too. I could not help thinking that, as I stood and watched the blue smoke curl upwards. I drew my chair in front of the fire and tried to forget the rain that was pattering on the window-panes, and the wild gusts of wind. I wondered who had been the last person to smoke that pipe, and whether it was he who had carved that name on the stem. Somehow—whether it was that I was tired, or that the tempest outside lulled me, or that the fire was warm and comfortable, I know not, but somehow the pipe seemed marvellously soothing, and I sank into a sort of reverie.

I stared into the fire, and wondered whether he had ever sat like that, thinking of Lucy.

And then a strange thing happened. Gradually the fire seemed to get dull and to be farther off than it was before, and there seemed to be a room between us. It was a good-sized room, panelled all round with light oak, and luxuriously furnished. The table, on which the candles in the sconces were flaring and guttering out, had evidently been pushed aside when dinner was over. There were bottles and glasses—champagne bottles—on the card-table in the centre of the room under the hanging lamp. Play was over now, and the cards had been flung down carelessly on the green baize. Over the whole room hung the sense of stale wine-fumes, of stale cigar-smoke, of last night's dissipation turned stale and vapid in the morning light. For one of the curtains at the window had been pulled aside; and through the sickly glow of the candles struck the clear, ashy chill of early dawn. It struck on the figure of a man sitting huddled up by the fire. He was a young man, and handsome; but his face was haggard, and his hands kept clasping and unclasping nervously as he stared gloomily before him. There was something that he held in those nervously twitching fingers, something that from time to time he knocked viciously on the fender at his feet. It was a pipe—the pipe that I had found in the old tea-caddy, but new now and hardly smoked—the bowl not yet blackened nor the amber bitten through.

Then the scene began to fade away and change. I saw a long, low room with white-washed walls and latticed windows. There was not so much furniture here, nor that so costly. The piano seemed to be the only thing in the room that was not old and plain and clumsy. And yet it was a comfortable room, a cosy room, and the fire blazed up steadily in the great open chimney, and the round-faced clock ticked sturdily on the wall. There was a young girl sitting in one of the latticed windows—a fair young girl, who gazed out thoughtfully over the snow-covered fields. From time to time her glance lifted, and rested for an instant on the narrow strip that separated the white fields from the clear blue sky—a strip of leaden-coloured sea. The sun was setting in crimson glory on the edge of the hill opposite; and its warm glow played on her fair young face and glinted off her golden hair, and quivered down her plain gray dress, as if it were loth to lose sight of her. All at once the door opened and an old man entered, shaking the snow off him as he came. Then the girl sprang up, with such a smile of welcome and tenderness on her sweet face, and helped him off with his great rough coat, and unwound the muffler that was twisted round and round his throat, and pulled one of the high-backed chairs right in front of the blazing fire, and sat him down there. And then there was such a hurrying to and from the cupboard beside the clock, and tea was made in the great red and blue china tea-pot. The cloth was laid, and they sat down to their meal, while the shadows deepened in the room, and the sky over the edge of the hill turned from crimson to primrose, and from primrose to gray, as the evening set in.

It was daylight again now, and summer-time.

I saw before me the long undulating sweep of cliff-tops, stretching far away into the haze. Here and there, on the shore below, great black reefs of rock ran out into the restless sea, jagged, threatening, impregnable, and on these the sea broke heavily. But up above, on the green cliff-tops, all was rest and peace. The driving spray gave place to the scent of wild-flowers; instead of the cruel black rocks down below, there were golden corn-fields, basking in the sun on yonder hill; the thunder of the waves was hushed to a murmur that did not drown the humming of the bees or the song of the skylark overhead. The fair young girl who had gazed out over the snow-clad fields was here, sitting on the short crisp grass at the cliff's edge; and at her feet lay the man whom I had seen crouching over the fire in the oak-panelled room. But he looked happier now, and younger. He was speaking to her, and she listened, smiling and bending over him. There was a flush on her cheek and a dancing light in her eyes that were new, but otherwise she was unchanged; and she wore the same plain gray dress that I had seen before. There was a rose nestling in the bosom of it—a common, yellow, climbing rose—and presently she took it out and held it towards him shyly, as he lay looking up at her. And he took it and put it in his coat, and said something to her; and they both laughed merrily. Then he felt in his pocket, and took out the pipe—the same pipe, but it had been smoked a good bit by this time, and was getting blackened. And he cut something on the stem of it with his knife and showed it to her. And she smiled again happily. They were very happy.

A mist seemed to fall on the cliff-tops, and I saw the long, low room again with its latticed windows. But now it looked bare and comfortless. The fire was burning low in the grate; the chairs were piled one upon another along the wall; the carpet had been taken up and rolled back into a corner; the pendulum of the great round-faced clock hung motionless. The girl was there still; but her dress was black now, and there was crape upon it. She was sitting by the table with her hands crossed in her lap—still gazing, gazing out at the hill-top opposite, over which the thick clouds hung ominously. By her side stood the young man. His face was hard and resolute, and he seemed to be arguing with some one who was standing just within the door. It was an elderly man whom I had not seen before—an elderly man with a proud face and haughty bearing. He, too, was speaking, and he seemed to be in anger, and he pointed at the girl with a scornful gesture. Twice he did this; then he shook his hand at the younger man threateningly and turned to go. The young man stepped forward and made an entreaty to him, laying his hand upon his shoulder; but the other shook off the hand angrily and passed out at the door without looking back, and was gone. Then the young man turned back to the table and stood beside the girl and spoke to her. But she had buried her face in her hands now; and she only shook her head wearily and motioned him to go. He hesitated, and spoke again, pleading with her, as it seemed. Still

there was no answer—only the same dumb entreaty to go. Then he, too, went slowly to the door and passed out, and was gone. And she sat with her head bowed, sobbing.

Once again the scene changed. As far as eye could see there stretched a great plain, covered with long coarse grass. It stretched away until it met the lurid, molten orb of the setting sun, and there it seemed bathed in blood. Here and there its surface was broken by clumps of trees, by patches of low-growing, dark-leaved scrub; then again came the long, dusty, dreary waste of grass. The sky was of a deep metallic blue, glowing and scintillating in the fiery rays of the sunset like a mass of white-hot steel. The air itself seemed to be quivering in the hush of intolerable heat. Across the plain there came a band of men, wearing white sun-helmets and the uniform of British soldiers. They marched slowly and painfully, with drooping heads and dragging feet. As they came nearer, one could see that they were travel-stained and dusty; some, too, were wounded and wore bandages. There were not many of them—perhaps twenty or thirty in all. Presently a halt was called, and the men fell out of their ranks and dispersed themselves, while the officers consulted together apart. Most of the soldiers flung themselves down on the ground where they were, laying their arms beside them and unbuckling their heavy accoutrements. Foremost among them I saw the young girl's lover, his face tanned and weather-beaten, wearing the dress of a private soldier. As he lay there, half-hidden by the rank grass, he put his hand into his knapsack and took out the briar pipe. He looked at it for some time moodily, turning it over and over in his hand, and thinking, thinking—of what?

It was getting on to evening now; and it seemed as if the sun's disc had sunk into its bath of blood, and the bath had welled over, for the whole of the western sky was crimsoned with the stain. A few light clouds were rising over the horizon. But the breathless air was still heavy with the noon-day heat; and the whole of languid Nature was hushed and still, as darkness fell upon the great plain.

All at once a jet of flame spurted out from the nearest grove of trees—a couple of hundred yards distant. A dozen jets followed it; then came the sound of the rattle of musketry. The soldiers—but not, alas! all of them—sprang to their feet and seized their rifles. Again the spurts of flame sprang out, and the sharp rattle followed them. At the same instant there came forms running from the grove—the scouts who had been sent out to reconnoitre when the party halted—and dashing after them, with lances levelled and sabres in the air, there rode a band of horsemen. They, too, were dressed as British soldiers; but their faces were dusky, and they had turned their arms against the country that had armed them and whose uniform they wore. On they came, cutting down the running forms as they ran, spearing them, trampling them under their horses' hoofs—adding death to death in sheer frenzy and lust of blood. On they came, howling, screaming, brandishing their lances, making straight for that little band of men that stood there steadily

to receive them. On they came—till their lances clashed against the steel rifle barrels, and their horses reared against the bayonet points, and the true soldiers were fighting hand to hand with the rebels. And then arose the clash and clangour of arms, and the shrill neighings of horses, and the dull groans of the wounded—while the sabres rose and fell, and the grim horsemen swept along the bayonet lines, and bloodshed and death came with every stroke. Then horses galloped off madly, riderless; the rebels for a moment recoiled and wavered; then pressed again furiously, wildly, on that unbreakable line of steel. And then all at once they fled—broke and fled in all directions, each one for himself, dashing frantically across the plain. A cheer went up from the little band of soldiers; and there arose again the crackling sound of rifle-shots, some from the British soldiers, some, as before, from the grove of trees. The shots became fewer; they ceased; the thud of the flying horses' hoofs died away in the distance. And then came silence.

It was quite dark by this time. The whole expanse of the sky was studded with stars save upon one side, where a thick bank of clouds had risen. Suddenly the moon shot up above this bank—a great, yellow, lustrous moon. Its pale light spread over the silent plain and fell on the place where the carnage had been. It fell on huddled forms in mortal agony, on corpses already stiffening, on broken lances and shattered sabres, and helmets cleft through with the sword-stroke. It fell upon an upturned face so like—so strangely, wonderfully like—that face when I had first seen it bending over the fire in the light of the gray dawn—the same wan, haggard hue, the same stern look, the same frown upon the brow; only the attitude was different. He had been the first to fall when the treacherous bullets burst from the clump of trees; and he lay there, stretched out as he had fallen, his arms extended above his head, his clenched hand still grasping the stem of the briar pipe. He lay there in the cold, white moonlight, with the silence of the grave around him, and the stiffness of Death settling on his limbs.

It was cold, cold, bitterly cold.

I woke up suddenly with a start. The wind had dropped now; but it was still raining. I could hear the rain as it splashed into the street below, or was caught from time to time by a sighing puff of wind, and driven gently against the window. It was the only sound that broke the stillness. The fire was out. It must have gone out long ago, for I was stiff and chilled to the bone. In my hand I still held the half-smoked pipe.

What was that that I had seen? Was it a mere dream, wrought by my own brain out of the wondering fancies that had haunted me ever since that first night at Laburnum Terrace? Or was it in truth something more—was it the history of something that had happened years and years ago, when the old music-teacher had lived in a distant home, when youth and hope and life and love had grown and bloomed together, and together had been

blasted by the rebel's bullet—something suggested to my sleeping senses by the subtle influence of the old pipe, last relic of those two broken lives? Who can tell? I have never smoked it since.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

At the Medical Congress which was lately held at Budapest the most remarkable contribution to the proceedings was the paper read by Dr Roux upon curing Diphtheria by a process similar to vaccination. The germ or bacillus of diphtheria was not first discovered by Dr Roux; but he showed how a certain principle could be extracted from it, and cultivated most conveniently in the serum obtained from the blood of the horse. Trials of the new cure at the Children's Hospital had at once reduced the mortality from the disease to an extraordinary extent, and popular enthusiasm has been aroused to the highest pitch. A subscription opened to provide funds to meet the expense of obtaining and distributing serum throughout the country has been readily responded to, especially since the Academy of Medicine has reported favourably on the new treatment. Diphtheria has hitherto been one of the diseases most fatal to childhood, hundreds of thousands falling victims to it every year. Dr Roux's cure is therefore to be considered as one of the greatest boons which medical science has ever presented to the world.

The whaling industry has recently been revived at Tasmania with very hopeful results. This country used to be the principal centre of the Antarctic whale-fisheries; but the scarcity of the animals—a fact which was rendered evident to the members of the Antarctic expedition which started from Dundee a couple of years back—caused it gradually to be relinquished. This enforced 'close-time' has had a favourable effect upon the whales, which have been seen two or three at a time on the Tasmanian coasts. Hence the revival here of an industry which at one time numbered fifty whaling-vessels.

'The cup which cheers' is known to cheer no longer, if the leaves from which it is made are allowed to infuse for more than a few minutes, the bitterness which arises being commonly attributed to the presence of an increased percentage of tannin. Recent experiments have shown that the real cause of this change in long-infused tea is the absorption by the water of certain injurious products which are contained in the thicker parts of the leaf, which naturally do not so readily yield to the action of the water as the thinner parts. By the employment of suitable machinery, Messrs Burroughs & Wellcome of London claim to have succeeded in eliminating this mischievous part of the leaf; but in doing so, the bulk of the tea is reduced to an almost impalpable powder. To render it once more fit for use, it is placed under pressure in another machine, and is then presented in the form of tablets. Two or three of these placed in a breakfast cup with boiling water added, make a cup of tea which

is not to be despised, even by a doctor. The system will be especially valued by invalids and by travellers on the Continent, where a good cup of tea is a thing almost unknown.

An aluminium torpedo-boat, built by Messrs Yarrow for the French Government, was lately put to a successful trial—successful, that is to say, so far as speed is concerned. The substitution of aluminium for steel results in a total saving of weight of about twenty per cent., and although this is an advantage in a boat destined to be carried on the deck of a war-ship, the benefit gained is, we think, more than counterbalanced by the vulnerability of the aluminium, which can very easily be pierced by a rifle bullet. This means that a skillfully handled machine gun would speedily convert such a vessel into a sieve.

An American medical journal, in writing of the evil effects produced upon certain constitutions by excessive coffee-drinking, relates a strange story, which is credited to the late Professor Charcot. The eminent French doctor was at one time in attendance upon a family the members of which all appeared to suffer from uncontrollable mental irritation upon the least provocation. The father gave way to furious outbursts of temper, the mother was hysterical, and the six children more or less took after their parents. Even the servants seemed affected with the malady, which it need hardly be said did not conduce to domestic harmony. Upon investigation, it transpired that the father was a manufacturer and dealer in coffee, and that the operations of grinding and roasting the berry were carried on in the lower part of the premises. Furniture, clothing, and everything else was reeking with the smell of coffee, and this was the sole source of the family trouble. A change of residence soon effected a cure, and the household became a model of domestic peace.

The remarks attributed to Mr M. P. Wood, who recently read a paper before the American Society of Mechanical Engineers upon Paint as a Preservative, will be valued by all interested in building construction and ironwork. He tells us that all iron and steel destined for structural uses should be pickled and cleansed from mill-scale. If it then be painted with two coats of raw linseed oil combined with red lead, it will withstand the weather for fifty years without further treatment. He also says that a most effective paint for metallic surfaces, as well as those of wood, can be made by mixing graphite with pure boiled linseed oil, to which has been added at the time of boiling a small percentage of red lead. Some recent experiments in the application of this paint to boiler tubes show that it is effective in preventing the formation of scale.

A new kind of wood-paving, known as the Duffy Patent System, has been adopted on the broad roadway of the Tower Bridge, London. The blocks, which are of the size of ordinary building bricks, are made of Australian eucalyptus, a dark mahogany-coloured wood, which is heavy and durable, but very expensive. These blocks are fastened together with pegs, which fit into holes on the adjoining blocks, and special machinery has had to be employed in the work.

The top of each block has bevelled edges, which thus afford a foothold for the horses, and provide channels for carrying off surface-water. Wood is replacing Macadam in many of the London streets; but under certain conditions of moisture, it becomes dangerously slippery for the pedestrian.

In his recent Presidential address to the Royal Photographic Society, Sir Henry Trueman-Wood summed up very concisely the various services which photography had rendered to science. First comes its marvellous association with the telescope and the spectroscope, which has placed modern astronomy upon quite a new basis. Next, its work as a recorder of scientific observations. Then we learn that the meteorologist has by the aid of photography been enabled to study the form and nature of clouds, and the shape and character of the lightning flash. The zoologist has been enabled to trace the real character of animal motion. The microscopist has for a long time relied upon the camera as the only accurate means of reproducing the forms of organisms too small for the unaided eye to see; while the physicist has by photographic methods been enabled to investigate phenomena in which changes occur too rapidly for the eye to detect. Photography is also extensively used in anthropology, geology, geography, and archaeology; and it has other applications which are comprised in the remark, that 'whenever the observer of natural phenomena requires to make an accurate record of his observations, photography supplies the means.'

Beyond its scientific applications, photography is continually appearing in new and startling modifications. One of these is seen in the method of portraiture known as a multiphotograph. In this case, five portraits of a sitter are taken at one operation, each portrait having apparently a different pose. The method by which this is brought about is simple in the extreme. The sitter turns his back to the camera, and faces a couple of mirrors, which form a V. The resulting photograph shows five figures which are apparently facing one another, and engaged in an amicable chat. By altering the angle at which the mirrors are placed, the number of reflections can be varied. It is obvious that in intelligent hands some remarkable effects can be produced by this simple arrangement.

From the earliest times, the Black Forest has been famous for its home industries, the isolated position of the inhabitants before the time of roads and railways compelling them to find occupation for their hands. In this way the clock-making industry commenced, and flourished until about twenty-five years ago, when America stepped in with machine-made goods, against which competition was futile. The Duke of Baden then took the matter up, and determined to re-establish the old clock-industry on a scientific basis; and in 1877 a Clock School was opened, wood-carving introduced, and a new era of prosperity for the workers commenced. The School has now grown to the dimensions of a Technical Institute, where everything relating not only to wood-carving and clockmaking is taught, but where the construction of electric apparatus, such as

telephones and microphones, is undertaken. The course of instruction covers three years, and is divided into three branches—the preparatory branch, the clockmaking branch, and the advanced or supplementary course.

Some curious and interesting researches into the behaviour of phosphorescent bodies when exposed to intense cold are being conducted by M. Raoul Pictet, whose name will be remembered as one of the first experimenters who succeeded in liquefying the gases which up to that time had been called 'permanent.' He has found that such bodies as the sulphide of calcium, barium, &c., which form the basis of the preparation known as luminous paint, lose their power at low temperatures. The method he employs is to put the substance experimented with in the form of fine powder in a glass tube, which, after being exposed to sunlight, is carried into a dark room and placed in a freezing mixture. All signs of phosphorescence disappear, the glow being seen to fade away as the tube is lowered into the cold liquid. M. Pictet has also exposed similar tubes when chilled to the rays of burning magnesium without producing any effect—but phosphorescence appears when the tube is heated once more to the normal temperature.

The question having been raised whether Maxim's Flying Machine, supposing its propelling mechanism to break down, would fall to the earth edgewise, after the manner of a boy's kite, the inventor has explained that it certainly would not do so. Kites, he tells us, as commonly made by boys both in Britain and in the United States, are very crude in construction; they have to be provided with a tail, and will often pitch headlong to the ground with very great force. In China, where men and not boys treat kite-flying as quite a serious pastime, the kites are so perfectly adjusted that they do not require a tail, and they never fall to the ground edgewise. The famous Flying Machine is somewhat like a kite, and is made on the Chinese model. If by a mishap the machinery came to a standstill, it would come down to earth, as it were, on an inclined plane, while the vertical velocity would not be great enough to damage either the machine or its occupants.

The French Consul at Montgze, in Upper Tonquin, tells of a very curious mining industry which is carried on there, which represents a source of great wealth. This is comprised in certain mines, where are found buried the trunks of enormous pine-trees which have been swallowed up in some long-forgotten convulsion of nature. Many of these trunks are a yard in diameter, and the wood they furnish is of an imperishable nature. For this reason, the Chinese value it for making coffins, the sanitary advantages of earth-to-earth burial not yet having reached that part of the world.

'Notes on the History of the Breech-loading Gun,' is the title of an interesting article which recently appeared in the *Scientific American*. A gun made at Ghent in 1404 actually shows a detachable breech-piece which is screwed home in very much the same way adopted in modern systems of ordnance. Even the quick-

firing guns of to-day were foreshadowed nearly two hundred years ago, one, for instance, for which a patent was granted to James Puckle, claims in his specification a 'sett of chambers redly charged to be slip'd on when the first sett are pull'd off to be recharged.'

The latest form of life-saving apparatus for use at sea is known as the 'Barricade Life-buoy.' This comprises a cage and a buoy combined, so that a 'man overboard,' if he manages to clutch it, may get inside and remain protected from sharks prowling around.

Another life-saving device which to us seems far more feasible is for employment by a stranded or storm-beaten vessel from which it is desired to carry a line to the shore. The line is fastened to a hollow ball made of rubber or sheet-metal, which is thrown overboard and carried by the wind to the beach, its construction enabling it to withstand any knocking about it may receive among the breakers. In a recent test, a communicating-line was by this means carried ashore very rapidly in a high wind.

A novel kind of theatre is said to be in course of construction at Buenos Ayres. It is designed to hold five thousand persons, and its approaches are so arranged that carriages can set down their passengers at the level of the grand tier as well as on the ground floor. At short notice the pit and stalls can be converted into a circus or racing track; or, if desired, a miniature lake can be provided in this space for swimming or other aquatic entertainments. The modern term, 'Palace of Varieties,' would seem to be very appropriate to this new building.

Along with the publication of an authorised biography of Mr Edison, comes the news of another of his inventions, the Kinetoscope, which has been exhibited in London. By means of this apparatus, photographic pictures can be passed before the eyes so rapidly that every movement of the body is shown, and the picture has the appearance of reality. Mr Edison hopes, by means of a phonograph, to still further perfect the illusion, as, for example, when a picture of Niagara Falls is given, the noise of the waters may be conveyed by phonograph; and in the same way the gestures and intonation of some of our notable public speakers may thus be given. Some of the most effective pictures which have been shown are a skirt-dancer, a tap-room brawl, a cock-fight, a gymnast, and a smith at work in his smithy. The pictures are taken upon films of celluloid, and they are joined into bands wound round a roller, and revolve by means of electrical energy so fast that upwards of two thousand pictures revolve every minute. The instruments on exhibition were for sale at seventy pounds apiece.

Periodically we hear of remedies for agricultural depression: those of the National Agricultural Union of 30 Fleet Street, E.C., have the merit of being practical. It is sought to secure the establishment of a 'produce post,' which would bring the small grower of fruit, vegetables, poultry, eggs, &c., into direct relation with the consumer, and foster similar combinations among British farmers to those which have enabled foreigners to supersede us in our own markets by supplying an article of uniform

appearance and quality. Then there is an experimental farm, devoted to raising crops not usually grown in this country. The experiment in the growth of sugar-beet, for example, proves that a higher percentage of saccharine matter can be produced here than the average obtained in Germany, where the industry is followed on an enormous scale.

In this connection there is a scheme afoot for bringing small farmers into touch with the owners of land at the Cape, which at present lies fallow for lack of allotment. It has the countenance of the Honourable A. Wilnot, author of 'The Story of the Expansion of South Africa.' The scheme is only for people with capital, however, and it is believed that many small irrigation farms might be started near railways, which might now be had cheaply. Railways and telegraphs are being rapidly pushed towards the equator; the new line through British Bechuanaland will ultimately connect Cape Town with Victoria and Salisbury in 'Rhodesia,' as the territory of Zambesia is sometimes called. This line is now open as far as Mafeking on the Molope River, six miles from the Transvaal border.

Nature describes a milk-jug sent to it by Mr J. Lawrence, which, it may be hoped, will prove a terror to evildoers, and for praise to them that do well. It is a graduated glass pint measure, with three lines etched on it showing how thick the cream will be in milk of average quality, of good quality, and of very good quality, after it has stood in the jug a sufficient time. Judicious inference will enable the purchaser of milk that is of none of these three qualities to estimate how far it falls short of the average.

ADRIFT.

WHY dost thou let thy life drift o'er the sea
As some frail bark to certain wreck and loss?
While thou, pale passenger, upon thy course
Watchest the wrathful tempest fall on thee,
And seest the swelling surges, in wild glee,
Sweep o'er the maddened main, and, mounting, force
The foam into thy rending shrouds, that toss
Their shreds before thine eyes in mockery.
O troubled soul, thou mightest sit and sing
In spite of storm and wind—thou mightest feel
No single touch of fear, nor need to cling
To mast or cordage—happy smiles might steal
About thy lips, so sure wert thou to bring
Thy ship to port, if God were at the wheel!

KATE MELLERSH.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed to the 'Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2d. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3d. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 570.—VOL. XI.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1894.

PRICE 1½d.

THE WELSH IN PATAGONIA.

A SUPERFICIAL glance at the map of South America would lead one to suppose that its extreme peninsular region, forming the country of Patagonia, might be as favourable a field for European colonisation as New Zealand, for it is almost as much a sea-girt territory, and a great portion of it lies between precisely the same parallels of latitude. The great range of the Andes, by which it is traversed, has, however, an unfavourable effect on its climate. Those mountains so intercept the moist clouds which come from the Pacific, that on the western side, where stretches the narrow strip subject to Chili, incessant rains prevail; while the broader eastern belt, over which the Argentine Republic exercises dominion, is subject to the opposite extreme of nearly continuous drought. The island of Chiloe and other portions of Western Patagonia have been long colonised; and the Spanish settlers, although not very prosperous, manage to grow corn, potatoes, and apples there in spite of their superabundant rains. In the dry eastern region, colonisation has been attempted several times, but has not had very encouraging results. Antonio Viedma, under a Commission of the governor of Buenos Ayres, founded a settlement at St Julian, latitude forty-nine degrees S., in 1780; but this was abandoned four years afterwards, chiefly on account of the sterility of the soil. The Spaniards subsequently formed a colony at Port Desire, which, after struggling on for a while under various misfortunes, was finally abandoned in 1807. Recent voyagers have found the remains of a fort and some houses still standing there, as well as some apple and cherry trees, for which the climate appears to be suitable.

About thirty years ago, the design of colonising Patagonia began to be seriously entertained by a number of enthusiastic adventurers in North Wales. If their object had been simply to better their material condition, as is the case with most emigrants, they would not have directed their eyes to such a quarter, but would have preferred

going to the United States, or some prosperous British colony where many of their countrymen had already settled, and would be ready to welcome and assist them. Their aim, however, was to escape entirely from contact with Anglo-Saxons, and establish in some part of the world a purely Welsh settlement, which should lead to the preservation of their language and the reconstruction of their ancient nationality. They also wished to be utterly out of the way of all traffic in alcohol. And they knew of no unoccupied temperate region which seemed on the whole so well suited for their ambitious undertaking as Patagonia, a region more than one-half larger than France, but as yet only tenanted by a few Indian tribes. The Argentine Republic certainly claimed sovereignty over the territory, and any settlers going there must have its permission, and be subject to the Government of Buenos Ayres; but they could still have practical autonomy, or perhaps enter the Argentine Confederation as a separate Welsh State; and they looked forward confidently to the time when they should so increase in strength as to be able, if needful, to assert their nearly complete independence.

The first body of Welsh settlers, having purchased a small schooner and stored it with provisions, sailed for Patagonia in 1865. They arrived safely at a good harbour which they called Port Madryn, on Nuevo Bay or New Bay, where, however, there is no fresh water procurable. Thence they went southward forty-seven miles to the Chubut or Chupat River, which is about half-way between Buenos Ayres (whence it is 630 miles SW.) and the Strait of Magellan, in about the same latitude as the Canterbury province of New Zealand; and some six miles from the mouth of that river selected a suitable place for settlement. A few rude huts were built; and in the following year an attempt was made to cultivate the land to a certain extent and grow corn. The colonists were mostly miners, unaccustomed to agricultural pursuits, and as they had no previous experience of a dry climate,

their first crops proved a complete failure. Other troubles and losses came to damp their enthusiasm: the only cow which they possessed got into the river, and was drowned; their schooner, which had been despatched to procure a fresh stock of provisions, was wrecked on a bar at the mouth of the river, and it took three or four months' labour by the bulk of the settlers to get her repaired and fitted for sea.

Many pioneer colonists in America have experienced for a while very great trouble from the savage natives in their vicinity; but the settlers on the Chubut were in this respect much more fortunate. In the month of August 1866 they were visited by two large Indian tribes, with whom they wisely did their best to cultivate amicable relations. These Tehuelche Indians reciprocated their friendly advances, and taught them how to manage horses and hunt with the lasso guanacoos and other large game which the country supplied. This instruction soon proved invaluable to them; indeed, had it not been for the timely lessons received from their savage neighbours, the new-comers would have had no means of obtaining a subsistence when their stores were exhausted, and in all probability would have perished of starvation.

In November of the same year, the wrecked schooner, by this time repaired, made a trip to the nearest settlement, about two hundred miles to the north, for provisions, having on board three discontented families, numbering eight persons, who had resolved to abandon the colony. As the second crop of wheat proved a failure from want of rain, in February 1867 a deputation of colonists went in their schooner to Buenos Ayres, and besought the Government to remove them to a more favourable part of the Argentine dominion. The Government, from information received, believed that a satisfactory trial had not been made, and persuaded them to go on for another year with the assistance which was offered in the way of seed-corn and provisions. They consented to this; but before the news of the arrangement which had been made could reach the settlement, the colonists there had abandoned the place and conveyed their goods overland to New Gulf, ready to embark for another locality. All their pigs and the greater portion of their cattle and poultry had been killed, and they were huddled together in camp, eagerly awaiting the schooner's return to convey them away. When it did arrive, the deputies on board were incensed to hear of the precipitate action of the colonists, and there was much wrangling between the parties as to the course which should now be taken; but at length the whole body returned to the deserted settlement. They had to start there afresh under great disadvantages, as the season for ploughing was past and they had little seed-corn; but what they did sow on this occasion grew well and yielded a satisfactory result.

While this crop was growing, and before the promised supplies arrived from Buenos Ayres, the colonists experienced very great privations; and if some of the more active had not learnt to procure food by hunting, they would have been in a condition of actual famine. The expected Government relief at length reached them in November 1867, and the vessel which bore it brought also large presents of clothing and food

for the neighbouring Indians. The colonists were now in better spirits, especially as their wheat promised a good return; and they told the Government that if they could only have a good supply of seed-corn and some cattle and provisions to maintain them for another year, they felt confident of ultimate success. Their representations were liberally responded to: there was sent them from Buenos Ayres a large quantity of wheat and barley and one hundred and fifty milch cows. The vessel, however, did not reach them till May 1868. Their own schooner had early in the year gone to Patagones (near the mouth of the Rio Negro) for a temporary supply of provisions, and left there on the 26th of February, on her return voyage. She was not very seaworthy, and probably soon went down, being never heard of afterwards. Thus the colony lost at once the vessel on which it so much depended, a valuable cargo, and six of its most useful settlers.

The welcome arrival of the corn and cattle from Buenos Ayres helped to raise the spirits of the people, when they were terribly depressed by this calamity. As they now realised the necessity of irrigation, the seed supplied them was mostly sown on land close to the river; and though hurriedly and slovenly put into the ground, it produced, through having sufficient moisture, an abundant crop. Their prospects now looked somewhat more encouraging; but while their corn was being harvested and the cows were about to calve, there came a heavy rain, most unusual in this dry climate, followed by a disastrous flood, which inundated the whole valley, carrying all before it. The greater part of their wheat was either lost or damaged; many houses were beaten down, and about sixty cows in escaping from the flood strayed away to the hills and were never recovered.

In the meantime, representations were made to the authorities at Buenos Ayres as to the insufficient means of communication with the colony, owing to the loss of the schooner. The Government generously advanced half the money required to purchase another small coasting vessel of forty-five tons, and despatched it from the city with a further supply of provisions. After reaching the settlement, it went on a second trip to Patagones for a cargo of mares, heifers, and a flour-mill; but on returning, got aground, like its predecessor, on the fatal bar at the mouth of the river. With some difficulty it was got off and unladen, and roughly repaired, so as to be able to make a voyage from the settlement to Buenos Ayres with a first consignment of dairy produce, which, from its excellent quality, obtained a ready sale there. But the vessel was now in such an unseaworthy condition that it had also to be sold for less than half its original cost; so that the colony was left for a second time without any means of communication with outside civilisation.

A commercial company was soon after formed in Wales—The Welsh Colonising and Trading Company, Limited—which bought another vessel for the special purpose of trading to Patagonia. In 1869, Mr Lewis Jones, a leading man among the Chubut settlers, proceeded by way of Buenos Ayres to Wales, in order to make some arrangements with this company. After most tiresome delays, towards the end of May in the following

year he returned to the settlement in the Company's brigantine, accompanied by eleven new Welsh colonists. About a month after his arrival the settlements were visited by a large number of Indians, with whom a considerable amount of barter was transacted. But the bread and flour so disposed of, the colonists soon greatly needed themselves, for a larger quantity of wheat than usual had been sown; and two months before harvest, there was a great scarcity. The more active of the settlers were compelled to fall back on hunting again, to make up the deficiency in their food supply. Moreover, the harvest, on which they had formed great expectations, proved a very poor one, in consequence of severe drought.

During the first three years of the colony, the entire population, with the view to security against any aggression on the part of the natives, was congregated in a collection of small huts, forming one village. But when their apprehensions on this score were allayed, the families began to disperse, in order to follow more advantageously their agricultural and pastoral pursuits. The land was divided into farms of convenient size, on which 'adobe' cottages were erected; and these rude structures of sun-dried brick have since been superseded to a great extent by more substantial houses of burnt brick.

Commander R. P. Dennistoun, of Her Majesty's ship 'Cracker,' visited the Chubut colony in April 1871. Writing to the *Times* during that year a brief account of his visit, he says: 'I anchored in Egano Bay on the 4th of April, and immediately proceeded by one of the ship's boats about six miles up the river to the village of Trerawson, now nearly deserted, as most of the colonists reside on their own farms, some of which are ten miles higher up the river. I found the colonists in excellent health and spirits; their cheerfulness is to be wondered at, considering how little communication they have had with the outer world. For the last two years they have been suffering much from drought, which has caused the failure, more or less, of their wheat-crop. As they had only grain enough to last about two months, I distributed among them seventeen hundred and twenty-four pounds of biscuit, flour, oatmeal, and preserved potatoes. They have been without any groceries for ten months, living chiefly on bread, butter, milk, and what guanaco and ostrich meat they could get by hunting. At present, there are few cattle and only seven sheep in the colony; but Mr Lewis Jones intends importing flocks, also potatoes for planting. There is much wanted a store for all sorts of necessaries, especially clothing, as the colonists are getting very ragged, and have no means of reclothing. I found only one blacksmith, who was almost without coal, and unable to repair agricultural implements which would shortly be required. Five bags of our coal were left for the colony. I visited nearly all the inhabitants, and only heard of one complaint—want of communication, and its accompanying hardships. Not one expressed a wish to leave the colony, and all were sanguine of ultimate success.'

In 1877, a traveller, Mr Julius Beerbohm, reported that fifteen thousand bushels of wheat had been harvested; and the population of the settlement numbered about seven hundred souls. This number had increased to two thousand

two hundred in 1888. The colony was described by W. Lambert in his 'Voyage of the Yacht *Wanderer*' in 1880, and by Captain Dewar in his 'Voyage of the *Nyanza*' in 1887. Captain Dewar travelled from Port Madryn, over the short railway of forty-seven miles, which extends from this place to Trelew; but the untidy appearance of the farms and the poor nature of the soil was rather a disappointment to him.

Since his visit, considerable progress has been made. The railway, then unfinished, was opened in 1888, and now conveys (though at very high rates) the surplus wheat of the colonists and their other goods to Port Madryn. The colonists have, at their own expense, built three bridges over the river. Of even greater importance is the carrying out of extensive irrigation works; nearly 250 miles of canal have been made at a cost of £40,000 sterling, defrayed entirely by the colonists. Contrary to what was originally believed, the soil, when irrigated, is extremely fertile, so that 40 bushels of wheat per acre have in some places been produced. The wheat-crop has reached 8000 tons in a year, and represents 80 per cent. of the total produce. The rainfall at Chubut does not exceed six inches in some years; but as in the season when the Andine snows are melting, the river is very full, the value of the two barrages and other irrigation works will easily be perceived.

The chief town of the colony, Rawson or Trerawson, is a little above Trelew, and is named after Dr Rawson, President of the Republic in the early days of the settlement. Here the Argentine governor of the Chubut Territory and other Argentine officials reside; and as, from a Government Report of 1894, we learn that, besides the nine Welsh Nonconformist Protestant churches, there are two Roman Catholic ones, it is obvious that the original idea of the colonists of the Newer South Wales—complete seclusion from alien influences—is not being realised. It further appears that near the old Welsh colony no more land can be obtained, all that is unoccupied having been taken up by Argentine officials and their friends.

Hence the Welsh colonists have been industriously prospecting beyond the bounds of their happy valley, the lower part of the actual valley of the Chubut River. But the name of Chubut Territory belongs to one of the great divisions of the Argentine Republic, containing 90,000 square miles, and contains all the land between the Andes and the sea, from 42° to 46° S., though it derives all its importance from the Welsh colony. A friendly authority describes the territory, except in the valley of the Chubut and on the lower slopes of the Andes, as 'a howling wilderness, void of pasture or fresh water, and covered with pebbles,' where only guanacos can thrive.

Since 1891, the Government has recognised a new Welsh colony on the upper Chubut, 125 miles west of Rawson. And farther west, on the banks of the Corcovado, in the fertile Andine region, and 350 miles west of Rawson, another Welsh settlement has been founded, called 'Sixteenth of October,' and described as admirably suited for cattle-rearing. But the

newest intelligence affecting the Welsh colonies and the Chubut Territory is that in the Andine section gold has been found in promising quantities. A special Commission sent from London has pronounced some portions to be of extraordinary mineral wealth. And in autumn of this year, the *Buenos Ayres Standard* spoke anticipatively of the region as 'the future California of South America.'

Till of late, Welshmen clung to the tradition that the Welsh Prince Madoc discovered America three hundred years before Columbus, and having come to Wales to report his discovery, returned to the New World, where he and his followers disappeared for ever. Not so the Pilgrim Fathers of Chubut. From what they have endured and attempted and achieved, it seems clear that the men who followed Mr Lewis Jones into the Patagonian wilderness are of the stamp required for founding new communities and carrying their enterprises to a successful and enduring issue. And 'Gallant little Wales' may look with hope and pride on the progress of her plucky daughter settlements in Southern Argentina.

THE LAWYER'S SECRET.*

By JOHN K. LEYS, Author of *The Lindsays*, &c.

CHAPTER XXVI.—THE CONFIDENTIAL AGENT.

At the moment when Terence O'Neil was with difficulty extracting from Ducrot a hint which would set him on the right track, Matthew Fane was cowering over a handful of fire in a garret in Camden Town. Matthew had greatly changed within the last two years. He was no longer sharp, active, and ready to turn every circumstance to account in the battle of life. He looked thin, pale, and worn. His clothes hung on him as on a wirework frame. His face was unshorn, his eyes red and watery; his hands trembled, partly from cold, partly from sheer nervelessness. Things had been going badly with both uncle and nephew for some time. They had of course lost their situations at Mr Felix's death, and neither of them had succeeded in finding a new one. Matthew, indeed, hardly expected, at his age, to be successful in his quest. His ready-money was all but gone; and he had another source of trouble, of which he hardly dared to speak, even to his nephew, but which made him break out every now and then in lamentations and maudlin tears.

At the window, a short pipe in his mouth and an extremely dirty novel in his hands, sat Dan O'Leary. He, too, was changed, and not for the better.

'Dan!' called out the old man from the fireplace.

Dan was interested in his story, and paid no attention.

'Danny, I say! We can't go on like this much longer, Danny. I haven't the money. And we won't get more for—ever so long. And another thing—I can't let that poor young gentleman go to prison for what I did, innocent as I may have been.'

'Oh, you're at the same old toon, are you? Same old hurdy-gurdy.—Well, go and give yourself up, then—say as you did it, though you hadn't no intention of taking the man's life.'

'But they'd send me to penal servitood, Danny, same as they'll send 'im! I couldn't stand it. I'd rather die. You wouldn't have your poor old uncle a convict, Dan?'

'You're enough to drive a man wild! Have I done anything to make a convict of you? You've done it yourself, whatever it is; and now you blame me!'

'No; but you said—I should give—myself—up to the police. It was very unkind of you, Dan.'

'Well; don't, then.'

'But I can't let Mr Thesiger go to penal servitood; now, can I?'

'I should say it's the act of a cur, that's what I call it. If I were in your place, I'd tell the truth, come what might.'

'You seem not to care what happens to me!' whimpered the old man.

O'Leary was exasperated past endurance.

'Look here, uncle,' he said; 'it's a fine day. Hadn't you better take a turn in the park?'

'The park' was a disused graveyard which some public-minded persons had turned into a grimy sort of garden.

'Yes, Danny,' answered the old man, rising with some difficulty to his feet.—'Do you think,' he added timidly, 'we could get as far as Alton Street to-day? We want some money now, badly.'

'I ain't goin' to Halton Street to-day, an' no more are you,' said the young man sulkily. 'I'll wait till my gentleman gets better, and then I'll have it out with him for good. Wot a nice sort of a muff you were, to be sure, to give up the will before you got the dibs.'

'He did give me ten pounds, Dan; and I'm to have a hundred when he comes into the property.'

'Ten quid! Wot's that?' cried O'Leary with much scorn. 'It should have been a hundred now, and a thousand—ah! or two thousand when the thing worked round to him.—But you were always a duffer.'

'You are most unreasonable, Dan, and most unkind to me,' whimpered Matthew.

'There, there, old man,' cried Dan impatiently, clapping his uncle's old tall hat on his head and helping him into his overcoat—'take a short turn in the park; the air will do you good. If you're not back in an hour, I'll come to the "Blue Lion" for you.'

Having thus got rid of his uncle, Dan relit his pipe, and settled down to the enjoyment of his novel. He was not, however, left long in peace. A knock came to the door; and when O'Leary shouted (with an oath) 'Come in!' Terence O'Neil and his friend Rawson walked into the room. They had procured Fane's address from the Crown authorities, who, it will be remembered, had called him as a witness at the trial.

'Does Matthew Fane live here?' asked Terence.

'He does—and he doesn't,' answered the young man slowly, taking his pipe from his

* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

mouth. 'He was here up to two days ago; and he may come back again, but I can't tell.'

'Where has he gone?'

'Won't you sit down, sir?'

'It's hardly worth while, thank you. All we want to know is Matthew Fane's address.'

'But that's just what I don't know, sir,' answered Dan with a ready smile. 'He said he was going to Manchester, to stay with a married daughter—Harvey, I think he said her husband's name was, or Hardy, or some name like that; and he said that if he found anything to do in Manchester, he would not come back.'

'How very annoying! You don't even know the street this man Harvey, or Hardy, lives in?'

Dan shook his head with an air of regret. 'Sorry I do not, sir,' he said; 'but I think I should know it if I heard it.'

As this condition did not seem likely to be fulfilled, there appeared to be no possibility of tracing Mr Fane.

'If you like to leave your address, sir,' added O'Leary, 'I'll let you know if he does come back, or if I should hear from him.'

The offer was gratefully accepted; and Dan's visitors departed.

'I suppose you know that young man was lying?' said Rawson to his friend on the way down-stairs.

'No!' answered Terence, with some surprise. 'He impressed me favourably, though a vulgar young cub enough.'

'A most accomplished liar, I consider him; but don't let me prejudice you against him.'

'What are we to do?' asked O'Neil. 'Do you think Fane is in London? If he is, how can we find him?'

'I am almost sure he is in London.—Don't look round. That young gentleman is undoubtedly watching us.—As to what we had better do—come with me.'

He walked rapidly away, O'Neil following, and then turning a corner, made a circuit round a block of houses, eventually taking up his stand at the end of a narrow lane which opened into the street they had just left, and commanded a view of the door of Matthew Fane's lodgings.

'If I am not much mistaken,' said Rawson, with a smile on his face, 'that polished young man will leave the house in three minutes, and lead us straight to the man you wish to see.—There! Wasn't I right?' he exclaimed gleefully, as he noticed O'Leary's red head dart out of the doorway and turn rapidly this way and that. Finally, the young man went up the street, away from O'Neil and Rawson, who immediately followed him. He went on through several streets, and finally entered a public-house. O'Neil and Rawson followed close on his heels, and found him sitting in a small room with a glass of spirits and water before him—alone.

The fact was, that the two friends had come imprudently near their quarry, just before the 'Blue Lion' was reached; and Dan, who had not up to that moment suspected that he was being followed, had caught sight of their figures reflected in a shop-window.

'Well, gentlemen,' said O'Leary, with an im-

pudent leer, as the two young men walked into the room, 'you seem to have followed me pretty closely.'

'Yes, we have,' said Rawson coolly. 'You see, we didn't quite believe that Manchester story.'

'And you wanted to talk it over again, eh?' asked Dan with a grin.

'We want you to tell us frankly where we can find Matthew Fane.'

'And would it be considered too forward of me to ask why?'

'Not at all,' broke in O'Neil. 'I can't blame you for shielding your friend; but it is really impossible for him to escape arrest.'

'What! Arrest? What for?' cried O'Leary.

'You know as well as we do. But my belief is that if your friend— Is he a relation of yours, by the way?'

'My uncle.'

'If your uncle would confess that he took the will, as we know he did, he could not be punished for it. Mr Felix was concealing the will fraudulently. Mr Boldon had a right to have it produced; and he, no doubt, authorised your uncle to take it. It does not follow that because he took the will, therefore he administered the drug to Mr Felix. It would be enough to clear Mr Thesiger, if your uncle would only admit that he took the will, and give himself up for that.'

Dan O'Leary broke into a horse-laugh.

'If he has the heart of a man,' cried Terence, paying no heed to the youth's merriment, 'he will do what is necessary to prevent an innocent man from suffering penal servitude for what he himself did.'

It struck Dan that this was exactly what he himself had told his uncle not two hours before, and his loud laugh died away. For a while he sat silent.

'I'll put it to him; I can't say more than that,' he said at length, slowly turning his glass round and round.

'That's right; that's all we want,' said Terence, rising and holding out his hand. Dan looked surprised, and took the offered hand in silence.

'I may depend on you to do what you can, then?' said O'Neil. 'I'll come and see you to-morrow; and if your uncle does his duty, we will provide the best legal assistance, and—in short, do our best for him all round.'

To this speech Dan made no answer except by a nod. O'Neil and Rawson left him; and he remained some time by himself before he left the tavern. When he did so, he walked slowly to the 'Blue Lion.' He was convinced that it was true that, without money or friends—Mr Boldon being for the time unable to help him—it would be impossible for his uncle to avoid arrest. And he was strongly inclined to think that the old man's best policy was to tell the whole truth.

On entering the 'Blue Lion,' Dan found his uncle drinking at the bar with a young man who looked like a servant out of place. A glance told O'Leary that his senior was in no condition to listen to advice or form a judgment that afternoon.

The old man was talking to Fulton, Lady

Boldon's footman, whom he had first seen on the occasion when he went to Roby to seal up Sir Richard's depositories, the day after his death. They were talking of the case of the stolen will.

'Yes, you were going to say something about the will,' said Fulton.

'Not to-night, uncle; better see this gentleman to-morrow,' said Dan.—'A mistake to talk about things in a public-house,' he added, by way of conciliating Fulton.

The ex-footman nodded acquiescence, and slowly lifted his glass to his lips, staring hard at Dan as he did so.

'You can come round and see Mr Fulton to-morrow,' said Dan again. 'Come home now.'

Matthew rose to his feet, and shook his new acquaintance effusively by the hand.

'Give Mr Fulton our address, Danny,' said Matthew—'the address of our humble abode. Pr'aps 'e'll come an' see us to-morrow or some day.—Good-day!'

At the door of the tavern, Dan glanced back, and saw his uncle's new-found friend gazing after them with a look of deep interest. Dan was at once puzzled by this look, and alarmed.

For a great part of that night Dan lay awake, pondering.

EXPLOSIVE DUST.

THE subject of Coal-dust Explosions in mines attracted much attention at the recent meeting of the British Association. The disaster not long ago at the Albion Colliery, Glamorganshire, perhaps lent an additional interest of a gruesome kind to the proceedings. Merely to glance over the statistics of the last few years makes us feel that something should be done, and that quickly, to prevent as far as possible these terrible occurrences; for, during the last twenty years, no fewer than four thousand and ninety-eight lives have been lost through colliery explosions. We must have coal; and if these accidents were unavoidable, we should simply grieve over the sad fate of the workers; but the greater number, if not the whole, of these catastrophes are entirely preventable. Formerly, it was thought that fire-damp—an inflammable gas given off by the coal—was the cause of the explosions; but now, experts are agreed that coal-dust is responsible for almost all of them. The fire-damp may perhaps start the explosion, but it is the dust that really does the damage.

To gain a clear idea of the terribly inflammable nature of coal-dust, it must be remembered that coal is composed of the compressed and more or less carbonised remains of highly resinous trees. The forests were made up, in fact, of gigantic mosses resembling the dwarf plants that furnish the well-known lycopodium powder, used a short time since for flash signalling and producing mimic lightning in theatres. Pine forests grew on the margin of the coal-beds, but the major portion of the coal is really nothing but the carbonised result of these tree-mosses. The better the quality of the coal, the more dust does it contain. It is of the finest possible consistency, and settles on the

floors of the workings, on the timbers that support the roof, everywhere, in fact, ready to be dislodged by the first current of air. Unfortunately, the coals which are richest in dust are also very gassy coals, and the mines require to be unusually well ventilated to prevent fire-damp collecting. The strong draught of air forced through the workings keeps the dust constantly on the move, and ready to explode at the first opportunity.

Presently, that opportunity comes. A blasting-shot is fired to detach a mass of coal for convenience of working. The flame catches the dust. A fierce explosion travels like a legion of fiends through the mine, gathering force and volume as it goes. The timbers are thrown down; masses of rock and débris fall from the roof, obstructing the passages; the ventilating gear is wrecked; and perhaps three hundred men are scorched or suffocated to death.

Mr Henry Hall, one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Mines, made a large number of experiments on the explosion of coal-dust a short time ago. They were carried out in a disused mining shaft, placed at his disposal by the proprietors of the White Moss Colliery, Skelmersdale. The shaft was one hundred and fifty feet deep, and seven feet in diameter, struts of timber being fixed across it at short intervals. Samples of dust, collected with great care, sent from different collieries, were employed in the experiments. The sheets of flame and murky clouds of rolling dust shooting from the shaft must have provided a fine spectacle for the onlookers. Excellent photographs of the most important explosions were obtained, and enable us to form some idea of the results of the experiments, which were conducted in the following manner: Two hundredweight of the dust was emptied down the shaft, and then a charge of a pound and a half of gunpowder, or half a pound of roborite, was fired by means of a detonator, set off by an electric current from an iron tube or cannon hung down the shaft. Usually an experiment was made with the dust in suspension, and afterwards, if this exploded, with a fresh charge of dust which was allowed to settle for twenty minutes.

Most striking effects were produced. Their intensity depended on the quality of the dust and the nature of the explosive used. Roborite and ammonite belong to the class of high explosives, and differ from gunpowder in giving no flame. Whenever these high explosives were detonated, no effect was produced on the dust on any occasion. With gunpowder, however, most violent explosions resulted. Tongues of flame sixty feet high shot up from the pit's mouth, accompanied by clouds of smoke and dust, just as in a regular colliery explosion.

The remarkable photo-lithographs accompanying Mr Hall's Report, to which we have already referred, give the reader a most vivid impression of what took place. As we gaze at them we can realise the feelings of the wives and sweethearts of the miners when, startled by the report, they see the horrible black pall hanging over the pit's mouth, and know that those they love are buried hundreds of feet below the surface: and, if not scorched to death, are being slowly suffocated by the deadly

after-damp. Even when using dust from the less fiery seams, a greater or less length of the electric cable used to fire the detonator was always charred when gunpowder was used, although no actual explosion took place. High explosives, on the other hand, never caused charring of the cable.

The accuracy of the experiments has received melancholy confirmation from the recent explosion at the Albion Colliery. This colliery is situated on the deadly 'Merthyr four feet seam.' Even with the dust from this mine in suspension, Mr Hall failed to obtain an explosion with roburite; but with gunpowder, the most violent effects in the whole series of experiments were produced. Flames fifty and sixty feet high are recorded even with the dust at rest; more than that, after each of these violent explosions there was sufficient dust left to cause explosions nearly, if not quite, as fierce as those preceding them. In a note we read: 'There has been no explosion at Albion Colliery; but at collieries in the South Wales district working the Merthyr four feet seam there have been many disastrous explosions.'

Not long after this was written the terrible explosion of which we have spoken occurred. From another note concerning the Albion Colliery and the Merthyr four feet seam we learn that more than sixteen hundred persons have lost their lives in this seam since 1845. The notes in the Report, indeed, form a terrible record. Against nearly every dust that produced an explosion with gunpowder under experiment, terrible disasters are narrated, several frequently being credited to one seam.

As the outcome of these experiments, Mr Hall advocates strongly the total disuse of gunpowder in mines. Apart from dust explosions, no fewer than four hundred persons have lost their lives in the last twenty years through accidents in the mere handling of the gunpowder. High explosives can only be fired destructively by means of a detonator: flame or any ordinary shock will not explode them, so that they are perfectly safe to handle.

The difference is very marked between the effect of a flame, or even a gunpowder explosion, on the one hand, and on the other the firing of a detonator in contact with a high explosive. The flame, or the effect of the exploded gunpowder, spreads slowly through the mass of the high explosive; but with the detonator, the whole mass explodes instantaneously. It is like the difference between pushing a pyramid of bricks over from the top, or removing the bottom brick, so that the whole pile comes down at once.

As a precaution against dust explosions, it has been proposed to keep certain sections of the mines wet, on the same principle that trees are felled to stop a forest fire. Mr Hall judges from his experiments, however, that nothing of the kind would be of any service. In the best-managed mines water is being sprayed about constantly to keep down the dust—some of the fiery seams, indeed, could not be worked without. The violence of the explosion travelling through the mine with a column of dust-laden air in front of it would be great enough to overcome any obstacle of that kind. No pre-

caution can ensure immunity from mining disasters, even when no gunpowder is used. There is always the danger of a rush of fire-damp causing a small local explosion, which will spread to the dust and involve the whole mine; so that Dr Haldane's recent researches on 'The Causes and Prevention of Death by Suffocation in Mines,' brought before the British Association, is by no means thrown away. From a large number of experiments on the respiration of air containing different proportions of oxygen and carbonic acid, he has deduced some remarkable results. It is well known that a very much larger proportion of carbonic acid than usually exists in the atmosphere can be inhaled with impunity; but only recently have we been aware of the large quantity that can be breathed without actual danger. Ordinary fresh air contains but four parts in ten thousand, yet the carbonic acid has to reach three per cent. or one hundred times the usual quantity, before any difference is noticed in the respiration. As the percentage rises, the person breathing it commences to pant; but with air containing as much as ten per cent., only a headache is produced, although the panting is violent. The actual danger-point is not reached until the carbonic acid rises to eighteen per cent.

Foul air in a room where a number of persons are present is not dangerous on account of the carbonic acid it contains, but owing to a poisonous organic substance given off with the breath. Carbonic acid is not a direct poison; but when the danger-point is reached, the air can take none from the blood in the lungs, so that the fires of the human engine are extinguished by their own smoke, as it were. It is really wonderful what the human engine will endure, for a candle goes out when the oxygen in the air sinks to 18.5, instead of the usual twenty-one per cent., and the carbonic acid rises to 2.5.

We have seen what a large quantity of carbonic acids the human organism can bear, and we shall see that it accommodates itself to air containing a proportion of oxygen greatly below the point at which a candle is extinguished. The results obtained when breathing air partially deprived of its oxygen are quite surprising. When about half the oxygen was removed, no difference was noticed. Even when it was diminished to one-third of the normal, Dr Lorrain Smith, who was inspiring it, felt no inconvenience, becoming blue and corpse-like without experiencing any unusual sensation. Unlike the first series of experiments with increased carbonic acid, the danger-point with diminished oxygen is reached quite suddenly. Dr Lorrain Smith fell back insensible after eight or nine breaths of air containing only two per cent. of oxygen, without having felt any previous distress. As every miner carries a lamp, he has ample warning of any change in the atmosphere. His lamp would go out long before the air became dangerous. It is thus, indeed, that miners are enabled to avoid walking into accumulations of choke-damp, which is mostly carbonic acid hanging about in stagnant corners of the mine.

It is evident from these experiments that the after-damp that suffocates the miners when an explosion has occurred is dangerous only

from the paucity of oxygen it contains. The carbonic acid present is not sufficient to destroy life if the oxygen had not been almost entirely removed. Dr Haldane suggests that the miners should be supplied with an apparatus which would serve the same purpose as the breathing tubes that are affixed to the helmets of divers. Instead, however, of being supplied with air by means of pumps, each miner would carry a small steel tube, into which was compressed about two and a half cubic feet of oxygen. The steel cylinder would be fitted with a regulating valve, and an india-rubber tube leading to a respirator made to cover the mouth and nose. A store of oxygen such as this would last the miner for half an hour at least, and enable him to make his way to the bottom of the ventilating shaft, for there are always plenty of passages uninjured by the explosion, although full of foul air. The apparatus would be simple, and not very weighty or cumbersome; but, nevertheless, the men would probably object to carrying it. If, after trial, it was found impracticable to provide each man with an appliance of this kind, or that the men refused to burden themselves with it, dépôts might be arranged at suitable crossings in the mine. There would, however, always be a danger that the dépôt would not be in the right place when an explosion did occur, or that the men, as they saw the tubes so seldom, would not know how to use them when placed in their hands.

Considering the terrible loss of life in our coal-mines, every possible precaution ought to be taken to prevent explosions in the first place; and in the unfortunate event of the dust inflaming in spite of everything, any appliance that will facilitate the escape of the suffocating men should be adopted.

THE REDEMPTION OF BILL SHERIFFS.

By WILLIAM ATKINSON.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

BILL SHERIFFS was for a considerable period the terror by day and the source of uneasiness by night to the denizens of that part of Michigan known locally as Pillsbury's Bend. To relieve the reader of all doubt as to the name and nature of Pillsbury's Bend, it may be briefly stated at the outset that the 'Bend' refers to a deflection in the course of the Hartshorn River; while 'Pillsbury's' has especial reference to the owner of the saw-mill and dam which at this particular point mark the limits of navigation upon the aforesaid Hartshorn River. Not that the hindrance to navigation was a serious drawback or inconvenience to the citizens of that part of Northern Michigan through which the Hartshorn River rushes in spring, and meanders in the summer; and in which it remains ice-bound in the winter: not at all—at least not in the days of which this story is to be a partial record.

As a matter of fact, Jeremiah Pillsbury, on the principle of possession being nine points of the law, practically owned the Hartshorn River from its source in the dark recesses of the pine forests down to where, a handsome stream a

quarter of a mile across, it lost its identity in the waters of Lake Huron. Likewise, Jerry Pillsbury practically owned—with one exception—the sparse population settled along the fifty-mile course of the Hartshorn Creek, as that part of it which was not actually in Pillsbury's employ was dependent on the workmen, who were invariably paid so close up to date that there was scarcely ever enough wages due any of the woodsmen or mill hands to pay travelling expenses to communities which presented more competition for labour. And thus it happened that there were no objections ever raised to Pillsbury's big dam, and very naturally the bend in the river was considered as much the rich lumberman's property as the dam and the saw-mill.

Only very seldom did a stranger drift into the Hartshorn River or the territory adjacent thereto; but whenever some bold sportsman, seeking new hunting-grounds, ventured to travel that way, he was invariably oppressed by the omnipresence of the letter P. The lumber-wagons, the skids, the axes, the saws, the logging-chains, the sleds, the oxen, the horses, the harness—even the little steam tug which towed the lumber scows down to the lake—were all painted or engraved or lettered in some manner with the all-pervading P. of Jeremiah Pillsbury.

To one man on the Hartshorn River this ever-present P. was a source of constant irritation. It worried and infuriated him in much the same manner as a red handkerchief waved constantly in the face of a bull angers that animal. In itself the red handkerchief is perfectly innocent and harmless; and so is the letter P. But a well-bred bull regards the red handkerchief as an insult not to be brooked by any right-minded animal; and although no offence was intended, William Sheriffs—commonly known as the Terror—looked upon Jeremiah Pillsbury's trade-mark as a studied insult, aimed directly at himself.

Bill Sheriffs owned no dam, or mill, or teams, or scows, neither did he employ any workmen; yet, while Jeremiah Pillsbury was generally respected and regarded with wholesome deference, Bill Sheriffs was both hated and feared by every living soul along the Hartshorn. Nobody knew much about Sheriffs, except that early in the 'seventies,' when Jerry Pillsbury was a comparatively poor man operating a small mill with an output of less than a million feet of lumber a year, he had come to the Pine Forests and had purchased for a dollar an acre timber-lands for which he paid the State of Michigan over fifty thousand dollars in cash.

History, alike of men and localities, grows very fast in the West; and fortunes have been made and unmade in the Michigan forests with almost the same rapidity that they have been found and lost in the gold diggings and the diamond mines.

In the year 1872, William Sheriffs, attorney, was a thriving law practitioner in the busy town of Detroit; while Jeremiah Pillsbury was struggling for existence in the lumber regions three hundred miles to the north. Five years later, the situation was more than reversed; for then Jerry Pillsbury's property was easily

worth a million dollars; while Bill Sheriffs, castaway and moral wreck, was as poor as the owner of the obnoxious trade-mark P. had ever been. Moreover, the lumber king owned a luxurious house in the very town where Sheriffs had once been a respected citizen, and in that house spent a goodly portion of his leisure weeks.

Sheriffs was a fellow of peculiar temperament: like many another and better man, he had gone wrong on account of one little woman; only, instead of going to the dogs by way of the express routes that are usually accessible in larger cities, he had 'taken to the woods,' where he might more slowly traverse, in company with his morose temper and many visits to wayside bars, a road that just as surely led to the same inevitable goal.

When Sheriffs invested his entire substantial fortune in land and trees, it was with the idea that a man who owned fifty thousand acres of primeval forest would have plenty of room to be alone and unmolested for the rest of his natural life. But with the constantly increasing craving for drink—and strong cigars—came the necessity for reconverting part of the woods into cash; and as Jerry Pillsbury had the cash and needed the woods, gradually—a thousand acres at a time—Sheriffs' slice of the pineries slipped away from him, until, at the end of the five years, only a single thousand acres was left to the ex-attorney.

Of course, all the money paid to Sheriffs had not gone for liquor, neither had Sheriffs visited any centre of civilisation; but though he never gambled with the shanty boys and woodsmen along the Hartshorn, it was well known that he occasionally visited distant lumber camps and induced the hands to play cards for high stakes; and, as Sheriffs never gambled unless he was more tipsy than usual, he was invariably a loser.

During all these years, Sheriffs, who lived in a shanty of his own erection, was uniformly surly and brutal in his treatment of all the Hartshorn Creek people; and as, with every fresh sale to Pillsbury, he hated that personage the more, and became more morose and quarrelsome in consequence, he was anything but popular in the neighbourhood of Pillsbury's Bend.

As for the owner of all this immense property branded with the capital P, he gave very little thought to Sheriffs so long as his business was not hurt or hindered by the extraordinary recluse's eccentricities. He curtly summed up the state of affairs by setting down Sheriffs as a 'crank'; and that settled the question once for all, so far as Pillsbury was concerned.

But in the sixth year of William Sheriffs' self-imposed banishment, something happened which sooner or later affected the destinies of both men—sooner for Sheriffs, and later for Pillsbury. It was just after the sale by Sheriffs of his forty-ninth one-thousand-acre lot to Jeremiah Pillsbury, by which transaction Sheriffs merely received back again precisely the same amount, without interest, which he had more than five years previously invested in the identical area of timber-land.

As usual, Pillsbury handed Sheriffs a cheque, which Pillsbury's book-keeper and cashier im-

mediately converted into United States currency. Thereafter, for the space of about a week, Sheriffs daily drank not less than two quarts of the vilest and strongest whisky ever distilled, and smoked an almost incredible number of the best cigars obtainable, which, judging from the price paid, should have been of a very choice brand. By Saturday night the miserable wretch was drunk enough to think about a game of 'draw-poker,' and so staggered away from the Hartshorn Camps to 'buck the tiger' with the boys at the Jerkwater saw-mill, several miles to the west. Twenty-four hours later Bill Sheriffs was minus nine hundred and eighty of his thousand dollars, was comparatively sober, and was heading for his solitary cabin in the Hartshorn woods.

Undoubtedly this man Sheriffs was acting the part of a fool and of a coward in pursuing the life which he now lived; and undoubtedly there were times when he vividly realised the fact. His unmanly and inexcusable course of action generally became apparent to him when nearing the end of an extraordinary debauch; and at such times it was more a sense of intense shame that deterred him from returning to his former life of honourable activity—which sense of shame was assisted in its unfortunate influence over Sheriffs by a false pride that reminded him of the vow he had taken never to see—if possible—or at any rate never to converse with another woman.

As Sheriffs emerged from his periodical hard drinking and gambling spells, and, with the same recurring regularity, realised that he had parted with another fraction of his forest domain, he became so much the more filled with an unreasonable hatred for the industrious and prosperous Jeremiah Pillsbury, whom Sheriffs regarded as a greedy ogre, crowding him by degrees out of the dark, unpeopled woods, back into the world that he had forsworn. And having upon such occasions cursed Pillsbury until words failed him, Sheriffs invariably wound up his anathematising by an additional prolonged curse upon the woman whom he had once ardently loved, and who had, in truth, treated him in a shameful manner.

It was late on a Sunday night towards the end of April when Sheriffs left the Jerkwater saw-mill shanty and set forth in the slushy, half-thawed winter snow for his cabin, which was located near the Hartshorn Creek two or three miles above Pillsbury's Bend. It took him six hours to make the trip, and the difficult journey at least had the effect of thoroughly sobering the poor wretch. As he proceeded, he passed through the usual successive stages of approaching sobriety, and likewise experienced his customary spells of shame, stubbornness, and impotent anger.

If any one could have seen Bill Sheriffs when his angry spell was upon him, he must have been impressed with the fearful exhibition of passionate hatred which he then displayed. The man was a giant in stature, in weight, and in strength. Even his wild life did not seem to reduce him either in avoirdupois or in brute strength. His hair and his beard were long with the growth of years, and hung loosely about his head and massive shoulders. His

long muscular legs were encased in a rough, undressed pair of high woodsmen's boots that were reeking with the moisture of the thawing but still deep snow. The face, that was once the handsomest in Detroit, bore deep marks of the life he was leading, and the bloodshot eyes started from their sockets as Sheriffs clenched his fist and at the top of his voice cursed the woman who had played fast and loose with him. 'You, I say!' he shouted—'yes, you, Emily!—you to all eternity!' And then the paroxysm of rage was over for the time-being.

In the stern silence and oblivion of those deserted forests—deserted even by Pillsbury's wood-cutters—now that the spring thaw had come to float away their winter's product down the Hartshorn—Sheriffs looked for no response to or comments upon his loudly uttered curses. He stood still with a feeling akin to fright when he heard a feeble voice, quite near, moan: 'Oh, don't, Will! Don't say that—not now, Will!'

The words were uttered so feebly that if the voice had not been strangely familiar to Sheriffs—although unheard by him for many years—they must have been unintelligible. But to the man just emerged from his fit of mad hatred they were exceedingly distinct, and yet, withal, ghostly and unreal.

For a moment Sheriffs' nerves were all unstrung, and he shivered with an indescribable sensation of fear. But hearing the voice no more, he regained control of himself, and stepped onward, only to halt in another instant before the prostrate form of a woman lying at full length, face downwards, in the slushy snow. Strangely enough, the woman was attired only in a neat-fitting dress, while her heavy fur wrap lay all of a heap a yard or two away from her. And this was the woman upon whom Sheriffs had just poured forth his curse!

If she had recognised Sheriffs, and had understandingly grasped the purport of his terrible language, she was by this time quite unconscious; and the man, without any feeling of remorse or pity or forgiveness, stood and gloated over the prostrate and evidently dying woman. He made no attempt to revive her, or even to place her in a more comfortable position. At that curiously solemn moment William Sheriffs was possessed of a demon.

The poor woman by an effort managed to change her position somewhat, and a feeble gleam of intelligence suffused her ashen face as her eyes rested upon the demoniac features of the man who stood over her. She opened her lips, that were as colourless as her cheeks. 'Will,' she said, so low that Sheriffs all unconsciously strained his ears to catch her words—'Will, I wanted to tell you that'—The dying woman's words failed her—whatever she wanted to utter remained unsaid. But she made another effort: 'Forgive—say you'll—'

'Forgive?' shouted Sheriffs—'forgive nothing! No, Emily, I'll forgive nothing!' And as the weird sounds of the man's fearful peals of laughter reverberated through the woods, the soul of the woman passed away.

It was not yet six o'clock, and no woodsmen were moving about, though none were at all likely to be anywhere except at the Creek at

this season of the year. Sober in a sense, but not in a condition for fully realising the position, Sheriffs coolly decided that he had better bury his old sweetheart, to save the annoyance of a good many questions, if nothing more. So he strode off to his cabin for a pick and shovel. The soil was still like iron, the result of six months of frost, so that Sheriffs was not able to dig a very deep grave; but he did as well as he could, and then considered how he should bury the woman who died with his curse as the last thing she heard from a human voice. At first, he had stood beside her quite unmoved; now, he knelt down beside the lifeless form and gazed into the face, that still bore traces of singular beauty. Sheriffs closed the lids over the now dull eyes, and suddenly a fierce wave of emotion passed over him. A great revulsion of feeling took possession of this strange specimen of a man, and while his massive frame was convulsed with sobs, he covered the cold white face of the dead woman with passionate kisses. Then he gently laid the body in the shallow grave.

In lieu of a coffin, Sheriffs decided to cover the corpse with the large fur cloak which lay in a heap near by; but as he grasped it, he heard a cry within the garment, and opened it up to find a fine little fellow of two years old or thereabouts! So he used his own coat for a winding-sheet, and quickly covered it with the sod and with some of the soft snow. Then, blazing an adjacent tree, that he might know the spot in future, Sheriffs picked up the cloak with its living contents, and went as quickly as he could to his shanty.

But from that hour, no matter what his reputation among the lumbermen, Bill Sheriffs was never again the Terror of Pillsbury's Bend.

TUNBRIDGE WARE.

THE majority of the visitors to Tunbridge Wells—most charming of inland watering-places—doubtless bring away with them, as presents or souvenirs, specimens of the pretty Tunbridge Ware, which is the one manufacture, excluding such common-places as brewing and carriage-building, carried on in that handsome and prosperous town. But the purchaser who admires the dainty boxes and pen-trays and book-slides which abound in the windows of the fancy shops has little notion how the delicate inlay is made; and perhaps the majority of dwellers among the fashionable community are equally ignorant. For Tunbridge Wells consists of two towns, at least. There is the quaint old town of the Pantiles, the broad High Street, and old red-tiled Mount Zion, centred by the seventeenth-century 'chapel' erected after the Restoration to the memory of pious King Charles the Martyr, and forming a border to the south-east side of the Common. And there is the northern town, whose Holborn and Oxford Street is Camden Road, and whose Regent's Park is the new Recreation Ground. Mount Pleasant forms the high-level bridge between the two. Besides these, there are the townships of villas in all directions. Broadwater, with its pine-

trees and the crest-surmounted gates to the Bridge domain; the mansions high and dry on Mount Ephraim, overlooking the curious rock-masses, 'Wellington,' 'Mount Edgecumbe,' and 'Gibraltar,' and spreading backward over the wooded undulations of Bishopsdown and Molyneux Park; the semi-private retreats in Calverley Park Gardens; the less aristocratic suburb of The Lew, where the Skinners' Company has a fine new school; and others more or less within the borough, and more or less sharing in the benefit of the well-kept roads for which Tunbridge Wells is famous.

It is, however, in the Pantiles town that the Tunbridge ware is most in evidence; it is in the Camden Road town, in Camden Road itself, that the Tunbridge ware is made. There is no need to search for a gaunt factory, with tall chimneys and whirring machinery; such things are no more to be found associated with this patient handicraft than with the art-works at Merton, where Mr William Morris's workmen are engaged, on the banks of the sleepy Wandle, upon the sumptuous tapestries and the Burne-Jones stained glass which have gained world-wide renown. The wood mosaic of Tunbridge may surely claim a humble consinship with the storied windows and the pictures in warp and woof—a consinship in patient, loving handiwork, separate in spirit from all the shoddy and the short-cuts of this manufacturing age. But genius has seized upon the glass and the tapestry-frame, and fashion and wealth are at the feet of Mr Morris; while only the stranger and the pilgrim bear away modest tokens of Tunbridge's one trade, for sixpences or half-sovereigns, as the case may be, and there seems every probability of the art practically dying out with the century's end. Already, it is stated, one firm only is engaged in the production of the ware, and that firm is taking no apprentices. The modern purchaser would rather have something thrown together and daubed with paint, which costs half the price, and will be chipped and shabby in six months; or some smart papery sham 'made in Germany,' than these more unpretentious and refined knick-knacks, which will be as pretty twenty years hence as they are to-day.

The great feature of the ware, as is perhaps known to the reader, is that all the colours blended in the ornamentation are the actual colours of the wood used. Whether it is the effective cube pattern in browns and yellows, reds and purples, pinks and grays, or an intricate mosaic of a hundred tints, the bunch of roses in natural hues, or the picture of the Pantiles with its gabled houses and tall linden trees, or of the picturesque ruins of Bayham Abbey, no paint or stain is employed to disguise the material of which it is constructed. Of course, an immense number of woods are used, both English and foreign, comprising over a hundred and fifty different kinds. The creamy white which forms the groundwork of many designs, and is the purest white that can be obtained in natural wood, is the English holly; the black is ebony; and there are also used a very pretty pink ebony and a green ebony from the West Indies. Conspicuous, too, are the barberry, a fine yellow; the barwood, red,

from South Africa; mahogany, rosewood, satinwood, maple, ash, cherry, and the rose-coloured and striped tulip-tree. The nearest approach which can be attained to blue, the colour most rarely introduced, is supplied by the oak when in a partially rotten condition, and this has, as may be surmised, to be selected and worked with great care. A modicum of art is allowed to heighten the charms of one or two varieties: the holly, for instance, being boiled, in order to intensify its whiteness; while the maple and Hungarian ash are treated to the tonic for which the 'Wells' is celebrated, being soaked in chalybeate water to produce the silvery grays which form so effective a contrast to the crimsons, purples, browns, and yellows in juxtaposition with them.

The method of making the ware is not a true inlay, and, for that very reason, has certain advantages over the costly art of marqueterie, for a hundred or so specimens of the same design are made together; each being at the same time genuine hand-work, and the precise counterpart of the others. The first appearance of the wood, after being cut from the blocks of the species required, is in the form of thin slips of some three inches long by one inch wide; and the pattern for the worker to copy is drawn upon paper and divided into tiny squares, just as for Berlin-work, and again marked off into inch squares or sections. It may be a group of flowers, or a building, or a fancy design in many colours. Taking the first of the pattern sections, the workman starts with the bottom left-hand small square, and selects the strip of wood most closely approaching it in hue, proceeding by laying one slip on another until the row is finished. The first two or three will perhaps be white for the groundwork; if this is wide, a thicker slip of wood will be used, in order to save labour. Next may come two of pink, one of light, and one of dark crimson, representing the petal of a rose, and so on. The slips are all glued together; and the other rows in the section are copied in the same manner, until section No. 1 is completed, and represented by little oblong blocks made of the thin strips of wood. Next, a veneer is taken from block No. 1 longitudinally and across all the varicoloured slips; upon this is glued a veneer from block No. 2; on that, one from block No. 3, and so on, until a block of another kind results, the end of which shows the pattern of the first inch of the design. The rest of the sections are worked in like manner; and when the blocks have been glued together, a thin veneer is shaved off the end; and there you have your picture, no thicker than a piece of strong card, yet formed of hundreds, perhaps thousands, of infinitesimal pieces of wood, like a puzzle, and of course exactly alike on both sides. And instead of the slips of wood with which the design was begun, it is perfected in fragments not measuring more than the sixteenth or the thirty-second part of an inch. The Pantiles, for instance, reproduced to ornament the top of a handkerchief box or the end of a book-slide, and some six inches by four and a half in size, consists of about twenty-five thousand separate pieces of wood, and has occupied a workman for

three months, or somewhere about the same length of time in which one of Messrs Morris's craftsmen will produce a small panel of tapestry-work, say, eighteen inches by nine. But while the latter will be worth seventy pounds, the former must be varnished, finished, and mounted in some fancy or useful form that will sell for perhaps ten and sixpence. The one, however, is a unique production, only to be reproduced by a second outlay of the same time and skill; while the other provides dozens of veneers, all precisely alike, ready to adorn as many boxes or fill as many Oxford frames.

This is the general plan upon which the ware is made, with some deviations and modifications in the method of blocking, and variations such as 'cube-work' and 'stick-work.' And so it has been carried on for more than a hundred and fifty years, from the days of the first Georges until now, during which time the great proportion of the visitors who have assembled at 'the Wells' to drink the waters and enjoy the pure salubrious air of grove and common, have brought away specimens of the manufacture as mementoes of their sojourn, possibly of their 'cure,' in beautiful Kent.

In 1720, when Mr Burrows set up the earliest works for the making of these knick-knacks to tempt the purses of fashionable visitors, Tunbridge Wells was merely a small hamlet; it scarcely reached the dignity of a village, for its one church was but a chapel of ease to Tunbridge, and notable for standing in two counties and three parishes. It was already a fashionable resort in summer-time, for the Pantiles had been so paved at the expense of the Princess Anne, afterwards Queen Anne. She, like Catherine of Braganza and Henrietta Maria, had great faith in the efficacy of the waters—a royal patronage continued by her present Majesty, who lived at Mount Zion in her youthful days. The gay world flocked in great numbers to the Wells to drink of the spring as they sauntered beneath the trees, and to linger round the booths and shops of fancy 'fairings;' and no doubt Mr Burrows made a good move, financially as well as artistically, in introducing his new ware to supersede imitations of the German Spa goods.

There is a curious old print representing the Pantiles in 1748, with Johnson, Colley Cibber, Pitt, Garrick, the Duchess of Kingston, and other celebrities walking and talking between the tall limes and the quaint pent-house; and Malone, who edited Johnson's *Life* sixty years after, informs us that Tunbridge Wells was 'then (1748) a place of much greater resort than it is at present.' Fanny Burney and Thackeray have also something to say of the place; but the lively little diarist, the great and good lexicographer, and, most of all, Boswell's annotator, would scarce know themselves in the handsome town of to-day, with its widening suburbs of beautiful houses—still somewhat 'scattered about in a strange wild manner,' as Miss Burney describes them—its fine shops in fine streets that are a sufficient contrast to 'the dirty little lanes' of which the author of *Evelina* speaks, its miles of excellent roads, its modern churches and chapels, its hotels, most of them recent rivals of the 'Sussex,' where she

stayed, and its throng of visitors—not, as of yore, attracted by the waters solely, but delighting in the picturesque beauty of common and forest and capricious rocks, which had few charms for the formal world of the eighteenth century. And while its popularity still grows, and its population has more than trebled in the past fifty years, it can but be regretted that its time-honoured and prescriptive industry, which grew up with the history and traditions of the town, should be threatened with decay and extinction. So interesting and unique a handicraft would be well worth preservation, if not in the limited range of small fancy articles only, where modern competition is so eager, perhaps in some bolder 'ware,' for the artistic enriching of tables and cabinets, and for the embellishment of pianofortes, which have been long awaiting some suitable ornament to supersede the frail fret-work, the dusty silk, the commonplace panel, and the eccentric 'art-backs' of yesterday and to-day.

LUKE MEADOWS' WARNING.

BEN HOLDING was a tall, handsome, young fellow, in a much better position than I; but I never envied him that or anything else till he came between me and pretty Lizzie Meadows. She was an orphan, and lived with her grandfather, Luke Meadows, the oldest fisherman in the village. Had she wished it, she might have had all the lads in the place at her feet; but even in her childish days, when her companions fought for the privilege of buying toys or sweets for her, or of carrying her books when she trotted to school, she would give them no reward but a smile, or a glance from her dark eyes. Her childish kisses were reserved for me. To me only she told her childish secrets, and brought her childish troubles.

But now she was a woman grown, and no longer lavish of her favour. She was quiet and shy. And old Luke, being naturally very careful of his treasure, guarded her so jealously, that it became each day more and more difficult to obtain speech with her. It was but seldom now that I was allowed to look in at the cottage of a Sunday evening, as I had been in the habit of doing regularly from a boy. But that troubled me the less, inasmuch as the permission was not granted to any one else.

At length, however, it began to be whispered about that Ben Holding went very frequently to Meadows' cottage, and was doubtless paying attention to his grand-daughter. This was the more surprising, as the young man had, till very recently, been working at a place some twenty miles to the north; and, to my certain knowledge, there was nothing between the two when he first went there. His work must have brought him in a good round sum, for he went fishing now in a boat of his own, and had taken a cottage all to himself, instead of living in a single room, or boarding in a family, as was the custom with the young fishermen round about. However, I gave little heed to such gossip. Lizzie always greeted me with a smile when we met; and Meadows was, if anything, rather more friendly than he had

been for some time. Moreover, if by chance I did spend an evening at the cottage, I never came across Ben Holding. He used to go by on Sundays on his way to the meetings of the Plymouth Brethren, where he was a constant attendant; but he never stayed to chat more than five or ten minutes, and what he said to the girl all the world might hear.

I went down to Meadows' place one Sunday afternoon with the intention of telling Lizzie how it was with me and of asking her to be my wife. It would be the best way, I thought, of putting an end to the talk of the village, which did not please me, though it caused me no anxiety. I had lately had a rise in my wages, and was promised a further increase at the end of the year; so I hoped to 'satisfy Meadows as to my prospects.

I cannot tell if he suspected my intention; but it was in vain I sought for an opportunity of speaking to Lizzie that evening. Meadows talked without ceasing, and Lizzie herself seemed more occupied than usual. Instead of sitting still, she flitted about the kitchen, doing one thing or another; now reaching down plates from the topmost shelf of the dresser, then bending over the fire, where, contrary to her custom on a Sunday, she had two or three pots to attend to. I was so absorbed in watching her movements, that I fear I made but an indifferent listener to Meadows' old-time yarns. It was a delight to me to note the graceful turn of her figure; to watch the colour deepening on her cheek till her delicate ear looked like a rose-leaf as it lay amid the clustering rings of her dark hair. Lizzie laughingly turned us out at last, saying she wanted to set the kitchen to rights, and we were in the way. I offered to help her; but the old man would not hear of my doing anything, and carried me off to the porch to smoke a pipe with him.

We had not sat there long, before I saw Ben Holding in the distance, evidently making his way towards us. So little did I fear him, that I was actually glad to see him, thinking he would take off Meadows' attention and give me a chance of a word with Lizzie. But I soon saw that was not to be. After shaking hands with us, Ben strode into the kitchen; and though we followed immediately, he had found time to give her a little note, for I saw her hide it in her dress as I came in.

I soon discovered he had been invited to supper, and the dishes Lizzie had been taking so much pains with were prepared in his honour. When we sat down to table, the talk turned on matters of which I knew nothing, and could take no part in. Lizzie asked question after question about Holding's cottage, and displayed such an intimate knowledge of its arrangements, that it was clear to me the subject had been often discussed between them. What could this mean but that the house was furnished for her as Holding's wife. Meadows smiled placidly, and looked on with an air of approval that well nigh maddened me. I turned cold and sick; but though I never spoke, and hardly touched a morsel on my plate, they paid no heed, but continued to laugh and joke over their own affairs. At last, I could stand it no longer, and, rising from the table, abruptly

said it was time to go home. Then, for the first time, Lizzie seemed to perceive my agitation, for she blushed and looked confused.

'Are you going out to-morrow, George?' Meadows asked as I bade him good-night.

'Of course,' I said briefly. 'Why not?'

'I don't like the look of the weather,' he explained. 'I was just going to say so, when Ben came up this evening. I am not one to counsel any man to stay at home when there's work to be done, but industry is one thing, and rashness is another. It's blowing up for a gale, take my word for it, lads. There'll be mischief to-morrow, I warn you.'

'What then?' I rejoined sullenly. 'Twon't be the first gale I've been out in, nor the last, maybe. And if it is, nobody will care.'

'No man has a right to throw his life away,' urged the old man solemnly. 'What's come to you, George? That's not like you.—I hope you will take my advice, Ben, any way, for the *Mermaid* is not seaworthy. You'll rue the day you bought her, if you don't look out.'

'We'll see how it is in the morning,' Ben said hopefully.

'Anyhow, you can't say nobody cares,' I heard Lizzie whisper. And then she went on half to herself: 'And George has no right to say such things.'

I went out, and, to my surprise, Holding followed me. I hurried on, thinking to avoid him, but he soon caught me up. The sky was cloudy and dark, and on one side was an irregular streak of grayish yellow light, where the moon was struggling to break through. I saw no cause for old Luke's warning, nor did Holding, it appeared, for he began: 'What can Meadows mean, Powell? It is a dirty night, no doubt; but 'twill clear before morning, I should think. What say you?'

'I think so too,' I answered between my set teeth.

'But he is not one to croak, and he is very rarely out in his predictions,' Ben continued. 'Would it not be wiser to stay on shore?'

'Do so, by all means, if you are afraid,' I replied with a sneer. 'You are your own master.'

The taunt stung him, I could see, dark as it was; but he kept his temper, and only said: 'I don't deserve that, George, and no one knows it better than you do. What ails you to-night?'

'Taint your business.'

'Are you in trouble? Can I do anything?'

'You can hold your tongue.'

'What will Lizzie say?'

'She'll care as little as you or any one else. How dare you talk of Lizzie to me? Go your own way, and let me go mine.'

'Nay, Powell; listen'—he began; but I would not stay to hear; I broke away from him, and ran down a narrow lane that led to my lodging. I was boiling over with wrath, and his coolness irritated me past all bearing. What right had he to bring in Lizzie's name? He had stolen her from me; let that content him. And how Meadows had deceived me! He knew, no man better, what took me to his cottage, and yet he encouraged Ben's suit on the sly. I felt as if I could have throttled him.

In such a frame of mind, it was not likely I should sleep, and, as a fact, I spent the night in walking up and down my little room revolving in my mind one plan of revenge after another. Holding and Lizzie should never come together, if, by fair means or foul, I could prevent it. Who would have thought, I reflected bitterly, that Meadows was so mercenary. Because Ben had a boat of his own and two men in his pay, while I worked with Tom Ford at a weekly wage, he was ready to throw me over. I felt glad I had taunted Holding with being a coward. Now, he would go out in the morning, whatever the weather, and who could say what might not happen. His boat, the *Mermaid*, was, every one knew, a rotten tub. In his anxiety to rise above his fellows, he had bought her without consulting any one, and had been grievously cheated in the bargain. Lizzie's sweet eyes seemed to plead for him; they haunted me, turn where I would, but I would not let them influence me. If her lover perished in the waves, she deserved all the pain it would give her, the little flirt. But however matters turned out, no one could impute blame to me.

Before sunrise I was out and on my way to the beach. The morning broke gloomy and dull; the clouds were ragged and torn at the edges, telling of wind; but the sea just then was calm enough. The barometer at the Coast-guard station was lower than it had been for weeks; still, I had gone out many a day more stormy-looking than this, and I made up my mind that if Ford wished to go, I would say nothing to dissuade him. It was not likely he would care to stay on shore. He was a bold, determined fellow, and knew his boat, the *Vixen*, to be one of the stoutest and best built in the place.

He came down presently, and, with a shrug of his shoulders and the remark, 'We'll get a wetting to-day, more than likely,' motioned to me to shove off. Ford was a man of few words.

As we took our seats, I saw Holding and his men getting in their nets and preparing to follow us. So, then, he had not taken the old man's advice. He nodded to me as we passed, and smilingly waved his hand; but I kept my eyes turned away and made no answering sign.

We got on much as usual till about three o'clock in the afternoon. Then I saw Meadows' prediction would be verified. Thunder rumbled in the distance, and the waves were high and sullen. Suddenly the wind sprang up, and it was all we could do to shorten sail before it was down upon us. Ford said it was a squall, and we had seen the worst of it; but he was wrong, as the event proved. The gusts of wind followed each other fast. Every wave threatened to engulf the *Vixen* and her crew, and it soon became a struggle for life. For my own safety, I cared little; life had ceased to have any attractions for me; but remembering Ford's wife and little children, I worked manfully to keep the boat on her course.

'Who would have thought it would blow like this?' Ford said in his usual phlegmatic fashion as we crouched together in the stern.

'Meadows said last night 'twould be rougher than common,' I rejoined. 'But he is getting

old now, and thinks more of a hatful of wind than he used to do.'

'You should have told me that,' said Ford gravely. 'It's never safe to go agin old Luke—he knows the weather signs better than any man.—I say, George Powell,' he went on, looking keenly at me, 'is Holding to carry off pretty Lizzie? He was at the cottage last night, my wife says. He seems to be there most days.'

'I can't tell you,' I replied. 'It's nothing to me, or to you either.'

'Nothing to me, certainly,' returned Ford. 'But the folks used to say she was for you, lad.'

'Doesn't look much like it,' was my somewhat equivocal reply.

'Pon my soul, you are right,' growled Ford as another great wave broke over us. 'But if that is what you mean, Holding's chance is no better than your own, or as good.—Look! Isn't that the *Mermaid* yonder?'

It was not easy to distinguish anything, for my eyes were full of salt water; but after a bit, I managed to make out Holding's boat, with three men on board of her, being driven before the gale. It was madness on his part not to have put back hours ago, for he knew well enough how little the *Mermaid* was fitted to encounter such a sea as this. For a few minutes the wind lulled, and we came within speaking distance.

'George,' Holding shouted as soon as he could make himself heard, 'Meadows knew what he was about last night, eh? I was a fool not to take his advice. I shall never set foot on shore again.'

Ford stood up, a rope in his hand, and called to him to come on board the *Vixen*. But Holding shook his head. He was seaman enough to know that to attempt such a thing would in all probability swamp us all, and he would not risk it.

'Tell the folks you saw us,' he said calmly, though his face was white as death. 'Bid them good-bye. I know Meadows will look after my little girl, God bless her! And you, George—Lizzie'—

His voice was lost in the roar of the waves, and indeed my heart beat so fast I should hardly have made out his words in any case. A flash of lightning, more vivid than any we had had yet, half blinded me, and at the same moment we shipped a sea that nearly washed us from our seats. When we had succeeded in bailing out the water, and were able to look about us, I sought in all directions for the *Mermaid*, but she was nowhere to be seen. I cast myself down at the bottom of the boat, overcome with horror. To have my rival thus suddenly swept from my path was more than I could bear. Last night, I would have hailed with joy anything that severed him from Lizzie. Now, I felt like a murderer. It was I who had lured him to his doom, and wrecked the life of the girl I loved. I tried to pray for God's forgiveness, but no words would come. In my misery, I would have thrown myself into the water, but I had no strength to move. Ford called to me, but his voice fell on deaf ears. I lay stunned and motionless.

I must have remained in that state for some time. Ford thought I had been struck by

lightning; but it was out of his power to help me: it was all he could do, single-handed, to guide our little craft. Fortunately for us both, the storm began to abate, or we should never have reached the shore.

It was dusk when we landed, and the harbour-lights flashing into my eyes roused me from the lethargy into which I had fallen. A crowd was assembled on the beach, eager to welcome the friends they had given up for lost. I soon made out the tall figure of Meadows, with his grand-daughter clinging to him as if for support, and I bowed my head in agony at the thought of the fatal news I had to give her. Suddenly a voice sounded in my ear, clear and sharp above the rest, and I started. It was a voice I had never expected to hear again in this world.

'Here they are at last!' Ben Holding cried joyfully.—'Lizzie, look up. Powell is safe, thank God! He is here!'

I staggered towards them, dizzy and faint. The joy was overpowering. By what miracle had Holding escaped with his life? He seized me by the hand and drew me forward. Lizzie said something I could not hear, and would have fallen to the ground, had not some one caught her and laid her, white as a lily, in her grandfather's arms. Then ensued a babel of voices. All the fishermen in the village seemed thronging to shake hands with me and Ford. I gathered from their talk that great anxiety had been felt on our account; that a lifeboat had been sent to our aid, and had fallen in with the *Mermaid* only just in time to save the lives of those on board, for she had capsized, and left them all struggling in the water. By the time this was effected, the wind went down; and finding the *Vixen* was not in pressing need of assistance, the lifeboat made for shore, where she arrived long before we did.

I was borne on the shoulders of my comrades to Meadows' house, where a good glass of grog helped to steady my nerves. But as soon as I was able to walk, I insisted on going home, giving as an excuse that I wanted to turn in. To remain under Meadows' roof was intolerable.

'Well, if go you must,' Luke exclaimed, when he found I would stay no longer, 'I will see you to your door.—Don't cry, my girl; he will be all right in the morning. Ben and I will look after him.'

'Powell,' Holding began, as soon as I had reached my room, 'you and I have a little matter to settle, and the sooner it is done the better. I know what's troubling you. I knew it last night, and I would have set you right then if you would have listened to me. I don't deny I was put out by what you said—but—Well, I have been very near death to-day, and such things seem of no importance. You think Lizzie and I are lovers, don't you? All the village thinks so. Because I have taken a little house of my own, I am going to take a wife, they say. And so I am. Mary Blake and I hope to come together at Christmas. She lives at the place where I've been working all summer. As I haven't a creature belonging to me, I come to Lizzie for help; for what do I know of how things ought to look, or what a girl likes to have about her? But you've no call to be jealous, my friend; Lizzie is yours heart

and soul. I've thought so many a day, and now I'm sure of it. I confess I pretended to make love to her last night, but it was only a bit of fun. Will you forget and forgive?'

What a relief those words were to me! I tried to tell him of all the wicked thoughts that had filled my brain, and to ask his pardon for them; but he would not let me speak, and presently went away, leaving me alone with Luke Meadows.

I could do no less than confess the state of my heart to the old man, though I was scarcely in a condition to talk coherently. But Lizzie's grief and terror during the storm had softened him; and instead of repelling me, as I had feared he would do, he smiled as he said it was true he had vowed never to part with his little girl; but if I liked to come and live at the cottage, I might marry her whenever I pleased, and the sooner the better.

But that happy day was not to dawn yet a while. The next morning found me unable to rise from my bed, and many weeks passed before I could leave it again. Through the fever that followed, Holding nursed me like a brother, even putting off his own wedding rather than leave me to strange hands; and I verily believe it was owing to his watchful care that I ever recovered my health—as it was to him I owed the restoration of my peace of mind.

Winter had passed away, and the spring flowers were peeping from their hiding-places in the grass, before Lizzie Meadows and I were man and wife. All Lizzie's old playfellows came to the church to see her married, and wish her happiness with the lad she had chosen; but no one's words touched me so nearly as did those of Ben Holding.

'Ah, Ben,' I whispered as I wrung his hand, 'I don't deserve my happiness, and no one knows that better than you do.'

Of course he assured me it was all nonsense, and I must not let such thoughts trouble me; but I know well that the recollection of that terrible day will never fade from my memory.

THE CAMEL IN AUSTRALIA.

THE spectacle of two or three pairs of patient, meek-eyed camels dragging the component parts of a wild-beast show through the mud of an English midland town in the dead of winter never fails to raise a pang in the breasts of the tender-hearted; and the more aggressive philanthropists are moved to plan applications to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. For the poor creatures, too gentle to resent the wanton misery inflicted on them, are so obviously borne down by memories of the days when, instead of wading wearily in cold, sticky street-mud, their feet lightly bore their Bedouin riders over the warm and comfortable sands of Arabia the Blessed! Yet perhaps here, as in some other connections, the 'passion of sympathy' is, if not misplaced, at least unduly excited; the benevolent forget that the Bactrian Camel seems to be as much at home on the stony steppes of the Gobi Desert as his cousins in the Sahara, and bears the rigours of a Siberian

winter without apparent discomfort or injury. Remains of camels have been found in the Miocene deposits of the Himalayan foot-hills, as well as in Algerian Quaternary strata: from the dawn of history, Arabia has been the especial home of the camel. And though it is not certainly found anywhere in a state of nature—for the wild herds seen by Prejevalsky about Lake Lob Nor, in Central Asia, may possibly be descended from runaways—its habitat, if we include the various breeds of the two species, may fairly be said to extend from Central Africa to Lake Baikal, on the frontier of Siberia, and from Algeria to China.

But far beyond even this vast area the camel is found in certain regions, and has apparently 'come to stay' in some of them. Camels arrived in Turkey with the Osmanli conquerors; they were bred in Tuscany as early as 1622, and Leigh Hunt makes mention of those at Pisa—which had by this time degenerated—in his day. Readers of this *Journal* (see the vol. for 1893, p. 611) may perhaps remember that camels were introduced into Spain about 1830 from the Canary Islands, and though they did good work as beasts of burden for years, were ultimately allowed to run wild in the marshy delta of the Guadalquivir, where at least one herd of twenty, perfectly wild, still exists. Camels have been tried in Cuba, Texas, Bolivia, and Nevada with no considerable success; but in Australia, an experiment, first made in 1860, has proved immensely successful, inasmuch that in the 'coming colony' of Western Australia, these beasts of burden promise to bear an important share in the development now going on 'with leaps and bounds.'

Already some ten thousand camels are actually at work in Australia. The pioneers of the myriads of cattle, sheep, and horses now on the island-continent reached Australian shores in 1787. The first camels were imported from India into Victoria to assist in the disastrous exploring expedition of Burke and Wills in 1860; and the twenty-seven strange animals were the most interesting and peculiar feature in the procession that left Melbourne on the 20th of August in that year with the good wishes of all the citizens—though, like our 'camelry corps' in the Soudan, they were a subject of mirth to the vulgar. From the beginning, the valuable qualities of the newest recruits for the work of exploration and colonisation were recognised; but at the first also the difficulties that might be expected to attend such an experiment were in evidence. Most of the animals imported in the earlier years of the enterprise were carried off by a special disease—a deadly kind of mange—by which they were attacked soon after their arrival. The chief depôt for imported animals has for some time been at Port Augusta, the port at the head of the navigation of Spencer Gulf in South Australia, two hundred and sixty miles north-west of Adelaide. Here a regular quarantine station for Indian arrivals has been established, and here the new-comers are carefully tended and watched for three months. By that time they are acclimatised, and no longer liable to any special risk. The camel is notoriously a creature of simple tastes, and finds

in the wattle or acacia, mulga, and other scrub of the new country, admirable substitutes for the herbs it has been accustomed to elsewhere. But the imported camels are, it would seem, of less consequence and less value than Australian-born animals. In Australia, many European animals thrive at least as well as at home (some, such as the rabbit, only too well, alas!). But if the *Australian Register* speaks true, Australia is the land for camels. The race bred in Australia for about a quarter of a century is larger in build, sounder in wind and limb, and can carry greater weights than the animal imported from India. In the Lindsay exploring expedition (1885-86), it is said, the camels endured spells of twenty-one and twenty-three days without water; whereas, according to Sir Samuel Baker, the Arabian camel, which can carry 400 pounds for 90 or 100 miles a day, must be watered every third day—for, unless specially inured to such abstinence, most camels suffer after three days without water. By help of camels, Australian sheep-farmers have been able to take up good country, formerly useless, because isolated by belts of waterless desert or drought-afflicted territory. Across the forbidding barrier, camels now bring supplies and carry goods to market. In some of the gold-fields of Western Australia, the camel caravan has, as more efficient and more economical, superseded the bullock team. New goldfields, formerly unworkable, are utilised by means of the new pack animals; mining machinery and well-sinking apparatus too, made in sections convenient for being slung across camels' backs, find their way to regions formerly inaccessible. In the Kirghiz country, camels drag sleighs, and are yoked to light carts; in Orenburg, yokes of four camels may be seen ploughing; but it has been reserved for Australia to establish regular transport by camel wagons, the animals being yoked thereto in teams of eight, like bullocks. So that, although, as even Major Leonard (*The Camel and its Uses*, 1894) admits, the camel is stupid, obstinate, vindictive, and without natural affection, it seems to have important work cut out for it in Western Australia and the central parts of the island-continent, and is apparently rising to the occasion.

TO THE ROBIN.

SWEET singer of the sweet sad days,
Thy requiem for the Summer dead
Rings clearly through the golden haze,
While o'er thy head
The sere leaves, with a gentle sigh,
Float softly down to earth to die,
Gold, brown, and red.

And is thy song all sadness? Nay!
Thy little heart full well doth know
That where the sere leaf breaks away,
The bud doth show;
Sure promise of another Spring,
When thy glad song with love will ring,
Sweet, clear, and low.

ARTHUR WRIGHT.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 571.—VOL. XI.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1894.

PRICE 1½d.

PECULIARITIES OF THE UPPER HOUSE.

THERE has been of late much discussion, into which we do not enter, about the political prerogatives of the Peers—whether their branch of the legislature should be ended, mended, or blended. But non-partisan readers may find amusement, if not also instruction, in a recital of some of the points in which the usages of the Upper House curiously differ from those of the popular representative Chamber. In the House of Commons it is only after a member has caught the Speaker's eye, and been duly called upon from the Chair, that he may speak; and even then, his speech must be addressed to the presiding authority. Such a course would be considered most irregular in the House of Lords. There, every member taking part in debate must address himself generally to 'your lordships.' If two or three competing members rise at the same moment, the Lord Chancellor, who presides, has no power to decide which shall be first heard. Their rival claims are settled either by mutual courtesy or by the intervention of some other Peer, usually one of the leaders, who indicates to whom precedence should be given. In the House of Commons, the Speaker—an impartial and neutral personage—neither votes nor shares in debate, and only speaks when deciding some point of order.

The Lord Chancellor has no such restrictions imposed upon him, for he votes, and often takes a prominent part in controversial discussions. When he desires to speak, he steps aside from his accustomed place. The explanation of this is that the so-called woolsack, upon which the Lord Chancellor sits, is considered as not strictly within the House. It has happened more than once that a statesman who was not at the time a member of the House of Lords has been called in to preside over its deliberations. Mr Brougham sat on the woolsack as Speaker of the House of Lords in November 1830, when, although he was Lord Chancellor,

his patent, of creation as a Peer had not yet been made out.

When the Speaker and the Commons are summoned to attend in the Upper House for the Queen's Speech at the opening or close of a session, or to hear the royal assent given to certain Bills—an assent always signified in old Norman-French—the message from the Upper House is conveyed by the Yeoman Usher of the Black Rod. At the approach of that functionary, escorted by police and other officers, the doors of the House of Commons are carefully shut and locked. The stately messenger taps three times at the door with the end of his black rod. Thereupon, the portals are opened wide to receive him. He enters, bowing, announces his business, and then either retires backwards, bowing the while, or is accompanied in state by the Speaker, with mace-bearer and other attendants, to the bar of the House of Lords. In all this ceremony, there must be a punctilious observance of the dignity of each side.

Any infringement of the respect due from one House to the other is quickly noted and resented. Such a case occurred in March 1880. On the Speaker's return from the Upper House, one member of the House of Commons, Sir George Bowyer, called attention to the use by the Yeoman Usher in his summons of the peremptory word 'required' instead of 'desired.' The Speaker replied that the customary word was 'desired,' but that he apprehended that 'required' was only another form of the same expression. With this conciliatory suggestion, the subject was allowed to drop.

The mutual jealousy of the two Houses has not always been so easily overcome. In our own days, each assembly provides accommodation for visitors from the other House; but about the middle of the last century, their relations became so strained that these visiting terms were suspended. Members of one House were not permitted to enter any part of the other legislative Chamber; and this system of

mutual exclusion continued to be enforced in a spirit of vindictive retaliation for several years. When Speaker Denison was giving evidence in 1869 before a Committee on House of Commons witnesses, he referred to this traditional jealousy of the two Houses, recalling Burke's bitter complaint in 1772 that he had been kept three hours waiting at the door of the House of Lords with a Bill sent up from the Commons. Upon that occasion the Commons were so indignant at this treatment of one of their number, that shortly afterwards, when a Bill was brought from the Lords to impose a duty on corn, it was rejected by a unanimous vote. Not only so, but the Speaker tossed it across the table on to the floor, and a number of members, who rushed forward, literally kicked it out of the House!

Although the right reverend occupants of the episcopal bench are as a rule the least bellicose of members, it is related that one of them, by hasty and intemperate speech, once got himself into serious trouble with the representative Chamber. In 1614 the Bishop of London uttered some words which gave offence to the House of Commons, and it at once complained of them in a message to the Peers. The answer was a solemn assurance from the Bishop 'upon his salvation,' that he had not spoken anything with an evil intention of that House, 'which he doth with all his heart duly respect and highly esteem, expressing with many tears his sorrow that his words were so misconceived and strained further than he ever meant.' The veracious chronicler of the period records that this ingenuous and submissive behaviour on the part of the offending prelate satisfied the Lords; otherwise, they would have proceeded forthwith to censure and punish him with all severity.

In the days of Henry VI., the privileges of the Lower Chamber appear to have been almost entirely in the keeping of the Peers. Speaker Thorpe was arrested in 1453 during the parliamentary recess at the suit of the Duke of York. The action was for trespass; and Thorpe was cast in damages to the amount of a thousand pounds. He still lay in prison in the following February, when Parliament reassembled. The Commons at once petitioned for the liberation of their Speaker, as without him they could not proceed to business, and also of another member who was incarcerated at the same time. After consulting the judges, who made a careful reply, the Peers determined that Thorpe should remain in prison; and the Commons were therefore commanded to elect a new Speaker.

Except upon special occasions, there is but a meagre attendance at the usually brief sittings of the House of Lords. There was a time when members could not absent themselves with impunity. In contrast to existing conditions, an old order, dated 1742, may be quoted as a memorial of the diligence or charitable disposition of bygone hereditary legislators. It provides that 'every lord who comes after prayers, if he be a Baron or Bishop, is to pay one shilling for the poor; and if he be of any degree above, he is to pay two shillings; but every lord who comes not at all, and makes not his just excuse, is to pay five shillings for

every day's absence.' If a similar system of graduated taxation for lordly absentees were now in force, it would yield a considerable revenue. When thus strict with the rank and file, the Peers were not less exacting with reference to their highest dignitaries. On the 3d of February 1721, upon Lord Chancellor Macclesfield not coming punctually to the House, and when he came excusing himself that he had been summoned to attend His Majesty at St James's, the Lords declared that this was an 'indignity offered to this House, which is undoubtedly the Grand Council of the Kingdom, to which all other Councils ought to give way, and not to any other.'

Besides insisting upon all due respect to themselves, the Peers suffer no disrespect to the stately gilded chamber in which they are accustomed to assemble. Even when Parliament is not in session, none but members are allowed to be covered there. Not even the eldest son of any Peer may wear his hat in the room. 'Neither is any person to stay there, nor any attendant on any nobleman but whilst he brings in his lord, and then he is to retire himself.' In 1703, official notice was taken of the fact that of late the doorkeepers have frequently presumed to come within the doors when the House is sitting, and it was therefore ordered that, for the future, this liberty be forbidden.

Another point in which the Peers are scrupulous to preserve their dignity is revealed in the standing order with reference to Conferences between the two Houses. It sets forth that 'the place of our meeting with the Lower House upon Conference is usually the Painted Chamber, where they are commonly before we come, and expect our leisure. We are to come thither in a whole body, and not some lords scattering before the rest, which both takes from the gravity of the Lords, and besides, may hinder the Lords from taking their proper places. We are to sit there and be covered; but they are not at any Committee or Conference either to be covered or sit down in our presence, unless it be some infirm person, and that by connivance in a corner out of sight, to sit, but not to be covered.' Although never rescinded, this regulation is now practically obsolete; at all events, in these days, when the Commons are less subservient to the Peers, invidious distinctions are avoided by not holding Conferences, even when the two Houses fail by other means to arrive at an agreement as to proposed legislation.

Lord Lansdowne mentioned to the poet Moore that the custom of the Lords wearing their hats when in Conference with the Commons, and the latter taking theirs off, was once contested between the Houses, and public business was a good deal obstructed by their dissensions. To Speaker Onslow is ascribed the merit of settling the matter. He explained that as the Lords sit with their backs to the throne, they are not supposed to see it, and therefore are not expected to uncover; whereas the Commons, with the throne before their eyes, could not in decency keep their hats on their heads. This plausible explanation propitiated the wounded pride of the Lower House, and got over the difficulty. Lord John Russell has

observed, however, that there is some obscurity in this narrative, for the Conferences never took place in the House of Lords, but in the Painted Chamber, where there is no throne, although there may formerly have been a throne there.

Reference has already been made to the royal assent, which is now never withheld from any Bills that have passed both Houses; but in earlier times, legislative projects were not infrequently quashed by the sovereign. Upon one occasion, Queen Elizabeth refused her assent to no fewer than forty-eight Bills that had passed through Parliament. Queen Anne and William III. have both exercised a similar prerogative. In our own times, the monarch very rarely attends Parliament, even to deliver the royal speech at the opening of a session; but cases have occurred when the reigning sovereign has been present in the House of Lords upon less ceremonial occasions. It was a frequent practice of Charles II. to attend the debates in the House of Lords. History records that he was often weary of the time, and did not know how to get round the day; so he looked to going to the House as a pleasant diversion. His Majesty sometimes left the solitary elevation of the throne, and stood by the fire, with a throng of Peers around him.

During a debate upon the affairs of Spain in 1711, it was resolved to present an Address to the Queen for some papers. The House then adjourned during pleasure; the Address was carried up immediately to St James's Palace, and a favourable answer was returned, together with an intimation that Her Majesty designed to hear the debate *incognito*. The debate, which was resumed when the Queen entered, soon degenerated into a question of the meaning of the words 'Cabinet Council.' It was upon this occasion that the famous Earl of Peterborough oddly defined the difference between Cabinet Council and Privy-council; he said the Privy-council were such as were thought to know everything and really knew nothing; whereas the Cabinet Council thought nobody knew anything but themselves.

This last episode suggests a rather free-and-easy mode of doing business; but when royalty was absent, the Peers sometimes relaxed their behaviour to quite an alarming extent. More than once their conduct has proved the need of a stringent code. Here is one of the standing orders: 'To prevent misunderstanding or offensive speeches when matters are debated, it is for honour's sake thought fit and so ordered that all personal, sharp, or taxing speeches be forborne, and whosoever answereth another man's speech shall apply his answer to the matter without wrong to the person; and as nothing offensive is to be spoken, so nothing is to be ill taken if the party that speaks it shall presently make a fair exposition or clear denial of the words that might bear any ill construction; and if any offence of that kind be given, as the House will be very sensible thereof, so it will sharply censure the offenders, and give the party offended a fit reparation and full satisfaction.'

It was further ordered that 'for avoiding of all mistakes, unkindness, or other differences,

which may grow to quarrels tending to breaches of the peace, if any lord shall conceive himself to have received any affront or injury from any other member of the House, he shall appeal to the lords in Parliament for his reparation, or undergo severe censure.'

But even these pacific rules have not saved the usual serenity of the Upper House being disturbed from time to time by disorderly scenes. Perhaps the only instance of an actual personal encounter was in 1666, under which date we find it recorded that 'my lord of Buckingham leaning rudely over my lord Marquis Dorchester, my lord Dorchester removed his elbow. The Duke of Buckingham asked whether he was uneasy, and the Marquis replied Yes, and that he durst not do this anywhere else. The Duke replied that he would, and that he was a better man than himself. Lord Dorchester exclaimed that he lied; and upon this the Duke of Buckingham struck his hat off, and took him by the periwig and pulled it aside and held him. My Lord Chamberlain and others interposed, and both were ordered to the Tower.'

On some later occasions there have been close approaches to personal violence. In 1831, on the dissolution of that year, Lord Mansfield in his anger doubled up his fist, elbowing Lord Shaftesbury into the chair, and loudly hooting Lord Brougham as he left the House. Violence of language, although not common, has been less rare. Mr James Grant relates that in 1835, counsel had been heard against the Municipal Corporations Bill, and a question arose as to the examination of witnesses; when the Earl of Winchelsea remarked: 'We are arrived at a most fearful crisis. Never did there exist such a state of things as the present;' and he implored the House, in God's name, to reject the Bill, declaring that he would scorn to belong to a House that could entertain such a Bill. It is added that he spoke with such extreme vehemence as to impede his utterance.

Even the Ladies' Gallery in the House of Lords has, at least once, been the scene of extraordinary disturbances unbefitting dames of the caste of Vere de Vere. The Gallery is reserved for Peeresses or the unmarried daughters of Peers; but if the daughter of a Peer marries a commoner, she loses her privilege. Horace Walpole tells a story of the struggle of the Peeresses for admission into the House, and their ultimate triumph over every obstacle. They had previously been admitted, but made such a noise, that orders were issued that their presence could no longer be tolerated. But they came again. The Lord Chancellor swore that they should not enter, and, adds Walpole, a noble Duchess swore they would. The doors were shut on them. They tried what knocking would do; but though their rapping stopped the debate, it failed to open the doors. Then the ladies artfully preserved silence for half-an-hour, when the besieged Peers, believing that the enemy must be gone, and thirsting for fresh air, caused the doors to be reopened, when in rushed the victorious band.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu gives, with droll detail, an amusing account of this singular episode in a letter to Lady Pomfret in 1738.

The Lords, she writes, had shown their zeal in a most glorious manner, but a tribe of dames resolved to show that neither men nor laws could resist them. Lady Huntingdon, two Duchesses, and many others, were told that the Lord Chancellor had forbidden their entrance; but they expressed their contempt for the ill breeding of a mere lawyer. They stayed at the House from nine in the morning until five in the afternoon, every now and then plying volleys of thumps and raps against the door with so much violence that the speakers were scarcely heard. When, by their stratagem of war, they had obtained entrance, they stayed in the Gallery till after eleven, and showed their likes and dislikes not only by smiles and winks, which have always been allowed in these cases, but by noisy laughs and contemptuous exclamations.

Upon subsequent occasions ladies have excited comment by their prominence in the Upper House. Greville writes in 1829: 'The House of Lords was very full to hear the Catholic Relief debates, particularly of women. The steps of the throne have been crowded with ladies. Formerly, one or two got in, who skulked behind the throne, or were hid in the box of the Usher of the Black Rod; but now they fill the whole space and put themselves in front with their large bonnets without either fear or shame. Lady Jersey is in a fury with Lord Anglesea, and goes about saying he insulted her in the House the other night. She was sitting on the lower step of the throne, and the Duchess of Richmond on the step above. After Lord Anglesea had spoken, he came to talk to the Duchess, who said: "How well you did speak!" when he said: "Hush; you must take care what you say, for here is Lady Jersey, and she reports for the newspapers." Lady Jersey, overhearing this, said: "Lady Jersey is here for her own amusement: what do you mean by reporting for the newspapers?" This is his version: hers, of course, is different.'

Whilst the Peeresses recovered possession of their Gallery in the Upper House, the ladies, after a similar contest, were not equally successful in the House of Commons. It is true that there a limited number of them have access to what is known as 'the Cage,' and from time to time there have been futile proposals to remove the grille from the front of it. But in former times the privileges of the fair sex in the House of Commons were much more extensive. In February 1778, when Mr Fox's motion on the State of the Nation was under debate, it is recorded that 'this day a vast multitude assembled in the lobby and environs of the House, but not being able to gain admission by either entreaty or interest, they forced their way into the Gallery in spite of the doorkeepers. The House considered the intrusion in a serious light; and a motion was directly made for clearing the Gallery. A partial clearing only took place; the gentlemen were obliged to withdraw; the ladies, through complaisance, were suffered to remain; but Governor Johnstone observed that if the motive for clearing the House was a supposed propriety to keep the State of the Nation concealed from

our enemies, he saw no reason to indulge the ladies so far as to make them acquainted with the arcanæ of the State, as he did not think them more capable than the men of keeping secrets; upon which they were likewise ordered to leave the House. The Duchess of Devonshire, Lady Norton, and nearly sixty other ladies, were obliged to obey the mandate.'

It appears from other official chronicles of the period that the ladies offered a violent and determined resistance, and that for nearly two hours the House was kept in a state of 'the most extraordinary ferment and commotion.'

Ever since this singular scare, ladies have been rigorously excluded from the public portions of the House of Commons. The only relaxation of the prohibition was the practice, which continued for some years, of admitting a few favoured ladies to a place called the Ventilator, above the ceiling, through the apertures of which they heard and saw very well, but most inconveniently. Twenty-five tickets for this lofty apartment used to be issued each night by the Serjeant-at-arms.

As early as 1675, the presence of ladies in the House of Commons gave rise to a little trouble and some amusement. It is reported that, during a debate in that year, some ladies were in the Gallery peeping over the gentlemen's shoulders. The Speaker, spying them, called out 'What borough do these ladies serve for?' Sir Thomas Littleton said the Speaker might mistake them for gentlemen, with fine sleeves, dressed like ladies. Says the Speaker, 'I am sure I saw petticoats.' Even after their forcible exclusion from the legislative chamber, daring ladies have been known to steal thither in disguise. Wraxall mentions that he has seen the Duchess of Gordon, habited as a man, sitting in the Strangers' Gallery. The beautiful Mrs Sheridan was attracted to its precincts in similar disguise by the charm of her husband's oratory—the sole justification that could be urged for such intrusion in masquerade.

THE LAWYER'S SECRET.*

CHAPTER XXVII.—THE TRUTH COMES OUT.

'YOUNG man wishes to see you, sir,' said O'Neil's clerk to him on the following morning.

The barrister guessed at once who it must be. He passed quickly into his room, and found Mr Daniel O'Leary awaiting him.

'I've a good guess, sir, what you came after my uncle for,' began Dan. 'I was in court, and saw you. Well; I've been thinkin' over it all—couldn't get a wink of sleep all last night for thinkin' of it—and I've made up my mind to make a clean breast of it. I've been talking to my uncle this morning; and I fancy if you care to come back with me, he may make a clean breast of it too.'

Terence started to his feet. 'We will go at once!' he cried.

'Hadt' you better hear my story first, sir?'

'We can talk in the cab.—Come along!'

'And you will promise me, on your word of

* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

honour, that if he comes to harm, you will do your best for him—with the Judge, I mean?’

‘He shall have the best counsel at the bar; and afterwards—if you or your uncle has to suffer in any way—we shall not forget you.’

‘I’m content, sir.’

Three minutes later, the two men were in a hansom, driving rapidly towards Matthew Fane’s lodgings.

‘You were away when all this happened?’ said O’Neil.

‘I came home,’ said O’Leary, ‘on the very evening of Mr Felix’s death. Of course, I did not know of it then; and I am perfectly sure that my uncle did not know of it either, till he went back to the office next morning. I caught cold on the journey home, and that gave me toothache. It was very bad; but I couldn’t help noticing that my uncle was in a queer, excited mood all that evening. It seemed to me as if he had succeeded in doing something he had set his heart on.’

‘Now, I should tell you that both he and I had suspected for a long time that all was not right about Sir Richard Boldon’s will. We had talked it over between ourselves at the time—when Sir Richard died. The will was made in the regular way; and our governor—I beg your pardon—Mr Felix, took it down to Sir Richard’s place in the country to get it signed. Well; we heard no more of it. It never was produced, that we heard of; never was proved at the Probate Office; and I thought that somebody had persuaded Mr Felix to keep it back.’

‘Who?’

‘I can’t be sure, of course,’ answered Dan, in a low tone, ‘but I suspected it was Lady Boldon herself.’

‘Ah!’

‘Well, sir, it came into my head that night, seeing my uncle so set up, and catching some rather boastful things he said, that he had found the will. Next morning, my toothache was so bad that I couldn’t go to the office; I stayed indoors all day, and heard nothing of Mr Felix’s death till late in the evening.’

‘When my uncle came home at night, I saw at once by his manner that something very unusual had happened; and knowing he had a great desire to lay his hand on the suppressed will, I asked him if he had got at it. He denied it with all his might; but I felt he was not telling the truth. I told him I didn’t believe him; and he flew into such a rage that I was certain he had got the will. After a bit, he calmed down, and said if I wanted to hang him, I’d better talk of what he had done.’

‘This gave me a start, you may be sure; and then he told me Mr Felix was dead, and that he feared he had died through taking some drops my uncle had given him to make him sleep while he made off with the will. I told him I didn’t think they could call it murder; and I think so still. That very night my uncle took the will to Mr Boldon, and he got ten pounds for it.’

‘Not a very large sum,’ said O’Neil grimly.

‘Was it, sir? But he’s to pay a hundred more when he gets the property. Ever since

Mr Thesiger was took up, and especially since he pleaded guilty, I’ve been at my uncle to tell the truth; but it was only to-day I managed to get him to say he would. Hope he won’t have changed his mind by this time.—Why did Mr Thesiger plead guilty, sir?’

O’Neil hesitated; and O’Leary answered the question himself.

‘I suppose it was because he felt sure that Lady Boldon had done it, and wanted to get her off.’

Terence did not contradict him; and no more was said until they reached their destination.

Matthew Fane was in his usual posture, crouching over the fire. He started when he saw O’Neil, and looked round, as if seeking a way of escape. At first, he absolutely refused to speak.

‘Now, gov’nor!’ cried Dan, ‘be a man! Speak up. Tell the truth.’

‘I can’t, Danny,’ muttered the old man, turning his watery eyes first on his nephew and then on the stranger.

‘You must be arrested, all the same; and you can hardly doubt that the case will be proved against you,’ said O’Neil in a firm tone. ‘If you accuse yourself to save an innocent man, that is sure to weigh in your favour. Besides, I’m not sure that you committed any crime worse than manslaughter through negligence. If Mr Thesiger had taken the will, he must have been presumed to take it for the purpose of concealing or destroying it, as it was very much his interest to do so. But you stand in quite a different position. Mr Boldon had a right to know of the will, even if he had not a technical right to the custody of it. It seems to have been fraudulently kept back by Mr Felix; so that your motive in taking it was an innocent one. Of course, you had no right to drug him; still, no one can suppose that you had any idea of taking his life, and I am sure that your punishment must be a light one, if you are punished at all.’

‘Better ‘ave it out an’ be done with it,’ said Dan.

Thus encouraged, Matthew began to speak; but he had hardly opened his lips, when O’Neil suddenly remembered that the work of that sitting of the Central Criminal Court must be nearly over. His friend might be sentenced that very day—at any moment. Terence was lawyer enough to know that it was very important, in view of Hugh’s future career, that, if possible, sentence should not be passed. He knew that when the sentence was once recorded, Hugh would be a convict; and that the most he could ever hope for would be the Queen’s pardon. But if the Judge could be convinced of Thesiger’s innocence before he had passed sentence, he might allow the plea of ‘Guilty’ to be withdrawn, and a plea of ‘Not Guilty’ entered. If, after that, the prosecution failed to establish their case, or—as would most likely be the case—offered no evidence, Hugh would be acquitted by the verdict of a jury.

All this passed through O’Neil’s brain like a flash of lightning. He sprang to his feet, hurried Matthew into the cab which still stood at the door, and bidding Dan follow as quickly

as possible, he drove to the Old Bailey as fast as the horse could go.

When he entered the court, the first man he saw was Hugh himself, standing in the dock. Mr Justice Cherry was passing sentence!

'What your motive may have been for this nefarious deed,' the Judge was saying, 'I do not stop to inquire. The fact remains that, by your own confession, you'—

'My lord! my lord! He is not guilty! He never touched the will. He never poisoned Mr Felix. I can prove it!'

Terence was too excited, too fearful that his interference might come too late, to stop to weigh his words. Everybody in court stretched forward, amidst a dead stillness, to see who it was who had dared to interrupt one of Her Majesty's Judges in the exercise of his most solemn duty.

Mr Justice Cherry himself stopped speaking, and looked slowly round with an air of grave displeasure. When he saw who the speaker was, his look changed to one of intense surprise.

'Mr O'Neil,' he said, 'do you know what you are saying?'

'My lord, I do. I beg a thousand pardons for addressing the Court in so irregular a way, but I am most anxious that your lordship should not pass sentence upon the prisoner, until you hear a man whom I have here, a man who is ready to confess what will convince your lordship of the prisoner's innocence.'

'But he has pleaded guilty.'

'Under a false impression.—If your lordship could spare me five minutes in your private room'—

'I will adjourn for ten minutes,' said the Judge after a pause. 'Meanwhile, the prisoner can stand down.'

Ten minutes, however, went by, then another ten minutes, then half an hour; the ten minutes became two hours; and yet the bench remained unoccupied. Mr Justice Cherry had resolved to satisfy himself beyond a doubt that Hugh Thesiger was entirely innocent before he would accede to the course suggested by O'Neil.

He first of all questioned both Fane and O'Leary very closely; and Fane made a clean breast of it. He said he had long resolved to take the will if he could find it, and sell it to Frederick Boldon. That afternoon when he went into Mr Felix's room, he saw the box that held the Boldon documents standing open beside his master. Mr Felix asked him to give him his beef-tea, and as he was about to do so he noticed the phial of cocaine (which he knew to be a powerful narcotic) on the small table. That instant the idea of drugging his employer and taking the will occurred to him. He managed to pour part of what was in the phial into the beef-tea, unobserved. In a few minutes Mr Felix seemed fast asleep. Then he took the will, and left the office, forgetting, in his agitation, to secure the door behind him.

This story seemed straightforward enough; but the Judge wanted corroboration. He thought it was just possible that Thesiger's friends—perhaps Lady Boldon—had persuaded Fane that he would receive but a slight punishment,

and had given him a heavy bribe to make a false accusation against himself. So Mr Justice Cherry sent his clerk with a police Inspector to question Frederick Boldon, and also sent for the valet, Ducrot.

The Frenchman was terrified at the summons; but he consented to follow the messenger who had been sent for him; and when his examination began, his fears were soothed by the Judge's manner. He recognised Fane, and said that he had visited Mr Boldon two or three times. He also admitted that his late master had employed him to place an envelope containing papers in a drawer of Lady Boldon's writing-table. Ducrot protested earnestly that he had no idea what the envelope contained, and had no conception that he was doing anything wrong when he carried out his master's orders.

'Just so,' said Mr Justice Cherry in an abstracted tone. 'Was the drawer locked?'

'No, my lord.'

Then Ducrot suddenly remembered that it had been proved at the trial that the drawer was locked, and his countenance fell.

'Perhaps it was locked,' he stammered out.

'Who gave you the key?' asked the Judge sternly.

The Frenchman's face was pitiable to behold. He tried to speak, and could not.

'You need not answer,' said the Judge. 'It is possible that you may have committed an offence known to the law, and you are not bound to criminate yourself. We are not in France.—You may go.'

Ducrot needed no second bidding. He vanished immediately, and left London the same evening.

As for Fane, he was removed in custody; and it may be stated here that at the next sessions of the Central Criminal Court he pleaded guilty to the manslaughter of James Felix. The Judge did not, however, deal with him harshly. He said the offence was a serious one; but taking into account the prisoner's advanced age, and the absence of any intention on his part to injure Mr Felix, he sentenced him to three months' imprisonment without hard labour.

As it happened, Hugh Thesiger was the last of the prisoners who had not received sentence, so Mr Justice Cherry did not return to court until the informal commission sent to examine Mr Frederick Boldon had returned and made their report. They reported that Mr Boldon was convalescent—weak, but quite capable of understanding and answering questions. He had said that he had been very much surprised at Mr Felix saying that Sir Richard Boldon had left no later will than the one he had made just after his marriage. From some hints his cousin, Sir Richard, had dropped, he had understood that he was to have the Roby estate. He had even suspected foul play; and this suspicion was strengthened when Matthew Fane called on him and told him that a will had lately been prepared for Sir Richard at Mr Felix's office. He had told Fane to get the will if he could, and bring it to him, promising him a reward in case of success.

Some weeks ago Fane had brought him the will, but flatly refused to deliver it up until he, Frederick Boldon, solemnly pledged his

word that it should never be known that Fane had anything to do with the finding of it. Mr Boldon said he had given the required promise. He admitted that he had suspected then that Fane had caused his master's death. The only plan he could think of for producing the will without seriously compromising Fane was to get it concealed in Lady Boldon's house, and suggest to the police that her house should be searched. He knew that Thesiger was not guilty; but he had hoped that the case against him might break down. He had had no idea whatever that Lady Boldon could be injured through the will being discovered in her house. He had not unnaturally presumed that it would simply be supposed that Mr Felix had failed to find it on the afternoon of the funeral, through not making his search sufficiently thorough. It had been left to Ducrot to select the place for depositing it, Mr Boldon only caring that it should be discovered by the police when the house was searched.

Mr Boldon had strenuously asserted that he had had no knowledge that suspicion was resting, or could possibly rest, on Lady Boldon; and his only fear had been that the police would treat the suggestion he had made in his anonymous letter, that her house should be searched, with contempt. He had therefore been greatly surprised when the news of her arrest reached him. His first impulse, he stated, had been to go to the police and tell all he knew; but that involved betraying Fane, after the solemn promise he had made to him. Before he had been able to make up his mind, he had been seized by fever; and he had since been delirious, or at least quite incapable of taking any steps in the matter.

After hearing this report, the Judge hesitated no longer. He went into court, and told the under-sheriff to try to get a dozen jurymen together. As soon as they were in the box, Hugh Thesiger was sent for.

When the summons reached him, Hugh was in a state of intense excitement. He knew that O'Neil believed that his innocence would be proved; but how it was to be done, he could not conceive. A man, Terence had said, was ready to confess something that would prove his innocence: it could not be Lady Boldon, then. She must be innocent, after all! The thought made the blood leap through his veins, and gave him more pleasure than even the prospect of his own deliverance.

'Hugh Thesiger,' said the Judge, 'I believe you wish to withdraw your plea and plead Not Guilty. You may do so.'

'My lord, I thank you,' said Hugh quietly.

The plea of Guilty was struck out, and that of Not Guilty entered. Then Mr Tempest, who had had an interview with the Judge, rose, and said that, in view of certain facts which had come to his knowledge, the Crown withdrew the charges against the prisoner, and offered no evidence on the indictments. A formal verdict of 'Not Guilty' was given, and Hugh Thesiger walked out of the dock—free. He grasped his friend's hand, unable to speak.

'Sit down, Thesiger,' said O'Neil, trying to speak in a matter-of-fact tone, though his voice trembled a little.

'I'll be all right—in a minute,' returned Hugh. 'It seemed strange, just at first, to be at liberty. How can I thank you, O'Neil, for all you have done for me—from first to last—from first to last?'

'Oh, nonsense!'

'But tell me—Lady Boldon? Is she safe?'

'Of course she is. The jury found her Not Guilty, you know. But now her innocence will be manifest.'

'Thank God!'

'Do you wish to see her? She is in town.'

'Is she?' cried Hugh, starting to his feet. 'Where?'

'Staying at an hotel. We can drive there at once; and on the way, I will tell you who killed Mr Felix—and all about it.'

In half an hour they reached the hotel.

'You must go up-stairs first, Terence. Remember, Adelaide thinks I am still in prison. If I were to go into her room suddenly, it might upset her dreadfully. You go first, and break the news.'

Terence nodded, and led the way up-stairs.

USES AND ABUSES OF FICTION.

THAT this is essentially a novel-reading and novel-writing age few observers of manners and customs will deny, and though a small minority of such observers may lament the circumstance, and shake their heads over it with avowed disapproval, the majority are grateful for the wholesome recreation and absolute instruction that good novels afford. As for bad ones, just for the present we will leave them out of the question. If dull, they fall into neglect by their own leaden weight; and the imaginative reader—the genuine lover of fiction—has of course read much, and so acquired a dainty taste, which causes him to turn away from coarse mental food.

It may be boldly asserted that the uses of good fiction are subtle, manifold, and quite immeasurable; and probably the English language is richer in such literature than any other. Take, for instance, the novels of Sir Walter Scott—it is not too much to say that any one ignorant of them must be at a disadvantage all his life. He may read history diligently, but he must have the richest imagination if he can clothe the dry bones of its personages in a manner comparable to that of the Wizard of the North, or represent medieval times with his vivid reality.

Writing from personal recollections, we are of opinion that the reading of the Waverley novels between the ages of fifteen and twenty might with advantage be made a course in a liberal education. We name youth as the best period for their first perusal, because it is the season when the character is being moulded, and when lessons of heroism and integrity are so valuable. Moreover, it is the time when such reading would be considered simply as recreation that could be taken in a leisurely manner; whereas, when the 'teens' are over, most men, and even women, begin to fight the battle of life, and are less inclined to read with the patient attention which Scott's novels very specially require, if we are to gather to ourselves the mental

wealth they are ready to afford. Scott wrote at a time when good new books were few, and consequently readers had time to study them. Moreover, it was an age when the luxury of leisure was not unknown, and great works were weighed and studied. Later novelists have in many instances acquired a trick of retaining their readers' attention—often by occasional iteration, which spares the reader's memory, and is suited to a generation that is so often in a hurry; but perhaps it hardly belongs to the highest school of art. Nevertheless, many of these novels that are purposely made easy reading are wholesome as well as entertaining from their faithful representation of human nature under the varying conditions of modern life.

Perhaps many a person absorbed all day in matter-of-fact occupations finds the evening hour or two of novel-reading not only a pleasant relaxation, but an invigorating exercise of the mind. If the work treats of the present time, as a modern novel generally does, the reader is able to derive many of the advantages of 'mixing in society' while resting in his easy-chair; and if he tires of his company, he has but to close the book without apologies for a hurried leave-taking. In fact, people who do not read some of our first-rate modern novels miss the opportunity of acquiring a shrewd insight into character, and much knowledge that deserves to be called wisdom. If the good novel depicts an age gone by, it still portrays human nature unchanged and unchangeable, however education and circumstances may modify manners. As for the accusation sometimes made, that characters and circumstances are too often exaggerated by writers of fiction, it would be well to have faith in the old adage that 'Truth is stranger than fiction.'

In convalescence after illness, the reading or listening to a story is far less fatiguing than receiving visitors, while the monotony of the sick-room has to be relieved; and even in times of trouble and anxiety, a book that will take us 'out of ourselves' is something to win our gratitude.

The love of story-telling is certainly an instinct inherent in mankind, and surely we have the one Divine example of Him who taught in parables to justify the belief that such instinct was bestowed on us for the noblest purposes. Children delight in stories; and when the youthful reader wants to know more about the personages of the tale, it is a safe sign that the book has done good; it has roused and enlarged the thinking and wondering faculties, which are not likely to shrink back to their old dimensions. It is astonishing what side-issues open on the mind by wondering about things. And here let us exult in the immortal fables and fairy tales which teach more than all the moral essays that ever were written, and teach in the one incomparable manner, that of making learning delightful. Children require what is called 'excitement' as well as their elders. We remember a lady—deservedly esteemed as an excellent wife and mother, but who led rather a monotonous life—declare that if she were debarred from novel-reading, she was sure she should take to drinking. She perhaps was doing herself injustice by this startling assertion,

but it expressed the necessity she felt for some excitement. In like manner, children well supplied with story-books may sometimes be saved thereby from the excitement of wilfulness and mischievous tricks.

As for bad books, we must confess they are of several sorts. The book written, as it is said, 'with a purpose' is often quite one-sided and unfair in its arguments; and the fiction that sets class against class by depicting one section of the community as angelic and the other as demoniac, is simply a work of wickedness. The fiction, too, which describes the awakening of unholy passions with more sympathy than sorrow and censure, and fails to award poetical justice to evil-doers, is distinctly bad. But after all, by their fruit ye shall know them, and it is by the mood in which we lay down a work of fiction that we should judge it. If we feel that we have been in choice company, whose personages have by their example and conversation done us good, raising our standard of right, and bracing us up to follow in their track, with a touch of regret that they have no more to show and tell us—then, be sure, the book is good. But if, on the contrary, we are morally depressed by the close contemplation of infamy, without perceiving in the writer a judicial force which brings about retribution and makes vice abhorrent—then the work is not wholesome; and if it comes into the hands of the novel dispenser, he uses it to strengthen his arguments.

But the novel-reader may 'abuse' his privileges as well as the novel-writer. We once heard a very excellent and clever Scotsman, not long deceased, say that whenever he found a habit so growing on him that to dispense with the pleasure it afforded became a trial, he broke himself off it immediately. This, perhaps, was going further than is always necessary; there are so many pleasures which are justifiable when kept within due limits, and surely novel-reading is one of them. Of course, when it is found that imaginative literature absorbs the mind too much, distracting it from the practical duties of life, it is time resolutely to limit such reading or abandon it altogether; but we hope cases of this kind are not numerous.

In conclusion, let us observe that when first the custom became common of publishing novels as serials, there was some outcry against it; but novel-readers are now used to the plan, and, with some exceptions, like it. Probably a good story is more thoroughly enjoyed when read in detachments, and certainly it is better remembered than when the reader has the third volume at hand to tempt him to 'look at the end' before he properly arrives at it. Also there is the amusement of talking over the work with fellow-readers, and wondering how it will all turn out, and making guesses pretty sure to be quite different from the author's intentions. We are not, however, aware that modern novel-readers imitate the fine ladies of a hundred and fifty years ago, who, when *Clarissa* was in course of publication, wrote to the author entreating him to reform the rake, and make all end happily. But Richardson was too true an artist thus to vulgarise his great work. It is astonishing the number of serials some readers can carry in their minds without confusion of

characters. We remember hearing a very clever woman, a great reader of novels, say that she had eleven stories in progress on her mind, and once as many as fourteen!

THE REDEMPTION OF BILL SHERIFFS.

CHAPTER II.

ALTHOUGH most of the Hartshorn people had at one time or another seen the outside of Sheriff's log cabin—generally at a distance, well out of range of gunshot—none of them had ever attempted to view the interior. And yet, as forest shanties go, Sheriff's one-roomed dwelling was very comfortable. It was spacious, and it was warm; and if it was not furnished with tapestry, damask, and plush, the cabin was at least well supplied with good and substantial furniture and a typical Michigan cook-stove. And it was to this solitary, bachelor home that Sheriff's took the baby boy, upon whom he then and there commenced to lavish an affectionate, tender care of which none would have deemed him capable—a marvellously gentle solicitude, which never ceased until death, years afterwards, parted Sheriff's and the boy he now adopted.

Sheriff's warmed some water, washed the child and himself, and then prepared the best breakfast that he could concoct wherewith to tempt the appetite of his small boarder. All through the day, the big fellow—this man of whom his neighbours were all more or less afraid—exerted himself to amuse the baby, attending to his every want with almost motherly cleverness. And in the evening, when, after a rare big supper, the curly-headed, blue-eyed youngster was sleeping soundly, Sheriff's ran all the way to the store at Pillsbury's Bend, there to spend a goodly portion of his cash balance in supplies of all kinds. He had left the store, when he darted back to 'paralyse' the storekeeper by purchasing an entire glass jar of cough drops, that being the only commodity which the emporium could furnish by way of sugar candy. And so several days passed.

It was a curious phenomenon, truly; and doubly so when it is borne in mind that the man who presented the phenomenon felt no remorse or deep sorrow—after the past spasm, when he laid the woman in her shallow grave—for the boy's mother. As a matter of fact, Sheriff's mind was easier, and his old rebellious spirit was quieted now that he knew the girl he had lost was as irrevocably lost to any other man—ay, to all men—as she had been and was to himself. He had stubbornly refrained from attempting to learn the history of Emily Cardwell, and knew absolutely nothing of her career from the moment when she broke her pledged word with him, until the time when his sullen anger was appeased by her tragic death.

He was entirely ignorant as to whom Emily married, or whether she married at all. Naturally, Sheriff's was anything but a curious man, and he was not at all concerned to speculate as to the cause of the woman's journey to

his hermitage in the woods. He did not even wonder whether she was dying when she started out to find him, or whether the journey and exposure brought death to her. While she was yet alive, the remembrance of her had tortured him; now that she was dead, comparative peace and contentment reigned in the place of heart-burnings and curses. Sheriff's took it for granted that the child was Emily's, and he resolved to make no attempt whatever to discover the little fellow's father or aught else concerning him.

But William Sheriff's knew enough to recollect and bear in mind that the two-year-old baby would not always be only two years old, and also, that with growth and years the child's care and training would require—even in the forests—some sort of an income.

One night, about a month after the advent of little 'Chunk' to his shanty, Sheriff's went down to the Bend and got French Pete—a sawyer who made a little 'extray' by acting as barber for the settlement—to cut his hair and trim his beard. The next morning, carrying Chunk upon his shoulders, the Terror of Pillsbury's Bend trudged down to the headquarters of the rich lumber king, and called upon Jeremiah Pillsbury in that important man's private office.

Even in the seclusion of Mr Pillsbury's *sanctum sanctorum* the magic P. was everywhere in evidence. It was carved on the backs of the oaken office chairs, and on the frame of the large mirror over the terra-cotta mantel-piece, whereon it was likewise chiselled. It was engraved upon the silver water-pitcher which stood upon a sideboard, was embossed upon writing-paper and envelopes, and was even woven into the two or three rugs which prevented the uninitiated from slipping upon the highly polished floor of pitch-pine. And yet, although Sheriff's noted the heretofore obnoxious P. as he sat upon one of the high-backed chairs with Chunk upon his knees, the letter did not annoy him as it had always done upon former occasions. The explanation lies in the fact that Sheriff's wasn't the same man.

Jeremiah Pillsbury, though rich, influential, and a 'self-made man,' was by no means old. It is doubtful whether he had yet arrived at the age of forty years: in other words, he was very little older than the man who sat awaiting his pleasure. He was a very plain man—plain in his habits, his appearance, and his dress: emphatically a 'man of the people,' whom no amount of wealth or success could convert into an aristocrat, or even into that counterfeit of a gentleman commonly known as a snob. He was simple in his manner, and genial alike to his largest customer and his humblest workman. Still, he was not exactly a social or sociable man—at least, not at Pillsbury's Bend, where, to tell the truth, 'society' was of a very limited character, and hardly up to even Jeremiah Pillsbury's modest ideas: when at the Bend, the great lumberman was 'strictly business,' though what sort of a life he led when he went down to Detroit none of the woodsmen were in a position to know, or even surmise. That Pillsbury was greatly worried about something

since his last stay in Detroit—a visit which had been unusually protracted—was plainly apparent to his book-keeper and to most of the generally unobservant workmen. That, however, was none of their business, and they asked no questions.

The millionaire was so absorbed in his books or in his thoughts that he apparently failed to notice the presence of his visitor, so Sheriffs presently set the child in a chair and strode across the room to Pillsbury's desk.

'Good-morning, Mr Pillsbury.'

'Morning.—Why, yes, bless my soul, it is Sheriffs, isn't it? Didn't know you, Sheriffs, at first. What's wrong, man? Has the wind blown your whiskers away?'

'No, sir; that's French Pete's work. I've come to the conclusion that it's about time I looked decent—that's all.'

'Ah! Well, Bill, I suppose it's another thousand acres—the last thousand, eh? So you're going to quit the woods and go back to bricks and mortar. Same price, I suppose, Sheriffs?'

'No, Mr Pillsbury; I don't intend to sell another foot of my land, and I don't propose to leave the woods. The fact is, that I want to go to work; I'm here to see if you can't employ me.'

Mr Pillsbury turned in his revolving chair, looked out of a window and whistled.

Sheriffs seized the opportunity to back up his application for employment by reciting briefly some of his own qualifications. 'You know the sort of life I've lived for several years, Mr Pillsbury. It isn't necessary to speak of that or go into my reasons for what I've done. The question is, can you make use of a man with a college education, a member of the Michigan bar, and one who knows as much about the woods and the quality and value of lumber as any man along the Hartshorn? If you can, sir, I'm the man. I don't want big pay, Mr Pillsbury; I merely desire to earn a living without going away from this neighbourhood.'

Again Mr Pillsbury whistled, and veered his chair back into its old position. 'Sheriffs,' he said, 'I'm a plain-spoken man. You've been a crank, and you know it. *Why*, I'm not going to ask. Now, is this last move of yours a whim, or is it straight goods?'

'I mean business,' replied Sheriffs. 'I want work, and want it badly. If you'll have me, sir, I'll serve you well.'

'When do you want to begin?'

'At once—to-morrow morning.'

'Good. Sheriffs, I want somebody to take care of my business. I have got to give my mind and my time to something else for a while. I flatter myself that I seldom go wrong in choosing a man to work for me. I know that you can fill the bill if you want to, and I'll take you on trust. I'll hire you as my manager for one year at a salary of two thousand dollars. Come down in the morning, and I'll be ready to talk things over.'

Sheriffs, strange fellow that he was, was too grateful to speak his thanks. He made a dive for the little chap, who sat in the high-backed chair, wrapped up in some odd-looking garments

which his new guardian had rigged up for him, and then headed for the door.

Pillsbury noticed the child for the first time.

'What have you got there, Sheriffs?'

'Boy,' said Sheriffs curtly.

'A boy! What boy?'

'My boy'—still moving towards the door.

'Your boy? Where's the child's mother?'

'Dead. Say, Mr Pillsbury, I suppose it is understood that ancient history, so far as I am concerned, isn't to be considered a part of our deal? If I've got a skeleton in my closet, I don't have to drag it out, do I?'

'No, no—excuse me, Bill,' said Pillsbury with some huskiness in his speech. 'God knows, man, we've most of us got skeletons of our own! I only thought— Well, never mind. Come down in the morning.'

That day, in accordance with Pillsbury's custom in giving important orders to his employees, notices, written in the millionaire's stiff round hand, were posted outside the office, at the saw-mill and on the dock, announcing the fact that Mr William Sheriffs was appointed Manager for Jeremiah Pillsbury, Limited, and that his orders were to be respected by all hands.

Sheriffs took hold of his new work with astonishing energy, and in a very few days demonstrated to Pillsbury's entire satisfaction his ability to 'run things.' What was equally important, he immediately won the confidence of the army of work-people, from the book-keeper down to the most insignificant labourer at the mill. There was no rebellion, not even a murmur, at the elevation of the erstwhile Terror of Pillsbury's Bend to a position second only in importance to that of the lumber king himself.

Before the warm weather arrived, Jeremiah Pillsbury was thoroughly convinced that his interests would in nowise suffer if left to Sheriffs; so he laid his plans accordingly.

'Sheriffs,' he said one day in June, 'I am going away. I may be gone a week, possibly a year—I cannot tell. I will execute a power of attorney in your favour, and you will be in sole charge of my business affairs until I return. I want to say to you, Sheriffs, that, while my business career has been an unqualified success, trouble and disgrace have fallen upon me thick and fast in my private life. It is in connection with my private affairs that I must go away. Do the best you know how, Sheriffs, and you will satisfy me. I will write to you frequently—though, as I said, I may be back very soon.'

The next day Jeremiah Pillsbury left the Bend on the little steamer, and Mr William Sheriffs—no longer 'Bill'—reigned supreme, the autocratic ruler and dictator of the Hartshorn River settlement. But although Sheriffs had thus suddenly risen to comparative affluence, he did not forsake his old shanty in the woods. True, he had it enlarged by the addition of a 'wing,' to provide quarters for the old coloured man whom he hired as general factotum with the especial duty of caring for Chunk.

Sheriffs was not yet able to divest himself of his general distrust of the weaker sex, though it is doubtful if he could have hired at any

price a female servant in the neighbourhood of Pillsbury's Bend. Uncle Julius Snowball suited Sheriff's very well, and the old negro soon evinced a genuine affection for and pride in his employer's little ward. As for the few women-folk of the settlement, they did not resent this arrangement, nor did they allow their feminine curiosity in regard to the mysterious appearance of a little child in Sheriff's shanty to eclipse their motherly feelings, and little Chunk—as Sheriff had called the boy—fared marvellously well in the matter of gifts of socks and pinafores and other articles of childish apparel.

But it did set the tongues of both men and women to wagging quietly when Sheriff's caused to be cleared of trees a wide swath in the forest, thereby forming a broad avenue a quarter of a mile long, which afforded him from his cabin an unobstructed view of a plain oaken cross, on which he had carved with his own hands the single word—EMILY.

THE FAIRIES OF THE BALKAN PENINSULA.

THE Nymphs and Naiads of ancient Greece acquired an abiding-place in Hellenic and Latin literature, and yet live in the poetry of all civilised nations; but the Vilas, or Fairies of the Slavonians are little known beyond the yellow Sava or the blue Danube. Yet, by farm-ingles of Bulgaria and Serbia the Vilas are to-day spoken of as 'Powers that be;' their favourite haunts in valley, dell, and hills are pointed out to the curious traveller who will take the trouble to investigate the actual and current thoughts and beliefs of the people amongst whom he journeys. Many a serious and apparently unimaginative citizen of the Balkan Principalities will earnestly tell one he takes to be an appreciative listener, of the vilas that he believes even now linger lovingly around Avala, Durmitor, Telebit, and similar old-time ruins of the Peninsula; and who, as he holds, will linger there until once again a lineal descendant of the 'great Servian Czar Dushan' shall re-unite all Servian lands into one of the grandest of Oriental empires.

Laugh as we may, the fact remains that the persistent belief in their prehistoric mythologies is at this very threshold of the twentieth Christian century prevalent amongst the rural inhabitants of the Balkan Mountains. At all popular festivals; in every agricultural usage; regulating all family customs; guiding and giving colour alike to birthday rejoicings, wedding gaieties, and funeral rites; the antique ceremonies predominate—mellowed, doubtless, but really only superficially veneered by their comparatively modern Christian creeds.

In the Servian traditions exist three classes of supernatural beings of a fairy nature. One class, the Straovila, whose favourite foods were young men's eyes and maidens' cheeks, is a reminiscence of far-away ages, when the original ancestors of the nation were yet roaming the wilds of Northern Asia, or sojourning on the slopes of the Himalayas. You hear of the Straovila only in the village songs of the most secluded districts; and the legends relative to

them bear interesting resemblances to some in the earliest Hindu demoniac literature.

A second class, the Veshnilze, correspond closely to the witches of our own forefathers; they are represented invariably as ugly old women with gray hair, which can be changed at any moment into chains for purposes of revenge or cruelty. The Veshnilze have short tails; and under their arms short wings of a fin-like shape, with which they manage to fly through the air, or dive through the waters. They meet amidst the branches of storm-struck and lightning-withered trees; and prefer the hearts of new-born babes for their communion celebrations.

The peasant wives dread the Veshnilze all the more because, undismayed by 'bell, book, or candle,' they go even into the churches, disguised fantastically as old women, to get upon the track of recently arrived infants.

The ignorant villagers rely upon the presence of certain of their 'wise men' in recognising these witches; and in not very distant days, this belief frequently produced fatal consequences. Any old ugly woman who prayed overmuch and crossed herself too assiduously in their church was in danger, in quite recent times, of being denounced by one of these 'witch-discerners,' and condemned to the inflexible ordeal-trial of being thrown into a deep pond or river. If she swam ashore, all admitted her innocence; but if, as far most frequently, she sank, none regretted her death; the whole village being thus happily freed from a dangerous demoniac. Even at the commencement of the present century, under the rule of the first free Servian chief, Kara-George, these 'witch-trials' were not unusual occurrences.

The third, and most popular, supernatural class are the Vilas. The oral and written traditions of the Balkan peoples unite in describing these as possessing the forms of exceedingly lovely maidens, with hair of glorious and glossy luxuriance; with eyes bright enough to kill, and passion enough to vivify the dead. Their robes of white transparent tissue floated voluminously about their forms, now veiling, now revealing, their superb loveliness. To picture to a listener the height of feminine grace and an ideal of womanly beauty, the Servian poet to this day will say, 'like unto a vila!'

The vilas are further described as the fortunate possessors of golden wings, which they can remove and replace at pleasure: on these they can glide rapidly through the thickest woods, or ascend with equal facility above the highest clouds. Their chosen haunts are on the banks of clear streams which 'go on for ever' rushing or rippling through the shadowy glades of the mountain forests, by the side of the coolest fountains, and on the shores of the loveliest lakes.

On fine moonlit nights they may be seen weaving with merry chorus-songs the mystic circles of the Polo dance; or bathing in the shadowy nooks of lake or river; but whether bathing, dancing, singing, loungingly enjoying the perfumes of flowers, or feeding upon their favourite food, 'the forever plant,' each group of vilas is always under the strict surveillance of a chieftainess, called the 'Starishnitza.'

In resting intervals between the dances, each vila relates what she has seen, heard, or done during the day; and the mortal is fortunate indeed who can listen to these reports unobserved and undiscovered. The country songs and stories abound in instances of such good luck. One shepherd became a king's son-in-law, because he chanced to overhear the vilas talking of the mysterious illness of the monarch's daughter, and the only mode of restoring the Princess to health. A herdsman obtained an immense treasure, having heard a vila tell of its hiding-place to her sister-fairies. A weak, blinded boy was banished by a wicked stepmother to a dark forest, that the wild beasts might, by devouring him, lessen her family cares. The poor wanderer lay down to rest in a thicket near a meeting-place of the vilas, and listened eagerly as they praised the miraculous merits of the spring by which they sat, one of these merits being the infallible power of its water for restoring sight to the blind; and they told one another of the blind daughter of a powerful Sultan, to whom a few drops from this fountain would be worth a nation's ransom. When the vilas had flown away, the lad groped his way to the spring, bathed his blind eyes in the healing waters, and immediately regained his sight. Then he carried some of the remedy to the blind Princess, who also was made whole thereby, and eventually married her benefactor.

Of course, there is an addendum to this legend of the blind boy. The cruel stepmother, begrudging the good luck of her hated stepson, sent her own most beloved boy to listen in the forest; but the vilas surprised their second auditor, deprived him entirely of his eyes, and left him helpless to become the prey of the wolves.

The vilas, however, rarely injure any of the human race, unless they are irritated or insulted. They frequently form friendly or loving alliances with mortal men and women; and are always anxiously interested in the nation's prosperity or adversity. In contradistinction to the ugly and vicious Veshnilze, the kind and beautiful vilas are considered in all Servian lands as the 'good angels' of the Slavonian peoples.

But, unhappily, the vilas, although generally so kind and sympathetic, are excessively susceptible; and when irritated, set few limits to their resentment and revenge. If a bride has forgotten to throw a wreath of flowers into the stream, or spring, nearest to her new home, she can rely upon the vilas avenging her neglect of them by some malicious 'accident.' Her husband's cows will yield no milk, and his sheep bear no lambs; and she herself will remain childless, until she has paid some penalty, the nature or extent of the penance being usually indicated to her in a dream.

Should an audacious youth approach too near their bathing or dancing frolics, he is punished by the loss of sight, and made to run wildly about the villages, raving incoherently of the beauties he unluckily discerned. If some gallant chief, riding solitary through a forest, incautiously breaks out with snatches of heroic song, the vilas, whether disturbed by or envious

of his vocal powers, will deprive him of his eyes as a punishment for presuming to awaken the echoes of their peculiar domain; sometimes a knight particularly presumptuous is found with a golden vila arrow through his heart. The popular ballads of the Balkan people abound in varied incidents of vila retribution for human neglect or audacity.

The warrior who captures the golden wings of a vila can do with her whatever he will. Some heroes thus gained vilas as wives; the offspring of such unions being veritable 'giants in the earth,' resembling the issue of those 'sons of God' whom the Hebrew historian tells us 'saw the daughters of men that they were fair.' But in Balkan ballads and folklore such marriages of men with vilas are rare; and even more rarely did they escape some tragical termination.

Far more fortunate are the knights who can secure and are content to have vilas for their 'half-sisters,' and do not seek them as spouses. These fairy *posestrinie* are never absent whenever their 'half-brothers' need assistance. Their help does not extend to aid in actual combats, but rather limits itself to suggestions of the best course for their warrior-wards to pursue. When the Slavonian Prince Marko—who much resembled the Celtic King Arthur—was overthrown in a personal struggle with the rebel Moor, 'Moussa, the Challenger,' and, from beneath the furious antagonist, called upon his vila half-sister to succour him, she first rebukingly replied that Marko had overlooked her counsel never to fight on a Sunday; then she reminded him that he had on his person some concealed knives. With these weapons Marko killed the Moor; but as he gazed upon the dead body, shed tears, because he had 'slain a greater hero than himself.'

The vilas pass much of their leisure in 'golden' or 'crystal' castles in the clouds. They are, however, very constant in their predictions for the places selected for their dancing re-unions. No others are permitted to occupy such spots. Should any tired traveller unluckily rest upon a vila ground, he will probably proceed to the next village lame or insane.

In many districts, the rustics even nowadays attribute some diseases, especially apoplexy, to the sufferer having disturbed a vila dancing-party.

Many songs survive relating the troubles of Yanko of Transylvania—the famous Hungarian hero Hunyady—with vilas, on account of his army having encamped in one of their choicest haunts. One ballad describes a vila as calling down from the clouds: 'May God kill thee, Yanko! Why pitchest thou thy silken tents on our dancing sward? Remove them instantly, or thou wilt rue this day. I will annihilate thy force; poisoning the grass for thy horses, and sending sickness amongst thy soldiers. Before midnight, the Turks shall capture thee, and amidst every torture the Mussulman demons can contrive, thou shalt yield up thy soul!'

Yanko, relying on his own good sword, in his falcons and hunting-dogs, and above all, in his 'six-winged diver,' defied the vila and disregarded her threats. The next moment the vila descended to the earth, and thrice running

around the encampment, discharged on the army a multitude of arrows, so that men and horses fell dead by thousands. Yanko chased the vila; and when she flew upwards, sent after her his 'gray' falcons. When she hid in the forest, his hounds gave her no rest; and when she sought shelter in the depths of the lake, his six-winged diver brought her to shore! So Yanko caught the vila, who became his 'sister-in-God,' and restored his soldiers and their steeds to life and strength.

Naturally, the peasantry cherishing these traditions anxiously avoid anything annoying to the vilas. They have signs by which to recognise the vila haunts. They say the whirlwind likes to visit vila grounds; and that certain plants grow most luxuriantly there, particularly a mushroom called 'Viloonyacha' (or 'fairy mushroom'). Many plants bear such popular names as Vila's flower, Vila's hair, Vila's onion. One beautiful butterfly is known as Vila's little horse. Most of the springs famous for cool or curative waters are styled Vila fountains. There are hundreds of these Vila wells in Servia; and one in their capital city, Belgrade, which really deserves its poetical appellation.

Abundant references in the popular poetry of the Balkan nations prove that the vilas were believed to take quite as active and lively interest in the fate of Servian heroes as ever did the goddesses of the *Iliad* in that of Grecian warriors. But although there are various points of resemblance between the Greek goddess and the Servian vila, there are more distinctive traits to prove that the vila is no copy or reproduction of the classical goddess; on the contrary, that she is an original creation of the Slavonian mythology.

TIGERS:

HOW THEY ARE HUNTED AND KILLED.

To the average English mind, there present themselves but two methods of pursuing and slaying the striped monarch of the Eastern jungles—namely, the ordinary battue by elephants, on the most doughty and best-trained of which the sportsmen mount, and ensconce themselves in the traditional 'howdah,' whence, with comparative ease and security, they mark out and shoot down their game; and the infinitely more perilous and exciting plan of tracking the cunning and ferocious animal on foot to his lair, and facing him in open combat. The former is the most usually indulged in, even ladies taking part in the chase; the latter is only adopted by men who can thoroughly depend upon their nerves and accuracy of aim, and is often productive of those fatal accidents which strike us with horror on their occurrence. But there are many other and varied practices adopted to take or annihilate this destructive quadruped, which may be unknown to our readers, and which, therefore, we shall proceed to describe.

In districts where firearms are unknown or

unprocureable, the native inhabitants fashion a sort of spring-bow of stout cane, which they set up in some path which the tiger is known to follow when going to a river or pool to quench his thirst. To this they adjust an arrow, the point of which has been well smeared with a virulent and powerful poison, in the compounding of which they are very skilful. The animal, on his peregrination to water, comes in contact with a cord attached to this weapon and stretched across the track, being closely concealed under grass and leaves. The pressure on this releases the string of the bow, the missile springs forward, and in most cases attains its aim, entering the breast of the tiger, who breaks away with loud roars into the depths of the jungle. The natives, apprised by his fury of their success, follow up cautiously, and in a few hours come across their prey, which has succumbed to the deadly injection.

Sometimes a somewhat similar device is brought into play, which is also utilised by the natives of Africa to secure hippopotami. A heavy block of wood, to which is firmly lashed a short, stout, sharply-barbed spear, is suspended over the path, and in this case, likewise, a thin cord is stretched across the track. As before, on the latter being pressed by the tiger, the trap is sprung; the heavy block descends with terrific force on the back of the devoted animal, plunging the keen spear deep into its vitals, whence the broad barb prevents its extraction; and the tiger, if not almost instantaneously slain, dashes away into the jungle, every movement enlarging the wound, and causing the deadly weapon to penetrate deeper and deeper, until, worn out with loss of blood, he sinks dying to the ground.

In some cases, a tiger who has earned the invidious title of 'man-eater' will frequent a village and its environs, even venturing at night to steal silently among the huts and carry off a victim from the very midst of his fellows, hooking the wretched individual out of his fancied security as one would extract a periwinkle from its shell with a pin. Driven to desperation, the people will hire one or two men who are known to be professional *shekarries* and good shots, not hesitating to send hundreds of miles for them. A platform, commonly called a *machain*, is then erected amongst the branches of some tall tree in the outskirts of the village; and on this, seated sometimes alone, sometimes in couples, and well shrouded from view by the foliage, these men will wait patiently hour after hour. Perhaps several days may elapse ere they succeed in their object; but sooner or later, the tiger pays the forfeit of his life, and the villagers are delivered from their ruthless and bloodthirsty foe. This plan is often adopted by Europeans, who picket a goat or bullock within range of their leafy perch, and, on the tiger making his

appearance and pouncing on the miserable victim, shoot him down in ease and security.

The Nairs, on the coast of Malabar, adopt a far more perilous method. They fix upon a partially cleared spot in the vicinity which the tiger is known to frequent, and in the centre thereof they picket a goat. At convenient distances from this alluring bait, in a circle, several pits are dug just wide enough to admit the body of a man, and from eight to ten feet in depth. On either side of the interior, strong wooden plugs are inserted, to serve as steps, and on these the bare-footed Nairs balance themselves while on the lookout, with their eyes just above the level of the ground. Each is armed with a bow and arrows and a short, sharp, stabbing spear. Ere long the tiger, attracted by the cries of the goat, makes his appearance: there is a bound, a roar, and a shriek from the terrified victim; and almost simultaneously a dozen arrows are quivering in the body of the astounded aggressor. If not killed by the first discharge, he glares around furiously, to discover whence the missiles had come, and, catching sight of a dark woolly poll projecting out of the ground, he rushes to the spot. But his irritating antagonist is securely crouched at the bottom of his hole, and, whilst the infuriated beast makes frenzied attempts to claw him out, not only does the Nair deal him vicious prods with his spear, but his comrades ply their bows and arrows with redoubled zeal, and ultimately the tiger yields up his life, being stuck as full of arrows as a pincushion of pins. Of course, fatal accidents will sometimes occur, as when, for instance, the tiger is too quick for the Nair, and is upon him ere the latter can slip down into safety.

The Chinese still practise a 'device of a box-trap and looking-glass, which is said to be found in ancient sculpture; and any of our readers who may have noticed the curiosity of a cat, dog, or monkey when it spies its image in a mirror, can well conceive that the larger animal, animated by the same feeling, would evince the same inquisitiveness, and, while indulging its thirst for knowledge, walk heedlessly into the trap.

The Persians are said to proceed after the following manner. A large, spherical, strongly interwoven bamboo cage, with intervals of a few inches between the bars, is erected in some spot adjacent to the haunts of the tiger. This is firmly and securely picketed to the ground. Inside this cage, a man, provided with several short and powerful stabbing spears, or a keen and pointed sword, takes post at night with a dog or a goat as his companion, wraps himself in his blanket, and calmly goes to sleep. Presently, the tiger makes his appearance—of which the man is made aware by his four-footed companion—and, after vainly snuffing and prowling round the cage to find an entrance, rears himself up against the erection. The man instantly takes advantage of the brute's unprotected position, and either stabs him resolutely with his spear, or rips up his stomach with his hunting-sword, either of which attacks results in almost immediate death.

In the early days of the present century, and sometimes, but rarely, in our own days, the hazardous method of netting and spearing the tiger was indulged in. The procedure seems simple enough; but strong nerves and sure hands would be needful for those who participated therein. The animal is first 'ringed'—tracked down to a portion of the jungle which can be easily surrounded by the number of men present and the extent of nets available; and these latter are erected round the spot, being firmly upheld by stout and long bamboos driven into the ground. When all is prepared, rockets, squibs, and crackers are flung into the covert in quantities, and a hideous noise is set up with hallooing, beating of tom-toms, and firing of blank cartridges. The tiger, frightened or infuriated, as the case may be, rushes out of the jungle to find his way barred by the apparently flimsy nets. He hurls himself in wrath at the impediment, and is met with repeated thrusts of spears from the hunters outside. Again and again he dashes vainly at the barrier, only to meet the points of the weapons of his relentless foes, until at last a thrust more deftly delivered than the others pierces his vitals, and he reels to earth dead or dying. Sometimes the nets would be hung so as to give way at the impetuous rush of the angry brute, who would then fall to the ground enveloped in the yielding but tenacious folds of the clinging mesh; and, ere he could extricate himself, a dozen spears would transfix him and render him powerless for harm. Naturally, many fatal accidents occurred at this dangerous sport; but at the time when it was in vogue, human life was held in scant regard by the native princes of the country; so long as no harm accrued to themselves, they were careless how many lives were sacrificed to enable them to indulge in their perilous pastime.

It would seem almost ludicrous to talk of taking a tiger with birdlime, but it is a fact that it is so captured in some districts of India—in Oude, principally. When the track of a tiger is ascertained, the peasants collect a large quantity of the berries of a certain bush which is common enough in the jungles, and with the properties of which they are thoroughly conversant. From these, by a somewhat similar process to that which is adopted in the manufacture of birdlime in England, they compound a thick and adhesive mixture. Then, gathering a number of large, broad leaves, they smear these with the sticky substance, and strew them plentifully, doctored side uppermost, along the track which the tiger frequents, or in some gloomy spot whither he retires to pass the heat of the day. 'Stripes' comes leisurely strolling along, making his way down to a well-known pool to quench his thirst, and sets his paw on one of the limed leaves. Not liking the contact, he shakes his foot violently; but the annoying article will not come off: nay, instead of this, in moving about, he steps upon others, which also adhere where they once touch. Then, as our readers may have noticed in a cat when engaged in washing her face, he rubs his paws over his face and jaws, to get rid of the adhesive leaves; but he only succeeds in transferring them to his hairy countenance and

plastering over his nose and eyes. Now his temper, which is always very loosely hung, begins to desert him. He rolls himself hither and thither, making frantic dashes at his face and eyes with his paws, but only manages to cover them thicker and thicker with the annoying things, and eventually to quite blind himself. In this condition he stumbles and falls about, picking up more and more leaves, until he resembles a man who has been tarred and feathered. And now his rage finds vent in dreadful roarings and fearful howlings, as he reels and falls helplessly and aimlessly in all directions; and the natives, hearing and understanding the uproar, hasten to the spot, and put a speedy end to his misery.

In conclusion, we would cite one instance only of a well-known and absolutely authentic case where a tiger was literally challenged and slain by a man on foot in a manner which seems at first sight fool-hardy and reckless to a degree. The hero of the event was a sportsman, recognised in India under the title of 'the Old Shekarry,' and the victor in scores of desperate engagements with the cunning and ferocious denizens of the jungle. What we are about to relate occurred more than a generation ago. A certain district in India was haunted by a man-eating tiger, who, from many escapes and much hunting, had developed an excessive amount of caution, which, however, did not prevent him from becoming an absolute terror and scourge to the unfortunate people who dwelt in the district. In those days, as now, letters for outlying places beyond reach of the regular mail were carried by post-runners, and these, besides their official badge, carried a short stick with a number of rings or bells strung upon it. By jingling these as they ran, they gave notice of their advent. By experience, the man-eater had learnt to associate the sound with a man, and had taken advantage of his experience. Thenceforth he waged unrelenting war against the unfortunate postmen. To-day, one would be taken here; to-morrow, another at a place fifty miles distant. A perfect panic seized upon the unfortunate runners, who could not, by threats or promises, be induced to carry letters across the district infested by this blood-thirsty brute. At last, the news of this dilemma reached the ears of the Old Shekarry, to whom it promised an adventure such as his soul loved. He promptly repaired to the district. But, as if the cunning animal had become aware of the antagonist against whom it was to be pitted, it disappeared; and, search as he might, the disappointed sportsman could find no traces of the man-eater. Suddenly an idea flashed into his mind: the tiger was said to be partial to post-runners, whose coming he recognised by the tinkling of their 'jingles': he would himself assume the rôle, and, carrying the stick which attracted the brute, ring a challenge to the cunning animal. No sooner thought of than adopted. Towards the cool of evening he sallied forth on a line of route where the last victim had disappeared, armed with his trusty double-barrel, and keen, double-edged hunting-knife.

As he approached the fatal spot, a slight rocky incline, sparsely covered with bushes, his

heart beating quickly, but his courage unabated, and nerves strung to their utmost tension, it was approaching dusk, and objects were not very plainly discernible. But his ears were on the stretch for the faintest sound, and all at once he imagined he heard a deep purring close at hand. He halted immediately, and stepped back a couple of paces to obtain a clear view. As he did so, the tiger rose into the air from his ambush with an agile bound, and alighted on the very spot the wary Old Shekarry had abandoned. While he was yet in the air, the deadly rifle poured forth its contents; as he fell to the earth, the second barrel administered a final quietus; and there, in the gathering gloom, the triumphant sportsman stood proudly contemplating his dying enemy, glowing with honest enthusiasm at the result of his gallant challenge.

To depict the joy of the natives at the death of their foe lies not within the limits of this sketch: we have only mentioned the incident as an example of what he must be prepared to face who would beard the tiger alone and on foot in his native wilds.

LIGHT RAILWAYS.

THE year which is now drawing towards its close has witnessed considerable interest in the subject of Light Railways, and the possibilities attached to an energetic development of this special means of transport. The topic is one of far-reaching importance, and it is not too much to say that every one is more or less directly interested in due provision being made for the transit of every class of agricultural produce and merchandise, either in its distribution to the consumer; or in its collection at the great markets of the world. The subject has of late attracted the attention of engineers and railway managers, whilst a free ventilation of the question has taken place among railway shareholders at their recent meetings. Under such circumstances, a brief résumé of the past and future of light railways may afford matter for some succinct remarks to be laid before our readers.

The *raison d'être* of a light railway is the provision of means of transport through sparsely populated and poor districts at the lowest possible cost both as regards initial outlay and working expenses. Many agricultural parts and fishing villages remain entirely unprovided with means of getting their produce to market, the heavy expenses incurred in building a line of railway of customary gauge precluding all possibility of an adequate return for the capital outlay necessary, and thus obviously debarring the district from all hope of developing its trade. In such instances—and their number is legion—the construction of a light railway whose cost both in formation and maintenance would not exceed the resources of the district served, and would be sufficiently low to induce capitalists to embark money in the assurance of a fair return of interest, could not fail to be at once a boon and a great stimulus to local enterprise. The heavy expenses entailed in securing an Act of Parliament for the con-

struction of a railway often retard promoters from proceeding with their schemes, where serious opposition is threatened; but it cannot be too widely known that where public opinion is unanimous in desiring a line, the Board of Trade, by powers conferred on it by an Act passed in 1874, may authorise a line, thereby dispensing altogether with the costly process of securing a special Act of Parliament.

So far, the formation of light railways can be undertaken without incurring much expense beyond that of the survey and estimates; but, unhappily, at the present moment the stringency of the Board of Trade requirements in the matter of signalling appliances, interlocking stations, and other costly apparatus, impose a burden on the slender purses of these diminutive lines, which makes a very formidable drain on resources which need the most judicious husbanding. Public opinion is, however, being roused on the subject, and there is every possibility that legislation at no distant date will cease to require from light railways running at slow speeds through unfrequented tracts of country, all the intricate and expensive gear, rightly enough deemed essential for the safe working of a first-class main trunk line carrying frequent and express passenger traffic. Should this much-needed legislative relief be given, there is every reason to hope for much activity in the construction of light railways, and corresponding benefit to the main lines to which they will serve as feeders, and to the public generally, who will derive advantage by being in communication with sources of supply hitherto closed.

Already light railways have made their mark in the history of engineering enterprise, and no one who has visited Ireland, can fail to be struck with the facilities the recently constructed lines afford for the transport of fish and farm stuff from remote and isolated parts. (See 'Government Light Railways in Ireland' in *Chambers's Journal*, Oct. 10, 1891.) The recently opened light line to Lee on the Solent, in the south of England, has afforded means of access at low cost to a rising watering-place, and has fully justified the expectations of its engineer, Mr P. W. Meik.

On the Continent, our neighbours have not been slow to avail themselves of the advantages inherent to the adoption of this mode of transit; in Würtemberg, lines having the metre gauge, and in Saxony others having a gauge of two feet six inches, are in successful operation, in connection with the main trunk systems of the customary or four feet eight and a half inches gauge. The difficulty in the break of gauge—namely, in transferring the rolling stock from the main to the light lines—has been successfully coped with by the employment of a 'transporter' or pair of small trucks travelling on the lesser gauge, each of which carries an axle of the main-line wagon, when it is desired to convey the latter over the narrow-gauge rails. The transporter is found to work very advantageously; and reports recently made by a body of French Government engineers on its employment are entirely satisfactory.

As will readily be seen, the use of the transporter system permits the adoption of a narrow

and cheap gauge on the light line without entailing the heavy and often fatal expense of transshipment, with all its many attendant disadvantages of damage, loss of time, &c., on the consignment reaching the main line.

M. G. Foris has recently described a light railway built between Pithiviers and Toury, in France, with a two-feet gauge, to encourage the beetroot and sugar industries of the districts traversed—a line which may be taken as typical of similar undertakings constructed with similar objects on the Continent. Without entering on the minutiae of the line as dwelt upon by M. G. Foris, we may state that the construction is on lines of strict economy, the cost per mile being only £1223, and the equipment only £328 per mile. The results already obtained in working are considered very encouraging.

It is unnecessary to give further instances of the successful construction and operation of light lines, built at very low cost, and worked in an equally inexpensive yet satisfactory manner. Enough has been said to demonstrate how large a field is open in this country for their development, and to indicate that the great extension of light railways cannot fail to be a marked feature of the near future.

THE 'NEW WOMAN.'

SHE does not 'languish in her bower,'

Or squander all the golden day

In fashioning a gaudy flower

Upon a worsted spray;

Nor is she quite content to wait

Behind her 'rose-wreathed lattice-pane,

Until beside her father's gate

The gallant Prince draws rein.'

The brave 'New Woman' scorns to sigh,

And count it 'such a grievous thing'

That year on year should hurry by

And no gay suitor bring:

In labour's ranks she takes her place,

With skilful hands and cultured mind;

Not always foremost in the race,

But never far behind.

And not less lightly fall her feet

Because they tread the busy ways;

She is no whit less fair and sweet

Than maids of olden days,

Who, gowned in samite or brocade,

Looked charming in their dainty guise,

But dwelt like violets in the shade,

With shy, half-opened eyes.

Of life she takes a clearer view,

And through the press serenely moves,

Unfettered, free; with judgment true

Avoiding narrow grooves.

She reasons, and she understands;

And sometimes 'tis her joy and crown

To lift with strong yet tender hands

The burdens men lay down.

E. MATHESON.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 572.—Vol. XI.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1894.

PRICE 1½d.

THE NEW TREATMENT OF DIPHTHERIA.

ANTITOXIN.

IN a recent issue the *Illustrated London News* said: 'Professor Behring of Halle, if newspaper reports from Vienna be correct, must have his name added to the list of great benefactors of his kind. He is the inventor of what German physicians declare to be an "absolutely efficient cure" for the scourge of Diphtheria. The method is inoculation with blood serum. The tests seem conclusive. It is estimated that in Austria and Germany alone the serum treatment will save one million and a half of lives in ten years.'

With the recollection of the failure of Dr Koch's scientific cure for tuberculosis still fresh in the mind of the public, it is very undesirable that any false hopes should be raised in connection with this new scientific treatment of diphtheria. So far, this blood-serum treatment can hardly be said to have passed the experimental stage. But it has up to the present date been attended with so much success, and is receiving so much support from many distinguished members of the medical profession both at home and abroad, that some popular explanation may prove acceptable, and not premature.

It may be well to begin by reminding the reader that the productive agent of diphtheria has been shown to be a bacillus. It is sometimes called, after its discoverer, Professor Löffler of Greifswald, the Löffler bacillus; sometimes simply the Diphtheria bacillus. Proof of its agency in producing diphtheria rests, roughly speaking, on the following grounds: First, it has been shown that this bacillus is present in the tissues in every case of diphtheria; secondly, the bacillus can be isolated, and cultivated in isolation through many generations; and thirdly, inoculation of a susceptible animal by means of the latest generations or cultures produces

diphtheria similar in every respect to the diphtheria in the animal from which the parent bacillus was taken. The inoculative material which is capable of causing diphtheria is called the *toxin* of diphtheria.

To give a general idea of the method of the new treatment, it must be explained that the toxin of diphtheria can be obtained in different strengths. It can be obtained strong enough to cause death in a susceptible animal inoculated with it; or of such a strength as only to cause a comparatively mild attack of diphtheria, with ultimate recovery. In such a case, recovery—that is, cessation of the morbid processes caused by the bacilli—takes place naturally, without treatment of any kind. Further, for a time (comparatively short) after recovery the animal is proof against a second inoculation. It is what is called *immune*. Further still, blood serum taken from this immune animal and injected into the tissues of a second healthy animal susceptible to diphtheria, has the power of making the second animal also immune. The blood serum has therefore evidently developed a condition which is powerfully antagonistic to the action of the bacilli. Arguing backwards, we infer that it must be this peculiar condition of the blood serum which renders the first animal proof against a second inoculation. That being so, it is reasonable to argue that the same condition of the blood serum must be antagonistic to the bacilli of the first inoculation—must be the cause of the cessation of the morbid processes—therefore, must be the cause of recovery.

It must be explained here that blood serum is simply the non-coagulable part of the blood. Freshly shed blood, if put in a glass vessel, in two or three minutes becomes viscid, and in five or ten minutes is converted into a complete jelly. If left untouched for an hour or so, the jelly is found to be completely changed into two distinct parts—a firm part called *blood clot*, and a colourless liquid part called *blood serum*.

Now, blood serum having the protective quality—Antitoxin, as it is called—can be obtained from animals which have been rendered immune by artificial inoculation. The suggestion was therefore made that an animal, such as a horse, should be rendered immune by artificial inoculation, and that blood serum taken from it should be injected into the tissues of human beings suffering from diphtheria, to act as an antidote to the bacilli and bring about recovery. The suggestion was acted upon, and the results have been, to say the least, encouraging. The earliest published cases of diphtheria treated by this method were a series of thirty reported by Behring and Kossel in April 1893. Of these, eighty per cent. recovered. Katz has reported one hundred and twenty-eight cases similarly treated with a mortality of only thirteen per cent. His mortality for fourteen months previously was forty-one per cent. Aronson, one hundred and ninety-two cases, with a mortality of fourteen per cent.

Dr Roux of Paris adopted the Antitoxin treatment in four hundred and forty-eight consecutive cases, with the result that his mortality fell to 24·33 per cent. For four years previously his mortality had been fifty-one per cent.; and at the time when it fell to twenty-four per cent. the mortality in the Hôpital Trousseau, where the serum treatment was not adopted, remained at sixty per cent.

Dr Roux is 'the man of the hour' in Paris, where he is regarded as the discoverer of the Antitoxin treatment. The Parisians are mistaken, as Roux himself allows. The steps of the process were these: (1) The discovery of the bacillus (Löffler and Klebs), German. (2) The proof that the bacillus produces diphtheria (Löffler). (3) Isolation of the toxin of diphtheria (Roux and Jersin), French. (4) Discovery of the counter-poison, Antitoxin (Behring), German. 'Behring, therefore,' says Roux, 'has completed and crowned the edifice.'

So far the 'serumtherapy' treatment has not, owing to the limited supply of the remedy, had an extensive trial in this country. Thirty-six cases, however—several of more than average severity—have been recorded in the *British Medical Journal*, with a percentage of only five deaths. Antitoxin is now being prepared at the British Institute of Preventive Medicine in London, and it is hoped that a continuous supply will shortly be available from this source. Time and experience only can show the actual value of the remedy; but, whatever be the result, it is satisfactory to learn from all the different accounts that the injection itself is positively harmless to the patient. The use of the remedy at an early stage of the disease, and antiseptic precautions at the time of injection, are the most important points to be attended to. One injection is generally found to be sufficient; two are rarely required. The cost of each dose sold here from abroad has hitherto been from five to ten shillings. The British Institute of Preventive Medicine, however, will supply the material at the bare cost of production, not with an eye to profit, and the cost will be very much less, probably only sixpence or ninepence.

Sir Joseph Lister, the President, anticipates

that the demands will be very large, and appeals to the generosity of the public, urging them to contribute liberally to the funds of the Institute, to meet the necessary expenditure. Not only is the remedy useful in all stages of the disease, but it is confidently expected that a single administration of it to nurses and healthy relatives coming in contact with the patient, may confer an immunity, which, though of short duration, may be amply sufficient to protect them from an attack of the disease.

The *British Medical Journal* gives an account of the preparation of Diphtheria Antitoxin at Pasteur's Institute in Paris. Briefly, it is as follows: The virulent bacillus of diphtheria is grown in broth. After three or four weeks, the culture is sufficiently rich in toxin to be used. The culture, filtered through porcelain filters, yields a clear liquid. Horses are inoculated with this liquid by injection under the skin. Gradually, by repeated injections over a period of two or three months, the horse is brought into a condition in which its serum possesses very high antitoxic properties. The efficacy of the blood serum having been ascertained by a test experiment on guinea-pigs, the horses are bled, and the serum is made up in suitable quantities for transmission to various parts of the country.

THE LAWYER'S SECRET.*

CHAPTER XXVIII.—IN THE DAWN OF A NEW DAY.

It seemed to Hugh Thesiger and his betrothed as if they had been restored to one another from the grave. When Hugh opened the door, Lady Boldon was standing ready, waiting for him, her face glowing, her arms outstretched, her eyes filled with tears. In another moment they were in each other's arms. For a long time they stood thus, without speaking, only now and then clasping each other tighter, or drawing back to look eagerly on the well-loved face.

'Are you not going to speak to me, Adelaide?' asked Hugh by-and-by, with a smile. His voice sounded to her low and strange, as if she had not heard it for years.

'What shall I say? How shall I tell you my joy—in words? And, oh Hugh! to think that I so nearly lost you!—Forgive me, Hugh—forgive me!'

'Forgive you! For what?'

'For thinking, for imagining for one moment, that you had caused Mr Felix's death.'

'Nay, darling; it is I who should ask you to forgive me. The truth is, I supposed you had done it. I did not believe for a moment you had intended that Mr Felix should die. But I thought he had you in some way in his power. I had watched you closely, and I saw there was some secret between you and him, some secret that was lying like a burden on your life and crushing you to the ground. I did not care to ask you what the secret was, since

* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

you did not speak of it, though I often thought of questioning you. After I left you that afternoon, I wandered about the streets a long time in a state of great perplexity. At last I resolved I would go and see Mr Felix, tell him you and I were engaged, and that he had me to deal with instead of you. I thought I might find out something of the nature of the hold he had over you.'

'Alas!' cried Lady Boldon, 'he had no hold over me but what was of my own— But did you go to Norfolk Street?'

'Yes; I went. No one was in the outer office, so I knocked at the door of the inner room, and then went in. No one was there either; but I could see through a half-open door into a room beyond; and I saw some one—I supposed it was the man I had come to see—lying, as I thought, asleep on a couch. I coughed, but he did not move; so, as I was determined to speak with him, I walked in and called out to him. Still he did not move. I touched him; and then the awful truth broke on my mind. He was dead! I looked round for a bell, to ring for help, and saw none; but my eye fell on a little phial on a small table at the other side of the writing-table. I took it up, and read the directions on the label. To my horror, I saw it was the very bottle of cocaine I had given you a few hours before!

'I cannot think how I allowed the idea to master me as it did. But my mind seemed incapable of reasoning. The poison had been yours—you had lately been with him—and there the man was, lying dead. I thought—forgive me, Adelaide, if you can!—but I imagined that, unintentionally perhaps, you had killed him. I stood staring at the phial, I can't tell how long. Then I slipped it into my pocket, for I knew that, if it was found there, it might become a piece of fatal evidence against you. The next thing I saw was a deed-box on the floor; and one or two papers, evidently taken from it, scattered about. The box bore Sir Richard Boldon's name. This turned my suspicion into a certainty. I supposed that it was the possession of some document that gave the lawyer his power over you; and that, in order to get it into your own hands, you had drugged him, and had unintentionally killed him.

'Then I thought that possibly he might not be beyond recovery, though, so far as I could see, he was quite dead. I felt that the first thing to be done was to fetch a doctor. All this passed through my mind, you can understand, in far less time than it takes me to tell it. I rushed from the place, out into the street, and asked a lad I met where the nearest surgeon was to be found. He began to give me some directions; and while he was speaking, I recollected that if I went for a doctor myself, I might be questioned if I stayed, while I would certainly excite suspicion if I disappeared. In either case, I would be laying a net for your feet, for the doctor would describe me to the police, and, sooner or later, I would be recognised, and my silence might be as fatal to you, I thought, as anything I could say. To avoid this danger, I gave the lad half-a-crown,

and asked him to fetch a medical man as soon as possible, telling him the address carefully. Then I went back to my chambers.'

'This was not known—I never heard of this before!' cried Lady Boldon.

'No,' answered Hugh, with a half-smile. 'The message, I fancy, never was delivered. Or, more probably, the doctor was out, and the servant or housekeeper forgot to give it to him—or he may not have returned until late in the evening. However, I am certain that Mr Felix was dead when I first saw him. It was of no use for me to say I had sent for a doctor, since I wanted people to think I was guilty.'

Lady Boldon shuddered, and grasped her lover's arm with a convulsive clutch.

'When did you begin to conceive the idea of sacrificing yourself for me?' she asked.

'Not for a day or two. I saw from the report of the inquest that I had been seen leaving Mr Felix's room that night; and I saw that I might be recognised any day. So it occurred to me that if I were to flee the country, every one would think I was guilty, and suspicion would never light upon you.'

'But why did you not come and ask me?'

'Because—you forget, dearest—I thought you had drugged the poor man. I am ashamed to say this; but indeed there seemed no doubt that it must be so. Only, I was amazed at your indiscretion in leaving the phial behind you.

'I had collected my property, bade good-bye to my uncle and aunt, as I thought for the last time, and was, in fact, almost in the act of flight, when I was arrested. Then I saw that things must take their own course. All power of trying to guide them was taken from me. The only thing I could do was to sit still, and forbid any steps being taken by O'Neil.'

'Adelaide,' exclaimed Hugh, a few moments later, 'how did you leave the cocaine in Mr Felix's room?—it was the same phial, wasn't it?'

'Yes; it was the one you got for me on our way from the railway station. While I was talking to Mr Felix, the agitation brought on my neuralgia again so badly, that I could hardly think or speak. I remembered I had the phial of cocaine in my little hand-bag, and thought it might relieve the pain. So I poured a little water into a glass that stood on a side-table and took a dose of the drug. I put the phial on the table where the glass stood, and left it there—came away and forgot it. But who gave it to Mr Felix, then? Did he take it himself?'

Hugh then related the substance of Fane's confession; and Lady Boldon now understood for the first time how the will had been obtained by her husband's heir-at-law.

There was silence between the two lovers for a few seconds; but something was whispering in Lady Boldon's heart—'Tell him—tell him. You will never get a better opportunity. It will never be easier for you than it is at this moment. Tell him now.'

And to these whispers Lady Boldon answered, 'I cannot—I cannot—I cannot.'

'Shall I ring and see whether O'Neil is still in the hotel?' asked Hugh. 'I know he would

like to see you ; and it seems shabby to keep him waiting any longer, don't you think ?

'Yes—that is, not yet, Hugh. But if you wish it'—She stopped ; then, turning away her head, and speaking almost in a whisper, she said : 'You have not asked me why Mr Felix and I—what the secret was that bound us together.'

A deep blush covered Lady Boldon's face, from her forehead to her neck. Her lover looked at her, and started. There was an expression almost of agony in her eyes. 'Did you'—he whispered—'did you, then, know of the will ?'

For a time there was no answer. Then it came in a voice clear and distinct, but very low and tremulous—'Yes, I did ; but that was not all.—Oh, Hugh ! I want to tell you all, and I cannot. Yet I must. Help me ; ask me, and I will answer you.—No ; I could not. Besides, you never would guess the truth.'

Hugh sat still, wondering.

'What is there more to tell ?' he said at length. 'Nothing of any moment—nothing that can matter now.'

'But Hugh, it was dishonest,' said the lady, almost in a whisper.

'Yes, if you had acted on it—if you had retained the property after our marriage. But though you fancied you might have done so, you would not actually have done it.'

'I do not know. I cannot tell. I believe I would have kept it. I looked on it as mine ever since my marriage.'

'Dearest, think of it no more. It can do no good.'

'But what I wished to tell you was that I deceived Mr Felix.' By this time Lady Boldon's voice was barely audible.

'Mr Felix ? How ? You must be mistaken. I should think he was very well able to look after himself, from all I have heard of him. Besides, you owed no duty to him.'

'Yes, but—Oh ! it is hard to tell it !'

'Do not tell me, then,' cried Hugh.

'Yes ; I must. Hugh, I had promised to marry that man.'

'What !'

'It is true. To my shame, it is true. It was the only way I could prevail on him not to produce my husband's unjust will on the day of the funeral. I was to have two years' respite ; that was all. And I promised, without intending to keep the promise, for I would have preferred'—She stopped. A shiver passed through her frame.

'Sometimes,' she went on, 'it seemed to me more dishonourable to remain under such a promise than it would have been to keep it. But after the first false step was taken, I was bound hand and foot. If I had told Mr Felix I would not pay the price I had promised for his silence, he might have destroyed the will rather than incur the danger of letting it be known that he had concealed it. Or, he might have done worse. I tried to tell him, the last time I saw him ; and he looked at me in such a way that when I heard of his death I never doubted that he had destroyed himself.'

'My poor Adelaide !'

'I was tortured by the stings of my conscience

on the one hand, and fears for the future on the other. At first, before you spoke to me, I refused to think of the time when my debt to Mr Felix must be paid ; I hoped that something would happen—that some way of escape would open for me before the two-years were over. Then *you* spoke to me ; and everything seemed changed. My conduct seemed blacker, more horrible than it had ever done before ; and the net I had made for myself closed me in more relentlessly than ever.

'I went up to town to throw myself on Mr Felix's mercy. I entreated him to produce the will, and make some excuse for not making it known sooner. He said that was impossible, and insisted on my keeping my promise. He threatened to tell the whole story ; for he said if his reputation was ruined, mine should be ruined too. He asked if I wished to marry any one else ; and saw in my face, I suppose, that it was so. Then he threatened to find out who you were, and take your life as well as his own. I left him at last, quite hopeless, and quite exhausted, hardly caring what became of me.

'Then came the news of his death, and I feared he had died by his own hand. Afterwards, when suspicion fell upon you, I was in agony lest the true relations between Mr Felix and myself should become known to the police, for your interest in his death would then seem so great, that every one would believe you guilty. I can truly say that unless when you were with me, and not always even then, I have not known a happy or a peaceful hour since the day of my husband's funeral—I might almost say since my marriage day.'

For the last few minutes Lady Boldon had been hiding her face in her hands. The tears had forced their way through her fingers ; it was with the greatest difficulty that she refrained from sobbing aloud.

Hugh hung over her, and tried to raise her head, but she would not allow it.

'I have not acted like a true woman,' she said ; and her words were clear and distinct, though her breath was laboured.

'But you have been sorry for your deception ; and it has injured no one.'

'You cannot respect me any longer.'

'But I do.'

'You cannot love me.'

'Not love you ? I should be an ungrateful wretch if I did not, when you have so generously shown your love for me.'

'And now I am—all that I have confessed, and poor as well !'

'Adelaide !—Don't, my darling, don't waste any more time in self-reproaches. Don't let us allow any shadow to darken this day's joy. Be thankful that the concealment of the will has led to nothing worse than your own misery. Look up, dear one ! There—let me raise your head and look into your eyes. I love you, Adelaide ; we are going to forget the past, and begin a new life to-day.'

'I cannot forget it just yet,' she whispered, as she allowed her lover to enfold her in his arms, and raise her face to his. 'I have sinned too deeply and suffered too much. But you are right. I must not spoil your happiness—'

our happiness. And we have so much to be thankful for!—Oh, Hugh!" she burst out suddenly a moment later, "it was your love that saved me. I could not go to you as your wife with a lie in my right hand!"

BEE-RANCHING IN CALIFORNIA.

CALIFORNIA is perhaps better known as the land of fruit and of grain-farms and cattle-ranches than for bee-farming; the last industry is nevertheless very extensively practised in the State, and is certainly a lucrative one if properly understood and properly worked. California honey bears a high name in the markets of the world.

The writer some years ago visited a bee-ranch situated at the foot of the Sierra Madre Mountains, in the county of Los Angeles, California. The ranch was a comparatively small one for California, containing some five to six hundred hives, although in England it would rank as one of the largest. The principal pasture of the bee is the Rocky Mountain sage, familiar to all travellers in the Western States. The flower of this plant imparts a delicious flavour to the honey, which rivals the still famous product of Hymettus and the heather honey of Scotland. The genial climate ensures an abundance of bee-pasture all the year round, for when the sage is not in bloom, other flowers are not wanting.

One of the greatest enemies of the bees is the grizzly bear. This animal, as is well known, though most ungainly in appearance, can run as fast as a horse and climb like a monkey. He is exceedingly fond of honey, and will resort to every artifice to obtain it; and if allowed, will ruin an apiary in a very short time. He is no match, however, for the wily bee-keeper, who circumvents him in a very simple yet ingenious manner. The hives are all placed in close proximity to each other, forming a sort of small bee township, and the little settlement is enclosed by a strong barbed-wire fence, such as is commonly used in America. The bear, although a skilful climber, will not willingly surmount a barbed-wire fence. His first experience in this direction would probably come to him—to put it mildly—as a surprise, and would not be readily repeated. These fences are not such as are sometimes seen in England, but are liberally provided with metal barbs like the blade of a knife, which protrude in all directions; and woe betide the unfortunate individual who comes in contact with them unwittingly! It is no uncommon occurrence for horses and cattle to be terribly mutilated, and even killed outright, by these cruel contrivances, on which account they are not allowed in many neighbourhoods, although forming perhaps the cheapest and most effectual fence for the settler.

Another enemy of the bee is the skunk, a species of badger, found throughout nearly the whole of the American Continent. This animal bears an unenviable reputation on account of the nauseous mephitic odour which he ejects from a gland under his tail, forming a peculiar

mode of defence provided by nature. In walking through the woods, one's olfactory organs are often assailed by a strong musky smell, which betrays the presence of the skunk to the traveller, although the animal may not be visible. The experienced backwoodsman loses no time in giving his neighbour a wide berth, for if the warning is unheeded, and the animal molested in any way, he will at once eject the contents of his scent-gland on the intruder, causing a severe attack of nausea, followed by vomiting and other unpleasant consequences. The clothes of the traveller will also be so strongly impregnated with the smell, that the only way to get rid of it is to burn them. The skunk lies in wait at the entrance of the bee-hives, and catches and eats the unfortunate bees while entering or leaving their domicile, for it is a curious fact that their sting seems to have no effect on him. A barbed-wire fence will also keep this intruder off; but on farms where only a few hives are kept, it is usual to catch the skunks in traps, which are laid at the entrance to the hives, and kill them on the spot.

The honey when ready for harvesting is taken out of the hives, the bee-keeper being covered with a heavy gauze veil, and his hands encased in thick gloves, as a protection against the attacks of his angry assailants. The comb—the top of which has previously been removed by a sharp knife—is then placed in a large circular vessel called an 'extractor.' This is rotated rapidly, the centrifugal motion causing the honey to fly out of the combs, when it is collected in a proper receptacle. The combs are then put back into the hives, and are soon refilled by the industrious insects, when the process is repeated, the cells being robbed of their honey several times without new combs being formed.

Until quite recently, the art of bee-keeping has been practically conducted on the same primitive principles as described by Virgil in his *Georgics*; but in this, as in most other industries, the spirit of progress has made itself felt, and of late years, many innovations have been introduced which would cause the famous Roman to stare in surprise, if he could rise from his ashes. The foundations on which the combs are built are not made of beeswax at all; the services of these insects have been dispensed with entirely in the manufacture of this article, which is produced from paraffin, and stamped with the form of the cells, forming as it were a plan of operations, which the intelligent bees at once commence to carry out, building up the cells on the foundation thus supplied; and of course effecting a considerable saving of bee-labour. Even the cells have been produced by artificial means, and being filled with a mixture of glucose and sugar, can be made to resemble the genuine article in such a manner as almost to defy detection. This may come as a revelation to those who are accustomed to buy their honey in the comb to satisfy themselves that they are obtaining the natural product of the bee. It is asserted that artificial honey, manufactured in the manner described above, has found its way into the markets; but, considering the present

low price of pure honey, it is difficult to understand how this can be possible, as honey may be bought in California actually at a lower price than sugar. It is a fact, however, that many people prefer honey to which sugar has been added, just as most people in England prefer coffee when mixed with chicory, instead of the pure article; while in most foreign countries the unadulterated coffee is preferred.

The occupation of bee-ranching is not without its charms. The ranch is generally situated at the foot of the mountains, and frequently at the entrance of a narrow mountain gorge (locally termed canyon). The locality may be isolated, and neighbours few and far between, but the air is pure, and the climate in these regions may be regarded as perfection. The days are always pleasantly warm, but seldom oppressive; and the nights are always cool enough to make sleep refreshing; while frost is a rare occurrence. The labour required is both light and pleasant, and the life seems to invite to a *dolce far niente* existence, which to a person of busy habits might be the reverse of agreeable. The climate is generally too dry for agricultural pursuits, unless where abundance of water is available for irrigation. Even the water required for household purposes is often difficult to procure, as, during the long rainless season, the brooks and streams are perfectly dry. When the ranch is situated at the foot of the ranges, water is sometimes obtained by driving a tunnel into the sides of the mountain and collecting the precious fluid, which trickles drop by drop from the roof of the tunnel, and is stored in a small reservoir.

The dryness is not inimical to animal life, for the neighbouring mountains and valleys abound with game of all kinds, and if within easy reach of a town, are much frequented by picnic and shooting parties, who may be seen driving out in brakes, wagons, and all kinds of conveyances, on Saturdays and Sundays, for the Californian, be it noted, is not a rigid Sabbatarian.

It is often asked why bee-keeping is not more popular in this country, and statistics have been given to prove that it is a most profitable occupation. To one who has the necessary time at his disposal, and is willing to devote the requisite attention to it, bee-keeping can doubtless be made both pleasant and profitable; but at the present time, when the price of honey is so low, the pursuit can scarcely be said to be a lucrative one if carried out on a small scale. In order to make it pay, the bee-keeper must know his business thoroughly, and must go into it on a large scale, and avail himself fully of all the latest and most improved appliances. Conducted on these lines, it should give satisfactory results; but in Great Britain the openings for bee-keeping on a large scale are limited. New countries, however, such as California and Australia, where the climate is also more favourable, offer a magnificent scope to the practical bee-keeper.

California has been one of the first countries to go into the industry on the largest scale and on strictly scientific principles. In this respect it has been imitated in late years by Australia, and Australian honey is already well known

in the English markets. Attempts have been made to popularise the industry in the Australasian colonies by giving practical lessons and lectures in public; nearly all the agricultural journals devote a considerable part of their space to the apiairy; and in the recently opened Technological Museum in Sydney, an instructive collection is shown of all the latest appliances required for bee-keeping, with directions as to their use. There is every reason to believe that the industry has a great future in Australia.

Of late years, a great deal has been done in California in the way of improving the breed of bees by a judicious system of crossing, and selected queens have been imported from the best apiaries in Europe for the purpose. By proper attention to crossing, it is claimed that the yield of honey has been much increased; and it is asserted that by the proper employment of certain stingless species of bees in breeding, the sting of the bee can gradually be eliminated, although this is perhaps a doubtful advantage, as the sting of the honey-bee is not without its uses, one of the most important being a mode of defence against its numerous enemies.

In connection with this article, it may be interesting to note that the honey-bee was unknown in California about fifty years ago, and one of the first Eastern pioneers who explored that region—we think it was General Fremont—asserted that it could not exist west of the Rocky Mountains!

THE REDEMPTION OF BILL SHERIFFS.

CHAPTER III.—CONCLUSION.

FOUR years passed before Jeremiah Pillsbury returned to his extensive property in the Michigan forest. During all that time Sheriff's received frequent letters, relating always to matters of business, from all parts of the country. For the first few months of Pillsbury's absence his communications were invariably dated from either Detroit or Chicago, but afterwards it was very seldom that two successive letters came from the same place. Pillsbury visited all the cities of the United States from Maine to Oregon; afterwards, he went to Mexico, Canada, and Great Britain. Then he returned to his starting-point, and Sheriff's again received several letters from Detroit. But during all this long period the absent man wrote not a word as to the purpose of his wanderings, and Sheriff's neither knew nor surmised the reason of his employer's long absence. Indeed, Sheriff's mind was so fully occupied that, had he possessed the inclination, he found very little time for speculating on matters that did not concern the immense business or his boy.

Certainly, as often as Pillsbury gave him the chance, Sheriff's made clear and concise reports of what was going on at Pillsbury Bend; and they were always reports flattering to the manager's methods of handling the absentee's enormous interests; for not even Jeremiah Pillsbury himself had ever more successfully marketed the products of his trees and mills

than did the man whom he had hired under such peculiar circumstances.

Neither did Sheriffs neglect his own interests—or rather the interests of little Chunk. For himself alone Sheriffs had no ambition whatever: his personal aims and hopes he had flung to the winds years before. But his affection for and interest in the little lad grew daily more and more, until the boy and his future became the absorbing passion of Sheriffs' life and plans. And so, without neglecting a hair's-weight the great trust reposed in him by Pillsbury, Sheriffs aimed to rebuild his lost fortune, so that he might eventually give Chunk a position in the world. At the end of four years the result of his efforts showed that he had recovered more than half of the timber acreage which he had bartered to Jeremiah Pillsbury—not the identical acres, but land not far away and equally valuable.

As suddenly as he had left, Pillsbury returned, on a certain May morning, to his business headquarters on the Hartshorn River. He found few changes. The old saw-mill—somewhat enlarged—was still there, as was the great dam across the creek. His office was pretty much as he had left it, and his revolving chair stood unoccupied at his desk. Sheriffs had never assumed to establish himself in his employer's private office, but shared with the book-keeper and a clerk the larger and more public apartment.

But although Jeremiah Pillsbury had only been absent four years, he looked fully fourteen years older. His hair was gray, almost to whiteness; and the face that was formerly so red and full and smooth was now furrowed by many a wrinkle. The most casual observer could have become aware that the rich lumberman had been wrestling, and was still battling with some great mental trouble.

Pillsbury's coming was without fuss or stir. He quietly greeted his principal employees, went into his office, sat down at his desk, and asked to be posted on the current business. In half-an-hour he had his affairs at his fingers' ends, and then, following one of his old-time habits, he whirled his chair around, gazed out of a window, and fell to whistling. Soon he called for Sheriffs.

'Sit down, Sheriffs,' he said as he fumbled in the breast-pocket of his coat, from which he extracted a bulky document, which he threw to the manager's side of the desk. 'Sheriffs,' he continued after a pause, 'when I left here four years ago, I started out on a game in which I knew the odds were against me, and, after playing every possible and conceivable move, I've lost. But that has nothing to do with the fact that you've rendered me more than faithful service. I'm your debtor, Sheriffs; you've done nobly, and I thank you.' Here Pillsbury extended his hand, which his manager cordially grasped, though he uttered no word in reply.

After another brief period of silence, Pillsbury proceeded: 'Will you kindly look over that paper, and oblige me by signing it? I'll be back in a few minutes.'

Pillsbury left the room on a real or pretended errand, while Sheriffs, with strangely mingled feelings, read a carefully worded deed

of partnership between Jeremiah Pillsbury and William Sheriffs, making them 'equal partners' from that day forward in 'the business hitherto carried on by the said Jeremiah Pillsbury of the first part aforesaid.'

It was a magnanimous reward which was thus tendered, and so much more than Sheriffs had expected, or felt that he deserved, that he hesitated about accepting it. But, as Pillsbury did not immediately return, the manager began thinking about the boy, little Chunk, who was now a sturdy youngster of six years or thereabouts. And then the careworn lumber merchant reappeared.

'This is too good of you, and altogether undeserved,' exclaimed Sheriffs, who fully appreciated Pillsbury's unusual generosity.

'It is fair,' was the reply.

'It is more than fair,' said Sheriffs.

'If you will oblige me by assuming in the future one-half of the burdens and responsibility, you will deserve half the results of our efforts. If that is satisfactory to you, I shall be obliged if you will sign the deed, which you will notice is made in duplicate.'

So the firm's name was changed to Pillsbury & Sheriffs, and the old book-keeper witnessed the signatures to the agreement.

The next morning, very early, as Sheriffs wended his way from his forest home to the office at the Bend, he noticed a man standing before the oaken cross, which had now become blackened by exposure to the weather of four summers and winters. As he came nearer, he discovered that the man was none other than Jeremiah Pillsbury, who stood, hat in hand, gazing silently upon this simple monument to the woman over whose death Bill Sheriffs had so wildly gloated.

'Good-morning, Mr Pillsbury,' said his new partner.

But Pillsbury made no response. Instead, he pointed at the letters which Sheriffs had himself carved in the tough wood.

'E-M-I-L-Y—Emily.—That was *her* name, Sheriffs.'

'*Her* name?' said Sheriffs, thrown off his guard by the strange earnestness of his companion. 'Whose?'

'*Whose?* My wife's.—Ah! you don't know. I've been looking for my wife—and my boy—for five years, Sheriffs—for five long years.—Yes, her name was Emily.'

'Pshaw!' said Sheriffs; 'it is a common name, Mr Pillsbury.—This woman, up here in the woods, couldn't have been your wife.—Shall we walk on?'

But great beads of perspiration stood upon Sheriffs' brow, while his limbs shook with agitation, and his calmly uttered words cost him a tremendous effort. For, like a flash, the idea dawned upon his mind, with a deep conviction that it was more than a mere possibility, that the woman who had died at his feet was Jeremiah Pillsbury's wife, and that little Chunk was Pillsbury's son!

It was two miles from the cross to the office, and for more than half that distance the two men walked side by side in silence. Sheriffs longed to ask his friend one question, and yet he feared for the reply. At last he made the

effort. 'What was her other name, Mr Pillsbury?'

'Who? Emily's? Why, her other name was my name, of course.'

'But before you were married?'

'Hardway—Emily Hardway, a Detroit girl. Why?'

'Oh, nothing; I became interested in what you had already told me.'

The rest of the walk was pursued silently; but when in the office, Sheriffs spoke again. He felt that he must get away and think; besides, he wanted to learn some more particulars, and knew that he dared not trust himself to discuss with his partner the subject which now absorbed his mind.

'The steamer goes down to Detroit this afternoon, Mr Pillsbury. If you've no objection, I should like to take two or three days off.'

'Yes, certainly, Sheriffs; as long as you please; you've been tied down here pretty tight for a good many years.'

And so William Sheriffs, determined to learn the truth, no matter how he might afterwards act, went down to Detroit after an absence from civilisation of nearly ten years, leaving his boy in charge of the old negro servant.

Arrived in Detroit, it did not take Sheriffs very long to verify his worst fears—fears for his title in the boy, who had become the greater part of his own life and more than his very self. Lawyer that he was, he was able to make intelligent search of the court records, and by the aid of the police department and some old newspaper files, he soon established in his own mind the fact that Emily Hardway, the girl who had jilted him but a week before the day set for their wedding, when the house which he had so comfortably built and furnished to her liking was ready for occupancy—the girl who had made him a laughing-stock and a byword among his companions—had jilted him that she might marry a richer man. And that man was Jeremiah Pillsbury. Sheriffs learned, further, that nearly three years after their marriage, a boy was born to Pillsbury and his wife; and that, when the boy was a year old, Emily, with her baby, mysteriously and unaccountably left her husband, disappearing most completely from the ken of her friends and acquaintances.

Sheriffs knew full well that Emily Hardway was an impulsive girl, and—knowing all that he did—he could not doubt that, as Emily Pillsbury, she had been overtaken with remorse at her conduct toward himself. What brought matters to a crisis with her he could not even surmise; nor could he imagine where she had betaken herself during the year that must have elapsed between the time that she left her husband's house and that raw, foggy morning when he found her dying in the slushy snow. He recalled her last words—the poor woman's pathetic cry for forgiveness, that he had with such mad inhumanity refused; and that led his thought up to Emily's boy and to Jeremiah Pillsbury.

For, after all, the boy was the only factor in all Sheriffs' calculations and plans. His love for the boy's mother was only a memory,

dead and buried, like the object of that love. The boy was living, and filled his heart and his existence. The boy had given him a new lease of life, and had kindled ambitions and hopes, the strength of which he himself had scarcely appreciated until this crucial time. For Chunk was not his boy, but the boy of a man who had suffered, and had in reality been wronged to a far greater extent than himself. Pillsbury had never done him (Sheriffs) any harm, had never wronged him in thought, word, or deed, even in those old foolish days when Bill Sheriffs had imagined the lumber king to be his persecutor. While, in the later years, Pillsbury had behaved like a princely benefactor as well as a true man. And as to the part that Pillsbury had played with regard to Emily Hardway, he was blameless; while the woman, inasmuch as she was his wife and the mother of his boy, had wronged him more than it was possible for her to have wronged Sheriffs.

No; to do Sheriffs justice, there were no jealous thoughts or feelings in his bosom toward his partner. It was merely a question of, first, whether he *ought*, and second, whether he *need* do Pillsbury justice and restore to him his boy.

Sheriffs decided at first to appeal to the little lad himself, knowing full well what the youngster's choice would be. But that idea did not satisfy the puzzled man's conscience. Then he resolved to tell Pillsbury his entire history, and beg of Chunk's father to give him the boy. But on his way back to the Hartshorn Creek, aboard the boat, he settled on what seemed to him the happiest plan of all: he would propose to extend the new partnership to embrace Chunk. And having decided upon this proposition, Sheriffs felt a good deal easier.

It was now the end of May—the slackest time of the year in all the lumber camps and settlements of the North-west. The winter output of the forests had been floated down on the early spring freshets, and the logs and sawed lumber were now all shipped away, or stored in navigable waters. But May had been a rainy month, and the Hartshorn River was higher than it had been at any time for many years; the consequence being that the water rushed over the quarter-mile-long dam in a volume almost as great as that which pours over the falls of the Niagara River. Most of the woodsmen (as was their custom) had commenced their summer work for the farmers farther South, while the few that remained in the service of Pillsbury & Sheriffs were off in the forest clearing away underbrush or marking trees for the next season's supply. And so it happened that the banks of the river were deserted, while the dam was left to take care of itself, with the great sluice-gates securely fastened.

It was eight o'clock in the morning when the little steamer from Detroit made fast to the dock at Pillsbury's Bend, about half a mile below the dam, over which the waters swept with a roar like thunder. Without going to the office, Sheriffs followed the bank of the river, intending to spend at least one more morning the undivided owner of the boy.

He had got about a mile above the dam, and near the point where he would naturally leave the river to walk toward his house, when his ears were greeted by a childish shout: 'Hallo, daddy!'

Sheriffs turned quickly, and was horrified to see little Chunk upon a small and rudely constructed raft in mid-stream. Nor was this all. Sheriffs' practised eye comprehended the fact that the raft was already at the mercy of the current, running toward the dam at the rate of perhaps four miles an hour; and he knew full well that the speed would increase, until, within a quarter of a mile of the great waterfall, the pace would be faster than any one could run.

Sheriffs glanced about him quickly, took in the situation, and made his plans. There were no boats in sight; boats were not kept above and so near to the dam.

'Chunk!' he shouted, 'you stay as you are. Don't try to steer, my boy, and don't fall into the water. Look out for me a little lower down!'

Then the long-legged muscular man ran with all his might in the same direction that little Chunk was drifting. When he thought that he was far enough ahead of the boy, Sheriffs threw away his coat, kicked off his boots, and plunged into the stream. Sheriffs was a tremendous fellow and a powerful swimmer. He struck out for mid-stream, not attempting to swim against the current. He made his calculations exactly right, for he just managed to meet the boy floating rapidly down on the raft, which was merely two or three boards crossed.

By this time the little fellow was thoroughly frightened, and was so glad to see his 'daddy' near him, that he jumped from the raft into Sheriffs' arms, while the parted boards floated swiftly away.

Sheriffs and his burden were now but a quarter of a mile above the forty-foot-high dam, with the current running fully fifteen miles an hour, and the stout man, now handicapped by the additional weight of the boy, could make but little headway toward the bank. Death stared them in the face, and Sheriffs' only thought now was how to save the child.

But there was one man on that deserted river-side who beheld Sheriffs' predicament, and that man was Jeremiah Pillsbury, who was well nigh as proficient a swimmer as his new partner. Fortunately, the current took a sudden deviating sweep immediately above the dam, and hurled floating objects within a hundred feet or so of the left bank, where Pillsbury stood. From a little store-cabin near by, Pillsbury procured a long rope, fastened one end to a tree, the other end to himself, and then plunged into the water. His strokes were simply gigantic, and he swam as men only swim who are out to save life. He went out to the full extent of the line, and reached the limit just as Sheriffs and his burden shot down the rushing stream. Sheriffs saw him, and thrust Chunk into Pillsbury's outstretched arm.

'It's all right,' shouted Sheriffs as he drifted swiftly onwards. 'He's your boy, sir—Emily's

boy; nothing wrong.—Good-bye!' and with a farewell wave of the hand, the brave fellow sped onward to his fate.

Pillsbury pulled himself and his newly-found boy to shore by means of the rope; but long before they touched dry land, Sheriffs was borne over the dam amid the thunder of the roaring waters.

So the problem which had worried and vexed him was solved; and the evil of Bill Sheriffs' wasted years was perchance redeemed.

THE PRESSGANG AND ITS HISTORY.

FORCED labour, now practically unknown, was once predominant everywhere. When Edward III., Edward IV., and Richard III. issued warrants to press artisans for work on their palaces, and later, when Elizabeth compelled labourers to erect forts and construct harbour piers, they did only what under the feudal system had likewise been done for centuries on the Continent.

The pressgang was one form of forced labour comparatively recent, more especially in connection with the royal navy. The earliest warrants for this purpose appear to have been issued by King John in 1207, ordering the port authorities to provide—by what means is not specified—a certain number of ships and men. Edward I. interested himself in the manning of the navy, and resorted to the expedient of offering a free pardon to thieves and outlaws who volunteered for service. There is a pleasing naïveté in furnishing the navy with ragged foot-pads and marauders clad in rusty Lincoln suits, who were more expert in letting fly a shaft at the king's deer, or in rifling unfortunate travellers, than in handling the gear of a ship. The first parliamentary statute referring to impressment occurs in the reign of Richard II., and refers to deserters; 'because that divers mariners, after they be arrested and retained for the king's service, . . . do flee out of the said service,' such runaways are threatened with fine and imprisonment of one year. When Henry VIII. ascended the throne, the navy was strengthened and increased. The State Papers show that not only men, but ships, were then pressed into the royal service. In the reign of Elizabeth, when all men eagerly drank in the news of the vast riches of the Spanish Indies, little need was there of pressgang to collect sailors for our navy. With jaunty air, pleasing tongue, and full of strange sea-tales which told of the fabulous wealth of the New World, and impossible stories of rich Spanish galleons laden to the hatches with solid bars of gold, Salvation Yeo and many another like him went up and down the Devonshire coasts recruiting young sea-dogs to follow Drake and Frobisher and Raleigh.

The niggardly policy of James I. succeeded in impoverishing the navy. Under the régime of Elizabeth, adventurers fitted up and manned vessels at their own cost, in order to roam the seas in search of King Philip's ships and treasures; but James found it necessary to issue warrants to press men and ships in order to clear the Channel of pirates. Both in his and the succeeding reign, Dutch, French, English, and Moorish pirates swarmed in the Channel, and the

latter often made raids upon the coast towns and carried off men, women, and children into slavery. In 1631, the crews of two Algerine galleys landed in the dead of the night and sacked Baltimore, a small seaport in Munster, bearing off into slavery all whom they did not slay.

That the pirates had caused some uneasiness to the Government is shown by the fact that measures were taken to press men to drive off these scourges of our coasts. In 1634 was printed 'A Plain Pathway to Plantations,' a book whose author recommends emigration 'because it is most out of the way of pirates.' In 1636, a Tunisian squadron held undisputed possession of the mouth of the Severn for a considerable period. At the same time, protection was asked for by the East Anglians, inasmuch as three thousand seafaring men lay idle for fear of venturing to sea on account of the Dunkirk privateers. It was less than nothing for the authorities, by royal proclamation, to order that men when offered the press-money of one shilling 'do dutifully and reverently receive the same.' The wages of the seamen were never paid, and they deserted in hundreds, in spite of the fact that the punishment of death was inflicted on those who were caught. The pressgang was universally hated. In the west it was defied. One of the press-masters writes in 1653: 'The power by which we act is questioned, or whether there be any such power, and the seamen arm themselves with clubs and staves, and say if we take them it is at our peril.' In the east it was carefully avoided. Colliers trading to London landed most of their men on the Essex coast, taking them up again on the homeward voyage.

During the time of the Commonwealth, the pressing of men for the navy ceased not, and in 1654 the seamen of the fleet presented to Cromwell a petition, wherein they inform His Highness 'that notwithstanding the declaration of the Parliament that they intended to maintain and enlarge the liberties of the English people, . . . your petitioners continue under very great burthens, being imprested and haled on board the Commonwealth ships under a degree of thralldom and bondage, to the utter ruin of some of your petitioners' poor families.' Of the pressgang they speak in plain terms, 'they humbly apprehending it to be inconsistent with the principles of freedom and liberty,' and demand to be made as free as the Dutch seamen. The pressgang, however, still continued in force. In 1666, Pepys makes an entry in his Diary to the effect that the Lord Mayor had pressed some three hundred persons, 'many of them people of good fashion, which is a shame to think of.' So scandalous was the state of our navy, that men deserted to the Dutch, whose payments were made in gold, and were not twenty months in arrear. Their seamen did not go about the seaports of Holland with paper pay-tickets in lieu of cash, which nobody would cash for less than a discount of two or three shillings in the pound. When, in 1667, De Ruyter sailed up the Thames, burning three men-of-war, the boom of his guns was heard in London, and the people ran about the streets crying out that the country was sold. The Dutchman proudly sailed away, while it was being proposed in the Council Chamber to abandon the Tower should he penetrate so far;

and the seamen's wives marched down in force to the Navy Office in Seething Lane, shouting, 'This comes of not paying our husbands!'

Under William III., the conditions of impressment were only slightly altered. Whalers and outward-bound ships were exempt from the press. The crews, however, of homeward-bound ships were ruthlessly seized within sight of port, and hurried off to sea, to be rated at twenty-four shillings per month, a poor substitute for the fifty shillings per month which was the market rate. Moreover, in those days a seaman in the navy might be from six to eight years without pay, as the custom was to transfer a man from one ship to another, deferring payment of wages until each ship in which he had served had returned home. Nor was this all; the unfortunate wretches who were dragged from the homeward-bound merchantmen oftentimes had not received their wages, and were packed off to sea without a penny of their hard-earned money after a long whaling cruise or a three years' voyage. Left to the mercy of unscrupulous merchants, or falling a victim to unprincipled scoundrels who carried on a wholesale system of forging powers of attorney and personating absent mariners, the lot of the British seaman in the seventeenth century was the most deplorable it is possible to imagine.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century matters were not improved. Crimps were allowed two and three pounds for each man they brought. The men were pressed, but the number of desertions alarmed the authorities. The 'London Gazette' of January 10, 1703, states that several ships which were ready to put to sea were unable to do so on account of the crews deserting. The pages of the history of the period abound in rewards for capture, and threats for concealment of deserters. Two men who were brought before a magistrate, one attired as a midshipman, the other as a seaman, charged with pretending to hold warrants for pressing and attempting to extort money, were promptly handed over to the impressors by way of punishment. Pretended pressgangs were no novelty; and in one case, after a man had been set free on payment of two guineas, a real pressgang came along and secured the victim of the pretenders and the pretenders themselves. So disreputable had the navy become on account of the pressing of thieves and vagabonds and the drafting of prisoners from the jails, who were pardoned on entering the service, that the men-of-war were described by a contemporary writer as 'the new bridewells of the nation, where all the incorrigible rascals are sent.'

At the beginning of this century it would appear Lord Addington's government mismanaged the navy, which fact drew from Canning the caustic comment that 'everything is at sea but the fleet.' In spite, however, of bad supplies and weak-kneed administrators, Napoleon's contemplated invasion, when at Boulogne he is reported to have said, 'Let us be masters of the Channel for six hours, and we are masters of the world,' was a thing that ended with that empty vaunt. With the downfall of Napoleon came the death of the pressgang. The last that we hear of it is when a Royal Commission sat in 1859 to inquire into the manning of the navy, and they were

unanimous in their opinion that pressing in its old iniquitous form could never again be resorted to. To-day, no parties of soldiers patrol the streets, nor sentries with fixed bayonets stand at the doors to guard the hated pressgang when in search of its prey. Pasted on a few blank walls of our seaport towns, or exhibited in post-office windows up and down the country, is the bill headed with the royal coat of arms, beneath which appear the familiar words, 'Wanted, strong healthy lads'—this is all, and our navy is the finest in the world.

THE CRACKSMAN'S CAT'S-PAW.

By J. S. FLETCHER.

IN the basement of the police-court buildings at Woolford there is a room containing a collection of curious objects, none of which, perhaps, would appeal to the tastes of an antiquary or a collector of *bric-à-brac*, but of which every separate specimen has some more or less remarkable history attached to it. I know the history of most of the remarkable objects collected together in our police museum, which to my mind is one of the most interesting show-places to be found in the town. The fine set of burglar's tools arranged on the table under the window belonged to a noted swell-mobster who was caught red-handed by myself and another officer. The revolver hanging against the clock over the fireplace, and looking harmless enough in its present position, is the very weapon with which a famous criminal shot and killed an unfortunate constable who was endeavouring to apprehend him. The knife which hangs near it— But this is not a catalogue of our collection, and I must proceed with my story.

I have said that each of the various objects preserved in our museum has some history attached to it. Some of these histories are commonplace and ordinary; but others are more interesting than many a startling piece of fiction. They serve to show the wonderful resource and ingenuity of the habitual criminal, and none more so than that which attaches to the little brown book which stands on the chimney-piece between two pairs of dilapidated handcuffs. No one who notices it in a casual way would see anything remarkable about it. It is, to all outward appearance, an ordinary copy of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, small enough in size to be carried about in the pocket, and apparently possessing no value in any way. Nevertheless, the possession of that pocket edition of Bunyan's immortal work was once worth a large amount of money; and the lucky chance which threw it into my hands not only brought me a handsome pecuniary reward, but secured me my promotion to the rank of Inspector.

Ten years ago, the town of Woolford was thrown into commotion one fine morning by news of a skilfully planned burglary. It was the early part of November, and the newly elected Mayor of Woolford had celebrated his accession to civic power by giving a grand ball at his private residence, just outside the town. He was an exceedingly wealthy man, and his

wife was the fortunate possessor of a very fine set of diamonds. It was popularly understood that these were worth at least ten thousand pounds, and popular opinion in this respect was not far wrong. On the morning after the ball, however, the Mayoress discovered that her diamonds were missing. Instead of locking them up when she retired to rest, she had carelessly left them lying on her dressing-table. When she woke, the diamonds had disappeared.

Then followed a fine to-do. Three or four of us, supposed to be the cleverest and sharpest officers in the force, were put in charge of the matter and told to do our best. Our best, however, resulted in ignominious defeat. We followed the old methods—suspected the servants, examined their rooms and boxes, watched their movements, and finally confessed that they must all be completely exonerated. We invented plausible theories, and could put none of them into practice. In the end, we concluded that the diamonds had been stolen by an experienced burglar, who must have been very well acquainted with the house, and who had succeeded in doing his work in the most accomplished fashion. After that, there was no more to be done. The Mayor offered a very handsome reward for the recovery of the missing jewels, and many a man's mouth watered as he read the amount promised. But as there was not even a clew to the thief, the prospect of claiming the reward seemed very far away to every policeman.

As soon as I heard of the burglary, I made a guess—mentally, of course—at the burglar's name. It was Jimmy Timble. I felt confident of it. I knew of no local criminal accomplished enough to carry out so daring a theft except Jimmy. And Jimmy had just come home from Portland, where he had spent nearly six years in penal servitude. That was not his first period of incarceration, nor his second. Jimmy had been a thief from boyhood, and those who knew him felt persuaded that nothing would make him give up his career of crime. It was this belief, coupled with my knowledge of Jimmy's return to Woolford, that made me suspect him of taking the diamonds.

When Jimmy was not in prison, he worked as a bricklayer's 'paddy,' and made his home at one of the big common lodging-houses in a low part of the town. Two or three days after the diamond robbery, I went one evening towards this house, intending to have an interview with Jimmy, and hear what he had to say for himself. By good fortune, I met him just outside the door, and stopped him. He regarded me calmly and with perfect equanimity. He was at all times a curious little man—dwarfish in stature, very slightly deformed, and always full of a certain quaint assurance, mixed with a sly demeanour which was amusing to everybody. My interview with Jimmy threw no light whatever on the mystery, as he pleaded ignorance of the whole affair. If Jimmy had got the diamonds, he had done his work so thoroughly that a clew of any description was not yet discoverable. And it was just that want of a clew that persuaded me of Jimmy's guilt. I knew of no other man who could have done the work so thoroughly.

During the next two or three days, I thought matters over from all points of view; but I could find nothing to warrant me in taking steps against Jimmy Timble. I wondered if he had been associated with others in the burglary. More than once he had worked in company with his brother, Jerry Timble; but it was impossible for him to have had any help from Jerry on this occasion, for the simple reason that the unfortunate Jerry was spending twelve months in the county jail for stealing. And it appeared to me, upon considering the case still more deeply, that, it being an affair of great magnitude, Jimmy Timble would prefer to work it single-handed. The secret, therefore, rested with him, and there was nothing but patience to be exercised.

As no trace of the diamonds could be found, we thought it well to keep a watch on two or three suspicious characters in the town, with a view to discovering the whereabouts of the valuables. It seemed to us that the thief or thieves must have planted the jewels in some safe spot, and waited until the agitation had blown over before removing them. Thus it came about that Jimmy Timble's movements were watched very jealously. His goings out and his comings in were noted, and the eye of the law was constantly upon him. Whether Jimmy was aware of this or not, I do not know; but if he was, he suddenly did a foolish thing—he allowed himself to be caught, one dusky February evening, in the very act of burglariously entering a dwelling-house; and within an hour he was safely ensconced in the cells of the police court. There I found him next morning when I went my round. He looked at me with a half-rueful, half-comical expression of countenance.

'Back again, Jimmy,' said I. 'I thought you had turned over a new leaf.'

'So did I, Mr Burton,' he answered. 'But you fellows don't give us poor chaps a chance; you don't, indeed. Just because I wanted to look through the window of a house last night, they run me in here. Too bad; now, ain't it, Mr Burton?'

'It'll be another five years' penal, will this, Jimmy,' said I. 'What a foolish man you are! Why don't you reform, and live honestly?'

He smiled knowingly at me. 'Why do birds fly?' said he. 'Cos they're used to it. It's natur'—that's what it is, Mr Burton.'

So Jimmy languished in the town jail for a few weeks, having been committed for trial. Then the assizes came on at Woolford, and he was brought up to stand his very doubtful chance. His trial was little more than a formality, for Jimmy had been caught in the very act of inserting his pocket crowbar in the window-ledge of the house. He was found guilty, and sentenced to five years' penal servitude and a certain term of police supervision.

I went to have a word or two with Jimmy in the cells, as he waited there for removal to his next abiding-place. His sentence did not seem to have disturbed his equanimity, and he smiled very placidly as I greeted him.

'Well, you've done it again, Jimmy,' said I. 'We shan't see any more of you for a while.'

'You're right there, Mr Burton,' he answered.

'And I shan't see any more of you, eh? I don't care—I can do five years on my head. But I'm sorry I shan't be able to see Jerry. He comes out next week.'

'I believe he does.'

'We were always very fond of each other, me and Jerry,' said Jimmy Timble. 'Very fond we was. We've worked things together many a time.'

'You have, and given us a good deal of trouble with your efforts.'

'I daresay,' answered Jimmy, imperturbable as ever—'I daresay. But I say, Mr Burton, you might do me a favour. I've always looked on you as a friend; and when a chap's got put away for five years, he nat'rally looks to his friends, don't he?'

'I suppose he does, Jimmy.—Well, what is it you want?'

'Why, there's two or three things at the lodging-house that I would like giving to Jerry when he comes out. There's a knife, and a watch-chain, and two or three other little articles—all come by honest, Mr Burton. Oh, and there's a book, the *Pilgrim's Progress*—a very interesting book is that. Will you tell the lodging-house folks to 'liver them up to Jerry, Mr Burton?'

'Very well, Jimmy. Perhaps I'd better take charge of them myself, and give them to Jerry next time I see him. I shall be sure to come across him as soon as he comes out.'

'I'd take it real kind if you would,' said Jimmy; 'and you might tell him to keep that *Pilgrim's Progress*, 'cos I'll finish reading it when I've done this five years.'

With that we parted, and Jimmy was presently whirled away in the 'Black Maria' to the town jail. We were rid of his presence for four years at any rate. He was soon removed to Portland, and there, no doubt, made himself perfectly comfortable.

I forgot all about Jimmy's parting request until a week or two later. Then, finding myself one day in the neighbourhood of the lodging-house which had served as Jimmy's home, I went inside and asked the deputy to hand over the convict's possessions. He did so with an air of scorn, remarking that Jimmy's belongings were not worth twopence to anybody. I thought he was right when I subsequently turned over the contents of the bundle. There was nothing there of any consequence, and I wondered very much that Jimmy Timble should have been so particular about having his little properties handed over to his brother Jerry. The *Pilgrim's Progress* was the most incongruous object turned out of the blue handkerchief which held Jimmy Timble's belongings. I shook my head perplexedly as I stared at it. What was Jimmy Timble, thief, burglar, thrice-convicted criminal, doing with the *Pilgrim's Progress*? And how was it that that particular work was the only book he possessed? And how did he come to possess it at all? I turned the leaves over carelessly, and could see nothing unfamiliar about the book. I finally concluded that Jimmy Timble had picked it up somewhere, and kept it out of curiosity, and with that I tied it up again with the rest of his possessions.

The days passed by, but I saw nothing of

Jerry Timble. He had left the county jail, but he did not present himself at his usual haunts in Woolford. I preserved the bundle for him, and waited, knowing quite well that, if he was in the town, we should see him at the police office sooner or later. It was impossible for either Jimmy or Jerry Timble to keep his hands from picking and stealing. But time passed on, and Jerry did not appear. I began to think that he had removed himself to some other town.

About nine months after Jimmy Timble had gone back to penal servitude, I chanced to go one day into a second-hand book-shop, the proprietor of which was an old acquaintance of mine. Somehow, our conversation drifted to the criminal classes, and ere long the shop-keeper mentioned the name of Jimmy Timble. 'He was a queer customer, was Jimmy,' said he. 'He came in here one day last time he was out of prison, and looked round him as if he wanted something. "Now, sir," says I, "what can I find for you?"—"Give me an old book to read, mister," answered Jimmy.—"We don't give books here," says I; "we sell 'em."—He said nothing to that; but after a while he pulled out twopence. "What can I have for that?" he asked.—"Here you are," says I, "*a Pilgrim's Progress*, pictures and all, for twopence." So he walked off with his book.'

That explained Jimmy's possession of the *Pilgrim's Progress* then lying at my house. I went home and had my supper, and then sat down to have a thorough examination of the book. I was confident that there was something about that book which it would repay anybody to discover, and I was determined to solve the mystery. But though I went carefully through it page by page, once, twice, and three times, I saw nothing. There was no writing, no hieroglyphic signals, nothing to attract attention. But at the fourth time of examination I made a discovery. Underneath the first 'the' on the first page there was the plain mark of a pin-prick, just as if a pin had been carelessly jobbed into the paper and quickly withdrawn. The mark was very faint, but it was there. I assured myself that the pin-prick had not penetrated to the second page, and then I came to the conclusion that Jimmy Timble's *Pilgrim's Progress* concealed some private message from himself to his brother Jerry.

I began what proved a long and weary task. The next pin-prick I found was under the letter 'j' on page 8; the next under 'e' on page 11; the next under 'w' on page 12. Then came prickings under the letters 'e,' 'l,' 's,' all on different pages, and thus I had spelt out two words, 'the jewels.' I took courage at that, and went on. There was no doubt much to follow.

All that evening I worked away at my task. It was anything but easy. Sometimes the pin-pricks were faint and hardly decipherable; sometimes there were several on one page; sometimes the spelling puzzled me; sometimes I seemed to lose the track altogether. But I persevered; and just as midnight struck I had solved the mystery, and had written out Jimmy Timble's ingenious message to his brother Jerry:

'The jewels as I got from the mare's wife is berried underneath the lilac tree in old George Atkinson's garden in Lilywood Road. Keep an eye on them and dont disterb them unless they are goin to bild on the garden. If they bild dig them up and keep them safe till I come out agen your brother JAMES.'

So there was an explanation of the mystery, or rather of two mysteries. I had been right, after all—the burglary at the Mayor's residence was the work of Jimmy Timble.

I lost no time next morning in interviewing Mr George Atkinson, and in persuading him to let me dig under his lilac tree. There, sure enough, I found the missing diamonds, carefully wrapped up and put away. Jimmy had hidden them until suspicion had quite blown over and he had felt free to resume possession of them. The attempted burglary had spoilt his plans.

I saw Jimmy when he returned from Portland four years later. He smiled knowingly as he met me. 'I reckon you think yourself a clever man, Mr Inspector, don't yer?' said he. 'But you'd have been made a nice cat's-paw of, if only that fool of a Jerry had turned up in good time; wouldn't yer, now?'

I daresay Jimmy was right. But, as events turned out, fortune was wholly on my side in this case.

THE ROMANCE OF COTTON.

THE Father of History, in writing about India—'the last inhabited country towards the East'—where every species of birds and quadrupeds, horses excepted, are 'much larger than in any other part of the world,' and where they have also 'a great abundance of gold,' made the following remarkable statement. 'They possess likewise,' he said, 'a kind of plant, which, instead of fruit, produces wool of a finer and better quality than that of the sheep, and of this the natives make their clothes.' This was the vegetable-wool of the ancients, which many learned authorities have identified with the byssus, in bandages of cloth made from which the old Egyptians wrapped their mummies. But did Egypt receive the cotton plant from India—or India from Egypt—and when? However that may be, there is good reason to believe that Cotton is the basis of one of the oldest industries in the world, although we are accustomed to think of it as quite modern, and at any rate as practically unknown in Europe before the last century. As a matter of fact, nevertheless, cotton was being cultivated in the south of Europe in the thirteenth century, although whether the fibre was then used for the making of cloth is not so certain. Its chief use then seems to have been in the manufacture of paper.

The beginning of the Oriental fable of the Vegetable Lamb is lost in the dateless night of the centuries. When and how it originated, we know not; but the story of a Plant-Animal in Western Asia descended through the ages, and passed from traveller to traveller, from historian to historian, until in our time the fable has received a practical verification. Many strange things were gravely recorded of this Plant-Animal: as, that it was a tree bearing

seed-pods, which, bursting when ripe, disclosed within little lambs with soft white fleeces, which Scythians used for weaving into clothing. Or, that it was a real flesh-and-blood lamb, growing upon a short stem, flexible enough to allow the lamb to feed upon the surrounding grass.

There were many versions of the marvellous tale as it reached Europe; and Sir John Mandeville, as usual, improved upon it. He rouched for the flesh-and-blood lamb growing out of a plant, and declared that he had both seen and *eaten it*—whereby Sir John proved himself a somewhat greater romancer than usual. Nevertheless, he has a germ of truth amid his lies, for he relates of 'Bucharia' that in the land are 'trees that bear wool, as though it were of sheep, whereof men make clothes, and all things that are made of wool.' And again, of Abyssinia, that mysterious kingdom of the renowned Prester John, he related: 'In that country, and in many others beyond, and also in many on this side, men sow the seeds of cotton, and they sow it every year; and then it grows into small trees which bear cotton. And so do men every year, so that there is plenty of cotton at all times.' Here, then, we have evidence that, eighteen centuries after Herodotus, cotton was still being cultivated, as the basis of a textile industry, both in Western Asia and in Africa. It is said that in the Sacred Books of India there is clear evidence that cotton was in use for clothing purposes eight centuries before Christ.

The expedition of Alexander the Great from Persia into the Punjab was a good deal later, say, three hundred and thirty years before Christ. On the retreat down the Indus, Admiral Nearchus remarked 'trees bearing as it were flocks or bunches of wool,' of which the natives made 'garments of surpassing whiteness, or else their black complexions make the material whiter than any other.' The Alexandrine general, Aristobulus, is more precise: he tells of a wool-bearing tree yielding a capsule that contains 'seeds which were taken out, and that which remained was carded like wool.' And long before Pliny referred to cotton in Egypt—a shrub which men call "*gossypium*," and others "*xylon*," from which stuffs are made which we call *xylina*—Strabo had noted the cultivation of the plant on the Persian Gulf.

At the beginning of the Christian era we find cotton in cultivation and in use in Persia, Arabia, and Egypt—but whether indigenous to these countries, or conveyed westward during the centuries from India, we know not. Thereafter, the westward spread was slow; but the plant is to be traced along the north coast of Africa to Morocco, which country it seems to have reached in the ninth century. The Moors took the plant, or seeds, to Spain, and it was being grown on the plains of Valencia in the tenth century; and by the thirteenth century it was, as we have said, growing in various parts of Southern Europe.

Yet, although the Indian cloths were known to the Greeks and Romans a century or two before the Christian era, and although in the early centuries Arab traders brought to the Red Sea ports Indian calicoes, which were dis-

tributed in Europe, we find cotton known in England only as material for candle-wicks down to the seventeenth century. At any rate, M'Culloch is our authority for believing that the first mention of cotton being manufactured in England is in 1641; and that the 'English cottons,' of which earlier mention may be found, were really *woollens*.

And now we come to a very curious thing in the Romance of Cotton. Columbus discovered—or, as some say, rediscovered—America in 1492; and when he reached the islands of the Caribbean Sea, the natives who came off to barter with him brought, among other things, cotton yarn and thread. Vasco da Gama, a few years later than Bartholomew Diaz, in 1497 rounded the Cape of Good Hope and reached the Zanzibar coast. There the natives were found to be clothed in cotton, just as Columbus found the natives of Cuba to be, as Pizarro found the Peruvians, and as Cortes found the Mexicans. These Europeans, proceeding from the Iberian Peninsula east and west, found the peoples of the new worlds clothed with a material of which they knew nothing. Cotton was king in America, as in Asia, before it began even to be known in Western Europe.

Not only that, but cotton must have been cultivated in Africa at the time when the mariners of Prince Henry the Navigator first made their way cautiously down the west coast. It is, at any rate, upwards of four hundred years since cotton cloth was brought from the coast of Guinea and sold in London as a strange barbaric product. Whether the plant travelled to the Bight of Benin from the land of Prester John, or from the land of the Pharaohs, or across from the Mozambique Coast, where the Arabians are supposed to have had settlements and trading-stations in prehistoric days, who can now say? But it is curious enough that when Africa was discovered by Europeans, the Dark Continent was actually producing both the fibre and the cloth for which African labour and English skill were afterwards to be needed. The cotton plantations of Southern America were worked by the negroes of Africa in order that the cotton mills of Lancashire might be kept running. And yet both Africa and America made cotton cloth from the vegetable wool long before we knew of it otherwise than as a traveller's wonder.

Even in Asia, the natural habitat of the cotton plant, the story has been curious. Thus, according to the records above named, cotton has been in use for clothing for three thousand years in India, and India borders upon the ancient and extensive Empire of China. Yet cotton was not used in China for cloth-making until the coming of the Tartars, and has been cultivated and manufactured there for only about five hundred years. This was because of the 'vested interests' in wool and silk, which combined to keep out the vegetable wool from general use.

To understand aright the romance of cotton we must understand the nature of the plant in its relation to climate. It has been called a child of the tropics, and yet it grows well in other than tropical climes. As Mr Richard

Marsden—an authority on cotton-spinning—says: 'Cotton is or can be grown (along) a broad zone extending forty-five degrees north to thirty-five degrees south of the equator. Reference to a map will show that this includes a space extending from the European shores of the Mediterranean to the Cape of Good Hope, from Japan to Melbourne in Australia, and from Washington in the United States to Buenos Ayres in South America, with all the lands intermediate between these several points. These include the Southern States of the American Union, from Washington to the Gulf of Mexico, and three-fourths of South America, the whole of the African Continent, and Southern Asia from the Bosphorus to Pekin in China. The vast area of Australia is also within the cotton zone, and the islands lying between that country and Asia.'

The exact period at which the manufacture of cotton was begun in England is not known with absolute certainty. But as we have said, the first authentic mention of it occurs in 1641; and it is in a book called 'Treasure of Traffic,' by Lewis Roberts. The passage runs thus: 'The town of Manchester, in Lancashire, must be also herein remembered, and worthily for their encouragement commended, who buy the yarne of the Irish in great quantity, and weaving it, returne the same again into Ireland to sell. Neither doth their industry rest here; for they buy cotton wool in London that comes first from Cyprus and Smyrna, and at home worke the same, and perfect it into fustians, vermilions, dimities, and other such stuffs; and then return it to London, where the same is vended and sold, and not seldom sent into foreign parts, who have means, at far easier terms, to provide themselves of the said first materials.'

But here it should be explained that from the first introduction of the cotton fibre into this country, and until about the year 1773, in the manufacture of cloth it was only the weft that was of cotton. Down to about 1773, the warp was invariably of linen yarn, brought from Ireland and Germany. The Manchester merchants began in 1760 to employ the handloom weavers in the surrounding villages to make cloth according to prescribed patterns, and with the yarns supplied by the buyers. Thus they sent linen yarn for warp, and raw cotton—which the weaver had first to card and spin on a common distaff—for weft. Such was the practice when, in 1767, James Hargreaves of Blackburn inaugurated the textile revolution by inventing the spinning-jenny, which, from small beginnings, was soon made to spin thirty threads as easily as one. The thread thus spun, however, was still only available for weft, as the jenny could not turn out the yarn hard and firm enough for warp. The next stage, therefore, was the invention of a machine to give the requisite quality and tenuity to the threads spun from the raw cotton. This was the spinning-frame of Richard Arkwright, the story of which every schoolboy is supposed to know.

Here, then, we reach another point in our romance. The manufacture of cotton cloths in England from raw cotton is older than the

cotton culture of North America. It is, in fact, only about one hundred years since we began to draw supplies of raw cotton from the Southern States, which, previous to 1784, did not export a single pound, and produced only a small quantity for domestic consumption. The story of the development of cotton-growing in America is quite as marvellous as the story of the expansion of cotton-manufacturing in England. In both cases the most stupendous extension ever reached by any single industry in the history of the world has been reached in less than a hundred years.

And yet Columbus found the Cubans, as Pizarro found the Peruvians, and Cortes found the Mexicans, clothed in cotton. Was it from the same plant as now supplies 'half the calico used by the entire human race' (as an American writer has computed)? This estimate, by the way, was arrived at thus: In 1889-90 the cotton crop of the world was 6094 millions of pounds, and the population of the world was computed at 1500 millions. This gave four pounds of raw cotton, equal to twenty yards of calico, per head; and the proportion of raw cotton provided by the Southern States was equal to eleven and a half yards per head.

There are several species of the cotton plant; but those of commercial importance are four in number. Herbaceous Cotton ('*Gossypium herbaceum*') is the plant which yields the East Indian 'Surat' and some varieties of Egyptian cotton. Its habitats are India, China, Arabia, Egypt, and Asia Minor. It is an annual: it grows to a height of five or six feet, it has a yellow flower, and it yields a short staple. Tree Cotton ('*Gossypium arboreum*'), on the other hand, grows to a height of fifteen or twenty feet, has a red flower, and yields a fine silky wool. Its habitats are Egypt, Arabia, India, and China. Hairy Cotton ('*Gossypium hirsutum*') is a shrub of some six or seven feet high, with a white or straw-coloured flower, and hairy pods, which yield the staple known as American 'Upland' and 'Orleans' cotton. Another variety, called '*Gossypium Barbadense*,' because it was first found in Barbadoes, grows to a height of about fifteen feet, and has a yellow flower, yielding a long staple, and fine silky wool known as 'Sea Island' Cotton. This now grows most extensively on the coasts of Georgia and Florida; but has been experimented with in various parts of the world, notably in Egypt, where it has succeeded; and in the Polynesian islands, where, for some reason or other, it has failed.

The cotton plant of the American cotton plantations is an annual, which shoots above ground in about a fortnight after sowing, and which, as it grows, throws out flower-stalks, at the end of each of which develops a pod with fringed calyces. From this pod emerges a flower, which, in some of the American varieties of the general species, will change its colour from day to day. The complete bloom flourishes for only twenty-four hours, at the end of which time the flower twists itself off, leaving a pod or boll, which grows to the size of a large filbert, browns and hardens like a nut, and then bursts, revealing the fibre or wool encased in three or four (according to the variety) cells within. This fibre or wool is the covering of

the seeds, and in each cell will be as many separate fleeces as seeds, yet apparently forming one fleece.

Upon the characteristics of this fleece depends the commercial value of the fibre. The essential qualities of good and mature cotton are thus enumerated by an expert: 'Length of fibre; smallness or fineness in diameter; evenness and smoothness; elasticity; tensile strength and colour; hollowness or tube-like construction; natural twist; corrugated edges; and moisture.' The fibre of Indian cotton is only about five-eighths of an inch long; that of Sea Island about two inches. Then Sea Island cotton is a sort of creamy-white colour; and some kinds of American and Egyptian cotton are not white at all, but golden in hue; while other kinds, again, are snow-white.

Although the term 'American Cotton' is applied to all the cotton produced in the United States of America, it really applies to a number of different varieties—such as Texas, Mobile, Upland, Orleans, &c.—each one known by its distinctive name. The differences are too technical for explanation here; but, generally speaking, the members of the 'hirsutum' species of the 'Gossypium' tribe now rule the world of cotton.

They are the product of what is called the 'Cotton-belt' of the United States, an area stretching for about two thousand miles between its extreme points in the Southern States, which are North and South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Florida, Louisiana, Arkansas, and Texas. Over this area, soil and climate vary considerably. The 'Cotton-belt' lies, roughly speaking, between the thirtieth and fortieth parallels of north latitude. As an American expert says: 'Cotton can be produced with various degrees of profit throughout the region bounded on the north by a line passing through Philadelphia; on the south by a line passing a little south of New Orleans; and on the west by a line passing through San Antonio. This is the limit of the possibilities.'

The cotton plant likes a light sandy soil, or a black, alluvial soil like that of the Mississippi margins. It requires both heat and moisture in due proportions, and is sensitive to cold, to drought, and to excessive moisture. The American cotton-fields are still worked by negroes, but no longer slaves, as before the war; and, in fact, the negroes are now not only free, but some of them are considerable cotton-growers on their own account. On the other hand, one finds nowadays little of the old system of spacious plantations under one ownership. Instead, the cultivation is carried on on small farms and allotments, not owned but rented by the cultivators. Large numbers of these cotton farmers are 'financed' by dealers, by landowners, or even by local store-keepers.

The cotton factor is the go-between of the grower and the exporting agent in Galveston or New Orleans, or other centre of business. After the crop is picked by the negroes—men, women, and children—and the harvest is a long process—the seeds are separated from the fibre by means of a 'gin'; and then the cotton-wool is packed into loose bales for the factor, while

the seeds are sent to a mill to be crushed for cotton-seed oil and oil-cake for cattle-feeding. The loose cotton bales are collected by the factors into some such central town as Memphis, where they are sorted, sampled, graded, and then compressed by machinery into bales of about four hundred and forty pounds each, for export. (In calculating crops, &c., a bale is taken as four hundred pounds net.)

The cotton then passes into the hands of the shipping agent, who brands it, and forwards it by river-steamer to one of the southern ports, or by rail to New York or Boston, where it is put on board an ocean-steamer for Europe. The beautiful American clippers with which some of us were familiar in the days of our youth are no longer to be seen; they have been run off the face of the waters by the 'ocean liner' and the 'tramp.' Arrived in Liverpool, or long before it arrives in Liverpool, cotton enters upon a new course of adventures altogether, and engages the thoughts and energies of a wholly new set of people. Something of this part of the Romance of Cotton has been given by Mr J. Maclaren Cobban in a recent story, and for the present we need not follow it further.

THE CHRISTMAS BELLS.

THE midnight stars shine overhead
With more than usual brightness;
The hills and valleys are arrayed
In robes of dazzling whiteness;
And jewelled sprays of frost and rime
To forest boughs are clinging;
And sweet the anthem and sublime
The Christmas bells are ringing.

It wakes old memories again;
The vanished past is nigh us;
We feel anew old bliss, old pain,
And long-lost friends are by us—
Friends who have reached the better land,
Friends who have never faltered
In friendship e'en around us stand
With friends estranged and altered.

And voices silent long we hear
Sweet words of pardon speaking;
And other voices reach our ear,
Our words of pardon seeking;
The wrongs we met too trivial seem
To merit angry feeling;
The wrongs we did we greater deem
While Christmas bells are pealing.

And we forget to scheme and plan
While Christmas bells are telling
Of Him who came in guise of man
On earth to claim a dwelling.
The sweet bells sounding near and far
Calm, holy thoughts are bringing,
And heaven and earth the nearer are
While Christmas bells are ringing.

M. ROCK.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 573.—VOL. XI.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1894.

PRICE 1½d.

A CHINESE MENU.

JOHN CHINAMAN in everything appertaining to eating and drinking is a person of peculiar tastes and a born epicure. The delicacy of his palate and his love for the good things of this world must not be judged by the mechanical rice-swallowing of a poor coolie, any more than the culinary capabilities of a good English cook can be gauged by the contents of a fried-fish shop. Even the coolies shovelling down their throats bowl after bowl of boiled rice show the rudiments at least of a palate as they take a dip, after every twenty mouthfuls, into the little bowl of curry and chillies which stands as the common property of the company. If, too, you stand near and listen to their conversation—provided, of course, you understand it—you will find it chiefly consists of a heated discussion regarding the quality of the rice on the different estates and the flavour peculiar to each crop. And who shall say that a man who can detect a variety of flavours in boiled rice is not gifted with a delicate taste?

Except on the occasion of the marriage of one of his children, or a birthday, it is unusual for a Chinese gentleman to give a dinner party at his own house. It is done by the middle classes; but in 'Society,' the usual method is to give it at an hotel or on one of the 'flower-boats.' Unlike their neighbours the Japanese, they do not squat on the floor during meals, but understand the use and comfort of chairs. Most of the dishes of which the dinner consists are placed beforehand on the table, which is therefore necessarily a large one, and is not graced with a cloth. The meal generally commences with a drink all round, followed by a sort of *hors-d'œuvre*, consisting not of dainty appetising morsels, but of fruit and nuts; then comes soup; followed by various stews and messes, as to the constituents of which more anon. It is particularly noticeable that all the dishes are of a decidedly oily flavour, and indeed this appears indispensable to the Chinese

cook, who, by the way, never serves his meat roasted as we know it, but cut up into small pieces, and stewed or broiled. Between each course, it is a common practice to smoke a few whiffs of tobacco from a pipe, to while away the interval. Like Europeans, the Chinese place especial stress upon the ceremony of taking wine with one another; and it is considered as a particular compliment to your neighbour, should you condescend to take up a morsel with your chop-sticks and place it in his mouth. At the end of the meal, one of the waiters goes round with a forbidding-looking napkin, which he dips into a bowl of water and hands to each person in turn, to wipe his mouth and hands with; and, as may be imagined, the attention is not much relished when it comes to the turn of the last person at the table.

If the Chinese are peculiar in the way they eat their dinner, they are even more so in their choice of the dishes composing it. Though some of them are pleasant to the European taste, and in a few cases even delicious, the majority of the dishes are more or less repugnant to any one who is not used to Chinese fare, and often so nasty, that consideration for the feelings of the host is of no avail when one is called upon to eat them. A taste for the flesh of domestic animals is particularly prevalent amongst the Chinese of all classes. In nearly every city in China are to be found restaurants where dog's and cat's flesh is made a special feature in the bill of fare. The meat is cut into small pieces, after being cooked over a slow fire. It is then fried with water-chest-nuts, garlic, and oil; and those who have tasted it say that it makes a very palatable dish. In the windows of the restaurants may be seen carcasses of the animals hung up for show; and placards and bills of fare displaying the appetising announcement that cats and dogs can be served up at a few minutes' notice. The flesh of black-haired animals is considered the best, not so much for the taste, but because

it is supposed to contain more nourishment. The dogs are killed by strangling or stabbing, and their carcasses are then boiled for a time, to remove the hair; they are then cleaned and prepared for show in the windows. Dog hams are exported from the province of Shan-tung, and, according to Mr Gray, at the commencement of summer a ceremony called *a-chee*—consisting of the eating of dog's flesh—is observed throughout the Empire by all classes. Black cats' eyes are considered an especial delicacy, and at an official dinner which the writer once attended about a hundred of them were used to make one dish. Their appearance in the plate is, as may be imagined, the reverse of appetising.

In several towns in the Yang-tse Valley, the flesh of mules and horses is much eaten; and rats—which, by the way, are very clean-feeding animals naturally—are a favourite and common article of food. They are to be found hanging outside shops everywhere in a salted and dried state.

Amongst other curious articles of food are preserved eggs. Boiled eggs as we know them are never eaten, but in their preserved state they are a very favourite article of diet. The eggs are first washed, and steeped for a few hours in water which has been rendered aromatic. They are then taken out, and the water is used for making a paste of salt and lime. This paste is turned into a tub and the eggs buried in it, after which it is hermetically sealed and kept so for at least a month. Often, however, eggs are kept for years in this state, and when very old are considered a great delicacy. In fact, a Chinese gentleman lays down his eggs as his English *confrère* lays down his port. The eggs when very old are quite black, and, to a European palate, almost tasteless, and quite odourless.

Ducks, fowls, and geese are much eaten by the Chinese. The eggs are hatched generally in large incubators, of a primitive though practical description, and are sold in markets set apart specially for the purpose. In the case of ducks, every part of the bird is eaten or preserved, and, indeed, this absence of wastefulness is a peculiarity of Chinese cooking. The fowls are carefully dieted and nursed from the time of their birth, and much pains is taken to keep the different breeds true and distinct. Fish of all descriptions are as much appreciated in China as they are in England. Oysters are never eaten raw, but fried, as the Chinese maintain that it is bad for the body to chill it with cold food. Shrimps are much appreciated, but are generally eaten in a condition which would not suit a European palate. They are served up on the table alive, and swimming about in a glass vessel containing water diluted with strong vinegar and oil. This makes the shrimps tipsy and lively; and while they are rushing about in the water, they are plucked out quickly and eaten alive. All fish, both sea and river, are sold and cut up alive by the salesmen, who carry them through the streets in two large tubs, slung one at each end of a bamboo, and filled with water.

Fruit—of which there is every conceivable

kind—always finds a place in the Chinese menu. All the so-called English fruits are grown in China, and the tropical ones as well. Amongst those fruits peculiar to the country are the li-chee—of delicious flavour—the carambolo, and the wampee. Water-chestnuts, which grow at the bottom of small rivers and brooks, are gathered by hand, and are very nice eating; and when boiled and beaten, are used as a kind of flour.

It is impossible within the limits of a short article to do more than touch the list of curious dishes to be found in China. Some mention, however, must be made of the drinks of that country. Tea, of course, is the national beverage, and is not drunk in anything like the manner that we are accustomed to. Such additions as milk and sugar would be considered abominations; and the tea—which the Chinese cooks infuse far more carefully than we are in the habit of doing—is drunk by itself. Some kinds of tea which rarely find their way to European markets are of a most delicious and delicate flavour when drunk in this manner, and are much sweeter and more syrupy than the ordinary tea as we know it. Spirituous liquors are obtained from rice and barley, and wines from grapes; and, judging from the condition of the company at the end of an average banquet, the worship of Bacchus is as devoutly carried on in China as it is in England.

THE LAWYER'S SECRET.*

CHAPTER XXIX.—A SURPRISE FOR MR FREDERICK BOLDON.

BEFORE many days had gone by, Hugh Thesiger went down to his uncle's cottage to recruit his strength by a few weeks' rest, and Lady Boldon at the same time returned to Roby Chase. She had plenty of work before her, for she knew that within a short time she must quit the house, and give up the estate, and all that could properly be said to belong to it, into the hands of Frederick Boldon. She must descend from the pinnacle she had occupied in the social world, and be married from her father's house, just as she would have been if she had never sacrificed herself for money and the privilege of hearing people say 'Lady Boldon' and 'Your ladyship.'

As she paced to and fro on the terrace in the cold winter sunshine, on the afternoon of the day on which she returned from London, she could not help looking back upon the past, and reckoning up the result of her grand marriage. In the first place, she had sacrificed her own inclinations—had, in a word, sold herself in order to be mistress of Roby Chase. The bargain had seemed a comparatively easy one before it was completed; she blushed now to think that she should ever have stooped so low. She had driven her own true love from her side, had inflicted a cruel wound upon his heart, and had all but lost him for ever.

* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

While her husband lived, she had been little else than his hired servant; and she had been unable to enjoy wealth when it became hers. She had never been able to feel that she was in any sense the owner of the great house and the grounds that surrounded it. In addition to all this, she had stooped to deception; she had long endured a wearing, ceaseless anxiety, and anxious foreboding; she had brought on herself and her lover shame, misery, and a horrible danger, from which they had escaped as it were by a miracle.

Against this long list of evils she had nothing to set but the gain of a few thousand pounds—a very few; for she had determined that half of what she had should go to Marjory. She owed Terence O'Neil more than she could ever repay; and she knew that he and her sister could not be married for many years without substantial help. This was, indeed, the only good result that would be reaped from her sowing of wind; her own gain was not to be weighed for a moment against the years which she and Hugh had lost.

Hugh came over to the Chase next day, and pressed his betrothed to give her consent to an early marriage. If they delayed, he said, people would hint that they were saving up money which ought in fairness to belong to Frederick Boldon. Having gained this point, he next begged her to consider whether it would not be better for them to emigrate. He might, he said, practise his profession in one of the colonies, or in the States; but he doubted whether he could ever do so in London with tolerable comfort. No doubt, they had both been honourably acquitted; but they would be marked out for impertinent curiosity and tittle-tattle for many a day to come. All this was true; and Hugh did not even tell the whole truth. He did not say how he shrank from going among his old associates, doing the work of an advocate, and perhaps defending criminals brought into the very dock where he himself had stood on that terrible day. It was in vain that Hugh told himself that such feelings were morbid, and even cowardly. He could not prevent them; and he felt inwardly sure that they would hinder him in his work, and prevent his being a successful advocate. To Lady Boldon, however, he merely said that he would feel it to be a relief to leave London for ever.

'But my father, Hugh?' said Lady Boldon gently. 'And my mother, and your uncle and aunt?'

'That is the worst of it. I confess the parting would be a dreadful shock to them. They could hardly hope to see us again.'

'It would be a poor return to your uncle and aunt for what they have done for you,' said Adelaide gently.

'You are right. I cannot do it—and yet I feel that London is not the place for me.—We will talk of it again, dearest.'

They did talk of it many times; but before anything was settled, Frederick Boldon began his suit for the probate of Sir Richard's will. Hugh paid no attention to this action, as he considered it to be purely formal.

One day, however, Lady Boldon sent to him, begging him to come to her, and on his arrival she put into his hands a letter which she had just received from Messrs Fraser & Smith, the solicitors who had instructed counsel to defend her when she was tried. The lawyers told her that the trial of Mr Frederick's action for establishing her late husband's will would take place on the following day, and that it would be necessary for her to be present at the hearing.

'It is a nuisance, isn't it, Hugh?' said she, as her lover finished reading the letter.

'It is entirely unnecessary for you to go,' he answered. 'The trial is a purely formal affair; and what I cannot understand is why this firm—Fraser & Smith—should have opposed the will being proved in common form, that is, cheaply, without any litigation. I must say it looks very much like an attempt to run up costs.—Did you tell them to go to the useless expense of defending this action?'

'I? No; I never spoke a word to them on the subject.'

'They are your father's lawyers, aren't they? Probably they got him to say something which they could construe into a request to defend the action. It is absurd. It is too bad. I have a great mind to run up to town and give them a piece of my mind.'

'Very well, Hugh. Mrs Embleton and I can go with you; and then you can take me to see the action tried. The lawyers seem quite anxious that I should be there.'

Hugh laughed. He was unwilling to return to London; but he saw that Lady Boldon had more confidence in the lawyers' letter than in his advice; so he rather unwillingly agreed to be her escort to town next day.

They were forced to leave by an early train, in order to reach the law-courts by half-past ten. There was no time for Thesiger to call at the solicitors' office and demand an explanation before going on to the law-courts. As it was, they found that by the time they reached the court the case had begun.

Mr Griffith, Q.C., was Mr Boldon's counsel. He had finished his opening speech, and was now calling evidence to prove, by a comparison of the handwriting, that the signatures to the will were really those of Sir Richard Boldon, Mr Felix, and Mr Lynd, the curate. Hugh Thesiger whispered to Lady Boldon that Mr Soames, who had been her counsel at the great trial, and another barrister, seemed to be engaged in the case on her side. 'Fancy briefing Queen's Counsel in a case of this sort,' said Hugh, with a snort of indignation; 'it is preposterous. The expense will be dreadful.'

'Isn't that Mr O'Neil sitting down there at the large table?' whispered Lady Boldon. 'He hasn't got his wig and gown on.'

'Where?—Oh, I see!—So it is. What can he be doing here? I suppose he merely dropped in out of curiosity.'

The witnesses, of whom three or four were called to speak to each signature, were but shortly cross-examined, and were rapidly disposed of. A certificate was also produced which stated that the Rev. Stephen Lynd was detained in an asylum.

'That is our case, my lord,' said Mr Griffith, looking round with some curiosity to see what Lady Boldon's counsel would do.

Mr Soames slowly rose to his feet. 'My lord,' he said, 'my instructions are that, in the first place, these are not the signatures of Sir Richard Boldon, Mr Felix, and the Rev. Stephen Lynd; and, in the second place, that even if Sir Richard did sign the document, he did not do so in the presence of the witnesses, as the statute requires. Unfortunately, my lord, I cannot call Mr Felix, since he is dead. But I can call the other witness, the Rev. Stephen Lynd.'

'Why, he's in an asylum!' said Mr Griffith in a stage-whisper, as he bent over to speak to the solicitor who instructed him. In the meantime, some one was coming forward to give evidence; and the moment he appeared in the box, Lady Boldon and Hugh Thesiger saw that it was undoubtedly Mr Lynd, and no other. The ex-curate looked a little pale, but seemed quite collected. He was duly sworn; and Mr Soames began to examine him.

'Your name is Stephen Lynd, I believe—you are a clerk in holy orders—and from June 18—to October 18—, you acted as curate to the Rev. Rowland Bruce, the Rector of Woodhurst?'

'Yes. I left Woodhurst on the 2d of October 18—, and was taken to an asylum at Fairfield, in Kent.'

'When did you leave the asylum, and why?'

'I left it two days ago, because I was cured. I have the papers and certificates with me.'

'Very good.—Now, Mr Lynd, in spite of this unfortunate mental attack?'

'Don't lead, please!' cried Mr Griffith, Q.C., half angrily.

Mr Soames regarded his learned friend with a fine affectation of mild surprise and gentle reproach.

'Tell us, then, Mr Lynd,' he began, 'what the state of your mind is with regard to what happened on a certain day—Friday, the 20th of September 18—.'

'I have a perfectly clear remembrance of that day.'

'What fixes it in your memory?'

'I saw Sir Richard Boldon that day for the last time.'

'Tell us what passed between you and him.'

'Our conversation was chiefly about religious matters—such conversation as would naturally pass between a clergyman and a man who was near his end. Before I left him, however, I ventured to speak to him about his will. I did this in consequence of a short talk I had had with Lady Boldon. He told me he meant to make a new will, providing that his widow should lose the estate if she married again. I argued with him that this was a harsh and unjust provision, which often led to trouble, quarrels, and so on. I reminded him that he had no children, and that if he wished to benefit his heir, he could divide the estate. Eventually, he said he would take my advice, and leave the arrangement made upon his marriage undisturbed.'

'Did you then leave him?'

'Yes.'

'Did you see him sign a will?'

'Never. I never saw him sign a formal document in my life.'

'Did you ever witness his signature?'

'Never.'

'Did you know the late Mr Felix?'

'I had heard of him; but I never saw him, to my knowledge.'

'Look at that signature. Is it yours?'

'I swear it is not.'

The jury were exchanging confidential whispers when Mr Soames called his next witness. This was Mr Lynd's brother, who swore that the name as it appeared in the will was not in the curate's handwriting. Several more witnesses followed with the same testimony; and Frederick Boldon's counsel was already convinced that his client must lose the day, when Mr Soames produced a person who was almost as important a witness as Mr Lynd himself, one, too, who lay under no suspicion of mental weakness. This was James Fulton.

The substance of Fulton's evidence was as follows: He had been second footman at Roby Chase before Lady Boldon reduced the establishment on her being left a widow. He remembered the Friday in the week before Sir Richard's death occurred. That was the day Mr Felix came down from London on his last visit to Sir Richard. Lady Boldon was ill at the time, and confined to bed. In the afternoon of that day, it might be about three o'clock, Mr Lynd, the curate, called, and was shown into Sir Richard's room. Fulton himself admitted the clergyman, and took him up-stairs. It was his duty to attend to Sir Richard's bell; and he could name every one that entered the sick-room that day. Before Mr Lynd left, Mr Felix arrived from the railway station, and was shown into the library. Very shortly after this the curate left; and the hall door had been closed behind him before the lawyer was summoned from the library. On that point Fulton was positive. He first let Mr Lynd out of the house, and then went and told Mr Felix that Sir Richard was ready to see him. The lawyer never met Mr Lynd at Roby Chase that day—least of all in Sir Richard Boldon's room.

Such was the substance of the footman's evidence. His testimony was conclusive; and it remained unshaken by all Mr Griffith's cross-questioning. Within a few minutes after Fulton left the witness-box, the jury returned a verdict against the will.

The bustle that followed upon this told Lady Boldon that the case was over. She thought she had won it; but she did not dare to believe in her good fortune.

'What does it mean?' she whispered to Hugh.

He turned and saw that her cheeks were aglow, her eyes sparkling, and her breath suspended from her excitement.

'It means,' he said in a voice hoarse from emotion—'it means that the poor wretch who was killed by the cocaine forged a will on purpose to keep you in his power! The cruel, calculating villain! Well; he is dead—he is dead.'

'But if this will was forged'—

'Then, of course, the one which was read on the day of the funeral stands good. Roby Chase and the estate belong to you absolutely, for your life.—Adelaide! you are not going to faint?'

'No—no; I shall be better in a moment.'—Then a minute or two later—'Oh, Hugh, I am so glad—so very, very glad! You need not grieve your uncle and aunt now, and make their old age lonely, by going away to Australia. You need never think now that you have dragged me into poverty by marrying me.—Ah!' she whispered, suddenly covering her face with her hands—'how different this is from what I have deserved!'

FROST-FREAKS.

WATER in the process of freezing assumes many curious forms under special conditions. The wonderful beauty of snow-crystals, which reveal under the microscope an infinite variety of more or less complicated shapes, always built upon a symmetrical hexagonal plan, has always attracted much attention; and the ordinary phenomena of snowfall, hoar-frost, and ice-formation are, in a manner, forced on the notice of everybody in winter. The more peculiar appearances, which are really freaks of frost, are of relatively rare occurrence, and frequently escape the notice of superficial observers.

Near Chamounix, a considerable portion of the surface of a sloping bank, bare of the usual undergrowth of vegetation, was observed to bear a coating of ice nearly four inches in depth, which presented a curious structure. It consisted of four layers, each composed of an aggregation of filaments, or elongated crystals, of uniform size, ranging in diameter up to one-sixteenth of an inch, and of a length equal to the thickness of the layer, ranged side by side like a collection of miniature organ pipes. The ends were of pyramidal shape, and the bottom points of one layer rested on the top points of the one below, so that the layers could be easily separated, while the whole mass was penetrated by vertical holes half an inch or less in diameter. The entire ice-structure had evidently been pushed up from below, as the ice itself was white and colourless; while its surface was covered by a layer of dirt which might have concealed it entirely from observation, had its presence not been revealed by broken portions. The explanation suggested was, that the porous soil forming the surface of the bank was supported by a substratum of rock, along which the water from melted snow—percolating from above—had run until it reached the place where the earth, being bare of vegetation, permitted free radiation, and consequent cooling and crystallisation of the water; the ice thus formed forcing itself up through the pores of the soil as filamentous ice-crystals, each layer being the work of one night's frost, and the perforations being due to the presence of pebbles, or lumps of earth too dense to allow the crystals to penetrate, or too heavy to be lifted up like the smaller earthy particles which covered the greater part of the ice.

Similar collections of filamentous ice-crystals

have been observed in many places. They are common in certain localities where the necessary conditions are present, and, no doubt, would be more frequently noticed but for the surface layer of soil raised by the ice-growth which masks its presence. An official of the United States Geological Survey states that in the cultivated fields of the Mississippi Valley, on a cloudy day following autumnal rain, with the air just below freezing, he has during a day's journey seen a thin layer of soil elevated in this way from one to three inches over four-fifths of the area visible from the road. In the neighbourhood of Washington he saw many irregular patches and belts of straight or slightly curved filamentoid ice-crystals, four, six, and even eight inches in height. Sometimes these crystals were longest when supporting the greatest weight of earth or pebbles on their summits. In one case, a pebble two and a half inches long, one and a half broad, and an inch thick, was borne aloft by a slender tuft of icy needles six or seven inches long, fully two inches above smaller pebbles and the film of soil in which it had been embedded.

A similar process of congelation in capillary tubes has been observed to produce a covering of filamentous ice on dead branches and twigs. When a dead beech branch bearing such a coating was taken home and left in the sun, the crystals soon disappeared; but next morning they appeared again, the water from the melted ice having again filled the pores of the wood, from which it was once more extruded, on freezing, in the same filamentous form. Professor Schwalbe noted in the Harz Mountains swellings on decayed twigs lying on the ground, which were caused by ice-excrecences pushing the rind away from the wood. These ice-growths were composed of fibres of a soft, brilliant, asbestine appearance, which were remarkably delicate to the touch. They adhered to the body of the wood in large numbers, and attained a length of nearly four inches. Professor Schwalbe brought some of these withered twigs with him to Berlin, and found that it was possible to reproduce the phenomenon at any time by thoroughly moistening the twig, but in such a way that no water dropped off, and then cooling it slowly in a freezing apparatus. The peculiar appearance is a result of capillary action similar to that which takes place in porous soil. The columns of water contained in the capillary tubes expand in length during freezing, so that a small column of ice is continuously projected upwards by the continued congelation of the water sucked up by the capillaries.

In a railway cutting near Lesmahagow, in October 1892, some ice-crystals were observed over a curiously circumscribed area of about nine feet in length, on both sides of which the ground was hard frozen. From a base of very porous opaque ice there sprang groups of acicular crystals of clear ice, each needle free and distinct throughout its length, and masked by opaque bands of slightly larger diameter. The crystals averaged an inch in length and about one-sixty-fourth of an inch in diameter. Each cluster of about forty or fifty crystals formed an irregular square of about one-fourth of an

inch on the side. Some grew vertically from the ground, and others horizontally from the sides of the cutting. They were straight, curved, or bent into a half-circle. A week later, crystals of the same kind were observed as long as two inches.

In an old mine on the Waschgang, near Dölloch, in Carinthia, large fans, as much as a foot long and eight inches broad, composed of ice-crystals, are reported as having been seen growing out horizontally from the walls. The stalks of these curious structures, consisting of a series of hexagonal prisms, hollow, like thermometer tubes, were in the middle about an inch thick, and increased in size towards the points of attachment to the wall. The fan surface was a large hexagonal plate with strong prismatic ribs running from the centre to the angles, and the interspaces between the ribs were filled with regularly arranged prisms, while other peculiarly shaped tabular and prismatic crystalline structures grew on the ribs.

The ordinary ice-sheets which cover lakes and ponds sometimes show peculiar structures, more especially after thaw has set in. In December 1891, the ice-surface of a lake at Drinkwater Park, near Prestwich, during a thaw showed a large number of very distinct hexagonal tabular crystals, from half an inch to three inches across, and raised an eighth of an inch above the rest of the ice. Many of these crystals bore similar but much smaller crystals in the middle, also projecting about an eighth of an inch.

Close examination of lake-ice shows that it is frequently built up of vertical columns of regular hexagonal shape, of varying diameter, and in length equal to the thickness of the ice-sheet. The columns become visible to the naked eye when the ice begins to melt, and the structure, according to Professor Bonney, is best exhibited when a very gradual thaw succeeds hard frost. Dr John Rae, in his Arctic experiences, frequently noted both on deep lakes and those so shallow as to freeze to the bottom, that when the winter ice had nearly all thawed away, what remained assumed the columnar structure. On deep water, though it could be safely walked over in the morning, being then six or eight inches thick, and apparently quite solid, it had all magically disappeared a few hours afterwards, as the columns rapidly separated from each other, especially if there was a breeze, and falling on their sides, became invisible, and drifted to the lee side, leading to the general but erroneous idea that the ice had sunk. Experiments have led to the belief that this structure may be due to the first layer of ice having been formed rapidly, with the air at a temperature several degrees below freezing; and doubtless the nature of the first crystals formed settles the structure of all the rest of the ice.

It has been found by experiment that when lake-ice about half an inch thick is struck with the rounded end of a stick, the fractures produced invariably take the form of six-rayed star-like figures, which show beautiful regularity in regard to the number, position, and perfect straightness of the rays.

Domestic utensils during very severe frost

are sometimes found to contain curious forms of ice. A ewer or other deep vessel may in the morning be full of slender ice-spicules, many of them several inches long. In a water-tub with an ice-surface already formed, which had been placed under a tap so that the ice was submerged under several inches of water, fresh ice formed in the shape of thin vertical plates upon, and at right angles to, the submerged sheet. These plates, meeting each other in all directions, produced a spongy mass three or four inches in thickness. It is a curious problem why a sheet of ice should increase regularly in thickness by additions to its lower surface, while only a spongy mass is formed on its upper surface.

The freezing of deep and comparatively still water sometimes causes what are called 'anchor frosts.' In one particular situation where the phenomenon is fairly frequent, the whole body of the water in a mill-pond, where the current is stopped during the night, becomes semi-viscous. As far down as can be seen, the roots beneath the water and the brickwork sides of the pond are coated with ice, and between this and the surface, ice-crystals form, not in sheets or blocks, but interlaced loosely, like snow-crystals in a drift. The spongy mass thus formed blocks the channel, and water coming down on it from above rises in level, and flows over it, as over a solid obstruction. When the mill is started, the water at first will hardly flow past the wheel, until the crystals are at length forced to the surface, where they remain in floating masses, under which the water flows as usual. In such frosts, there is no sheet of ice formed on the surface.

The beautiful appearances due to hoar-frost are occasionally much enhanced under specially favourable conditions. Thus, on one occasion, with the ground for some distance around frozen hard and white with hoar-frost, the great granite masses of Yes-Tor, on Dartmoor, appeared to be covered with feathered work exquisitely wrought in congealed snow. The feathers overlay each other as thickly as real plumage, and ranged in length from one to five or six inches. The display was almost entirely confined to the eastward—at the time the windward—side of the rocks, and their jutting and exposed portions carried the thickest covering. The flagstaff surmounting the Tor was loaded on the windward side with a fringe fully six inches deep. The individual flakes revealed remarkable beauty of structure. Most were of an elongated lozenge shape; some were shaped like tongues of flame; and all were built up of thin plates, into which they could be resolved by a slight blow. These thin plates again split up into crystalline needles in a direction parallel to the longest diameter of the flake. The beauty of this natural decoration is said by those who chanced to see it to have been quite indescribable. Only the finest Oriental decorative tracery could approach the effect of the infinite variety of this rich tapestry of frost-flakes.

The beginning of this giant hoar-frost must have been formed by a thin layer of very fine mist drifting against the rock and freezing on it in minute crystals; and on this foundation,

successive accretions, brought in the same way, would continue to be built up crystal by crystal, each adhering to the very tip of the preceding one, while the suitable atmospheric conditions lasted. These conditions are probably clear frost, without snow, which would destroy the delicate forms; a moderate breeze, blowing steadily in one direction; and air saturated with moisture in a finely divided state.

In the same way, when the ground and the air are below freezing-point, the drifting fog which is prevalent on the top of Ben Nevis deposits small crystalline particles of ice on everything in its path, forming long feathery crystals on walls or sloping surfaces, and on posts or small objects producing shapes resembling fir-cones with the points to windward. The crystals gather round the edges of a flat board, while a round post secures an almost uniform coating over its windward half. The growths point to windward so exactly that it is possible to trace small changes in the direction of the wind from the different angles of successive layers. The rate of growth varies with the density of the fog and the strength of the wind; but ordinary fogs and winds deposit about half an inch per hour on the average. There is practically no limit to the accumulation. A post four inches square grew in less than a week into a slab of snow five feet broad and one foot thick, when the mass fell off by its own weight, and a new formation began. The observers on this exposed situation have had ample opportunity of investigating this freak of frost; but their interest in it is considerably abated by the trouble it causes with the various instruments placed out of doors, which require almost constant labour to keep them free from ice-crystals while the conditions continue which promote their growth.

In Devonshire, during a keen frost with excessively moist air, the landscape was transformed, according to one observer, into a perfect fairyland, by a wonderful rime which covered trees, down to the smallest twig, with ice nearly an inch in thickness. The leaves of laurel were so coated that off each an ice-leaf could be taken—a perfect reproduction in transparent ice, twice the thickness of ordinary writing-paper, on which every vein was distinctly marked.

The phenomenon known as silver thaw or 'glazed frost,' which is frequently, but incorrectly, described as being of the nature of hoar-frost, is really the frozen surface occasionally produced at the beginning of a thaw by the sudden setting in of a warm wind. Damp air, passing over ground of which the temperature is still very low parts with its moisture in a solid form, covering everything with a sheet of ice; and the intensity of the phenomenon is much increased if there is rain at the same time. Such frosts sometimes do much damage. In France—department of Loiret—rain fell continuously during the three days from the 22d to the 24th of January 1879, though the temperature ranged from twenty-four to twenty-eight degrees, and was solidified as soon as it touched anything. By the evening of the second day the effects had reached terrible pro-

portions. The ground was strewed with branches, whole trees were uprooted, and others split from top to bottom; and in some places the forest looked like one of masts, so completely had the great weight of ice stripped them. As examples of the tremendous growth of ice, a lime-twig weighing four and a half grains weighed with the ice on it nine hundred and twenty grains, and a laurel leaf carried a coating of eleven hundred and twenty grains. Evergreen shrubs were transformed into solid blocks of transparent ice, through which leaves and branches could be distinguished. The branches of fir-trees were weighed down, each group on to those below, and the lowest on to the ground, so that the whole assumed the appearance of huge pyramids of ice. In some recorded instances of glazed frost, the drops of rain were not frozen by falling on objects colder than freezing-point, as sometimes happens, but were probably in a state of superfusion, and solidified on coming into contact with solid bodies.

The beautiful arborescent patterns formed by frost on window-panes are familiar. A modification of this special form of ice-crystallisation was observed on some London street pavements in December 1892, as reported by Professor Meldola. During a keen wind, the paving-flags of several streets running east and west were covered with a striking vegetable-like pattern, which differed from the small, delicate frost figures seen on window-panes in being made up of large and boldly fronded designs, the gracefully curved fronds attaining a length of one to two feet. Other observers noted at the same time somewhat different patterns, consisting of scrolls and volutes. Several of these sometimes radiated from a common centre, and extended over several feet of the pavement. In Freiburg, some pavement patterns took the form of dark, broad, sharply defined, leaf-like patches, connected together by curved and branched tendril-like stalks. These different patterns may be attributed to the rapid freezing of the water contained in the mud of the pavements; and all arborescent forms assumed by water during freezing are probably the result of impeded or constrained crystallisation.

THE SECRET OF VERLOREN VLEI.

By H. A. BRYDEN.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

It was not until my second season's hunting with Cornelis du Plessis that I heard of Verloren Vlei, a place I am never likely to forget. Du Plessis was a Transvaal Boer, descended, as his name implies, from that good Huguenot stock which, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, made its way to the Cape to replenish the Dutch settlers. The French language quickly died out in South Africa, mainly from a stern repression; yet here and there, all over that vast land, you may see at this day, in the strong and stubborn Boer breed, plain traces of the French admixture. Du Plessis bore about him very certain indications of his ancestry. He was shortish for a Boer, very dark of complexion, keen-eyed, merry, alert, vigorous, and active as a cat.

Seventeen years ago, the north and east of the Transvaal, and the countries just across the border, were wild and little-known lands, still teeming with game. I was wandering through the country, hunting and exploring. The gold-fever had recently broken out, and as I understood something of mining and geology, I put in a good deal of prospecting as well. It was a vagrant, delightful existence, and I thoroughly enjoyed it.

Du Plessis and I met first in the north of Waterberg. I found him an excellent good fellow; he took to me; and we quickly became great friends. We trekked along the Crocodile River together, crossed it before it takes its southerly bend, and, for the whole of the dry winter season, hunted in a glorious veldt abounding in game. So excellent a comrade had I found the Boer, and so well had we enjoyed one another's company, that we engaged to meet again the following season. Thus, at the end of July 1876, we were once more hunting together in that wild and distant region north-east of the Crocodile.

One evening—I remember it well—we were outspanned in a delightful valley between low hills, through which a pleasant stream ran—a rare thing in the prevailing drought. We had had a good hunt that day, and the flesh of a fat buffalo cow filled our stew-pot. Our oxen lay peacefully in a strong thorn kraal close at hand—for there were lions about—and our horses were tied up to the wagon wheels; the fires blazed ruddily against the outer darkness. At one of these fires were gathered our native boys, feasting and chattering, and laughing in high good-humour; at the other, Du Plessis and I sat in our wagon chairs. We had finished our meal, and were smoking our fragrant Rustenburg tobacco and drinking our coffee, for the day had been hot, and our hunt a long and exciting one, and our thirst was still unassuaged. We were talking about gold and prospecting. The Dutchman was not over-keen about it, but he was anxious to help me.

'There's a kloof somewhere about here, Fairmount' (that's my name), he said, 'in which I shot a white rhinoceros five years ago. I should like you to see it; I remember some natives brought me a quill of gold which they had collected up there. I think you would find it worth looking at; but this country is so broken, that I can't for the life of me make out the exact spot. We shall hit it off presently, no doubt; but just now it's almost as hard to find as poor Tobias Steenkamp's "Verloren Vlei."'

'Verloren Vlei,' I replied in Cape Dutch, in which we habitually spoke. 'I never heard of the place. Where's that?'

'Alle maghte! that's a very queer story,' answered Du Plessis. 'Tobias Steenkamp was a cousin of mine. One day four years ago he came to our farm and outspanned. He had had a hard trek, and lost some oxen, and was himself smitten with fever. He stayed a week, and he was for ever talking of a wonderful *vlei** he had discovered somewhere in an inaccessible

mountain range in this direction, on the shores of which he had found much gold. He showed us some fine nuggets; and, indeed, he excited my brother Hans and myself so much, that we half promised to go back with him and have a look at the place.

'Well, Tobias got over his fever, obtained fresh oxen, refitted his wagon, and started off again for his wonderful vlei. Hans and I could not get away at that moment; but we meant to hunt in that direction, and we promised to follow him up in a little time. He left a boy with us to show us the road. In two months' time we had trekked up to the neighbourhood of Tobias's great discovery, and then we received a shock. We met his driver and servants returning with the wagon, and no master. They told us that they had outspanned near the vlei—which they themselves had never seen; that their master had started off alone up the mountain next morning—he would never permit any of his boys to go with him; and that he had never returned. They had waited and waited, and had then searched for him in every direction without result. For a fortnight this had gone on; and now they had given up the search, and believed their master dead. Well, Hans and I took the men back with us to the mountain again, and made a thorough search, and sent out parties in every direction into the country round. We might as well have looked for the Fiend himself; we never again found a trace of Tobias Steenkamp. He is dead, undoubtedly, and his fate is wrapped in black mystery. How he disappeared, where he went, I cannot say. We did find *spoor* of a man and donkey to the north-east. The man had disappeared, and the donkey had been eaten by a lion. What *their* mystery was, I know not either. We found no trace of a passage up the grim mountain walls where poor Tobias had vanished; and as for the vlei itself, well, Hans and I could make nothing of it. We never set eyes on it, and half doubted its existence. We have always called it since "Verloren Vlei," and by that name we and our friends still know it. And yet Tobias was no fool; he described the vlei very plainly to us more than once; and he firmly believed in it. Alle maghte! yes, of that I am quite certain; and what's more, he showed me the gold he had found there. It's incomprehensible.'

'That's a queer story of yours, Cornelis,' said I. 'I wonder I never heard you mention it before. How far away is this place you speak of?'

'About six days' journey from here, I suppose,' replied Du Plessis; 'and it's a rough trek.'

'Has any one else ever tried to discover this secret?' I went on.

'Two or three people only,' rejoined the Dutchman. 'Tobias's brother and three other Boers who knew him went on two different occasions; but they came away no wiser than ourselves. Neither Tobias nor his bones have ever come to light.'

We went on chatting by the fire that night, and presently turned into our wagons.

I am bound to confess that the Dutchman's grim story grew upon and fascinated me.

* Pronounced *flay*. A vlei is the Dutch name for a shallow lake.

Mystery has always a curious attraction. Here was hidden away some dark episode, in which this simple, unfortunate Boer had lost his life. I determined to try to unravel the clew; and the gold, too, lent an additional motive to the search.

I had small difficulty in persuading Cornelis du Plessis next morning to lead me to the place of misfortune. We settled to trek thither, hunting on our way: and in six days' time we found ourselves outspanned for the night beneath the loom of the great rock fortress which held so securely the Dutchman's secret. It was the hour of sunset as we neared the mountain range, which lay between us and the north-west. The sky was a sheet of red and gold, against which the rugged mass stood out in a wonderful relief. Up above the mountain tops, long skeins of great birds, all following one another slowly and majestically in an endless maze of evolutions, were silhouetted black against the flaming heavens. We were a good mile away from the nearest string, but there was a wonderful stillness of the atmosphere; all nature seemed hushed, except for the birds; and the faint notes of their peculiar plaintive whistle told me instantly what they were.

'Why, Cornelis,' I said, 'those are pelicans, and they're just going down to water somewhere in the mountains. See, there they go!'

As I spoke, the lower skein sank gently into the mountains, and presently, chain after chain of the singular evolutionaries disappeared softly within the range, until the last bird had vanished, and the now fading sky lay clear and unflecked.

'Allemaghte!' ejaculated Du Plessis in his deepest tones; 'those are pelicans, surely, and they have gone down to water. Strange that I have never seen them there before. There is the vlei, sure enough; we will never rest now till we find it.'

We were up at dawn next morning, and, as we breakfasted, we saw with intense interest the pelicans rise from the heart of the mountain, slowly circle about the sky, and then stretch their flight, in their leisurely and majestic fashion, in our direction. As they quitted the mountain, they sank lower towards the flat country, and some of them were evidently about to pass right overhead.

'They'll come over the wagons,' said Du Plessis; 'they're off for that big salt pan we passed yesterday morning.'

I dived into my wagon and took down my rifle. An idea had struck me. I pushed a cartridge into the breech, and, as the great birds passed slowly a hundred yards overhead, took aim at one and fired. The target was a big and an easy one: the stricken bird toppled downwards, turning over and over in its fall, and presently hit the earth with a tremendous thud. One of the boys ran and brought it to me. I opened its bill. The pouch contained seven fresh fish—six smallish and carp-like, well known to the Boers as *karpers*; the seventh, a 'yellow fish,' a barbel-like fish of a pound and a half.

'Here, Cornelis,' I said to my companion, 'is proof positive that your mysterious vlei lies in the mountain, and holds water. These fish are

fresh; they were caught early this morning; and the birds are away to the salt pan for the day to eat and digest them.'

We finished breakfast hastily, and sallied forth on our search. First, we followed the tiny stream near which we were camped. This led us to the westerly side of the mountain, and manifestly took its rise in some marshy ground immediately beneath the rock walls. A careful examination convinced me that the marsh itself owed its origin to some subterranean escape—very probably from the vlei itself—from within the mountains. But there was no hope of ingress in that direction. Pursuing our investigations, we rode carefully round the whole western and southern face of the mountain wall, scanning closely every yard of its surface. This mountain wall ran in a great semicircle; its dark-red, rampart-like cliffs were sheer, and wonderfully free from projections and undergrowth. We spent the whole day searching for any trace of path or ingress, and retired to our wagons for the evening completely discomfited. There was not foothold for the hardest cliff climber that ever risked his life in search of wild-fowl eggs.

Next morning, we followed this cliff face along the southerly aspect. Here, after a little way, it was met by another mass of mountains, into which it ran, terminating in a chimney-like *cul-de-sac* at the end of a short narrow gorge. Here, too, apparently, there was no possible approach upward or inward.

'It was here,' said Du Plessis, 'that the spoor of my cousin was last seen. His servants tracked him to this spot, and from there no trace of him could be found. It's a mystery I cannot fathom. He could not possibly have climbed this way.'

We looked up at the dark grim rock walls above us, narrowing so that a foot or two of pale blue sky could alone be seen, and the thing seemed an impossibility. No living man could have made his way up that terrible chimney.

Retracing our steps from this dark ravine, we tried in another direction. All the remainder of that day, and for four long days thereafter, we explored with infinite care and toil the mass of mountain on the south-east, east, and northern side of the place where, from the movements of the pelicans, the lost vlei apparently lay. We had to leave our horses behind on these expeditions; we toiled, climbed, descended, struggled, and fell, often at the risk of our necks and limbs, but were met everywhere by precipices and ravines which absolutely barred us in these directions. The mass of mountain, which trended away to the north-east for some miles, was, although much broken up, accessible with great labour, until we had approached within less than half a mile, as we reckoned, of the mysterious place we sought. Here, sheer and perfectly hopeless precipices shut us out, exactly as had been the case on the open part of the mountain we had first examined. It seemed clear that Verloren Vlei lay within a ring-fence of utterly inaccessible cliff wall.

On the fifth evening after our arrival, we lay wrapped in our sheep-skin karosses by the

fire, stiffened, sore, and thoroughly disheartened; and yet, evening after evening, just at the glorious time of sunset, the pelicans had come swinging over in their majestic hundreds from the south-east, had skined and circled in the glowing sky, and had sunk into the heart of the mountain, and at dawn of day as regularly had they departed. The *vlei* must be there; it was heart-breaking to be baffled in this way.

I lay long that night in my wagon, thinking out some solution of the puzzle; until sleep at last overcame me. While I lay asleep, I had a very singular dream. I dreamed that I sat upon a high cliff of rock, looking down upon a fair lake of water, which lay girt in part by a sandy shore, and surrounded by a ring of mountains. It was sunset, and one end of this lake was white with pelicans. At other parts were gathered flocks of wild-duck, and round about flew bands of the swift desert sand-grouse—*Namaqua* partridge, as the colonists call them. And occasionally the flights of sand-grouse stooped in their pretty way and drank at the margin of the water. But I saw yet another sight in that singular valley. I saw a tall figure walking by the edge of the lake. Its back was towards me, and, for the life of me, I could not see its face. I gazed, and gazed; but the face never turned; and then suddenly the scene vanished, and my dream was over. Again I dreamed, and again I saw the spreading water beneath me, and the wild-fowl; but there were no pelicans and no sand-grouse. I saw, too, a figure walking along the shore. This time, the figure was different. It was shorter, and the walk was brisker; but again the man's back was towards me, and his face was hidden. And then, again, the dream faded, and I saw no more.

Next morning, Du Plessis and I sat at breakfast, still stiff and sore, yet in better heart. Our night's sleep had restored our flagging spirits. We had agreed to rest after our five days of hard work, and have a quiet day at our camp. We were later this morning, and the last of the pelicans were vanishing for their day's excursion as we sat down to breakfast. I was surprised, therefore, as I looked towards the mountain, to see a string of wild-fowl—evidently duck—circle a few times in the clear morning sky, and then drop down into the mountains again exactly from where the pelicans sank and rose. I nudged Du Plessis, whose nose was in his coffee, and pointed. 'Wild-duck!' he ejaculated—'the first time we have seen them, too. There is the *vlei*, truly enough.'

Half an hour later, about nine o'clock, flights of sand-grouse came overhead, and made straight for the heart of the mountain. More and more followed; there must have been many scores of them. They were the first we had seen at this camp.

My dream instantly came into my mind. I attached little importance to such things, yet the coincidence of the wild-fowl and the sand-grouse was remarkable, and I told Du Plessis what I had dreamed. Quite in a chaffing way, I said: 'We're going to discover your *vlei* and its secret, after all, Cornelis. Dreams do some-

times come true. I wonder, though, what on earth the two men's figures could mean?'

Du Plessis was much more serious, and said with a solemn face: 'It is not right to laugh at dreams, my friend; the Heer God sends them for some good reason, undoubtedly. I had nearly given this search up as hopeless. We must; yes, *allemaghte!* we must try again.'

A LAKE OF PITCH.

THE village of La Brea—the name being Spanish for 'pitch'—stands on an extreme point in the south-western portion of the island of Trinidad, about forty-five miles south of Port-of-Spain, in the Gulf of Paria. It possesses few conveniences for shipping. There is no harbour, merely an open roadstead; a pier has been erected, but to this ocean vessels cannot come; and, at low tide, passengers from the steamboats which pass the peninsula twice a week are rowed into shallow water in small boats, and carried ashore on the backs, or in the arms, of muscular men. For nearly four miles the shore is formed of pitch; and large black masses are perceived which appear like rocks, but are in reality bodies of asphalt. In front of the village the pitch rises from the sea as a solid barrier reef, affording better protection to the land than the unconsolidated sands and clays that extend along the coastline to the north and south. Dense virgin forests seem to cover the country, save in one place. During the after-part of the day the sun beats fiercely on this coast, and, the thickness of the vegetation excluding the breeze, the temperature, further augmented by refraction from the heated surfaces of the asphalt, becomes well-nigh unbearable.

On landing, we come to the singular village itself. In the gardens and elsewhere, portions of asphalt abound on the surface, either in detached pieces, or in extended sheets or layers of several tons weight, having burst through the soil, which rests on immense strata of asphalt. This substratum affects many of the buildings in an extraordinary fashion. Their foundations occasionally sink perpendicularly into the earth and asphalt; but more usually the displacement of the pitch is such as to cause the posts to diverge from the perpendicular, apparently endangering the stability of the dwellings. Not in the least alarmed, the inhabitants go their ways as though nothing were amiss, for the movement of the asphalt is too gradual to cause accidents. Houses seldom or never fall, but—to use the expression of the people—regain their plumb. They are made of light materials, and often when one seems on the point of collapsing, through some action of the substratum it not only rights itself, but begins to lean in a contrary direction. A strange case of trespass is said to have been brought before the magistrate of La Brea, where the plaintiff alleged that the defendant's house bodily intruded on his (the plaintiff's) land.

Inland from the village, up a gentle slope, the ground becomes more and more full of

pitch. 'It is fortunate,' as a writer remarks, 'that the pitch, when compact, will not kindle, or, in other words, will not burn without a wick; for otherwise the entire region might suffer the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah.' From three sides—north, west, and south—the land slopes gradually upward from the sea to the lip of the lake, which has an elevation of one hundred and thirty-eight and a half feet above the gulf. On the east, the rise continues somewhat; so that the lake differs from ordinary lakes in being situated, not in a valley, but on a hill-top. As the mile of country stretching between the point and the lagoon is traversed, at first large cashew trees are passed, and numbers of *conucos*, the South American term for a house and small cultivation. The bituminous soil of the locality is wonderfully fertile, and pine-apples especially, both dark-red and yellow, are here produced of matchless quality. By-and-by a place is reached where no house or cottage or hut can be erected, and the vegetation is poor and marsh-loving, finding its nourishment in the sloppy water everywhere about. The plateau widens, and, at length, before us the spectacle presents itself of this famous lake of pitch.

No exact boundary of it can be said to be defined by nature, but a recent Government survey estimates its surface at one hundred and nine acres nine perches. In form it is circular, and it is believed to contain several million tons of asphalt. Persons who are acquainted with the aspect of a large round pond, partially dried up, its bed intersected with little channels of water, here and there patches of stunted vegetation, and in the centre a slushy-looking spot, the whole black and unprepossessing, can form a very fair idea of the general appearance of the lake. Innumerable bubbles of gas arise, chiefly at the sloppy-looking place technically known as 'the place of supply,' both from the pitch and the water, of evil smell, like that of sulphuretted hydrogen combined with petroleum. Swellings of different shapes and sizes are likewise come across, the smaller kinds containing only gas, while some of the larger ones contain both gas and decayed vegetation. There are a few dozen land-islets over the lake, towards its borders; they are covered with vegetation, and some of them support clumps of dwarf-trees. These, taking advantage of the slightest accumulation of earth,—for the islands do not come up from the bottom of the lake, nor do they bear down any considerable distance into it—dart their hardy roots into the underlying asphalt, and enjoy a precarious existence; and about and above them flutter beautiful birds and insects in plenty, making a curious contrast to the weird Stygian environment. If one of the islands is destroyed, the pitch under it rises to its own level, or the general level of the lake. Probably they are by no means stationary, but constantly change their places and number, owing to the imperceptible yet incessant movement of the pitch.

Passing the islands, we come to an open space—say, fifty acres or more—where no vegetation whatever grows, and within which is located 'the place of supply'—that part of the

lake where the asphalt is still oozing up. The pitch is fresher-looking than that surrounding it, and softer to the feet. At the more distant edges, one may walk on some of it without sinking below the heel of the shoe. If we stood still awhile, we should soon be ankle-deep. What is called 'the place of supply' undergoes unceasing change in shape and size. Here the pitch is always softer, and during the hotter part of the day, it—or rather the water surrounding it—fairly boils. These soft parts continually alter in position. Witnesses are known to declare that on occasions none may venture within this terrible spot, on account of the intense heat, and for fear of being horribly engulfed. A late visitor states that one afternoon he saw a man walk into it with impunity, and it only came up to the calves of his legs. Early morning is the best time to see this phenomenon, when, under favourable conditions, one might manage to walk over the softest spot without sinking more than ankle-deep.

The network of channels referred to are deposits of rain-water, and cut up the lake into numerous irregular divisions, since the pools frequently unite, forming one connected system. Roughly speaking, they are from two to six feet wide, and one to two feet deep, though in places, and if swollen by rainy weather, the depth and width of the water are much increased; in fact, in the wet season the hollows are so full as to prevent the lagoon being seen properly. Their sides are convex, presenting outlines of regularity and beauty; and where three or four channels meet, a star-shaped depression is formed. Those who live in the neighbourhood of La Brea consider it conducive to health to bathe in the chasms. A stream of pitch, on coming into contact with the water, rarely, if ever, shelves gradually into it; but at the water's edge tends to curve down sharply, and under the water does not adhere freely to the pitch on the adjoining area.

Several explanations of this peculiar structure have been advanced. It is a matter of common belief that the pitch is in constant motion, and one theory ascribes an independent revolving motion to each of these irregular divisions. In the centre of the area the pitch is supposed to perpetually rise, displacing the mass previously there, and forcing it outwards; and the latter, when it meets the adjoining division, turns under, to be eventually thrown up in the centre, as before. This process, and the structure resulting therefrom, Mr Crosby attributes to the great daily range in temperature of the surface of the lake. On cloudless days, the asphalt attains a heat of about one hundred and forty degrees Fahrenheit, and sinks at night to sixty or seventy degrees—a variation which must produce a considerable change of volume. 'This expansion is superficial, and its chief tendency is to extend the pitch horizontally. Where the pitch is covered by water, it will not experience this alteration of volume, and these protected areas are forced downward by the expansion of the unprotected areas.' It seems evident, however, that the water and the outer part of the adjoining area of pitch have

a strongly repelling effect upon the advancing pitch; and perhaps the depressions, if they do not originate by the collection of water on the spots, at least are kept in existence by the water. To express it differently, were it not for the water the pitch would doubtless find its own level. The spot known as 'the place of supply' is probably a source of general motion.

The pitch is quarried by excavating areas from a few to many feet deep and wide. As soon as the work ceases the cavity begins to close, with a rapidity depending upon the location. Near 'the place of supply' an excavation four feet deep and eight feet square, for instance, would fill in less than two days. Were it made where the asphalt was of average hardness, it would become entirely obliterated in five or six days, though it would substantially fill up in less time. Outside the lake, the refilling is much less rapid. This speedy closure of artificial cavities has led to the supposition that the supply of asphalt is inexhaustible, the substance being produced or generated as fast as removed. The circumstance arises from the plastic nature of the ordinary bitumen, which invariably yields to pressure, until a new equilibrium is established; thus, where excavations have been opened in the solid asphalt, the pressure of the sides forces up the bottom, and the cavity gradually closes. It will be manifest that this property of susceptibility to pressure is sufficient to account for the appearance of the solid and semi-solid pitch at the surface; the greater the depth, and consequent pressure of the superincumbent strata, the greater will be the force propelling the material upwards. This lake appears to be simply a great mass of pitch, which has been expressed from sandstone or shale and collected in a basin-like depression of the strata. The form of the surface has been pre-eminently favourable for a large accumulation, and the sources have been very rich. Taking into consideration the presumed amount of the contents of the cavity, the forces concerned in the elevation of all this matter to the position it occupies must have been considerable.

No soundings have been made of the lake, and the depth is unknown; it is therefore impossible to determine whether it is practically inexhaustible. In judging of the probable permanence of the supply, it is well to remember that at the softer places the pitch is doubtless still escaping from the sandstone, though perhaps very slowly. This activity is as nothing compared with what prevailed at the epoch when this immense deposit was formed. Relatively, the sources are now exhausted; but the substance remains—a testimony of the magnitude of the actions which were here once in operation.

The semi-fluid condition of the asphalt—in which state it flows but slowly—on first rising to the surface is due to an oily element which acts as a solvent. On exposure to the sun and atmosphere, this gradually evaporates, leaving a more solid substance. Many authorities refer the bituminous matter scattered over the La Brea district to streams which issued from the lake and protruded into the sea. This is quite

a mistake. Solidification of the pitch would have ensued long before it had advanced that distance. The surface of the lake has indeed overflowed, but only a few yards, and this asphalt presents curved surfaces—the form the material seems always to assume when proceeding vertically—and does not appear as an extended sheet. These bituminous layers or masses are unquestionably the products of the soil and substratum.

The proverb, that one cannot touch pitch without being defiled, does not hold good here. It may be picked up at 'the place of supply,' and manipulated in any way one chooses, for a length of time before it becomes sticky, and nothing is left on the hands save a little water and clean gray mud. This earthy admixture (twenty to thirty per cent.) has been derived from the strata from which the pitch has emerged; but while it prevents it soiling, it renders it less valuable, the decrease in value being in proportion to the excess of foreign substances.

The Earl of Dundonald appears to have been the first to bring La Brea pitch into commercial notice. As early as 1851, he acquired part of the lake and adjoining land for a period of twenty years, and in 1865 made over his lease to a company, organised with the view principally to distil petroleum from the asphalt. In 1871 the then governor of Trinidad decided to put up to public auction the unleased portions of the lake, and also the remainder when the existing leases fell in, in lots of, as nearly as possible, five acres each. Special rules were promulgated under this scheme, and soon the whole lake, with the exception of one five-acre lot withheld by the Crown, became the monopoly of four lessees. In 1886 the Government resolved to throw open to the market the five-acre lot that they held in reserve. When it is realised that this lot could furnish as much pitch as the rest of the lake, owing to the excavations refilling, the seriousness of this conclusion will be understood. By it the lessees had no choice but to carry on business without 'protection' or to give up the business.

Finally, however, other arrangements were made with the Government, by which concession to the existing lessees of the exclusive right to win pitch from the lake was granted for twenty-one years, a term subsequently extended for twenty-one years longer. Thus was happily regulated the Trinidad supply of a material, the trade in which was even then enormously on the increase.

Its usefulness seems to be now established, chiefly for street pavement. For this it has to enter into competition with macadam, granite-cubing, and wood, and other powerful competitors; but its superiority over every rival is almost universally acknowledged. Asphaltic pavements are in extensive demand in the cities of the United States, and in Europe, especially in France. England seems to have a preference for the employment, not of natural bitumens, but of coal-tar, which makes a roadway of much inferior quality.

As regards other economical capabilities of Trinidad asphalt, a number of oils with various applications can be extracted from it. Unlike

the bitumens of some countries, according to the researches of chemists in the United States, it yields none of that valuable substance paraffin. The negative results in respect of this material were from the solid asphalt of the lake. Its fertilising influence on the soil where it occurs marks it out as an excellent manure. It might form a cement in the construction of piers, breakwaters, and sea-walls; a bituminous concrete in the foundations of lighthouses and bridges; pipes for the conveyance and distribution of water; and coating for water-channels in porous strata. But these and many similar propositions for its utilisation notwithstanding, it offers a fertile field of study for the enterprising. Even as a street paving its sphere of usefulness is practically untouched. It is to be hoped that, like many other of the earth's treasures, now showing themselves fitted for a multiplicity of purposes not dreamed of formerly, its true worth and adaptability will be yet more fully realised. La Brea, for some time to come at any rate, is well able to stand an even increasing drain upon its resources.

AUTUMN LOVERS.

By G. B. BURGIN.

WE are always very much hurt if casual visitors to Benfield do not at once grasp all the salient points of that interesting town. Our usual method with distinguished foreigners is to take them to the bridge, and, pointing to the zigzag course of the New River, with the little bridge over it leading to Miss Prudence Pembarth's house, ask them what foreign city it at once brings to mind. Then they look round at the new Methodist church—the village green, gay with gray-and-white geese and grotesque ganders—the old elm-trees, full of sable-coated denizens, and reply, with the air of folk who have at once guessed the problem: 'What does it remind us of? Oh, Peckham Rye, or the Hampstead Ponds.'

We dissemble our disgust, and say encouragingly: 'Think again. Now, the bridge, for instance, hasn't it a foreign air? Doesn't it remind you of "I hung with grooms and porters on the bridge," and all that sort of thing, only it's a foreign bridge?'

Whereupon, the visitors guess 'Coventry,' and give it up in disgust when we say we meant Venice.

Benfield's picturesque resemblance to Venice was the chief point which induced Miss Patience Pembarth to settle among us. She had lost most of her tin. (Pray, do not for a moment imagine that I, Cicely Reade, am indulging in slangy jokes about money. Miss Pembarth's father had owned a tin mine; but one fine morning the tin moved on, or gave out, or did something unexpected, which altogether dissipated its customary remunerative properties.) When the mine failed to respond to the demands made upon it, old Mr Pembarth took to his bed and died. Miss Prudence saved a hundred a year from the wreck, or, rather, her Cornish friends settled that amount on her, and, by dint of the most unblushing statements, induced her to believe that it was the last act of repara-

tion which the fickle tin had made before moving on to some unexpected place where it could not be got at. Miss Pembarth was overwhelmed when this blow happened to her. She said that she could no longer remain in a district where so elusive a metal—she wasn't quite sure whether tin was a metal or a mineral—would always remind her of the fickleness of things. Besides, she was intensely proud. She humbly prayed to her Maker to forgive such a weakness; but the mere thought of giving up her family pew at Tregarthen church and seeing it occupied by others who could afford to pay for it, filled her with anguish. In all the ordered sweetness of her days—she was forty-five, but didn't look it—she had taken precedence at Tregarthen; now, she could not afford to live there any longer, and came to Benfield with her small maid.

I am not an imaginative person; but when I went to Miss Pembarth and began to pour out my love troubles in her sympathetic ear, it seemed to me as if the walls of her little sitting-room floated away, and that I was in heaven. She had such sweet blue eyes, such a lovely peach-like complexion, that I always wanted to kiss her, but feared to take so great a liberty. Whenever I felt I must yield to the impulse, I looked at her nose, which was aquiline and somewhat strongly defined, and refrained. One day, however, when my troubles were unusually bitter—I am not going to tell you about them—she suddenly opened her arms and held me tightly until I felt better. After that, I loved her more fondly than ever, and was not surprised when she consulted me about Mr Trelawny, who had come to settle in Benfield a fortnight before her arrival. He occupied a little house at the other end of the village, but never failed every afternoon to call at Miss Pembarth's and leave a punctilious message to the effect that he hoped the climate did not incommode her. Miss Pembarth invariably sent out a message in return thanking him for his courtesy, and saying that at present the climate had not inconvenienced her in the least.

On the first of every month, Miss Pembarth received callers. Mr Trelawny invariably stayed to tea afterwards, only to be ignominiously defeated at backgammon by Miss Pembarth. I conceived exaggerated ideas of Miss Pembarth's prowess at this redoubtable game, until papa informed me that Mr Trelawny could beat the village doctor with superlative ease, who was supposed to be the best backgammon player in the United Kingdom. Then it suddenly dawned upon me that here was a romance going on right under my nose—a romance which was developing slowly but surely.

I gathered from Miss Pembarth that Mr Trelawny must have lost all his tin also, as, next to the Pembarths, he had held the leading place in Tregarthen society. Indeed, he had been for years a constant visitor at the Pembarth mansion. It was easy to see that Miss Pembarth was a little troubled in her mind by Mr Trelawny's settling down at Benfield. She missed her great house, her servants and carriages, her customary benevolences, the deference which had always greeted her whenever she took her walks or drives abroad. Somehow,

Mr Trelawny's handsome face brought it all back to her. He was fair and florid, with an old-world courtesy which strongly resembled her own. And as for his age, he could not have been more than fifty. He never alluded to his own losses; but when people pointed out that the small house wherein he lived was not particularly commodious, he answered, with a certain amount of well-bred impatience, that he would not presume to live in a better dwelling than his accomplished neighbour, Mistress Pembarthly. If she could endure the miasmatic fog, laden with the odour of decaying cabbages, which came from the New River, he esteemed it a privilege to breathe it also.

As time went on, it was easy to see that Mr Trelawny's presence afforded Miss Pembarthly a great deal of comfort in every way. He had taken the most prominent and expensive pew in Benfield church—the pew generally reserved for the leading county family—in order to place it at her disposal. Miss Pembarthly was greatly distressed by this kindness, but did not know how to avail herself of it. 'You see, my dear,' she said to me, 'Mr Trelawny is so impetuous, but with the kindest heart in the world. If I appear in his pew with him, it might give rise to scandal. People will presume to talk about us, and look upon me as giddy. What would you advise me to do?'

I pointed out to Miss Pembarthly it would be a gracious thing for her to appear in Mr Trelawny's pew with me next Sunday, and that she could sit in mine on other occasions. But on the following Sunday, Mr Trelawny did not come to church at all, and Miss Pembarthly and myself were, consequently, the sole occupants of the pew. She was greatly distressed by this. 'I have no right, my dear,' she said, 'to come between this gentleman and the duty he owes his Maker. Will you kindly explain this to him, and'—she blushed faintly—'that the tender kindness of years would make his presence agreeable to me, were it not that we are in a strange town where people might presume to criticise our actions?'

I went upon my errand to Mr Trelawny, but he remained obdurate until it was arranged that they should occupy the pew alternately. When Miss Pembarthly sat there, Mr Trelawny entered my pew; and when he occupied his own pew, Miss Pembarthly came to me. Thus, propriety was not outraged, and no one could do more than dumbly wonder at such an arrangement. People were surprised that Mr Trelawny could afford to pay for so expensive a pew; but, with the most uncharitable motives, put it down to pride and a desire to oust the Bottelars—the Bottelars are our county family—we have only one—from their proud position. Besides, Miss Pembarthly had a far more imposing effect as she sat in the great pew, with the curtains drawn aside, than Mrs Bottelar, who always shut the curtains close, and refused to come out until the congregation had dispersed.

Matters continued thus for some months. I began to take far more interest in my own love affairs, and concluded that nothing fresh would ever happen to alter the relative positions of Miss Pembarthly and Mr Trelawny. And I

doubt very much whether anything would have given him the courage to speak out, had it not been that one Sunday, Miss Pembarthly forgot that it was his turn to occupy the big pew. Being a very punctual man, he had entered the church as the clock struck eleven, and modestly retreated behind the curtains in one corner, in accordance with his invariable custom. Miss Pembarthly came sailing up the aisle with her customary air of dignified humility. Human beings are but weak after all, even the best of them, and this was the one moment in her life which brought to mind her former greatness. As she opened the pew door, I noticed her give a little start, hesitate for a moment, and then irresolutely enter. She did not, as was her wont, draw back the curtains, and for the rest of the service I lost sight of her.

After the service was over and the congregation had dispersed, I went over to Miss Pembarthly's pew to ask if she were ill. When I looked in, she sat near the door. Mr Trelawny, looking the picture of conscious guilt, although it wasn't his fault at all, sat bolt upright in the opposite corner. And each waited for the other to move.

I solved the difficulty by affecting not to see Mr Trelawny, and drew Miss Pembarthly away. She usually dined with us on Sundays; but on this occasion walked past our house and went straight on towards her own little dwelling in a way that showed she was greatly agitated and scarcely knew what to do.

As I followed Miss Pembarthly up-stairs into her little bedroom, she faced me, the corners of her mouth curiously set and rigid. 'My dear,' she said, 'I must leave Benfield. I have disgraced myself. I shall never be able to survive the—the impropriety of entering a gentleman's pew by myself when he was there.'

A few tears ran down her cheeks. I had never seen Miss Pembarthly cry before.

'I was becoming quite happy here,' she said. 'People did not presume on my misfortunes. I have grown to love the little children, to make dear friends. Now I must go away from you all and live my solitary life elsewhere. Mr Trelawny will never forgive me. He did not even bow as I came away. He must think me an immodest woman.'

I tried to soothe her, but in vain. At that moment some one knocked at the door. Miss Pembarthly started in alarm. 'What can it be?' she asked, clinging to me, thoroughly unnerved.

The little maid came up-stairs. 'If you please, mistress,' she said, 'Mr Trelawny requests the pleasure of five minutes' conversation with you on a rather delicate matter.'

Miss Pembarthly clung to me. 'What shall I do, my dear? What shall I do?'

'Say that you will be happy to see him, dear Miss Pembarthly,' I suggested. 'It is better for you both that some understanding should be arrived at.'

Miss Pembarthly consented to see Mr Trelawny on the condition that I was present at the interview. I was a little frightened myself; but with my strong love for Miss Pembarthly, I could not desert her in such trying circumstances. So, after re-arranging the old-fashioned

point lace round Miss Pembarnya's white throat, I took her hand and led her gently down-stairs to where Mr Trelawny awaited us, somewhat nervously, standing on the hearthrug, and almost filling the room with his majestic presence.

He looked a little disconcerted at seeing me; but Miss Pembarnya's hand clung to mine so tightly that I dared not leave her. She was trembling also.

In response to Mr Trelawny's old-fashioned bow, Miss Pembarnya made an equally old-fashioned 'courtesie,' bending back and recovering herself with a grace born of long and arduous studies in deportment. They had both of them the *grand air* which is now so quickly disappearing from among us.

'This young lady is kind enough to be present at our interview, Mr Trelawny,' said Miss Pembarnya, 'and to witness my apology for my intrusion of this morning—an intrusion which Mr Trelawny scarcely needs my assurance to be aware was occasioned by my unpardonable forgetfulness.'

Mr Trelawny took her hand and bowed over it with courtly grace. Now that she had broached the subject, his nervousness disappeared. 'Madam,' he said, 'when you were good enough to enter the pew this morning, I was praying to my Maker that He would give me the courage to inform you of what was in my heart. Will you be good enough to listen to the two courses which present themselves to me, and deign to approve of one of them?'

Miss Pembarnya bowed assent. Mr Trelawny placed chairs for us both, but himself remained standing.

'It had occurred to me, madam,' he said, 'that, owing to my unpardonable mistake of this morning,'—

Miss Pembarnya interrupted him. 'Nay, mine,' she said.

But Mr Trelawny was resolute that she should not take the blame upon herself, although there was no doubt about it. 'Owing to my unpardonable mistake of this morning,' he repeated, 'there are but two courses open to me in order to save you pain and distress. One is to go away from here, and never to return; the other—he hesitated a moment; but I looked at him encouragingly, and, with another bow, he continued—the other is, to lay my poor fortunes and unworthy self at your feet.'

Miss Pembarnya's sweet eyes shone. She made another stately reverence, and gave him her hand, which he raised tenderly to his lips. 'I accept the latter proposal you are good enough to offer me,' she said. But human nature was too much for the somewhat frigid atmosphere in which she had been reared. 'Your patient goodness shames me. I am unworthy of so delicate a devotion.'

'Nay, madam,' he answered; 'it is you who have taught me how to live. Will you perfect the lesson by bestowing on me this hand?' and he again raised hers to his lips.

I left the room.

Presently, Miss Pembarnya fluttered up-stairs to where I awaited her coming. She was greatly agitated. 'He is not poor at all, my dear,' she said. 'He simply gave up everything to be near me—took a mean little house—lived

humbly for my sake; and would have continued to do so all his days, had I not entered his pew this morning. He thought that to propose to me now would be to take advantage of my misfortunes, and nothing else would have made him do it except for the thought that I should be driven away from here by the accident of this morning.'

She sank on her knees by the side of her bed, and again I stole away.

The little house upon the bridge is empty now, for Tregarthen has its own again. I love to linger by the river and fancy that I see Miss Pembarnya's shadow on the blind; but she has gone from out my daily life, and I am left upon the threshold of the great mystery of Love until my lover comes to claim me for his own. When my own poor heart is full of doubt and fear, I think upon these autumn lovers and grow strong. Shall I not be faithful also, and endure with patience to the end!

ARISTOCRATIC ENGINEERING HOBBIES.

THE Duke of Sutherland, at the recent opening of a new harbour in the north of Scotland, while recommending so strongly the extended adoption of light railways, spoke of matters with which he was practically conversant. His fondness for railway engine-driving is well known, and in this he only takes after the late Duke, who was thoroughly capable of taking charge of an express train. A private railway with locomotive engine, points, signals, and stations, runs through a goodly part of the ducal estates.

The German Emperor, whose hobbies take various directions, connected with engineering, marine locomotive, and military, possesses a splendid working model of a railway with engines, cars, points, signals, and stations. This he works ostensibly for the amusement of his children; in reality, for the pleasure and recreation it affords to himself.

About a year ago a complete railway a mile and a half in length was laid down by a London firm of small-engine builders in the grounds of the Marquis of Downshire, who acts as his own engine-driver and stoker. The train in connection with this private line, which was also supplied by the firm in question, consists of a locomotive—the exact model of a Northern Railway passenger express—weighing three tons, one carriage, and a guard's van. The engine cost a thousand guineas, can travel forty miles an hour, and consumes something like two hundredweight of coal per day. This railway precisely resembles a big railroad, only, of course, it is in miniature. There are the usual signal boxes and switches, these latter being strictly necessary, as his Lordship's railway runs across the carriage drive. Besides this, the Marquis of

Downshire has a model of a Great Eastern railway engine five feet in length, which is fitted with Joy's patent gear. It cost eight hundred guineas, and runs through the conservatories, a distance of about a quarter of a mile.

A model engine of the best class costs two thousand guineas, and the building of it occupies two years. But a miniature train big enough to carry passengers, and a railroad for it to run on, can be fitted up for one thousand pounds. The rails being portable, can, if necessary, be taken up in a day.

One of these tiny locomotive engines for practical use on a private estate has just been completed at the engineering works of Messrs W. G. Bagnall (Limited) of Stafford. The gauge of the rail is eighteen inches, the speed of the engine is twelve miles an hour, and it can draw a load of five tons. The cylinders of the engines are four inches in diameter, with a six and a half inches stroke, and a thirty inches driving-wheel. The engine is built on the model of a Great Northern passenger locomotive.

Private railways, it would seem, are rapidly becoming the fashion; and it is not altogether improbable that the day may soon come when amateur railway engine-driving will be as popular a pastime as yachting. The fastest miniature engines yet built run forty miles an hour, but makers of this class of toy say they could turn engines out to run a mile a minute!

The designing and working of small steam or oil launches is another of the German Emperor's favourite pastimes. Of these he possesses a large number. He has recently given an order to a famous Thames builder for a little electric launch, which, when finished, will be as prettily furnished and speedy a little craft as floats. In the palace at Berlin the whole floor-space of one great room is frequently the arena for the make-believe manoeuvres of whole troops of toy soldiers, with mimic cannon, artillery, ammunition wagons, tents, fortresses, and all the pomp and panoply of modern warfare.

The late Czar of all the Russias was also enamoured of some of the hobbies which, though resembling the delights of the nursery, are yet accurate enough indications of the general bent of the adult mind. He had in his collection of playthings a large number of ship models, including several very elaborate and costly models of ironclads. Most of these were supplied by firms who built vessels for Russia. One of the latest items added to the collection was a splendid model of a mud-dredger of Dutch type, with all the dredging and propelling machinery counterfeited in marvellous detail, the model being the work of a well-known Glasgow firm of model-makers. Another recent addition was an exact reproduction of one of the most recently built Atlantic liners, produced, it is said, at a cost of eleven hundred pounds. Her engines were made to scale, and are working models; and every cabin on the upper deck was properly fitted and furnished as in the case of the actual vessel.

The Duke of Edinburgh (and Coburg), who is a man of many hobbies, is also keenly smitten

with the mania for miniature ships. His collection of these models, most of them in silver, consists of a fleet of over fifty in number.

One of the firms in London largely employed in building small engines and ships, interviewed on the subject recently, said that they had just built an exact model of the *Victoria* for General Knowles, who intends to put it on the water; and that they produced a large number of miniature ironclads, mostly after the models of ships now in commission. A son of Colonel North has already been supplied with six such warships in miniature. The hulls of these model steamers are built of steel; they mostly burn charcoal fires, and steam at a fair rate, some indeed attaining a speed of six knots an hour.

These are not by any means all the engineering hobbies which might be enumerated, but they may be sufficient to show that deep down in the hearts of the 'children of older growth,' and the most exalted in rank and dignity, there is a lurking fondness for indulging in hobbies which are the complement and the outgrowth of the delights of the nursery.

THE CHIMES OF ANTWERP.

HIGH o'er the sunlit market-place,
Where busy workers come and go,
From out the belfry's airy grace,
There ring in accents sweet and low,
Unfailing at the appointed times,
The 'tender and melodious chimes.'

Entranced we stand, and, listening, hear
The heavenly music in mid air;
When lo! there falls upon the ear
A note of terror and despair:
A tone of grief and anguish dwells
Within the sweetness of the bells.

For once, beneath the belfry's shade,
The demons of this earth held sway,
And fire, and sword, and rapine made
A fury of a night and day;
And while the chimes of Antwerp last,
There echoes yet that dreadful past.

For still, whene'er the sweet bells ring
Their message to the town below,
Their tuneful voices seem to bring
Some memory of that day of woe:
The 'old, unhappy, far-off' tale
Arises like a breath of bale.

C. G.

* * * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.
- 2d. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3d. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 574.—VOL. XI.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1894.

PRICE 1½d.

THE CAPITAL OF FYEN: ODENSE.

By CHARLES EDWARDES.

To be turned adrift from a snug warm train prematurely in a town which for aught you know contains not a soul that speaks your own tongue, is not at first sight a pleasant experience. But, for all that, it need not prove unendurably disagreeable. Patience and a certain assumption of indifference work wonders. At least they did so in the writer's case the other day, when he was, from unforeseen circumstances, compelled to find a bed and spend a night in the capital of the Danish island of Fyen, which, to the annoyance of patriotic Danes, we usually call by the German name of Fünen.

The town was Odense. It is a very important place in Denmark, with nearly thirty thousand inhabitants. It was relatively still more important in the past, when, as its name implies, it was a seat of worship of the god Odin. *Odens-e* is 'Odin's island'—the *e* being the same word, similarly pronounced, as appears in Jersey and Rothesay. But our Danish cousins are not nowadays mindful of Odin. They are not very ardent in their devotion to religious exercises of any kind—at least, if one may judge from the aspect of their churches' interiors on Sundays, and from their enthusiastic pursuit of pleasure in particular on the first day of the week.

Odense lies well in the middle of Fyen, which is itself a flat island, picturesquely studded with woodland patches, windmills, and delightful old farmsteads with long low brows and bodies of various colours. They do not favour hedgerows in any part of Denmark. Seen, therefore, in mid-winter, when snow carpets the land to the horizon, Fyen conveys to the beholder an idea of its immensity which is only to be dispelled by a rational faith in the map of his guide-book. The easy pace at which the train carries a man through Danish territory is a further fanciful enlargement of Denmark's (and Fyen's) area. In like manner, the way in which Odense stretches its streets

like the spokes of a wheel from a given centre far into the country on all sides, makes one at first believe it is a more considerable place than it is. A little judgment, however, corrects this idea. In the middle of the town are divers goodly houses of three storeys. A stone's throw away in every direction the houses are of but one storey. If London and its suburbs were constructed after this mode, nobody knows how many of our counties they would sprawl into.

Odense is locally famous for its margarine and its old churches. It has further an excellent hotel, to which one may find one's way even when ignorant of Danish. Here, to be sure, the Englishman is likely to be somewhat of a spectacle. The hotel is in the hands of divers gentlemen, who come and go in furs of various degrees of magnificence. You would suppose they were Dukes. Really, they are honest commercial travellers, and nothing more. They fill the house with the smoke of their cigars by day; and at night, even to a very late hour, they clatter about the corridors and bang the doors and shout to each other their cries of 'Sov vel' (Sleep well), and much else, with a curious disregard for the comfort of guests whose hours are not their hours. But then they would retort that they are not used to such individuals. This also explains the odd interest they show in the stranger at the table-d'hôte supper. To his face they summon the waiters and make inquiries about him. Is he or is he not a personage learned in margarine? they seem to demand. Yet they are civil enough to him; and of their free-will press him to take the glass of gin with which it is here customary to begin a meal. They also pass him the slices of smoked salmon, pressed liver, ham, tongue, and the like, which positively confuse a man unused to them by their multifarious allurements. Their bows before and after the meal would more than aught else confirm the early notion of their ducal rank, did one not know that Denmark is a land in

which forms and ceremonies are much in vogue. It is enough to dishearten an ordinary simple Englishman to see with what grace the common railway servants salute each other on the platforms. The bagmen of Odense are likely not to be behind the railway officials in such a matter.

By night, Odense, with snow swept high to the side of its pavements—which have been shrewdly polished by the schoolboys and others—and its shop windows agreeably lit until ten o'clock, does not fail to impress. You have a dim but irrefutable perception of its antique gables, of its church spires, its public gardens in the vicinity of the *slot* or castle near the railway station, of its impressive open space before a majestic building and a statue—the one its town hall, and the other an effigy of a king—and of the glory that it enjoys in the possession of divers buglers, who bugle a tune in the nipping night-air when the clocks strike ten. These things touch the imagination. You go to bed expecting some grandiose pleasure on the morrow, when the town shall be nakedly lit by the sun. It is no blow to such expectation, though a jar to comfort, when at half-past two the shouts and outcasting of boots proclaim the fact that your fellow-guests are retiring to rest. The next day is Sunday. Perhaps that fact explains why there is so much merry talk in the streets, and even some wintry songs an hour or more after the latest guests have got between their feather-beds.

At nine the next morning, a drowsy maid enters your room and lights your stove. Your coffee follows. Afterwards, you sally forth to see Odense in earnest. The church bells are tinkling in several directions. But the streets are very quiet. It seems to you that most of the citizens must be occupied like the three or four families upon whose *ménage* you have unwittingly cast your eye from your window on your side of the street. You saw them just beginning to think of breakfast when St Canute's Church began to chime. By no ordinary standard of conduct can they be looked for in any church pew that morning.

It is a prepossessing town—there can be no doubt in the matter. Some of its gables are quaintly stencilled, and some have nice rude attempts at carved decoration to their beams. Everywhere there is a cleanliness that is not put out of countenance by the fresh-fallen snow, which, by the way, has been taken in hand with an energy that is creditable to Odense's municipality. Certainly the ice-slides in the middle of its pavements seem a needless concession to the youngsters. The two or three demure persons whom you pass going to church by them have to step with extreme deliberation; nor does even this save a portly gentleman from a tumble that might have broken something about him had he not been so padded with adipose. Thus you reach the old church in which St Canute lies buried. For a moment the attractions of its vestibule keep you from entering. The royal monograms on its walls, and its quaint comely colouring, as well as the stately tombstones which pave it, hold the attention. Then a mild Lutheran hymn sounds from the interior, and you seize your opportunity.

It is as you half anticipated. The Odense people are not enthusiastic church-goers. A mere handful of worshippers are here, and most of these have flaxen pigtailed pendent upon their backs. The hymn meanders dully on its way, rousing no echoes from the picturesque vaulting above you. Then the pastor—a pale red-haired gentleman, dignified by spectacles and a ruff—ascends the swelling Louis Quinze pulpit, and you are at liberty to sit down and subtly take in the scene. The church is some five or six centuries old, of early Gothic work in brick. That does not perhaps sound very attractive. But you should see with what taste they have painted the brick. The eye really enjoys the pale pink and ochre, the pale green and lavender hues and zigzags and foliations about the aisle windows, and the more assuming designs in the vaulting. If only the windows themselves were of stained glass, this church of St Canute would be majestic as well as beautiful.

The preacher's intonation does not argue him a Boanerges of an evangelist. One sees heads nodding in two or three directions. It seems, therefore, no crime to leave the good gentleman to his ministrations and again take to the streets. Other churches have to be visited on this convenient day. They are all of brick of different styles, and all without fervour of atmosphere, though all alike tricked out pleasantly with colour wash.

The visiting over, it is time to hurry back to the hotel for another meal of cold slices. The guests are coming down-stairs one by one, with jaded faces. This time, however, I am under no conventional bond to sit at table with them. The English-speaking waiter—a fair-haired youngster, proud of his linguistic lore—has arranged my repast in the least draughty part of the room, between the stove—which roars with flames—and a wall hung with fur coats. A German with a very large paunch glances discontentedly at me in my snug corner. I imagine I am not far wrong in assuming that it is the place of honour, or at least—which ought to be the same thing—of most comfort. But the young waiter has designs of his own in the plan. Having settled me to my meal, he stands discreetly to windward, and in a series of earnest whispers plies me with questions about the relative merits of England and America as countries for immigrants. Nothing is more striking to the traveller in Scandinavia than the ambition in its younger denizens to try their fortunes elsewhere. In Norway, you can no way gain the respectful admiration of the multifarious inmates of a roadside hostelry better than by mentioning the word America. The stable carls and the sons of the family instantly extend their ears to you. The older folks, if they have all their lives resisted the lures of the United States, can still nod their heads half-regretfully as they too listen to words about the land in which they feel sure they would have become millionaires if only they had gone to it a quarter of a century or so earlier. The craze is least passionate in Sweden; yet it holds there also.

I declare I felt almost as if I had done

wrong when I saw the effect of my simple tales upon this young Odense waiter. I did but recount to him the kind of career lived by a certain other waiter I remembered exchanging conversation with in America. This youth, a typical young American, was wont to divide his year between Chicago, Saratoga, San Francisco, and Jacksonville in Florida. It was at one of the mammoth hotels in the last city that he poured his confidences into my interested ear. He had recently bought a five-hundred-acre lot in Orange County. If he was to be believed, he had land in California as well as a quarter-share in a tobacco business in Chicago. At any rate, he was my better in worldly affairs, though also my junior. And he had so schemed his time that he enjoyed what might be called a perpetual summer, without any excesses in the matter of heat. The young Odense waiter reddened to the roots of his fair hair as he exclaimed energetically: 'I, too, desire to do that.'

Ere I left Odense, I had given the young man, at his earnest pleading, the necessary instructions to enable him to reach New York. He was almost childishly grateful. I hope King Christian IX. will pardon me for having, as I believe I have, robbed him of a lusty young subject.

There is a fat little pink-faced *slot* or castle in Odense, with some small neatly-laid gardens in front of it. The building would not, save for its style, excite much admiration in England. Yet it was a royal residence at one time, and now contains a Museum of those flint and other relics of which Denmark's soil has been and still is so prolific. But I did not trouble the Museum. After that of Copenhagen—than which none in Europe is better or more amply furnished—it was likely to seem tame. I was more pleased to smoke my cigar in the palace gardens, strolling to and fro in the cold but very bright wintry sunshine, watching the gleam of the long icicles from the eaves of the adjoining houses, and marking the conduct of the Odense citizen who shared this promenade with me. Nothing could be more scrupulously conjugal than the way in which the fur-clad men held the fur-clad arms of their rosy-cheeked wives. The Danes do not grow to a great height as a rule. Certainly these ladies of Odense were of the round order. But if they had any physical demerits, these were all obscured in the bloom of their complexions and the frosty sparkle of their eyes. They appeared made for ice exercise. Odense, however, is in the middle of Fyen, nor has it aught in the nature of lakes around it.

I had one brief pilgrimage to make ere leaving Fyen's capital for the west; that was to Hans Andersen's birthplace, in one of the suburbs. The cottage in itself was not remarkable. But it has conferred quite as much fame upon Odense as the enterprise and honesty of all the town's merchants of margarine put together.

The sun was waning fast towards the white dead-level of Fyen's horizon when I entered the train for Middlefart. With characteristic courtesy, the station-master came forward with a handful of telegrams to prove to me that I

need expect no trouble in crossing the Little Belt.

'You shall be glad,' he added, 'that you are not going the other way.'

I really was. I had no wish at all to be stuck in the middle of the Great Belt, a fate which seemed daily likely to visit one or other of the ferry-boats, whose duty sent them across this sixteen miles of sea turned mainly into ice. The Little Belt is but a five minutes' channel, and by constant movement to and fro, the boats could keep this open, let the winter freeze its hardest.

For two hours we travelled across the bleak little island. The violet and crimson of the sunset phantasmagoria were good to see. But the show soon passed. A merciless winter's night set in. You can imagine its severity when I say that during the passage of the Little Belt the cold froze the collar of my coat at the back to my neck, and welded—by means of many icicles—beard and moustache to the coat collar in front, so that a very painful wrench was needed to set myself free in Jutland. The effect of the moon and stars on the ice-floes in the Sound was distinctly strong.

THE LAWYER'S SECRET.*

CHAPTER XXX.—CONCLUSION.

THE person really responsible for the extraordinary turn which events had taken was Mr Daniel O'Leary. That astute young man had been much struck by the way in which Fulton had looked at Matthew Fane on the day when they met at the public-house. He put a few questions to his uncle on the way home; and from the old man's answers he came to the conclusion that his uncle had been letting his tongue wag a great deal too freely. It seemed pretty certain that Fulton must suspect that Matthew had had a hand in the death of Mr Felix. This decided O'Leary to persuade his uncle to make a clean breast of it.

On the evening of the day that the tardy act of justice was performed, Fulton, whose curiosity had been stimulated by the hints dropped by Fane on the preceding day, went to Fane's lodgings, and there he saw Dan O'Leary. The two men began to talk, and Fulton told his new acquaintance that he had had some conversation with his uncle when Fane had visited Roby Chase just after Sir Richard's death.

'The old man was very anxious,' said Fulton, 'to know which of the servants had witnessed a will—the very will Lady Boldon was charged with stealing from Mr Felix. I had to take some trouble to find out, for he was positive one of us must have been the witness; and in the end I found it was not one of the servants, and that if any one had witnessed the will, it must have been Mr Lynd, the curate. And that seemed to me odd, for he must have signed it before the lawyer came, and then, what was the use of the lawyer coming at all?'

O'Leary told him he must be mistaken; but the ex-footman was positive that Mr Lynd had

left the house on the day of Mr Felix's last visit to Sir Richard, before the lawyer had been taken up-stairs. Dan knew enough law to be aware that the witnesses to a will must sign it together; and as Fulton persisted in his statement, he at length became convinced that the will could not be a genuine one.

In his perplexity, O'Leary did what he ought to have done sooner—went to Terence O'Neil's chambers in the Temple and told him all he knew. After a good deal of trouble, O'Neil discovered the asylum to which Mr Lynd had been sent, and found, to his delight, that the curate was much better, and remembered distinctly that he had persuaded Sir Richard Boldon not to make a new will, and that he had certainly witnessed no such document. But it was uncertain whether Mr Lynd would be considered fit to attend the trial, and as without his evidence the issue was doubtful, O'Neil, unwilling to raise in Lady Boldon's mind hopes which might be cruelly disappointed, resolved to leave her and Hugh Thesiger in ignorance of the steps he was taking until the very last moment.

It was at Woodhurst railway station, on the evening of the day preceding Sir Richard's funeral, that Mr Felix had decided upon the course of fraud which, he hoped, would result in Lady Boldon's consenting to marry him. When he had visited Sir Richard for the purpose of getting the will executed, he was thunder-struck on being told by the dying man that he had changed his mind, and did not mean to sign it. The carefully prepared will was in the lawyer's pocket. Only the signatures were wanting; but those signatures would never be affixed. Noticing the solicitor's look of astonishment, Sir Richard had added that the curate of the parish had been with him, and had said things which had caused him to alter his mind.

Furious at the clergyman in his heart, the lawyer smiled an approbation of his client's decision, gently pressed Sir Richard's hand, and left the room almost immediately. He went back to London that day with the demons of selfish passion, disappointment, and impotent rage tearing at his heart. Lady Boldon, it seemed, was lost to him for ever.

But on the evening of the day before Sir Richard was buried, Mr Felix went down to Woodhurst; and at the railway station—it will be remembered—he met Mr Bruce, who pointed out Mr Lynd to him, told him of Mr Lynd's mental disorder, and put a letter the curate had written into his hand. At the moment his eyes rested on Mr Lynd's signature, the idea darted into Mr Felix's mind that he might pretend to Lady Boldon that her husband had executed the will, and thus maintain his hold over her, exactly as he might have done if the will had been actually signed. All the circumstances were in his favour. There was nothing to hinder him from laying a spurious will before Lady Boldon's eyes that very night. A black bag which formed part of the lawyer's luggage that evening was the same bag which he had taken with him to Roby some days before, when he had brought the will to get it signed. When Sir Richard

had refused to execute the will, it had been allowed to remain in the bag, being—in its unsigned condition—a document of no value. It was still there, ready to the lawyer's hand. All he had to do was to add to it Sir Richard Boldon's signature—with which he was perfectly familiar—and write under it his own name and that of Mr Lynd as witnesses. This not very difficult task the lawyer had accomplished when he pretended to be writing letters just before he went to Lady Boldon's room, on the night before the funeral.

One question, indeed, had suggested itself to the solicitor's mind. Could Sir Richard have told any one that he had changed his intention? On reflection, Mr Felix became convinced that it was most unlikely that he had spoken to any one on the subject. Lady Boldon had been confined to bed, and had not seen her husband since the day of her visit to London—this he had had from Fane. The Rector? Could Sir Richard have told the Rector that he had altered his mind? It was most improbable. The earlier will, the one made just after the marriage, had been the basis, as it were, on which the marriage had taken place. It was unlikely, therefore, that Sir Richard had voluntarily told his father-in-law that he was going to break faith, and alter that arrangement—unlikely, therefore, that he had said anything about changing his mind for the second time.

There was only one person who might and almost certainly would have enlightened Lady Boldon—the Rev. Stephen Lynd. And there, before his eyes, the curate had been carried away and consigned to an asylum! Even if the curate were to recover from his insanity, it was next to a certainty that he would never return to Woodhurst. More than this; it occurred to Mr Felix that he now possessed a specimen of the curate's signature; for he had not returned to the Rector the letter which Mr Lynd had written, and which had been handed to the lawyer to look over. A close imitation of Mr Lynd's writing, Mr Felix reflected, would not be necessary; it would be quite enough if he could copy it well enough to deceive Lady Boldon's unsuspecting glance. For, it must be remembered, nothing was further from the lawyer's thoughts than to produce the forged will at any time after that night, or use it for the purpose of gaining anything, either for himself or any one else. All he wished to do was to persuade Lady Boldon that her only chance of retaining the Roby estate lay in one of two alternatives—a lifelong widowhood, or marrying himself.

The imposture was successful enough so far as Lady Boldon's belief in the existence of the will was concerned; and when the lawyer first wrung from her a promise to marry him after two years, under a threat of immediately producing the will, he enjoyed a few days of something like triumph, something like happiness. But soon he began to fear that Lady Boldon would play him false—that she would not keep her promise, and would leave him to do as he pleased about the will. This was a risk he could not help running; and for the last few months of his life he had tormented himself with perpetual alternations of wild hope

and abject despondency. Such was the only fruit of his uncurbed, unscrupulous passion.

There is but little more to tell. It may easily be imagined that Lady Boldon and her lover made it their first care to recompense young O'Leary with no ungenerous hand. But for his acuteness and pertinacity, the heartless fraud which Mr Felix had perpetrated would never have been discovered. O'Leary wisely determined to expend a large part of the money he received in paying a premium to a solicitor, thus becoming an articulated clerk; and he has now an excellent chance of getting on in his profession. The young man has already altered very much for the better; and he has taken his uncle under his care—a proof that a little prosperity has done him no harm.

Terence O'Neil and Marjory Bruce were married at the church at Woodhurst, Lady Boldon endowing her sister with all that she had saved during her widowhood. They took a small house near London; and Terence is already beginning to realise his great wish—that of becoming known as a successful advocate in criminal trials.

A month or two after Terence and Marjory had been made happy, Lady Boldon and Hugh Thesiger were united, never more to part in this world. They went abroad for some months after the marriage; then they spent a summer at Roby Chase; and by that time the strong desire Hugh had felt to go away and hide himself, never to enter a law-court or a London club again, had given way to healthier feelings. He went back to the fray; and leads, no doubt, a happier life in the midst of the bustle and worry, the successes and defeats, of a practising barrister's career, than he could have done in the dignified but dull seclusion of his wife's splendid home. It is his ambition, as it is the ambition of all clever young men at the bar—and of a good many who are by no means clever—to get a seat in Parliament. Most people say he will succeed in his aim.

All Mrs Thesiger's thoughts—all her happiness, her very life, are centred in her husband. She is happier than she ever dreamed she would be, and never forgets that a Power greater than her own dispelled the storms which her misdoing had brought upon her head, and, without her aid, turned her sorrow into joy.

THE END.

FEELING OF BEAUTY IN ANIMALS.

OBSERVING what dandies the lowest savages frequently are, and considering, moreover, the evidence from mounds, barrows, caves, and places of interment of the passion exhibited by prehistoric races of man for decoration, it is not a little strange that those who are said to come nearest us in the scale of being—namely, apes and monkeys—figure so poorly either as artists or amateurs. More than fifty years ago, Carlyle, in *Sartor Resartus*, struck with the love of ornament in savages, and the torture to which they subjected themselves in order to keep in the fashion,

and also with the love of personal decoration in the earliest race, boldly asserted that the first spiritual need of man was the gratification of his thirst for beauty, and that the love of ornament, rather than the desire of comfort, was at the origin of clothes. Neither intelligence nor civilisation is required for the existence of the dandy. Indeed, the descriptions of the dress of such half-witted individuals as Barnaby Rudge or as Madge Wildfire in the pages of the great masters of fiction read pretty much like the description of the costumes worn at an African court or at a gathering of Red Indians. It is somewhat curious that, in order to give instances of a taste for ornament in lower creatures than man, we have to take a step very far away from him in the scale of creation, and choose our instances from the natural history of birds and insects.

In a state of captivity, chimpanzees have been gratified by glittering toys, and have seemed to take a pride in clothing. Mirrors have been found to be objects of great curiosity to them; and they have been known to break them in rage, because they could not, by putting their hands behind, catch the reflected image. Persons who have kept smaller monkeys have observed that, when let loose in a garden, they eagerly plucked the flowers, and those always the gayest and best; and a few instances are given of sick monkeys being gratified with bright flowers, and retaining them for some time without destroying them. Although some have never been known to wash themselves, others take a pride in keeping their fur scrupulously clean. Personal cleanliness, even with ourselves, is not always a concomitant of gaiety in dress, or loud pigments in the painting of the skin. Monkeys are not all devoid of natural ornament. The mandril of Africa has a deeply furrowed, gaudily coloured face, not unlike the artificially sculptured and painted faces of the lower races of mankind. An orang-outan caught in Borneo, and lately sold in Singapore, an animal of immense size, had hair four inches long, of a bright red colour, and a distinct short pointed beard. The arrangement of the hair of the head in Cebus, Ateles, &c., is extraordinary, and bears no little resemblance to the Fijian modes of dressing the hair. It has been observed that those monkeys most adorned gyrate in such a manner as shall best display their charms.

The writer of this article witnessed a curious taste displayed by a pet prairie-dog in the arrangement of the varicoloured rags with which it made its bed. It disposed of them in such a manner as to have the gayest colours uppermost; and of all colours which it thus exposed, it seemed fondest of scarlet. One could not but recollect how this colour affects our domestic bull; and, taking a step higher up in the scale, recruiting sergeants know what a fascinating uniform it is. Indeed, one of them remarked that men and salmon were somewhat alike—you

left the house on the day of Mr Felix's last visit to Sir Richard, before the lawyer had been taken up-stairs. Dan knew enough law to be aware that the witnesses to a will must sign it together; and as Fulton persisted in his statement, he at length became convinced that the will could not be a genuine one.

In his perplexity, O'Leary did what he ought to have done sooner—went to Terence O'Neil's chambers in the Temple and told him all he knew. After a good deal of trouble, O'Neil discovered the asylum to which Mr Lynd had been sent, and found, to his delight, that the curate was much better, and remembered distinctly that he had persuaded Sir Richard Boldon not to make a new will, and that he had certainly witnessed no such document. But it was uncertain whether Mr Lynd would be considered fit to attend the trial, and as without his evidence the issue was doubtful, O'Neil, unwilling to raise in Lady Boldon's mind hopes which might be cruelly disappointed, resolved to leave her and Hugh Thesiger in ignorance of the steps he was taking until the very last moment.

It was at Woodhurst railway station, on the evening of the day preceding Sir Richard's funeral, that Mr Felix had decided upon the course of fraud which, he hoped, would result in Lady Boldon's consenting to marry him. When he had visited Sir Richard for the purpose of getting the will executed, he was thunder-struck on being told by the dying man that he had changed his mind, and did not mean to sign it. The carefully prepared will was in the lawyer's pocket. Only the signatures were wanting; but those signatures would never be affixed. Noticing the solicitor's look of astonishment, Sir Richard had added that the curate of the parish had been with him, and had said things which had caused him to alter his mind.

Furious at the clergyman in his heart, the lawyer smiled an approbation of his client's decision, gently pressed Sir Richard's hand, and left the room almost immediately. He went back to London that day with the demons of selfish passion, disappointment, and impotent rage tearing at his heart. Lady Boldon, it seemed, was lost to him for ever.

But on the evening of the day before Sir Richard was buried, Mr Felix went down to Woodhurst; and at the railway station—it will be remembered—he met Mr Bruce, who pointed out Mr Lynd to him, told him of Mr Lynd's mental disorder, and put a letter the curate had written into his hand. At the moment his eyes rested on Mr Lynd's signature, the idea darted into Mr Felix's mind that he might pretend to Lady Boldon that her husband had executed the will, and thus maintain his hold over her, exactly as he might have done if the will had been actually signed. All the circumstances were in his favour. There was nothing to hinder him from laying a spurious will before Lady Boldon's eyes that very night. A black bag which formed part of the lawyer's luggage that evening was the same bag which he had taken with him to Roby some days before, when he had brought the will to get it signed. When Sir Richard

had refused to execute the will, it had been allowed to remain in the bag, being—in its unsigned condition—a document of no value. It was still there, ready to the lawyer's hand. All he had to do was to add to it Sir Richard Boldon's signature—with which he was perfectly familiar—and write under it his own name and that of Mr Lynd as witnesses. This not very difficult task the lawyer had accomplished when he pretended to be writing letters just before he went to Lady Boldon's room, on the night before the funeral.

One question, indeed, had suggested itself to the solicitor's mind. Could Sir Richard have told any one that he had changed his intention? On reflection, Mr Felix became convinced that it was most unlikely that he had spoken to any one on the subject. Lady Boldon had been confined to bed, and had not seen her husband since the day of her visit to London—this he had had from Fane. The Rector? Could Sir Richard have told the Rector that he had altered his mind? It was most improbable. The earlier will, the one made just after the marriage, had been the basis, as it were, on which the marriage had taken place. It was unlikely, therefore, that Sir Richard had voluntarily told his father-in-law that he was going to break faith, and alter that arrangement—unlikely, therefore, that he had said anything about changing his mind for the second time.

There was only one person who might and almost certainly would have enlightened Lady Boldon—the Rev. Stephen Lynd. And there, before his eyes, the curate had been carried away and consigned to an asylum! Even if the curate were to recover from his insanity, it was next to a certainty that he would never return to Woodhurst. More than this; it occurred to Mr Felix that he now possessed a specimen of the curate's signature; for he had not returned to the Rector the letter which Mr Lynd had written, and which had been handed to the lawyer to look over. A close imitation of Mr Lynd's writing, Mr Felix reflected, would not be necessary; it would be quite enough if he could copy it well enough to deceive Lady Boldon's unsuspecting glance. For, it must be remembered, nothing was further from the lawyer's thoughts than to produce the forged will at any time after that night, or use it for the purpose of gaining anything, either for himself or any one else. All he wished to do was to persuade Lady Boldon that her only chance of retaining the Roby estate lay in one of two alternatives—a lifelong widowhood, or marrying himself.

The imposture was successful enough so far as Lady Boldon's belief in the existence of the will was concerned; and when the lawyer first wrung from her a promise to marry him after two years, under a threat of immediately producing the will, he enjoyed a few days of something like triumph, something like happiness. But soon he began to fear that Lady Boldon would play him false—that she would not keep her promise, and would leave him to do as he pleased about the will. This was a risk he could not help running; and for the last few months of his life he had tormented himself with perpetual alternations of wild hope

and abject despondency. Such was the only fruit of his uncurbed, unscrupulous passion.

There is but little more to tell. It may easily be imagined that Lady Boldon and her lover made it their first care to recompense young O'Leary with no ungenerous hand. But for his acuteness and pertinacity, the heartless fraud which Mr Felix had perpetrated would never have been discovered. O'Leary wisely determined to expend a large part of the money he received in paying a premium to a solicitor, thus becoming an articulated clerk; and he has now an excellent chance of getting on in his profession. The young man has already altered very much for the better; and he has taken his uncle under his care—a proof that a little prosperity has done him no harm.

Terence O'Neil and Marjory Bruce were married at the church at Woodhurst, Lady Boldon endowing her sister with all that she had saved during her widowhood. They took a small house near London; and Terence is already beginning to realise his great wish—that of becoming known as a successful advocate in criminal trials.

A month or two after Terence and Marjory had been made happy, Lady Boldon and Hugh Thesiger were united, never more to part in this world. They went abroad for some months after the marriage; then they spent a summer at Roby Chase; and by that time the strong desire Hugh had felt to go away and hide himself, never to enter a law-court or a London club again, had given way to healthier feelings. He went back to the fray; and leads, no doubt, a happier life in the midst of the bustle and worry, the successes and defeats, of a practising barrister's career, than he could have done in the dignified but dull seclusion of his wife's splendid home. It is his ambition, as it is the ambition of all clever young men at the bar—and of a good many who are by no means clever—to get a seat in Parliament. Most people say he will succeed in his aim.

All Mrs Thesiger's thoughts—all her happiness, her very life, are centred in her husband. She is happier than she ever dreamed she would be, and never forgets that a Power greater than her own dispelled the storms which her misdoing had brought upon her head, and, without her aid, turned her sorrow into joy.

THE END.

FEELING OF BEAUTY IN ANIMALS.

OBSERVING what dandies the lowest savages frequently are, and considering, moreover, the evidence from mounds, barrows, caves, and places of interment of the passion exhibited by prehistoric races of man for decoration, it is not a little strange that those who are said to come nearest us in the scale of being—namely, apes and monkeys—figure so poorly either as artists or amateurs. More than fifty years ago, Carlyle, in *Sartor Resartus*, struck with the love of ornament in savages, and the torture to which they subjected themselves in order to keep in the fashion,

and also with the love of personal decoration in the earliest race, boldly asserted that the first spiritual need of man was the gratification of his thirst for beauty, and that the love of ornament, rather than the desire of comfort, was at the origin of clothes. Neither intelligence nor civilisation is required for the existence of the dandy. Indeed, the descriptions of the dress of such half-witted individuals as Barnaby Rudge or as Madge Wildfire in the pages of the great masters of fiction read pretty much like the description of the costumes worn at an African court or at a gathering of Red Indians. It is somewhat curious that, in order to give instances of a taste for ornament in lower creatures than man, we have to take a step very far away from him in the scale of creation, and choose our instances from the natural history of birds and insects.

In a state of captivity, chimpanzees have been gratified by glittering toys, and have seemed to take a pride in clothing. Mirrors have been found to be objects of great curiosity to them; and they have been known to break them in rage, because they could not, by putting their hands behind, catch the reflected image. Persons who have kept smaller monkeys have observed that, when let loose in a garden, they eagerly plucked the flowers, and those always the gayest and best; and a few instances are given of sick monkeys being gratified with bright flowers, and retaining them for some time without destroying them. Although some have never been known to wash themselves, others take a pride in keeping their fur scrupulously clean. Personal cleanliness, even with ourselves, is not always a concomitant of gaiety in dress, or loud pigments in the painting of the skin. Monkeys are not all devoid of natural ornament. The mandril of Africa has a deeply furrowed, gaudily coloured face, not unlike the artificially sculptured and painted faces of the lower races of mankind. An orang-outan caught in Borneo, and lately sold in Singapore, an animal of immense size, had hair four inches long, of a bright red colour, and a distinct short pointed beard. The arrangement of the hair of the head in Cebus, Ateles, &c., is extraordinary, and bears no little resemblance to the Fijian modes of dressing the hair. It has been observed that those monkeys most adorned gyrate in such a manner as shall best display their charms.

The writer of this article witnessed a curious taste displayed by a pet prairie-dog in the arrangement of the varicoloured rags with which it made its bed. It disposed of them in such a manner as to have the gayest colours uppermost; and of all colours which it thus exposed, it seemed fondest of scarlet. One could not but recollect how this colour affects our domestic bull; and, taking a step higher up in the scale, recruiting sergeants know what a fascinating uniform it is. Indeed, one of them remarked that men and salmon were somewhat alike—you

angled most successfully for either with a bright bait.

It is, however, when we come to birds that we are able to adduce proofs of a feeling for beauty exterior to themselves. Mr Gould's description of the Bower Birds of Australia has been verified by other observers. At the courting season, beautiful and curious objects are collected together in these bowers, which are often elaborate structures, and built upon the ground, the nests being in trees. The whole account reads somewhat like a description of the crockery, bead, and tinsel houses which rustic children spread out for themselves on a dry grassy knoll on a pleasant summer day. One of these Bower Birds takes most readily to the arranging and re-arranging of brightly coloured feathers, bleached bones, and shells. Another likes to carry round stones, even from a great distance, and assort them with shells. A third species makes use of blackberries, fresh leaves, and pink buds. At the courting season the males dance through their glittering halls, exhibiting the most grotesque antics. In an aviary in New South Wales the male would sometimes chase the female, picking up a gay feather or large leaf, and uttering a low whistling note. The Great Bower Bird has been seen amusing itself flying backwards and forwards, taking a shell alternately from each side, and carrying it through the archway in its bill. The bower of the fawn-breasted species is raised on a platform of sticks, and is nearly four feet in length. The quantity of gay objects in all cases surprises the observer.

Since the habits of the Australian Bower Birds have been narrated, Dr Beccari, an Italian traveller, has described a new one, which he found in New Guinea, called the Gardener Bower Bird. This bird chooses a flat surface beside a small tree, around the trunk of which it builds a conical hut nearly three feet in diameter at the base. The hut is formed of the twigs of a parasitical hanging orchid, whose leaves, keeping fresh for a long time, add to the beauty of the bower. Within the hut, a quantity of moss is arranged around the trunk of the tree. There is a meadow of moss, weeded of grass and stones, and kept scrupulously clean, before the cottage door. Gay flowers, glossy fruit, fungi, as well as bright insects, captured and killed, are placed on this green turf so as to form a pretty garden. Hence the bird's name of 'gardener,' which is also its native name. When the objects fade, they are removed out of sight, and fresh ones supplied.

Mr Layard's description of the Hammerkop, literally Hammerhead, also named the Umbrette, is equally interesting. Specimens, of late, have been occasionally secured for our Zoological Gardens. It is somewhat like a heron or stork, has a melancholy gait, lives on fish and frogs, and is considered in Africa a bird of evil omen. It is found in Cape Colony, some other parts of Africa, and in Madagascar. Under its quiet appearance, it nourishes æsthetic tastes. When it casts off its sober demeanour, it indulges in a fantastic dance. In a state of nature, two or three join in the dance, skipping round each other, opening and closing their

wings. They breed on trees or on rocky ledges, forming a huge structure of sticks. These nests are so solid that they will bear the weight of a heavy man on the domed roof without collapsing. The entrance is a small hole, placed in the least accessible side. In a lonely rocky glen, Mr Layard once counted half-a-dozen of their nests, some almost inaccessible placed on ledges of rock. One nest contained at least a large cart-load of sticks. They occupy the same nest year after year, repairing it as required. The female is credited with the joiner-work, and the male is the decorator. On the platform outside the inner portion he spreads out all kinds of objects of *vertu*, brass and bone buttons, bits of crockery, and bleached bones. If a knife, pin, or tinder-box were lost within some miles, the loser made a point of examining the Hammerkops' nests. Indeed, were it not that hyenas, leopards, and jackals ranged in their vicinity, it is highly probable man's curiosity or resentment would have often extirpated these interesting artists, or at least destroyed habits founded on leisure and immunity from persecution.

After such well-authenticated instances of birds showing a taste for ornament, one is less credulous of the statement that the Baya Bird of Asia decorates its elaborately constructed nest with fireflies, much as the Creoles in the West Indies adorn their hair with them for a dance or assembly. We have the high authority of Mr Gould for the fact that certain humming-birds decorate the outside of their nests with the utmost taste, fastening thereon beautiful pieces of flat lichen, the larger pieces in the middle, and now and then a pretty feather, intertwined or fastened to the outer sides, always so placed that the feather stands out beyond the surface. The nest of our long-tailed titmouse, which some authorities tell us is a variety peculiar to the British Isles, combines beauty of appearance with security and warmth. A favourite building-place is in the midst of a clump of almost inaccessible black-thorns. The outside of the nest sparkles with silver-coloured lichens, adhering to a firm texture of moss and wool. The female is known to be the nest-maker, and it takes her nearly three weeks to complete her habitation.

An instance of appreciation of bright objects, such as fancied by birds, by the red or agricultural ants in Idaho, was furnished to a scientific journal some years ago. Their mounds were described as usually from two to three feet in diameter at the base, and one foot high. They were made of gravel, and frequently ornamented with bits of crockery, beads, or pins, as opportunity might offer.

Into the question of the personal beauty of birds, insects, &c., we have not space to enter. One fact is rather striking—namely, that these ornaments seem as if they were meant for display. They are either found on conspicuous parts, or on parts that can easily be rendered conspicuous at the will of the animal. We never find the colours which adorn the crests, the eyes, the necks, and the tails of birds hid away, for instance, on the under part of the wing, where they cannot be readily noticed. Indeed, as Mr Poulton has pointed out, the

wings of these species of humming-birds and insects which vibrate so rapidly that they are invisible, lack ornament, whereas the slower-moving wings of many insects and birds retain it. On the other hand, almost all night-birds are either white or very sombre. Brilliant birds have the habit of congregating and waltzing, dancing, or displaying their charms. Plain birds flit into the bush, or, if they charm each other, they betake themselves to song. In certain cases of birds that always live in pairs, such as the crested screamer, there is a periodical gathering of even as many as a thousand couples; but for the most part solitary birds have only dual performances. Mr Hudson, in South America, observed that where male and female take part in the drama, they differ little in appearance; but where the female takes no part, the superiority of the male in brightness of colour is very marked. Our most beautiful domesticated bird, the peacock, is so vain that its shadow on a glass door or a polished stone, or the presence of a dog in the court, is sufficient to induce it to show off. Were it not that the magpie is so much persecuted, its taste for collecting bright objects would be more marked, as also its remarkable gatherings known as 'magpie marriages.' Indeed, as if to make the analogy between human and animal dandies more complete, birds always have on their finest plumes at the courting season. Physiologists inform us that the eyes of birds are constructed so as to enable them readily to discern every shade of colour. We may now consider that it was somewhat rash in the poet to tell us that flowers were ever born to blush unseen, or thoroughly waste their fragrance, since it is well known, that colour and fragrance are as advertisements to insects that sip the nectar or make use of the pollen of the flowers, and, by their visits, assist in cross-fertilisation. It is more pleasant to believe that birds enjoy their own songs, are delighted each with the other's beauty, and take a pride in personal appearance, than to regard them as dull and apathetic to those amenities interwoven with the sweetness and grace of life.

THE SECRET OF VERLOREN VLEI.

PART II.—CONCLUSION.

WE strolled after breakfast, taking our pipes with us, to the chimney-like *cul-de-sac* where Tobias Steenkamp's footprints had been last seen, four years before. The place looked more than ever dark, narrow, and forbidding; and as we stood upon the sandy floor of the ravine and gazed upward to the faint patch of sky showing between the cliffs, two hundred feet above, the sharp contrast made it yet more awesome. For half an hour we looked about us, examining carefully every cranny and projection within our vision. Suddenly, a boyish expedient of mine flashed into my mind. I had in my young days in Derbyshire ascended a steep and very narrow fissure in a cliff among my native dales by copying faithfully the example of a sweep's boy whom I had watched climbing the great kitchen chimney. Why not

make the attempt here? It looked a tremendous risk, but still it might be accomplished up in the far corner where the cliff-walls ran but a foot or two apart. I had hazarded my limbs many a time as a boy in search of birds' nests: why not here in pursuit of this mystery which so strangely baffled us? I told my plan to Du Plessis; he evidently thought very little of it. However, as we strolled back to camp, I thought out and discussed my scheme, and, so far as I could, prepared for it in the afternoon. We had at the wagons a long coil of stout rope some one hundred and fifty feet in length. It seemed too short for my purpose, and I fastened to it, therefore, with the greatest care, another seventy feet of strong ox *riems*—halters of raw hide—carefully lashed one to the other. I thus had over two hundred feet of rope.

Next morning, after a long night's rest, Du Plessis and I set off for the ravine, taking with us our most useful native servant, Andries, one of the drivers. I carried about my person some *biltong* (dried meat), matches, a revolver, hunting-knife, and a flask of brandy. Du Plessis was equipped (save for the revolver) in the same manner. Arrived at the extremity of the ravine, we threw down the rope, one end of which I attached to my waist. I wore, as usual, only my flannel shirt and a pair of mole-skin trousers, and upon my feet I had a pair of *velschoens*—Boer field-shoes, made of strong yet soft leather of home-tanned hide. These shoes were close-fitting, light, and pliable, and exactly suited my purpose.

I now made my way back to where a sort of ledge ran sloping upwards a little way towards the narrowest part of the ravine—at the end. I carefully climbed this, and found myself, as I had expected, some thirty feet on my way up, and now right in the narrowest extremity of the narrow gorge. At my back was the cliff wall; in front of me was the opposing wall, less than two feet away; on my right was the mass of rock ending the gorge, sometimes uneven and projecting a little, sometimes almost smooth; on my left hand was open space, where the gorge slowly widened out. I looked upward in doubt, almost in dismay; I looked down upon Du Plessis' serious face: it was no use waiting; I took one long breath and began the task. My plan was this: pressing my feet against the wall of rock in front, and planting my back hard against the cliff behind me, I gradually levered my way upwards. I made use of every inequality and jutting rock that could aid me, and occasionally obtained an excellent rest from bits of rock on my right, upon which I could lean, and thus relieve the tension. I worked my way as rapidly as possible, knowing how the strain must tell upon my legs, and, as far as half-way, or a little beyond, progressed better and more speedily than I could have hoped. Now, the labour began to tell more hardly as every ten seconds passed. I was in good sound fettle; I had always been a 'stayer,' and my wind was in capital order; but my breath now began to come with difficulty, the sweat was pouring from me, my shirt was ripping off my back, and, worst of all, my legs were failing me. At three-fourths of the distance—about one hun-

dred and fifty feet up—I noticed a projecting rock on the right. I worked up to this with infinite difficulty, and then, leaning my right arm and as much of my body over as possible, I rested for full three minutes. I was now, as I well recognised, in a very serious plight. There were yet fifty more feet of cliff to climb. I had already undergone what seemed superhuman labour, and my muscles were relaxing, my strength and wind were ebbing. To return was as perilous as to go on; to fall meant a shocking death. I took out my brandy flask, drained it to the last drop, uttered within myself a half-prayer to a God I had long neglected, hitched up my belt and trousers, and struggled on. If I live to a hundred, I never can forget the terrible nightmare of that last fifty feet. But for the brandy, that put new if fleeting energy into me—it was Three Star, luckily, and I believe it saved my life—I should never have succeeded. I most heartily wished I had never seen Du Plessis, never started on this accursed trip, never offered to risk my life. I struggled on, growing weaker and slower. Once I slipped three or four good feet, and only saved myself by some miraculous luck! The sharp wall behind me laid a deep furrow into my back as I did so, and I felt the warm blood issuing forth and mingling with the sweat that ran from me.

Once more I set my teeth for the last twenty feet. I recovered my ground, and foot by foot fought my way on. The muscles of my legs quivered like aspen leaves; I feared they would give way each moment. At last—I hardly know how—I found my face above the cliff; the sweet outer air met me; I gave a last struggle, got foothold on the right, flung myself forward, and lay upon the cliff top with my feet still projecting over the edge. I remember hearing a faint shout from far beneath me, and then all swam.

When I came to, I suppose I had lain senseless for a quarter of an hour. I was in sorry plight indeed. I was stiff, sore, bleeding from my back, and the poor remnant of my shirt hung in front of me. I staggered to my feet and looked about me. A glance showed me that there were yet difficulties to be overcome before we could descend to the vlei, yet they were not insuperable. The chiefest of them lay in a sharp saddle-back of rock, sheer on either side, which had to be crossed somehow before the main mass of the inner ring of mountain could be attained. But my strength was coming back to me; a sense of triumph and elation over the dreadful task I had conquered rose in my breast; and my determination to pierce the secret of the valley was stronger than ever.

Here and there upon the cliff top grew some wild olive trees, stunted and dwarfed, but strong. To one of these I fastened the end of the rope I had brought up with me. I now approached the edge, lay down, and looked over. Du Plessis was there, gazing anxiously upward. I shook the rope and shouted to him to come up. We had agreed upon this plan, if I succeeded; and he now fastened the lower end of the rope round his waist and began his climb. With the help of the rope it was comparatively

easy work. The Dutchman was strong in the arms and active, and came steadily on. Occasionally he unbound the rope, and refastened it at a higher point to his waist, as an insurance against falls. In fifteen minutes he was up beside me. Even his journey had been no light one. He, too, streamed with perspiration; his limbs trembled, and he flung himself to the ground to gather breath and rest.

'Maghte! Fairmount,' he gasped as soon as he had recovered a little breath. 'You must have got up by a miracle. Even with that rope, I don't think I would care to climb the cliff again. 'Tis a job only fit for a klipspringer [a small and very active mountain antelope], not a man!'

We rested full twenty minutes, smoked a pipe of tobacco, and then set about completing the rest of our task. The sharp saddle-back, a bridge of rock which crossed another deep ravine between us and the inner mountain, looked excessively nasty. In some places it was as much as four feet wide; in others it narrowed to as little as two. There were about forty yards of it; and in portions the surface was rugged and sharp.

'Come along, Du Plessis,' I said; 'the sooner we're over the better. The rest seems easy enough.'

The broader part of the bridge came first, and admitted of walking for ten yards. Then it narrowed. I went down upon all-fours, and crawled. It was nerve-shaking work; for the bridge fell away sheer on either side, and the drop of nearly two hundred feet meant a horrible death. In the middle of the bridge the space was too narrow even for crawling; it was necessary to sit astride, and so fudge one's way along for ten or twelve yards. At last the broader part came again, and in five yards more the solid mountain top and safety were achieved. Du Plessis had followed close behind, imitating carefully my tactics. As we stood up upon safe ground again, I noticed that he was deadly pale. He shook his head, as he looked at me ruefully, and wrung the sweat from his brow. 'Man!' he said, 'if I had not been *shamed* into following you, I never would have come across that place, no, not for a thousand Verloren Vleis. You are unmarried and a little fool-hardy. I am married, and have a wife and six children pulling at my jacket. I didn't bargain for these adventures; they are only fit for baboons.'

'Come on, Cornelis,' I replied, laughing. 'It's a nasty crossing, I own; but it's all plain sailing now, apparently.'

We went on over the mountain for twenty minutes; then came a shallow kloof, thickly bushed at bottom; then another ascent, a rough walk of another half-hour; and then, clearing some more bush and low scrub that grew here upon the mountain top, we came suddenly upon an enchanting scene. 'The vlei!' we exclaimed in a burst together, then stood and gasped in very pleasure and bewilderment.

Right below us, ringed in by a perfect amphitheatre of mountain, lay an oval sheet of water, its smooth surface, unruffled by a flaw of wind, shining beneath the ardent sunlight like the mirror of a giantess. This vlei—the long-lost

vlei, undoubtedly—was about half a mile long by three hundred yards in breadth. Here and there upon the placid water floated troops of wild-fowl; and high in the air hung a fishing-eagle or two, keenly intent upon sport beneath. Immediately below us, the lake seemed deep; but towards the far end, it evidently shallowed, and upon one side of that end grew dense masses of reeds. The shores—save where the reed-beds grew, were in places sandy; elsewhere, of rock. Between the water and the mountain sides, which sloped easily downward and were well bushed, was an outer ring of reddish soil, masked by a park-like growth of scattered acacia thorns. It was now the month of August, and getting towards African spring-time, and, favoured doubtless by the neighbourhood of the vlei, the acacias were already putting forth a pleasant bravery of green leafage. Birds—many of them of brilliant plumage—were in plenty about this gem-like spot. It seemed that here in this secret place nature had done her utmost to atone for much of the drought and hardship that at this season lay in the wilderness outside.

For five minutes we stood gazing with a sense of rapture at this goodly scene. We looked keenly hither and thither, but could discern no trace of human existence. Then we descended. We reached the water without great difficulty; upon its margin we lay down and drank long and eagerly. Having thus refreshed ourselves, and eaten some of the little store of food we had brought with us, we set out to explore the vlei thoroughly. The chief thing in our minds was to ascertain the fate of Tobias Steenkamp, whether living or dead. And first we settled to search systematically the side upon which we stood. We looked carefully for traces of spoor yard by yard along the sand fringing the water. Not a footprint could we discover. Once or twice we came across the tracks of klipspringers and leopards, but no sign of human life was there. We turned back, and searched among the groves of thorny acacia, now fragrant with the strong scent of the rich sweet blossoms, but with the same ill success. It was now late in the afternoon; we passed round the end of the vlei, skirted the reed-bed, and then came upon more rocky formation. It was here that I first convinced myself of the gold-bearing richness of the valley. In a crevice of rock, time-worn by long ages of water-wear and decay, I picked up three smallish nuggets. I am afraid this success rather threw us off the search for Tobias Steenkamp, of which we had already begun to despair. Several times during the day we had raised our voices and hallooed loudly, in faint hopes of an answer. The cliffs eagerly returned us echo after echo, but there was nought else. For the rest of the short afternoon time we scrambled about the rocks, peering into crannies and basins. We had fair success, and by evening had between us gathered some fourteen ounces of gold, all in nuggets.

It was now sundown; already the pelicans had arrived, and were sailing about the sky in marvellous intricacies; the light was going fast, and we must prepare to camp for the night. We had told our men at the wagons not

to expect us till next day; they would be therefore under no anxiety. We picked a place not far from the water where the view was open, and danger from the approach of night *ferre* minimised. We chose a smooth sandy spot under a wall of rock. In front we made two good fires, and then, having eaten a scant supper, we sat smoking and talking beneath the warm starlight.

It was about nine o'clock; we were both becoming drowsy, when Du Plessis suddenly sat bolt upright and listened breathlessly. 'Did you hear that?' he whispered in a low intense voice. 'No,' I said, sinking my voice too, for the man's strange demeanour rather awed me.

'I heard a man groan—or a *spook*,' he said.

Now, I am not a believer in spooks at any time; yet it was a wild eerie place, and the senses of these Boer hunters are so preternaturally quickened by long acquaintance with savage life, that I knew Cornelis must have heard something.

I listened intently, and again we both heard a faint groan, as of a man in pain.

'Allemaghte!' whispered Du Plessis, 'what, in the name of the Heer God, can it be?' A moment later he clutched me by the arm, and pointing with his right hand, whispered fiercely: 'Look! look!'

The moon was now up, and shining brightly, and the valley had passed from the dimness of the starlight. I looked where the Boer was pointing, and saw something that sent a shiver down my back. Certainly there *was* a shapeless *something* crawling slowly towards the water on our left front, one hundred and fifty yards away. Again came the faint groan we had heard.

'This is bosh,' I said. 'It's a man, undoubtedly, and he's in pain. It may be your cousin. Come and look.' I sprang to my feet, picked up my revolver, and started off. Du Plessis pulled himself together—he had need, for he was a firm believer in spooks—and followed closely. We approached the creeping thing—it looked more like a man. I hailed it, and again a low groan came. We reached the dark object. It was a man, or the remains of one, emaciated, half clad in tattered rags; and it crawled upon all-fours, dragging one leg. It was not a Boer—not Tobias Steenkamp. In a flash it came into my mind that here was the second figure of my strange dream.

'Who are you?' I said.

'Water, for God's sake!' was all the poor wretch could utter. I ran to the water, filled the top of my felt hat, and came back. The tattered figure drank eagerly.

'Come, Du Plessis,' I said; 'let's carry him up to the camp fire.'

We picked the poor framework up, and carried it to the fire; it weighed, I suppose, about five stone. Then we got out Du Plessis' flask, poured out some brandy, mashed up some biscuit and water with it, and administered the mess out of the flask cup. The brandy seemed to revive the poor creature. We gave him a piece of biltong to suck, and at last he spoke.

'I know your face,' he said, looking at me; 'don't you remember Spanish Jack?'

Of course I remembered Spanish Jack, a well-known prospector in the Eastern Transvaal some few years before. Three parts English, one part Spanish, he was one of those restless pioneers who move Uhlan-like before the main body of the gold-diggers, always on the hunt for new finds. Looking at the poor death's-head before me, I could only recognise, in the dark cavernous eyes and the mass of tangled black hair, the faintest traces of the strong, restless, dare-devil prospector known as Spanish Jack.

'How did you come here?' I queried, and in the same instant, 'What's become of Tobias Steenkamp?' asked Du Plessis in Dutch.

'Give me a drop more brandy,' answered the man in a hoarse whisper, 'and I'll tell you.'

We gave him part of our small remaining stock, with some water, and he went on, speaking, however, with great difficulty.

'I was up in these parts with a donkey and a bit of an outfit four years ago, and I heard from a nigger that a Dutchman had got into this place; and, after a lot of trouble, I found my way in too—from another direction, nor-east there. I had some grub, and I meant to camp for a week, as alluvial gold was wonderfully plentiful. On the fifth day after I got here, Tobias Steenkamp turned up. It was the second and last trip he made. He was mad to find me here, and told me it was his place, and I was to clear. We quarrelled; he struck me, and in my rage I out with my knife and stabbed him in the chest. He died within an hour. You will find his bones along there under a bit of a cairn near the water. Well, after that I only wanted to get out of the place. I took what gold I had picked up, and started up the mountain again. In my hurry, I was careless; I fell, broke my right thigh, and here I have been ever since. My leg healed in a rough sort of way; but there's a false joint; the bone kept coming away, and I could never walk properly again. I managed to pick up food by snaring fowl and catching fish; but latterly I've been too weak to do that. For the last month, I've been slowly starving. Lizards and roots are what I've lived on—that's God's truth. My leg's been getting worse, and I've had to crawl, mostly, these last three months. I never expected to reach the water again after to-night, and then I think I should have pinched out. Time enough, too. This place has been worse than hell itself.'

There was a hunted terror in the man's eye that implied more than his words. I doubted, somehow, whether I had heard the plain truth. The poor wretch was by this time exhausted, and could say no more. I gave him, at his request, a piece of tobacco; he clapped it into his cheek, and thought he could doze a bit.

I turned to Du Plessis, who had meanwhile, with very grim looks, edged away from the man, who, he understood from me (I had translated the gist of the prospector's story), had slain his cousin. His feeling of vengeance was strong—remember, he was but a primitive Transvaal Boer—but what could even he say,

as we looked at this poor travesty of a man, this living skeleton, with its broken deformed leg, that now slept, huddled up to the fire as closely as the starved Bushman of the Kalahari?

It was now late, and Du Plessis and I, too, lay down and slept; the day had been long and hard, and we were dog-tired. The dawn was cold; and coatless, almost shirtless, as I was, I awoke early, very stiff and sore. Du Plessis had a cord coat on; he yet slept soundly and even snored. But the figure across the fire seemed very still. I moved quietly to it, touched it gently. It was stiff and cold. Spanish Jack's troubles and agonies were over; his prospecting was done; and for the blood upon his hands he would never answer upon this earth. Whether he died from the excitement of the meeting; whether that last agonising journey to the water had spent the remaining flicker of strength left within him; whether the story he had told us of Tobias Steenkamp's death was the true one, I cannot tell.

I roused Du Plessis. Together we went down towards the vlei and found the pile of stones, where, surely enough, the bones of a tall man—undoubtedly Tobias Steenkamp—lay. These we carefully replaced; then, exploring up-hill from where we had come upon the prospector, we found a cave or hollow in which the poor wretch had evidently made a home. Here were Steenkamp's hat and hunting-knife, among other remnants; and here, too, a pile of nuggets, no doubt collected by Spanish Jack. These nuggets, with a small skin bag partly full of gold-dust, washed, no doubt, from the sands of the vlei—a small tin digger's pan of Spanish Jack's showed us that—we took with us. After that, we buried the dead prospector as well as we could, piled big stones above his rude grave, and quitted the place.

We had no wish to tarry there, fair as was the spot. Rather the grim associations of the vlei, the deed of blood enacted there, and the melancholy death we had been witnesses of, impelled us away from it.

After much toil, we safely reached our wagons late that afternoon, worn and famished. We had, somehow, no wish to bequeath to others the secret of the vlei. Having safely descended by the rope, therefore, we set about destroying our traces. Two of our boys were waiting for us at the bottom of the ravine. With these we took a united haul at the rope. The strain was great; the rope parted, as we had expected, far up the cliff, where the hide riems joined the rope itself, and no vestige of our means of descent remained to searchers from below. Next day we trekked from the neighbourhood. The gold we had found realised, some months later, eight hundred pounds, which Du Plessis and I divided between us.

Verloren Vlei, with its smiling face, its dark history, and its wealth of gold—for gold must be there in abundance—lies, I believe, to this day still a secret and an unknown place. No doubt, the pelicans and the sand-grouse that first revealed its mysteries to Tobias Steenkamp and ourselves, still visit it in time of drought—towards the driest period of African winter. Some day, I suppose, its recesses will be made

accessible and its wealth laid bare. For others that day may come; but for ourselves, neither Cornelis du Plessis nor I has any wish—having prospered in other directions—to tempt fortune there again.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

No one in these days needs to be told what a phonograph is, for the instrument can be met with in every town, and many are the pennies which the instrument earns for its proprietor. It does not seem that Edison's clever contrivance has been much utilised for correspondence purposes; but a French watchmaker at Geneva, M. Sivan, has found employment for the phonographic principle which is sure to meet with approbation. By adding to a watch a phonographic disc upon which have been recorded words originally spoken, the little timepiece will say when required, 'It is six o'clock,' 'It is half-past eleven,' and so on. M. Sivan is, it is said, now constructing alarm clocks, which, instead of making the hideous noise usually associated with those instruments of torture, will call out in a voice loud enough to wake the soundest sleeper, 'Come, wake up, lazy-bones.'

At a recent meeting of the Royal Botanic Society of London, there were exhibited some 'jumping beans' from Mexico. They are described as being about the size of large cherry-stones, triangular in form, with two flat sides, and one which is convex. Their curious movement is due to the presence within them of the larvæ of a peculiar moth, *Carpocapsa saltitans*, the movement being evident when the beans are laid on any flat surface. There is no visible opening in the shell of the seed-vessel, so that it is supposed that the moth has originally laid its egg inside the young fruit.

As mentioned last month, the latest scientific optical wonder is Edison's Kinetoscope, an instrument by which a photographic image apparently takes upon itself the semblance of life. In reality, there are some hundreds of images which have been impressed upon a ribbon of celluloid by the action of a special form of camera capable of taking fifty images per second. When several hundred of these pictures are, with certain precautions, projected upon the retina in the order in which they were originally taken, and at the same speed, the various pictures blend and afford the effect of actual movement. The apparatus is, in fact, a perfected zoetrope, which utilises a large number of photographic images, instead of a few coarsely executed paintings or prints, as in the older instrument. The genesis of the instrument will be found by the curious in rough contrivances which amused the public half a century ago.

The inventor of the lucifer match certainly deserves well of his country, and his country would probably before now have recognised its indebtedness in this matter of striking a light, if there had not been more than one claimant to the honour of being the first matchmaker. It has at last been proved by documentary evidence that the first maker of matches was

John Walker, a chemist of Stockton-on-Tees, who sold the first box for one shilling and two-pence in April 1827. The matches soon became popular, and people came from long distances to buy them. The poor of the town were employed to split the wood for these early matches, which were invariably dipped in the phosphorus compound by the inventor himself. This worthy man was pressed to form a Company to work the invention, and to patent it; but he refused, on the score that he had enough for his simple wants, and that he would put no obstacles in the way of a thing which promised to be a boon to the public. John Walker died in 1859, and a movement is now on foot to raise a monument to his memory.

The utilisation of waste products is a subject in which all are interested, for it implies a kind of national thrift by which all must more or less benefit. But even in this matter, as in most other things, a line must be drawn at a certain point, and the line in this case would seem just now to be at tea-leaves. The residue of the tea-pot might well be thrown away or burnt, but all do not think so. According to the police Reports, a firm in London was recently convicted of doctoring used tea-leaves, and selling them for leaves which had not yet been infused. The ingenious method adopted was to collect from large restaurants spent leaves, and to subject them to a kind of withering process. This was achieved by projecting them through a red-hot iron pipe, out of which they came curled up and dried, ready to be resold—we trust, not to the restaurants from which they came. The business appears to have been a flourishing one, for it came out in evidence that more than six thousand pounds weight of this 'revived' tea had been sold in less than two months. Unfortunately for the promoters of the industry, an old Act of Parliament has declared that the sale of spent tea-leaves is illegal; and so, for the present, these leaves, except for what use the housemaid makes of them, must still remain a waste product.

Egg-shells have also recently figured as a waste material for which at last a use has been found. It seems that the street ice-cream vendors use many eggs in their business; but, instead of breaking the shells in the orthodox manner, they pierce them at each end, and blow the contents out into their culinary utensils with their mouths. This, to say the least of it, is unpleasant in idea, and unsanitary in effect. The object of preserving the shells unbroken is that they can be sold at so much per dozen to the shooting galleries, where sportsmen who are precluded by circumstances from seeking higher game may have the pleasure of smashing them from afar.

The glass-like lacquer which the Japanese use for the trays, cabinets, &c., which are exported in such profusion would appear to have, according to a paper read by Mr M. P. Wood before the American Society of Engineers, New York, a much wider and more useful application than is generally thought. The Japanese use it, for acid tanks, for coating the bottoms of ships, for coach-panels, as well as for metal-work, for it will resist soap, hot water, and alkaline solutions. It is said that lacquered articles which

had been submerged in sea-water for fifty years, although covered with marine growths, were sound within, owing to the indestructibility of the protecting coat of lacquer. The lacquer is a natural product, the sap of a tree which can be cultivated very cheaply, and it is astonishing that more attention to the possibility of its production in Europe and America has not been given. Mr Wood said in the course of his paper that there was no reason why the lacquer tree should not thrive in countries other than those of its origin.

The expense of rebuilding St Paul's Cathedral, London, after the Great Fire of 1666, was met by applying the city coal-dues to that laudable purpose; and it was Dean Milman who wittily observed that the coals had had their revenge by covering the edifice with a grimy coat, the product of their smoke. This blackness the Cathedral shares with most of the public buildings of London which are more than a few decades old; and some years ago the idea was mooted of washing them down by the help of the fire-engines. The experiment was tried upon the Mansion House with beneficial results, and now the proposal once more comes forward that the Metropolitan Cathedral should be so treated. The suggestion meets with approval as well as opposition, the dissentients seeming to regard the cleansing operation as one akin to white-washing.

A correspondent informs us that the method of darkening oak by ammonia gas, attributed in these columns to a French inventor, was practised by him thirty years ago, and is commonly known under the name of 'fuming.' He points out that the operation simply hastens the action which is otherwise brought about by the free ammonia in the atmosphere, and says that in fuming, the grain of the wood is preserved, and comes out magnificently; whereas if mere staining be resorted to, the grain is partly, and sometimes entirely, hidden.

The material which is best suited to the purpose of street paving has not yet been discovered, but as a contribution towards the solution of the problem, Buchanan Street, Glasgow, is now being laid with four different kinds of wood, whose names are strange to British ears. Jarrah, Karri Wood, Kauri Pine, and Carbolised Pitch Pine are to compete with one another, and with another new kind of paving whose basis is said to be cork. The difficulty seems to be in the selection of a material having durable properties which shall at the same time afford a sure footing under the varied conditions of our somewhat trying climate.

A correspondent of the *Dundee Advertiser* relates an interesting experience with a long-distance telephone circuit, which affords remarkable testimony to the sensitiveness of this modern speech-conveyer. He writes that while at Broughty Ferry he had occasion to talk through the telephone to a friend at Aberdeen, when his friend interrupted him with the words, 'Wait a minute; I can't hear what you are saying for a pipe-band which is passing the telephone station;' and communication was perforce stopped for a time. But the curious part of the matter is that the man at

Broughty Ferry not only heard the band, but distinguished the tune, and could hear the tramp of the players although their feet fell on ground which was one hundred and fifty miles distant.

A German paper calls attention to the value of the lime-seed as yielding an oil of remarkably fine quality, which is distinguished by several good properties. The fine sweet oil yielded by the lime-seed was known a century ago, but its virtues seem to have been forgotten. The blossom of the lime-tree is most abundant, and in the autumn the seeds could be collected in enormous quantities. They possess fifty-eight per cent. of an oil which is beautifully clear, of fine colour, which is tasteless, never becomes rancid, and may be fairly compared to the best olive oil. It does not dry, and will not freeze at any known temperature. It appears, therefore, that lime-seed oil should prove useful for food, as well as for industrial purposes.

It is stated that the walls around several public buildings in Germany are being made of cast-iron bricks, these bricks being hollow, and fitting into one another by projecting ribs in one, and corresponding grooves in its fellow. They are lighter than bricks of clay, and require neither mortar nor skilled labour in their erection. It occurs to us that such a wall would also require very little skill to demolish it, and for this reason alone it would be open to objection, except, perhaps, in the eyes of the enterprising burglar.

The suggestion was made some time ago that it would very much conduce to the comfort of hotel visitors if, by the employment of a coin-freed apparatus (on the penny-in-the-slot principle), they could secure a gas-fire in their bedrooms. The idea was taken up at a Liverpool hotel, and we believe that the innovation is much appreciated by visitors to the establishment. A well-known engineering firm of Glasgow and London have been busying themselves with the best means of carrying out this method of supplying heat by the pennyworth, and they have designed several stoves which are fitted with the necessary apparatus. It is obvious that such a system saves much labour in cleaning and fire-laying, while at the same time the hotel visitor can indulge in a luxury without incurring the forfeit of an 'extra' in his bill.

Tea has hitherto been regarded as a strictly Oriental product, and, until recent years, its cultivation was confined to China. China has now a very formidable competitor in Ceylon, and will soon have another in quite an unexpected quarter. America is growing tea successfully; at least she has done so at Pinehurst, near Charleston. The tea has been grown as a private enterprise, although aided by Government, and is said by experts to be of extremely fine quality. Perhaps it is not generally known that tea has before now been grown experimentally in England, but this has been under glass. In America, we may presume the plant is being cultivated under more natural conditions.

For some time there has been much discussion as to the advantages which would accrue from laying a submarine cable in the Pacific, so as to bring our colonies into more immediate

communication with the mother-country. The cost would be about two millions sterling. Canadians and Australians have convinced themselves of the necessity of such outlay on an imperial scale. Under present conditions a message from Canada to Australia occupies about two hours in transmission.

'Some Phenomena of the Upper Air' was the subject which Mr Richard Inwards chose for his Presidential address to the Meteorological Society, when he gave some interesting particulars of certain experiments which had been made in France by M. Hermite by means of balloons. These balloons carried with them self-acting instruments, which registered the various changes of condition through which they passed. They rose to a height of ten miles, where the pressure of the air was only 4.1 inches of mercury, and the temperature -104 degrees Fahrenheit. It would seem that although there are considerable variations in the temperature gradient below 12,000 feet above sea-level, above that height the decrease is regular, amounting to a fall of one degree for every rise of 330 feet in the air.

The cultivation of ginger has recently formed the subject of an exhaustive Report by the Director of Public Gardens and Plantations in Jamaica, which island has long been celebrated for this industry. It would seem that the production of the best ginger depends largely upon the ground in which it is grown, the deep, black soil of the virgin forest being most favourable to it. Many splendid trees have been cleared in order to find space for ginger-growing. The plan adopted is for the planter to invite his friends to what is called a 'cutting match,' when they destroy the trees as quickly as they can, while their host furnishes them with food and drink. Afterwards fire is applied to the brushwood, and insect pests are destroyed by its action; it is also probable that benefit arises to the soil from the potash and mineral matter contained in the ashes. Great importance is attached to the curing of the ginger, and it is recommended that in wet seasons an evaporator should be employed to drive off the moisture. It is also believed that a proper system of manuring the ground would be most advantageous to the ginger plantations.

Commenting upon a paragraph which appeared in these columns two months ago, Messrs Robson and Company of Sunderland have forwarded to us a full description of their method of ventilating dwelling-rooms, which appears to us to meet every requirement. The ventilating orifice is placed near the ceiling in the chimney breast, and to prevent any possible entry of smoke into the room, the chimney flue is contracted by the insertion of a special fitting just below the ventilator. This contraction at once increases the draught in the chimney, causes all noxious vapours to be rapidly extracted from the room or rooms, while at the same time it offers no obstruction to the chimney-sweeper.

It has been mentioned that Australian Eucalyptus is used to some extent for wood-paving in London and elsewhere in this country. The colony of Western Australia is fortunate

in having an extra-tropical forest region equal in area to the whole of Great Britain, and of this, 14,000 square miles are occupied by the Jarrah (*Eucalyptus marginata*), the most valuable for timber purposes of all the eucalypti; though the Karri (*E. diversicolor*), the Tuart, and others are respectable rivals. Jarrah wood is surpassed as timber by no known tree. It is marvellously heavy, strong, and durable. It is, no doubt, excessively hard, but is more easily worked than most other eucalyptus woods. It can be split into great lengths, and makes excellent trenails. Where it is plentiful, it is admirable for railway sleepers, posts, and wooden structures of all kinds: it is unsurpassed for the frames and planking of ships. It defies the attacks of the ship-worm (*Teredo navalis*), as it does those of termites and other destructive insects, and hence is invaluable for piles and jetties. Piles exposed for thirty years to the action of water and weather in the sea-bottom at Fremantle have been taken up and found fit for polishing. When polished, the wood is rather like Honduras mahogany. It weighs sixty-four pounds per cubic foot. Furthermore, in size the jarrah tree seems to exceed even the famous Californian Sequoia or Wellingtonia of California. Giant sequoias of far beyond 300 feet are well known, but it seems doubtful if a height of 400 feet has been actually attained by them; yet 400 feet seems rather to be within the mark for the jarrah tree, as specimens 300 feet high up to the first limb have been measured. The sequoia has a greater girth and is bulkier, but its wood is soft; so that in weight of timber large jarrah trees must vastly exceed any other vegetable growth, and the value of the wood contained be very great. The jarrah tree is found in Western Australia over at least five degrees of latitude, much of it within moderate distance of shipping ports, and actually on the line of some of the railways.

The *Times* announces that the Russian iron-clad *Rusalka*, which foundered last year with all hands in a storm in the Gulf of Finland, has been discovered mainly by means of Captain M'Evoy's 'submarine detector'—an electrical apparatus with a sinker attached. When the sinker trailed at the bottom of the sea approaches a mass of metal—a lost anchor, a parted iron chain, a broken telegraph cable, still more a sunk ironclad—the electric indicator in the mahogany case on shipboard sounds more or less loudly according to the nearness of the sinker to the submerged mass; and so the position of the latter can be pretty accurately ascertained before divers are sent down. Much time wasted in painful gropings in the dark by the divers under the special difficulties of their condition may thus be avoided. The submarine detector was primarily designed to enable warships to discover anchored torpedoes; and the connection established by the sinker was intended also to serve as a means of firing, in safety, a torpedo discovered by the 'detector.'

When a friend gifted with a deep bass voice describes in thrilling tones how 'dreadful the death of the diver must be, creeping alone, creeping alone, creeping alone in the depths of the sea,' the sympathetic listener thinks of sharks, an octopus, or the interruption of the

air-supply by the diving apparatus as the most likely agents in the catastrophe. Equally dreadful is the death to which, it appears, most accidents to 'naked divers'—that is, the aborigines, who do not use diving costume and apparatus—engaged in the pearl industry on the north-west coast of Australia are referable. Not huge sharks, not the formidable octopus or devil-fish, is believed to slay the unfortunate who dives and is never seen again. 'The probable cause of death,' according to the official belief in such cases, is 'more frequently than not' the harmless-looking bivalve the diver goes down to seek. The diver having reached the bottom, gropes among the sand for shells, and by accident gets his hand inside the gaping shell of a pearl oyster somewhat firmly attached to the bottom. The lips of the shell close with a sudden snap; the diver once caught is powerless to release himself, and, if the bivalve keeps its grip, dies miserably. For it appears that the most gifted native diver—a Sulu islander of the finest physique and in perfect training—cannot stay longer under water than about two and a half minutes. The greatest depth such divers are known to attain is 'seventeen and a half fathoms. The Australian aborigines, to whom diving was a new accomplishment, were never employed save in comparatively shallow water, though they took kindly to the art. And as the pearl shells in shallow Australian waters are now pretty well fished out, native naked diving is becoming a thing of the past in Australian waters, the actual divers being now Japanese and Manilla men in diving costume, under European surveillance.

TOLD AT THE 'DOLPHIN.'

In a sleepy little seaport on the southern coast that goes by the name of Fordham there stands by the water-side an old-fashioned inn called the 'Dolphin.' It has stood there, I daresay, for a couple of centuries, long enough, at all events, to give the name of the 'Dolphin Hard' to the strip of shingly beach that runs up beside it and forms the principal landing-place in the town. Both inside and out, the Dolphin is a picturesque house; and it is full of nooks and corners, wherein a man of contemplative mind may sit and dream to his heart's content undisturbed, for, save for a few hours at night, it is so quiet, that one wonders sometimes whether the barrels standing behind the bar have any liquor in them, or whether the brightly polished rows of pots and glasses that make such a brave show there are ever taken down.

But the pride of the Dolphin is the 'Captains' Room,' a long, narrow apartment on the first floor, with a splendid outlook over the waters of the harbour and the sea beyond, a most delightful room in summer-time, and a warm, snug refuge on winter nights. If any room in the house has a history, it is this one. Everything about it—the deep, old-fashioned fireplace, with its oaken carving, black with smoke and age; the panelled and polished vainscoting that skirts the walls; the mellow-toned, old, grandfather's clock that stands in

the corner, checking off the minutes with the stately swing of its pendulum; the heavy beams that run athwart the ceiling, the sloping floors and lattice windows—is of another age, the secrets of which they cannot reveal.

Yet there are times—such, for instance, as that quiet hour before the close of a winter's day—when the shadows thicken in the far corners of the room, and when the fire, shooting out sudden flashes of ruddy light, illumines them for a moment only to leave them darker than before; in which fancy, fed by its surroundings, shapes these same shadows into the form and likeness of the men who, generations ago, were wont to sit and smoke and yarn here, just as their successors are doing now, and delights to picture them listening, not without wonderment, to the scraps of shipping news that fall from the lips of those who chance to be present.

This room, as its name implies, has always been reserved for the use of the skippers and mates of the vessels calling at Fordham. These are seldom numerous, for the only craft that ever touch here are small coasters, brigs and brigantines, schooners and ketches, with, occasionally, a timber ship of larger tonnage, and perhaps a steam-tug that has put in to coal; so that it is a rough, unpolished company of seafaring men that meets here.

But one night last winter the room was unusually full. Some said they had not seen so many faces there for twenty years. Certain it was that the landlord and his wife had been obliged to take on extra help to meet the pressure of business, and that of itself was a thing that had not happened for many years. The cause was evident. For some weeks a succession of heavy gales had been raging round the coasts, and the little port was as full as it could hold of weather-bound craft, that would have courted certain destruction had they left the shelter of its quiet waters. As it was, each day brought its long list of such vessels cast away on the rock-bound and surf-beaten shores.

The wind swept in fierce and sullen gusts over the house, threatening to bring the chimney stacks down with a run; the rain beat heavily against the windows, and the sea thundered on the distant beach; but inside the Dolphin all was light and warmth, and cheerfulness. The fo'c'sle hands made merry in the bar and the adjacent parlour, and the noise of their laughter and singing broke in upon the more sedate enjoyment of the company in the Captains' Room, who, in an atmosphere fragrant with rum-and-water, and thick with tobacco smoke, were talking mainly of things nautical, the long-continued bad weather, and their own experience. There was scarcely a man amongst them who at some time or another had not been in peril of death. Those who make voyages to distant lands have not, as these men have, the ever-present dangers of crowded waterways and a lee shore added to the terrors of every tempest they meet with.

Of the many narratives told at the Dolphin that night, this is one. I select it because there is no cause to doubt its truth, and it may serve as a fair sample of the rest. The narrator was known in Fordham as 'Captain Jo,' and

was a middle-aged, gray-haired, but wiry-looking seaman, who had never known the time when he was not at sea. He had followed the conversation without taking part in it, until it turned upon the subject of rescues. Then, when a pause came, he joined in; taking the company somewhat by surprise. Without shifting his position, he took one or two short puffs at the clay he held between his lips, and following with his eyes the wreaths of smoke as they rose to the rafters, said:

‘Ay! a lifeboat’s a good institution, as ye’ve all said; but it happens at times that no lifeboat’s handy when it’s most wanted. Such was my luck once, and it was an experience that will last me my lifetime. It’s some fifteen—ah, and more, nearer twenty years ago now, that I signed articles as mate aboard a barque called the *Emily*, bound from Tynemouth to Newport with coals. She turned out to be a sounder craft than I took her for when I joined her, or I shouldn’t be here to tell the tale. But she was a square-bowed, heavy-looking thing, that made more leeway on a beat to wind’ard than any craft I’d ever bin on before.

It was a bit earlier in the year than this, if I remember rightly, somewhere about the end of November, when we weighed anchor. The weather was bright and clear, but bitter cold, and the snow was lyin’ in the streets when we left Tynemouth. When I took the deck that night, there was every appearance of a fine passage; the moon and stars were shining with frosty clearness; and the barque was running along before a light breeze under all the canvas she could carry. For something like four-and-twenty hours that weather lasted, and then there came a change; the glass fell, the wind rose, and there was a look of hard weather to the south’ard that boded us no good. I advised the skipper to make for Yarmouth Roads; but he laughed at me, saying that we should get round to the Downs easily before the gale came on. So we held on; and he found himself mistaken, for in a few hours the wind shifted, and came tearin’ up from the south-west in a smother of snow and sleet that froze the halyards as stiff as a handspike, and set the old craft rolling and dancing to an ugly tune, I can tell ye.

For two days and nights we beat our way under close-reefed canvas in the teeth of what proved one of the worst gales of the season. What with the cold and the wet and the hard work, the men were pretty nigh worn out, and it was not much wonder that they did not turn out to the bo’sun’s whistle in any hurry. That was the beginning of the troubles. We had bin running in toward the land all day; but, owin’ to the thick weather, could get no sight of it. So, when darkness set in, the order went for’ard to ’bout ship. As it proved, we had run in a bit too close. In swinging the foreyards, the brace was carried away, the ship missed stays, and the next minute struck with a tremendous crash, that carried the foremast over the side, threw the vessel on her beam ends, while the seas poured over her one after another, sweeping half the crew overboard. In a moment all was wreck and confusion. As

soon as the men recovered themselves, they made a wild rush for the nearest boat; but what became of her and them, you may pretty easily guess. I had made a jump for the main rigging when the barque struck; and after bein’ nearly washed out half-a-dozen times, I lashed myself firmly, not that I had any hope of rescue. The night was black as ink, save when the moon, finding a break in the wild flying snow-clouds overhead, would flood the heaving waters and the ill-fated barque with almost noonday brightness. The vessel I believed would go to pieces in a few hours; and even if she lasted through the night, it was doubtful if I should, for the cold was frightful, and I was drenched and almost blinded by the spray.

The howling of the wind in the cordage; the tumble of the waters one over another, the fierce blows with which they struck the hull, making the mainmast tremble with the shock, until I expected every moment it would go by the board, carryin’ me with it; the crashing of the timbers as some part of the vessel was wrenched away, were sounds fearful enough to make any man a coward. Hoping that one or other of the crew might be near at hand, I shouted again and again; but no answer came back to me.

I suppose I must have lost consciousness after a bit, or else fallen into a sleep that would have been my last, I expect, when I was roused by the fancy that I had heard some one hail the ship. I opened my eyes with difficulty, for my face was stiff with frozen snow and spray; my limbs were perfectly rigid with the cold, and I felt as though I were frozen through and through.

The moon was then shining brightly, and I could see that the mast I was on was the only one left standing, and that the decks had been swept clear of everything, bulwarks, deck-houses, hatchways, and boats. She was parting, I believed; and I remember thinking, as some sort of grim joke, that I must have been dreaming. How could any voice have reached me from that tumble of waters? The thing was impossible. How many hours could she last, and how many were to follow before daylight? Even while these thoughts were passing through my mind, sure enough I heard the voice again, clear and unmistakable across the water, ‘Ship ahoy!’

I could never tell you what I felt when I heard it. My heart seemed to leap into my throat and choke my utterance. I fought wildly with the feeling that the sea and sky were spinning round, and at last I stopped them, and, collecting all my strength, I managed to part my frozen lips and shouted in reply. Then I caught sight of a lugger, rising and falling on the angry seas, as it were at my feet, though, of course, she was more than a cable’s length off. Her mainsail was closely reefed, and she slid down those hills of water and then appeared again on the crest of them like a gull. Again came the voice, ‘Can you hold on till daylight?’ and I answered ‘Yes!’ though I was then half frozen to death. Once more they hailed, and I caught the words, ‘We’ll stand by you.’ Next moment, a snow-squall

drove up, shut off the moonlight, and the lugger was hidden from sight.

Well, lads, to make an end. They were true to their word. Thank God! the old craft held together till daylight; and I, too, lived through the night, but how, I can't tell ye—I believe it was the feeling that those brave chaps were out there waiting for me, beating about in the darkness and storm, that kept me alive. I've no recollection of their takin' me off; I was too far gone for that; but when I next opened my eyes, it was broad daylight, and I was lyin' in the bottom of the lugger, saved, and the only survivor of a crew of thirteen hands.

SINCE YESTERDAY.

THE MAVIS sang but yesterday

A strain that thrilled through Autumn's dearth;
He read the music of his lay

In light and leaf, and heaven and earth;
The wind-flowers by the wayside swung,
Words of the music that was sung.

In all his song the shade and sun
Of earth and heaven seemed to meet,
Its joy and sorrow were as one,
Its very sadness was but sweet;
He sang of summers yet to be:
You listened to his song with me.

The heart makes sunshine in the rain,
Or winter in the midst of May,
And though the mavis sings again
His self-same song of yesterday,
I find no gladness in his tone:
To-day I listen here alone.

And—even our sunniest moment takes
Such shadows of the bliss we knew—
To-day his throbbing song awakes
But wistful, haunting thoughts of you;
Its very sweetness is but sad,
You gave it all the joy it had.

A. ST. J. ADCOCK.

Volume XI. of the Fifth Series of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL is now completed, price Nine Shillings. A Title-page and Index, price One Penny, have been prepared, and may be ordered through any bookseller. A cloth case for binding the whole of the numbers for 1894 is also ready. Back numbers to complete sets may be had at all times.

In the first Part for next year will be given the opening Chapters of a Serial of powerful interest, by

MR ANTHONY HOPE,

Author of *The Prisoner of Zenda*,

ENTITLED

THE CHRONICLES OF COUNT ANTONIO.

Also complete short Stories by A. CONAN DOYLE and H. A. BRYDEN.

END OF THE ELEVENTH VOLUME

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, London; and 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

All Rights Reserved.